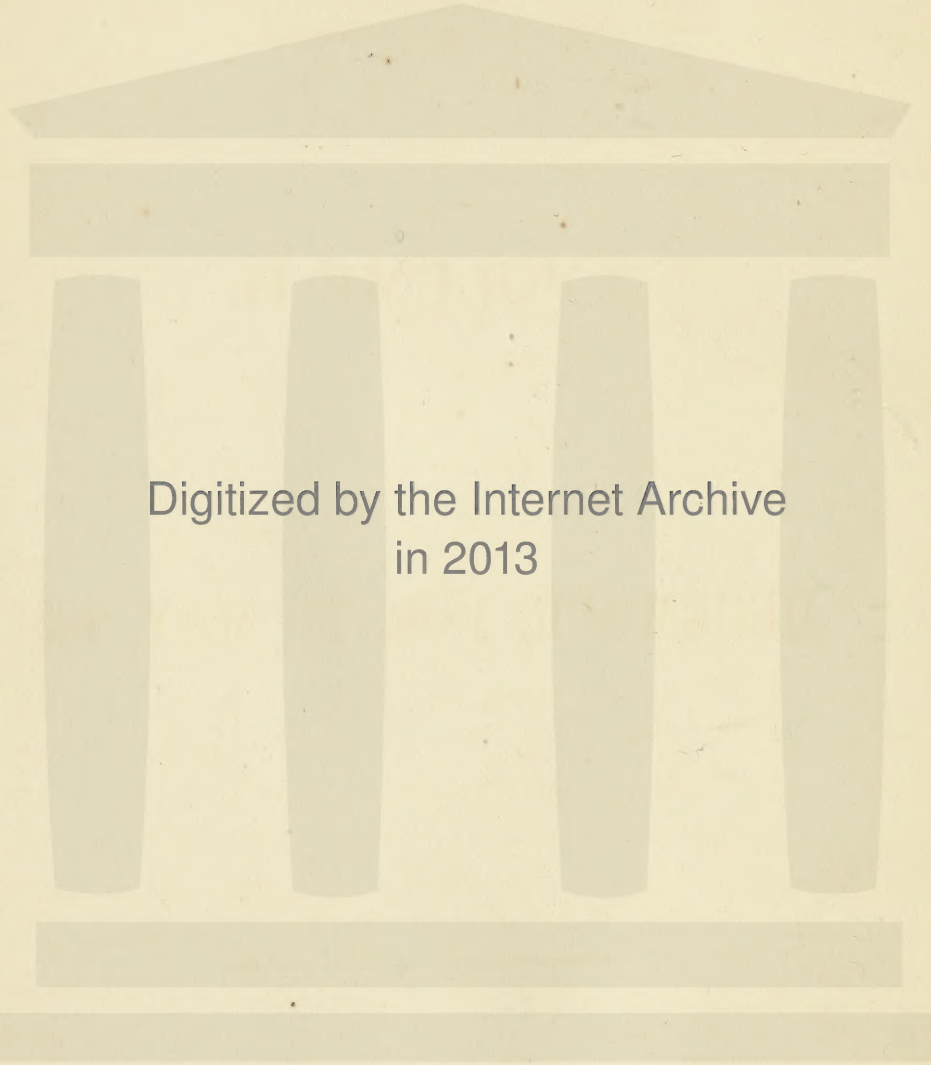


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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME II.

DECEMBER, 1850, TO MAY, 1851.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN bringing the SECOND VOLUME of the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE to a close, the Publishers would avail themselves of the occasion, to express their profound appreciation of the favor with which it has been received, and their earnest wish to render it still more deserving of the enlightened patronage of the American community. They commenced the publication with the firm conviction that it could be made the medium of valuable information and mental enjoyment to the great mass of readers, and that it would accordingly be sustained by their generous and cordial support. Nor have they been deceived in their anticipations. The Magazine has found a wider circulation with every monthly issue. The encomiums with which it has been welcomed by the universal voice of the press, and the verdict of intelligent readers, are a gratifying proof that the Publishers have succeeded in their endeavor to adapt it to the wants of the public mind. Encouraged by the experience of the first year of this extensive literary enterprise, they are determined to spare no effort to insure the succeeding volumes of the Magazine a still wider and more favorable reception among all classes of readers. They intend it to be a strictly national work. Devoted to no local interests, pledged to no religious sect or political party, connected with no favorite movement of the day, except the diffusion of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism, it will continue to be conducted with the impartiality and good faith, which it is equally the duty, the inclination, and the interest of the Publishers to maintain. In addition to the choicest productions of the English press, the Magazine will be enriched with such original matter as in their opinion will enhance its utility and attractiveness. The embellishments will be furnished by distinguished artists, and selected no less for their permanent value as vehicles of agreeable instruction than for the gratification of an æsthetic taste. With the ample literary, artistic, and mechanical resources which the Publishers have enlisted in the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and their ambition to give it a character of genuine, substantial, reliable excellence in every department, they may assure its wide circle of patrons that its subsequent issues will more than justify the distinguished reputation which it has attained at this early period of its existence.

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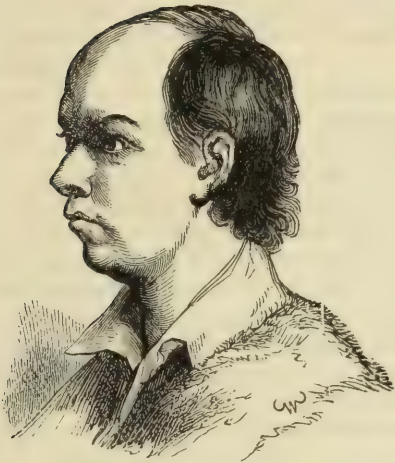
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OLIVER GOLDSMITH

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
swain,

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd—
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please—
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene;
How often have I paus'd on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush with seats beneath the shade
For talking age and whispering lovers made;
How often have I bless'd the coming day
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree—
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd,
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd—
The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face
While secret laughter titter'd round the place,



The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amid thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amid thy desert-walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain:
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;

And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look and brighten'd all the green—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amid thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew—
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amid these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose.
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amid the swains to show my book-learn'd skill—
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How happy he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try—
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep,
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;



But on he moves, to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend—
 Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way—
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be pass'd.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
 There as I pass'd, with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below :
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school,
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering
 wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind—
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled—
 All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring ,
 She, wretched matron—forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn—
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain !

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild—
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

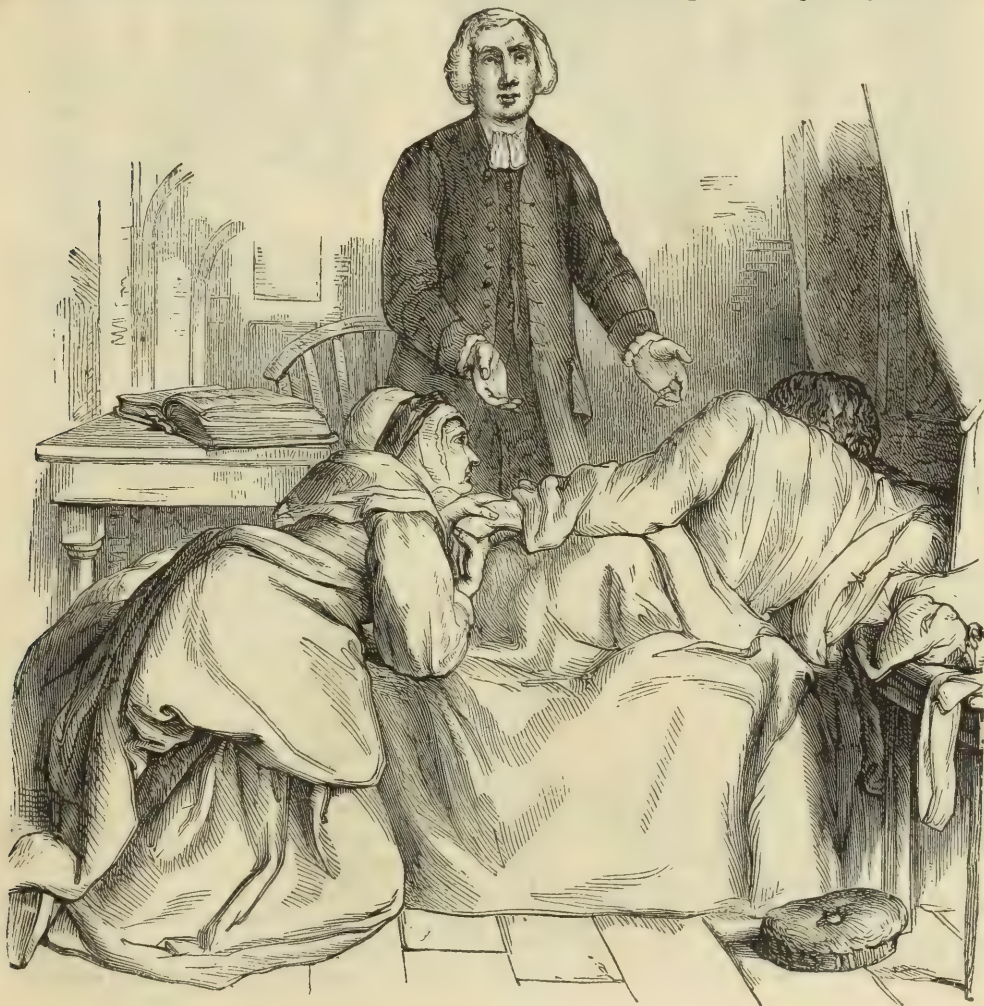
A man he was to all the country dear ;
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his
 place ;

Unpractic'd he to fawn, or seek for power
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour.
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize—
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise
 His house was known to all the vagrant train ,
 He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain :
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd .
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away—
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were
 won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side—
 But in his duty, prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all :
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismay'd,



The reverend champion stood : at his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place :
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile :
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd.

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven :
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;



Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd—
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage—
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around—

And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But pass'd is all his fame: the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd.

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound.
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place :
The whitewash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door—



The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day—
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose—
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen bows, and flowers, and fennel gay—

While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain, transitory splendors! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:



Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train—
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway—
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd;
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain—
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay—
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied—
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth;
His seat where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies;
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure—all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign



Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes—
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail—
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd:
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd—
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine, from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band—
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,

And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe:
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;



Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train—

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy :
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ?—ah ! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.



She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd—
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head—
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
shower,

With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN! thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread.

Ah, no! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day—
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling—
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around—
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake—
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they—

While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene ;
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
day,

That call'd them from their native walks away,
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round their bowers, and fondly look'd t' r
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main—
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first, prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe—
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave ;
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms ;
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a
tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear—
While her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.



O luxury! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee ;

How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !

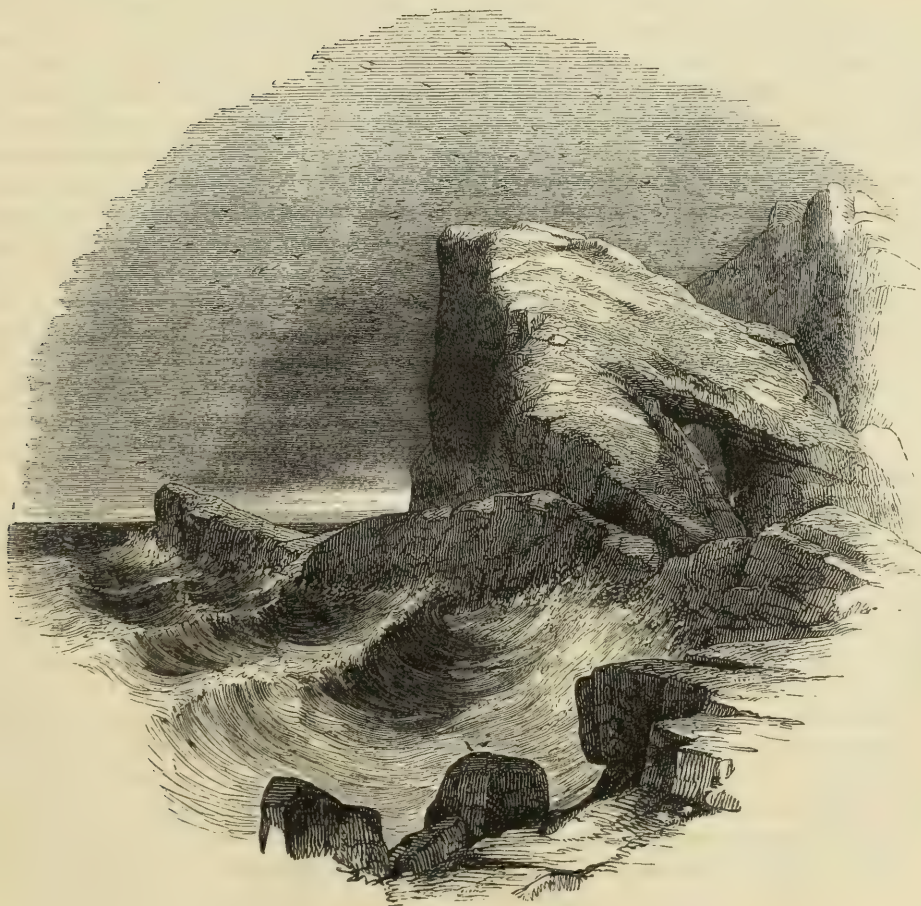
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own;
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe—
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part un-

sound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land;
Down, where yon anchoring vessel spreads the

sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move—a melancholy band—
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,
Contented Toil and hospitable Care,
And kind connubial Tenderness, are there—
And Piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady Loyalty, and faithful Love.
And thou, sweet Poetry! thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,

Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame—
Dear, charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride—
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so—
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue—fare thee well.
Farewell! and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Tornea's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime
Aid slighted Truth: with thy persuasive strain
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away—
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.



THE FUGITIVE KING AT BOSCOBEL; ADVENTURES OF THE MERRY MON- ARCH.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

BOSCOBEL HOUSE, which has obtained so much historical celebrity, in connection with the romantic adventures of Charles II., after his defeat at Worcester, is situated in Shropshire, on the borders of Staffordshire, lying between Tong Castle and Brewood. It was built in the reign of James I., by John Giffard, Esq., a Roman Catholic gentleman, who, when it was completed, having invited his neighbors to a house-warming feast, requested his friend, Sir Basil Brook, to give his new-built mansion a name. Sir Basil called it "Boscobel," from the Italian word, *boscobella*, because it was seated in the midst of many fair woods. The founder of the house had caused various places of concealment to be constructed, for the purpose of affording shelter to proscribed persons of his own religion, whom the severity of the penal laws often compelled to play at hide and seek, in queer corners.

The first fugitive of note who sought refuge, in his distress, at Boscobel House, was the unfortunate Earl of Derby, whose defeat at Bolton-le-Moors, near Wigan, was the precursor to that of the young king at Worcester, eight days later. The Earl of Derby, having escaped from his lost battle, with Colonel Roscarrock and two servants, got into the confines of Shropshire and Staffordshire, where he had the good luck to encounter an old friend, Mr. Richard Snead, an honest gentleman of that country, to whom he told the news of his own overthrow, and inquired if he knew of any private house, near at hand, where he might repose himself and his company in safety, till he could find an opportunity of joining the king. Mr. Snead, like a good Samaritan, conducted his noble friend to Boscobel House, where they arrived on Friday, August 29th, but found no one at home, except William Penderel, the housekeeper, and his wife, who, on their own responsibility, ventured to receive the noble cavalier, his companion, and servants, and kindly entertained them till the Sunday; and then, according to the earl's desire, conveyed them safely to Gataker Park, nine miles on their way to Worcester, where he arrived in time to take his part in that engagement which was emphatically styled by Stapylton, the roundhead, "the setting of the young king's glory."

The Earl of Derby and Colonel Roscarrock were in close attendance on Charles's person during the retreat from Worcester. They all made a stand on Kinner Heath, on the road to Kidderminster, as the night set in, to hold a consultation, when his majesty, being very tired, inquired of them and Lord Wilmot, "If they thought there was any place where he might venture to take a few hours' rest?" The Earl of Derby told him, "how, in his flight from Wigan to Worcester, he had met with that *rara*

avis, a perfectly honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel House; which, nevertheless, he thought it his duty to inform his majesty, was the abode of a recusant." At another time, some of the party might have objected to the young sovereign going to such quarters, but the danger being so imminent, now it was suggested, "that these people being accustomed to persecutions and searches, were most likely to possess the most ingenious contrivances to conceal him." At all events, the king made up his mind to proceed thither. When this decision was made known to Lord Talbot, he called for a young kinsman of the recusant master of Boscobel, Mr. Charles Giffard, who was fortunately among the sixty cavaliers who still shared the fortunes of their fugitive king. Lord Talbot inquired of this gentleman, if he could conduct his majesty to Boscobel. Charles Giffard cheerfully undertook to do so, having with him a servant of the name of Yates, who understood the country perfectly.

At a house about a mile beyond Stourbridge, the king drank a little water, and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision. After this scanty repast, his majesty rode on, discoursing apart with Colonel Roscarrock about Boscobel House, and the security which he and the Earl of Derby had enjoyed at that place. Another privy-council was held, in the course of the journey, between the king and his most trusty friends, at which it was agreed, that the secret of his destination was too important to be confided to more than a select few of his followers; and Charles Giffard was asked if it were not possible to conduct him, in the first instance, to some other house in the neighborhood, the better to mask his design of concealing himself at Boscobel. The young cavalier replied, "Yes, there was another seat of the Giffards, about half a mile from Boscobel—Whiteladies; so called from its having been formerly a monastery of Cistercian nuns, whose habit was white." On which the king, and about forty of the party, separating themselves from the others, proceeded thither, under his faithful guidance. They arrived at break of day; and Giffard, alighting from his horse, told the king "that he trusted they were now out of immediate danger of pursuit." George Penderel, who had the charge of the house, opened the doors, and admitted the king and his noble attendants; after which, the king's horse was brought into the hall, and they all entered into an earnest consultation how to escape the fury of their foes; but their greatest solicitude was for the preservation of the king, who was, for his part, both tired and hungry with his forced march. Col. Roscarrock immediately dispatched a boy, of the name of Bartholomew Martin, to Boscobel, for William Penderel: Mr. Charles Giffard sent for another of these trusty brethren, Richard Penderel, who lived at Hobbal Grange, hard by. Both speedily obeyed the summons, and were brought into the parlor, where they

found their old acquaintance, the Earl of Derby, who introduced them into the inner parlor, which formed then the presence chamber of their throneless sovereign: the earl, reversing the order of courtly etiquette on this occasion, instead of presenting these two noble men, of low degree, to their royal master, he presented him to them; addressing himself in particular to William Penderel, and pointing at his majesty, he said, "This is the king; thou must have a care of him, and preserve him, as thou didst me."

William, in the sincerity of an honest heart, promised that he would do so, while Charles Giffard was at the same time exhorting Richard Penderel to have an especial care of his charge.

The loyal associates next endeavored to effect a transformation in the personal appearance of their royal master, by subjecting him to a process very similar to that technically styled by gipsies, "cutting a horse out of his feathers." In the first place, Richard Penderel trimmed off his majesty's flowing black ringlets in a very blunt and irreverent fashion, using his woodman's bill, which he happened to have in his girdle, instead of scissors, none being at hand, and time being too precious to stand on ceremony. His majesty was then advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them to besmear his face, to darken his peculiar Italian-like complexion with a more swarthy tint. This done, he divested himself of his blue ribbon and jeweled badge of the Garter, and other princely decorations, his laced ruff and buff coat, and put on a *noggen* coarse shirt belonging to Edward Martin, a domestic living in the house, and Richard Penderel's green suit and leathern doublet, but had not time to be so exactly disguised as he was afterward, for both William and Richard Penderel warned the company to use dispatch, because there was a troop of rebels, commanded by Col. Ashenhurst, quartered at Cotsal, but three miles distant, some of which troop arrived within half an hour after the noble company was dispersed.

Richard Penderel conducted the king out through a back door, unknown to any of his followers, except a trusted few of the lords, who followed him into the back premises, and as far as an adjacent wood, belonging to the domain of Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from Whiteladies, where they took a sorrowful farewell of him, leaving him under the watchful care of three of the trusty Penderel brethren—William, Humphrey, and George. The Earl of Derby and the other gentlemen then returned to their comrades at Whiteladies, where, mounting in hot haste, with the intrepid Charles Giffard for their conductor, they scoured off on the north road; but a little beyond Newport they were surrounded by the rebels, and after some resistance, were made prisoners. Charles Giffard contrived to effect his escape from the inn at Banbury, where they halted, but the loyal Earl of Derby, who had sacrificed

his own personal safety by resigning to his sovereign the little city of refuge at Boscobel, instead of occupying it himself, was subjected to the mockery of a pretended trial by the rebels, and beheaded, although he had only surrendered on a solemn promise of receiving quarter—promises which were never regarded by Cromwell and his associates. The cool-blooded malignity with which, in his dispatch, announcing his triumph at Worcester, Cromwell points out the noble captives, whom the fortunes of war had placed in his magnanimous hands, to his merciless tools as "*objects of their justice*," what was it but signing their death-warrants by anticipation, before the mock trials took place of the fore-doomed victims? and how revolting, after that death-whoop, appears the Pharisaical cant of his concluding sentences:

"The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts—it is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. I am bold humbly to beg that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen people."

If Cromwell had understood the true meaning of the Saviour's words, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," he would probably have acted more like a Christian and written less like a Jew.

"But to return," saith the quaint chronicler of Boscobel, "to the duty of my attendance on his majesty in Spring Coppice. By that time Richard Penderel had conveyed him to the obscurest part of it, it was about sun-rising on Thursday morning, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities, insomuch that the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his majesty dry, nor was there any thing for him to sit on; wherefore Richard went to Francis Yates's house, a trusty neighbor, who had married his wife's sister, where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground for his majesty to sit on." A three-legged stool would have been a luxury, at that comfortless period, to the throneless monarch, who claimed three realms as his rightful inheritance.

Richard Penderel, when he borrowed the blanket of his sister-in-law, the good-wife Yates, considerably begged her to provide a comfortable breakfast and bring it to him, at a place which he appointed in the wood. She presently made ready a mess of milk, and brought it, with bread, butter, and eggs, to the cold, wet, and half-famished king. Charles was, at first, a little startled at her appearance, but, perceiving she came on a kindly errand, he frankly appealed to her feminine compassion in these words:

"Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?"

"Yes, sir," she replied; "I will die rather than discover you!"

The king, well satisfied with the honest plainness of her answer, was able to eat with a hearty relish the simple fare she had brought

him. In the course of that day, he made up his mind to leave his woodland retreat, and endeavor to get into Wales. Richard Penderel, having consented to attend him in the capacity of a guide, conducted him first to his own house, Hobbal Grange, "where the old good-wife Penderel had not only the honor to see his majesty," pursues our authority, "but to see him attended by her son." A greater honor far, it was for her to feel that she was the mother of five sons, whom all the wealth of England would not have bribed, nor all the terrors of a death of torture intimidated, to betray their fugitive sovereign to those who thirsted for his blood. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, had less reason to feel proud of her filial jewels, than this rustic English matron of her brave Shropshire lads. She had lost a sixth son, who had been slain fighting in the cause of King Charles I. Hobbal Grange was the paternal farm where these six brethren, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, Thomas, and George, were born. Thomas, George, and John, had all enlisted in the service of the late king, and fought for him as long as he had an army in the field; William was the house steward at Boscobel; Humphrey was the miller at Whiteladies; and Richard rented a part of his mother's farm and house, Hobbal Grange; he also pursued the business of a woodman. At Hobbal Grange, the king's disguise was completed, and he was furnished with a woodman's bill, to enable him the better to act the part of Richard Penderel's man, and it was agreed that he should assume the name of Will Jones. When all these arrangements had been made, and his homely supper ended, his majesty set out at nine o'clock, with intent to walk that night to Madely, in Shropshire, about five miles from Whiteladies, within a mile of the river Severn, which he would have to cross, in order to get into Wales.

Charles found his clouted shoes so uneasy to his feet on this pedestrian journey, that more than once he was fain to walk without, as less painful. About two miles from Madely, in passing Evelin Mill, the king and his trusty guide got an alarm; for Richard unwittingly permitting the gate to clap, the miller came out and challenged them, by asking, gruffly, "Who was there?" Richard, to avoid him, hastily drew the king out of the usual track, and led him through a brook, which they were compelled to ford, and the king's shoes getting full of water increased the uneasiness of his galled and blistered feet. His majesty was afterward wont, in recounting this adventure, to say, that "here he was in great danger of losing his guide, but the rustling of Richard's calf-skin breeches was the best direction he had to follow him in that dark night."

Charles was unconscious at the time how near he was to a party of his own friends, who had just taken refuge in Evelin Mill, and that the honest miller who had caused him so much alarm and distress by his challenge, was only doing his duty by the fugitive cavaliers in keep-

ing guard to prevent a surprise from skulking foes or spies.

His majesty arrived at Madely about midnight, in weary plight; Richard conducted his royal master to the house of a loyal gentleman there, of the name of Woolf, on whose integrity he knew he could rely. The family had retired to rest, but Richard took the liberty of knocking till Mr. Woolf's daughter came to the door and inquired, "Who that late comer was?" he replied, "The king." An announcement that would, doubtless, have put any young lady into a flutter at a period less disastrous to royalty but such was the tragic romance of the epoch, that persons of all classes were familiarized to the most startling events and changes; the only source of surprise to honest gentlefolks was, the circumstance of finding their heads safe on their own shoulders in the midst of the horrors of military executions, which nearly decimated that neighborhood. Miss Woolf neither questioned the fact, nor hesitated to imperil herself and family by receiving the proscribed fugitive within her doors. She knew the integrity of Richard Penderel, and appreciated the tribute he paid to her courage and her truth, by confiding such a trust to her. The king refreshed and reposed himself beneath this hospitable roof for awhile, but as the rebels kept guard upon the passage of the Severn, and it was apprehended that a party of them, who were expected to pass through the town, might quarter themselves, which frequently happened, in that house, it was judged safer for the royal stranger to sleep in the adjacent barn. His majesty accordingly retired thither, attended by his trusty guide and life-guardsman, Richard Penderel, and remained concealed in that humble shelter the whole of the next day.

The intelligence which Mr. Woolf procured, meantime, was such as to convince him that it would be too hazardous for the king to attempt to prosecute his journey into Wales, and that the best thing he could do would be to return to Boscobel House, as affording facilities for his concealment till a safer opening for his retreat could be found. The king being of the same opinion, it was resolved that he should retrace his steps the next night, and meantime, his hands not being considered sufficiently embrowned for the character he personated, Mrs. Woolf brought some walnut-leaves and stained them. At eleven o'clock, he and the faithful Richard Penderel resumed their march, but midway between Madely and Boscobel, Charles was so completely overcome with grief, fatigue, and the pain he endured from his blistered feet, in his attempts to walk in the stiff shoes, that at last he flung himself on the ground, "declaring life was not worth the struggle of preserving, and that he would rather die than endure the misery he suffered." Richard gave him such comfort as his kindly nature suggested, and bidding him be of good cheer, and wait God's time for better fortunes, at last persuaded him to make a successful effort to reach Bosco-

bel. They arrived in the immediate vicinity about three o'clock on the Sunday morning; Richard left his majesty in the wood, while he went to reconnoitre, not knowing whether a party of Cromwell's soldiers might not have occupied the house in their absence. Fortunately, he found no one there but William Penderel, his wife, and the brave cavalier, Colonel Carlis, who had been the last man to retreat from Worcester, and, having succeeded in making his escape, had been for some time concealed in Boscobel Wood, and had come to ask relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance. Richard informed him and William Penderel that the king was in the wood, and they all three went to pay their devoir, and found his majesty sitting, like melancholy Jacques, on the root of a tree. He was very glad to see the colonel, and proceeded with him and the Penderels to Boscobel House, and there did eat bread and cheese heartily, and, as an extraordinary treat, William's wife, whom his majesty was pleased to address merrily by the title of "My dame Joan," made a posset for him of thin milk and small beer—no "very dsinty dish," one would think, "to set before a king;" but doubtless, in his present condition, more acceptable than the most exquisite plate of *dilligrout* that was ever served up by the lord of the Manor of Bardolf, *cum privilegio*, at the coronation banquet of any of his royal predecessors.

"My dame Joan" also performed another charitable service for her luckless liege lord, by bringing some warm water to bathe his galled and travel-soiled feet. Colonel Carlis pulled off his majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and his wet stockings, and there being no other shoes that would fit the royal fugitive, the good wife rendered these still more stiff and uncomfortable, in her zeal to dry them, by putting hot embers in them while the colonel was washing his master's feet.

When his majesty was thus refreshed, they all united in persuading him to go back into the wood, having great reason to apprehend that the roundhead troopers, who were then hunting the country round with blood-hounds, on a keen scent for their prey, would come and search Boscobel House. Humphrey Penderel, the miller, had been to Shefnal the day before, to pay some military imposts to the roundhead Captain Broadwaye, at whose house he encountered one of Cromwell's colonels, who had just been dispatched from Worcester in quest of the king. This man, having learned that the king had been at Whiteladies, and that Humphrey dwelt in that immediate neighborhood, examined him strictly, and laid before him both the penalty of concealing the royal fugitive "which," he said, "was death without mercy, and the reward for discovering him, which should be a thousand pounds ready money."

Neither threats nor bribes could overcome the loyal integrity of the stout-hearted miller, who pleaded ignorance so successfully that he was

dismissed, and hastening, to Boscobel, brought the alarming tidings of the vicinity of the soldiers, and the price that had been set on his majesty's head.

The danger of his remaining in Boscobel House being considered imminent, it was determined by the faithful brothers to conceal the king and Colonel Carlis, whose life was in no less danger than that of his master, in a thick spreading oak. Having made choice of one which appeared to afford the greatest facility for concealment, they assisted the king and Colonel Carlis to ascend it, brought them such provisions as they could get, and a cushion for the king to sit on. In this unsuspected retreat they passed the day. The king having gone through much fatigue, and taken little or no rest for several nights, was so completely worn out, that having placed himself in a reclining position, with his head resting on Colonel Carlis's knee, he fell asleep, and slumbered away some hours—the colonel being careful to preserve him from falling.

Pope's popular, but long suppressed line,

"Angels who watched the royal oak so well,"

always makes me think that he must have been familiar with the following incident which my father's mother, Elizabeth Cotterel, who was the grand-daughter of a cadet of the old loyal family of that name, in Staffordshire, and maternally descended from one of the honest Penderel brothers, was accustomed to relate as a fact, derived from family tradition, connected with the perils and hair-breadth escapes of Charles II., at Boscobel.

"The roundhead troopers," she said, "having tracked the king, first to Whiteladies, and then to Boscobel Forest, were led, by the keen scent of their bloodhounds, just at the twilight hour, to the very tree in which he and Colonel Carlis were hidden. The traitors, a sergeant and five others of the same company, made a halt under the Royal Oak, and began to reconnoiter it, while their dogs came baying and barking round about the trunk. Suddenly the leaves began to rustle, and one of the villains cried out,

"'Hallo! some one is surely hidden here!—look how the branches shake.'

"'It will be worth a thousand pounds to us if it be the young king,' said another.

"Then the sergeant asked 'who would volunteer to ascend the tree, and earn a larger share of the reward by taking the supposed prize alive;' but, as no one appeared willing to risk the chance of encountering a clapperclawing from the royal lion, dealt from a vantage height, he was just giving the word for them to fire a volley into the tree, 'when, by the grace of God,' the old lady would add, with impressive solemnity, "a white owl flew out from the thickest covert of the branches and screeched 'fie upon them!' as well she might; whereupon the false traitors hooted out a curse as bitter as that of Meroz on the poor bird, and growled to each other 'that it was she that had misled

their dogs, and had stirred the leaves withal, to mock themselves; howsomever, they would have a shot at her, to teach her better manners than to screech at the soldiers of the Lord.' But though five of the sorry knaves banged off their musketoons at the harmless bird, not one of them was marksman enough to hit a feather of her. Lastly, the sergeant took out a printed copy of the proclamation, promising 'the reward of a thousand pounds for the apprehension of the young man, Charles Stuart, eldest son of the late King Charles,' and fastened it on the trunk of the royal oak where his majesty was sitting in the branches above them, hearing all they said, and an eye-witness of their treason."

The breathless interest which this oral chronicle was wont to excite among juvenile loyalists of the third generation may be imagined, but the old lady had another tradition, of yet more thrilling import, engraven on the tablets of her memory, "derived, like the first," as she declared, "from those who could well vouch for its authenticity." As it forms a curious sequel to the other, and is really too good to be lost, I take leave to relate it, without expecting my readers to put the same degree of faith in my grandmother's traditionary lore as I have always been dutifully accustomed to do.

"The roundhead sergeant and his comrades, after they had retired from the vicinity of the royal oak, proceeded to Hobbal Grange, to refresh themselves at the expense of Richard Penderel, where, finding his wife alone, rocking the cradle of her infant boy, who was not well and very fractious, they, after she had brought out the best perry and mead the house afforded began to cross-question her about the king's previous appearance at Whiteladies, and, as they had done by her brother-in-law, Humphrey Penderel, to ply her with alternate threats and temptations, in order to induce her to discover any thing she might have learned on the subject. The amount of the reward for the apprehension of the royal fugitive had hitherto been concealed by Richard from his wife, probably from the painful consciousness of her weak point. At any rate, she heard it now with astonished ears, and the sergeant, in confirmation of his statement, displayed one of the printed copies of the proclamation to that effect. 'a thousand pounds!—a sum beyond her powers of calculation! The price of blood!—what then? Some one would earn it, why should not she? She held parley with her besetting sin, and her desire of 'the accursed thing' grew stronger. At that moment her husband appeared, followed by the disguised king, who, cramped and exhausted with sitting so many hours in the tree, was coming to her hearth to warm and refresh himself, unconscious what unwelcome guests were already in possession of the Grange. The young wife hastened to Richard Penderel, showed him the paper, and whispered—

"'What is the king to us? A thousand pounds would make our fortunes.'

"'I'll cleave thy skull next moment, woman, an' thou dost,' was Richard Penderel's stern rejoinder, grasping his wood-ax with a significant gesture.

"He spoke in a tone which, though so low as to be audible to no other ear than hers, thrilled every vein in her body with terror. She knew he was a man who never broke his word, and she trembled lest the suspicions of the sergeant and his gang should have been excited by the emotions betrayed by her husband and herself during their brief passionate conference. She glanced at them, and saw they were watching her husband and scrutinizing the disguised king, who, yielding to the force of habit, had forgot his assumed character of Richard's serving-man so far as to seat himself uninvited on the only unoccupied stool in the room. Luckily, the cross baby, offended at the presence of so many strangers, set up his pipes, and began to scream and cry most lustily; at which Mistress Richard Penderel, affecting to be in a violent passion, snatched him out of the cradle, and thrusting him into the arms of the astonished king, on whom she bestowed a sound box on the ear at the same time, exclaimed, 'Thou lazy, good-for-naught fellow, wilt thou not so much as put out thy hand to rock the cradle? Take the boy to thee, and quiet him; he makes such a brawling, thy betters can't hear themselves speak.'

"The baby, finding himself in the hands of an unpracticed male nurse, continued to scream, and the mother to scold, till the sergeant rose up, with a peevish execration, implying that he would rather hear the roar of all the cannon that were fired at Worcester, than a chorus like that; and giving the word to his company, marched off in the full persuasion that Charles was the awkwardest lout in Shropshire, and his mistress the bitterest shrew he had seen for many a day."

After this alarm, it was judged better for the king to return to Boscobel House, and betake himself to the secret place of concealment, where the Earl of Derby had been safely hidden before the battle of Worcester. Dame Joan had provided some chickens that night, and cooked them in her best style for supper, for her royal guest—a dainty to which he had been unaccustomed for some time. She also put a little pallet in the secret recess for his majesty's use, who was persuaded to let William Penderel shave him, and cut his hair close with a pair of scissors, according to the country fashion. Colonel Carlis told the king, "Will was but a mean barber;" his majesty replied, "That he had never been shaved by any barber before," and bade William burn the hair he cut off. William, however, carefully preserved the royal locks, as precious memorials of this adventure, which were afterward in great request among the noble families of the neighborhood, who were eager to obtain the smallest portion of those relics.

After supper, Colonel Carlis asked the king, "What meat he would like for his Sanday's

dinner?" his majesty said, "Mutton, if it might be had." Now, there was none in the house, and it was considered dangerous for William to go to any place to purchase it; so Colonel Carlis repaired to Mr. William Staunton's fold, chose the fattest sheep there, stuck it with his dagger, and sent Will Penderel to bring it home.*

On Sunday morning, Charles, finding his dormitory none of the best, rose early, and entering the gallery near it, was observed to spend some time in prayer. After the fulfillment of this duty, which was doubtless performed with unwonted fervency, "his majesty, coming down into the parlor, his nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants in a fright," till he reassured them, by saying it was a circumstance of frequent occurrence. He was very cheerful that day, and merrily assisted in cooking some mutton-collops from the stolen sheep provided by Colonel Carlis, on which subject he was afterward fond of joking with that devoted companion of his perils. The Penderel brothers, keeping watch and ward, in readiness to give the alarm, if any soldiers approached the mansion, the king felt himself in a state of security, "and spent some part of this Lord's-day in a pretty arbor in Boscobel Garden, situated on a mount, with a stone table and seats within. In this place, he passed some time in reading, and commended it for its retiredness."

John Penderel having, meantime, brought the welcome intelligence that Lord Wilmot, to whom he had acted as guide when he left Whiteladies, had found a safe asylum at the house of Mr. Whitgreave, of Mosely, the king sent him back to inform those gentlemen "that he would join them there at twelve that night." The distance being about five miles, John returned to tell his majesty they would be in readiness to meet him there.

The king not being yet recovered from the effect of his walk to Madely and back, it was agreed that he should ride on Humphrey's mill-horse, which was forthwith fetched home from grass, and accoutred with a pitiful old saddle and worse bridle. Before mounting, the king bade farewell to Colonel Carlis, who could not safely attend him, being too well known in that neighborhood.

The night was dark and rainy, dismal as the fortunes of the fugitive king, who, mounting Humphrey's mare, rode toward Mosely, attended by an especial body-guard of the five Penderels and their brother-in-law, Francis Yates; each of these was armed with a bill and pikestaff, having pistols in their pockets. Two marched before, one on each side their royal charge, and two came behind, a little in the rear—all resolutely determined, in case of

danger, to have shown their valor in defending as well as they had done their fidelity in concealing their distressed sovereign. After some experience of the horse's paces, the king declared, "It was the heaviest, dull jade he ever bestrode." Humphrey, who was the owner of the beast, wittily replied—

"My liege, can you blame the mare for going heavily when she bears the weight of three kingdoms on her back?"

When they arrived at Penford Mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, his majesty was recommended by his guides to dismount, and proceed the rest of the way on foot, being a more private path, and nearer withal. At last, they arrived at the place appointed, which was a little grove of trees, in a close near Mr. Whitgreave's house, called Lea Soughes. There, Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. John Huddleston, the priest, met his majesty, in order to conduct him, by a private way, to the mansion, Richard and John Penderel, and Francis Yates continuing their attendance, but William, Humphrey, and George returned to Boscobel with the horse. Charles, not quite aware of this arrangement, was going on without bidding them farewell, but turning back, he apologized to them in these words:

"My troubles make me forget myself: I thank you all."

And so, giving them his hand to kiss, took a gracious leave of those true liegemen.

Mr. Whitgreave conducted the king into the secret chamber occupied by Lord Wilmot, who was expecting his return with great impatience, fearing lest the king should have missed his way, or been taken. As soon as Wilmot saw his royal master, he knelt and embraced his knees, and Charles, deeply moved, kissed him on the cheek, and asked, with much solicitude:

"What has become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and the others?"

Wilmot could only answer, doubtfully, "I hope they are safe." Then turning to Mr. Whitgreave and Huddleston, to whom he had not then confided the quality of the fugitive cavalier for whom he had requested this asylum, he said:

"Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, I must now tell you this is my master, your master, and the master of us all."

Charles gave his hand to Whitgreave and Huddleston for them to kiss, and after commending their loyalty, and thanking them for their fidelity to his friend, which, he assured them, he never should forget, desired to see the place of concealment he was to occupy. Having seen it, and expressed his satisfaction, he returned to Lord Wilmot's chamber, where, his nose beginning to bleed again, he seated himself on the bedside, and drew forth such a pocket-handkerchief as was never seen in royal hands before, but it accorded with the rest of his array. Charles was dressed, at that time, in an old leathern doublet, a pair of green breeches, and a peasant's upper garment, known

* When honest William Penderel subsequently waited on Mr. Staunton, and acknowledged the abstraction of the sheep, offering, at the same time, to pay for it, that loyal gentleman laughed heartily at the incident, and said, "He was glad to hear that his majesty had tasted his mutton, and much good might it do him."

in this country by the name of a "jump coat," of the same color; a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because they were embroidered, a pair of stirrup stockings over them, which had been lent him at Madely; a pair of clouted shoes, cut and slashed, to give ease to the royal feet, an old gray, greasy hat, without a lining, and a *noggen* shirt, of the coarsest manufacture. Mr. Huddleston, observing that the roughness of this shirt irritated the king's skin so much as to deprive him of rest, brought one of his own, made of smooth flaxen linen, to Lord Wilmot, and asked, "If his majesty would condescend to make use of it?" which Charles gladly did. Mr. Huddleston then pulled off his majesty's wet, uncomfortable shoes and stockings, and dried his feet, when he found that some white paper, which had been injudiciously put between his stockings and his skin, having got rucked and rolled up, had served to increase, instead of alleviating the inflammation.

Mr. Whitgreave brought up some biscuits and a bottle of sack, for the refreshment of his royal guest, who, after he had partaken of them, exclaimed, with some vivacity,

"I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God to place me once more at the head of eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind, and resolved to fight, I should not despair of driving the rogues out of my kingdom."

Day broke, and the king, feeling in need of repose, was conducted to the artfully concealed hiding-place, where a pallet was placed for his accommodation, for his host durst not put him into a bed in one of the chambers.

After some rest taken in the hole, which was unfortunately too close and hot to allow of comfortable repose, Charles rose, and seeing Mr. Whitgreave's mother, was pleased to greet her with great courtesy, and to honor her with a salute. His place, during the day, was a closet over the porch, where he could see, unseen, every one who came up to the house.

That afternoon, a party of the roundhead soldiers arrived, with intent to arrest Mr. Whitgreave, having had information that he had been at Worcester fight.

"If," said Lord Wilmot to him, "they carry you off, and put you to the torture, to force you to confession, I charge you to give me up without hesitation, which may, perhaps, satisfy them, and save the king."

Charles was then lying on Mr. Huddleston's bed, but his generous host, instead of caring for his own danger, hurried him away into the secret hiding place; then, setting all the chamber doors open, went boldly down to the soldiers, and assured them that the report of his having been in the battle of Worcester was untrue, for he had not been from his own home for upward of a fortnight; to which all his neighbors bearing witness, the soldiers not only left him at liberty, but departed without searching the house.

The same day, only a few hours after his

majesty had left Boscobel, two parties of the rebels came thither in quest of him. The first, being a company of the county militia, searched the house with some civility, but the others, who were Captain Broadwaye's men, behaved in a very ruffianly manner, searched the house with jealous scrutiny, plundered it of every thing portable, and after devouring all the little stock of provisions, presented a pistol at William Penderel, to intimidate him into giving them some information, and much frightened "my dame Joan," but failed to extort any confessions touching the royal guest who had so recently departed. They also paid a second visit to Whiteladies, and not only searched every corner in it, but broke down much of the wainscot, and finished by beating a prisoner severely who had been frightened into informing them that he came in company with the king from Worcester to that place, and had left him concealed there.

On the Tuesday, old Mrs. Whitgreave, who did her best to amuse her royal guest, by telling him all the news she could collect, informed him that a countryman, who had been up to the house that morning, had said "that he heard that the king, on his retreat, had rallied and beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge, and that three kings had come in to his assistance."

"Surely," rejoined Charles, with a smile, "they must be the three kings of Cologne come down from heaven, for I can imagine none else."

Looking out of his closet window, that day, Charles saw two soldiers pass the gate, and told Mr. Huddleston, "he knew one of them to be a Highlander of his own regiment, who little thought his king and colonel were so near."

Mr. Huddleston had three young gentlemen under his care for education, staying in the same house—young Sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Patyn, and Mr. Francis Reynolds. These he stationed at several garret windows that commanded the road, to watch and give notice if they saw any soldiers approaching, pretending to be himself in danger of arrest. The youths performed this service with diligent care all day, and when they sat down to supper, Sir John said merrily to his two companions, "Come, lads, let us eat heartily, for we have been upon the life-guard to-day."

Lord Wilmot's friend, Colonel Lane, of Bentley, had, previously to the king's arrival, offered to pass him on to Bristol, as the escort of his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, who had fortunately obtained from one of the commanders, a passport for herself and her groom to go to Bristol, to see her sister, who was near her confinement. This offer Lord Wilmot had actually accepted, when John Penderel, bringing him word that the king was coming to Mosely, he generously transferred that chance for escape to his royal master. Lord Wilmot, having apprised the colonel and fair mistress Jane of the king's intention to personate her groom, Col

Colonel Lane came, by appointment, on Tuesday night, between twelve and one, to the corner of Mr. Whitgreave's orchard, to meet and convey his majesty to Bentley. The night was dark, and cold enough to render the loan of a cloak, which Mr. Huddleston humbly offered for his sovereign's use, extremely acceptable. Charles took his leave courteously of old Mrs. Whitgreave, whom he kissed, and gave many thanks for his entertainment, and used warm expressions of gratitude to her son and Mr. Huddleston, telling them, "that he was very sensible of the danger with which their concealing him might be attended to themselves," and considerably gave them the address of a merchant in London, who should have orders to supply them with money, and the means of crossing the sea, if they desired to do so, and promised, "if ever God were pleased to restore him to his dominions, not to be unmindful of their services to him." They knelt and kissed his hand, and prayed Almighty God to bless and preserve him, then reverentially attended him to the orchard, where Mr. Whitgreave told Colonel Lane "he delivered his great charge into his hands, and besought him to take care of his majesty."

Charles proceeded safely to Bentley with Colonel Lane, where, as he was to perform the part of a menial, he was under the necessity of taking a seat by the kitchen fire, next morning, to prevent suspicion.

The cook, observing that he appeared an idle hand, ordered him to "have a care that the roast meat did not burn"—a command that must have reminded the incognito majesty of England of the adventure of his illustrious ancestor, Alfred, in the herdsman's cottage, when he got into disgrace with the good wife by not paying a proper degree of attention to the baking of the cakes.

The same morning, we are told, a person suspected of being a spy and informer, coming into Colonel Lane's kitchen, and casting a scrutinizing eye on the king, observed that he was a stranger, and began to ask a leading question or two, when one of the servants, who knew his royal master, and feared he would commit himself, gave him two or three blows with the basting ladle, and bade him "mind his own business, which was to keep the spit going, and not turn round to prate, or he would get basted by the cook."

Charles only staid at Bentley, till some articles of Colonel Lane's livery could be prepared for his use, before he escorted Mrs. Jane Lane to Bristol, she riding on a pillion behind him, and Lord Wilmot following at a little distance. Mistress Jane conducted herself with great prudence and discretion to the royal bachelor during the journey, treating him as her master when alone, and as her servant before strangers. When they arrived at the house of her sister, Mrs. Norton, in Bristol, the first person the king saw was one of his own chaplains sitting at the door, amusing himself

with looking at some people playing at bowls. His majesty, after performing his duty as Colonel Lane's servant, by taking proper care of the horse which had carried him and his fair charge from Bentley, left the stable, and came into the house, feigning himself sick of the ague, Mrs. Jane having suggested that device as an excuse for keeping his room, which she had caused to be prepared for him. The butler, who had been a royalist soldier in the service of Charles I., entering the room to bring the sick stranger some refreshment, as soon as he looked in his pale woe-worn face, recognized the features of his young king, and falling on his knees, while the tears overflowed his cheeks, exclaimed,

"I am rejoiced to see your majesty."

"Keep the secret from every one, even from your master," was the reply, and the faithful creature rendered implicit obedience. He, and Mrs. Jane Lane, constituted Charles's Privy Council at Bristol. No ship being likely to sail from that port for a month to come, the king considered it dangerous to remain there so long. He therefore repaired to the residence of Colonel Wyndham, in Dorsetshire, where he was affectionately welcomed by that loyal cavalier and his lady, who had been his nurse. The venerable mother of the colonel, though she had lost three sons and one grandchild in his service, considered herself only too happy to have the honor of receiving him as her guest.

Finally, after adventures too numerous to be recorded here, the fugitive king succeeded in securing a passage toward the end of October, in a little bark from Shoreham to Dieppe, where he landed in safety, more than forty persons, some of them in very humble circumstances, having been instrumental to his escape, not one of whom could be induced by the large reward offered by the Parliament for his apprehension, to betray him.

A certain eloquent Scotch essayist, who endeavors to apologize for the conduct of Algernon Sidney, and other worthies of his party, in accepting the bribes of France by impugning the integrity of the English character, and goes so far as to express a doubt whether there were an honest man to be met with at that epoch, save Andrew Marvel, appears to have forgotten the glorious instances of stainless honesty and virtue afforded by the Penderel brothers, and other noble men of all degrees, who proved themselves superior to all temptations that could be offered.

When England had, by general acclamation, called home her banished king, the five Shropshire brothers were summoned to attend him at Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1661, when his majesty was pleased to acknowledge their faithful services, and signified his intention of notifying his gratitude by a suitable reward, inquiring if they had any particular favor to ask. They only asked an exemption from the penal laws, with liberty for

themselves and their descendants to enjoy the free exercise of their religion, being members of the Romish church. This request was granted, and their names, together with those of their kinswoman Mrs. Yates, Mr. Huddleston, and Mr. Whitgreave, were especially exempted in the statute from the pains and penalties of recusancy.

King Charles granted a moderate pension to them and their descendants for ever.

"The Oak," says a contemporary, whose pleasant little chronicle of Boscobel was published in 1660, the year of the restoration, "is now properly called 'The Royal Oake of Boscobel,' nor will it lose that name while it continues a tree: and since his majesty's happy restoration that those mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people for many miles round, have flocked to see the famous Boscobel, which, as you have heard, had once the honor to be the palace of his sacred majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oake, which has been deprived of all its young boughs by the visitors of it, who keep them in memory of his majesty's happy preservation."

Charles himself subsequently made a pilgrimage to the scene of his past troubles: when he visited the Royal Oak, he was observed to gather a handful of the acorns. Some of these he planted with his own hand in Saint James's Park. A promising young tree, which sprang from one of these acorns, which Charles had planted in the queen's pleasure garden, within sight of his bed-chamber, in Saint James's Palace, and was accustomed to water and tend with great pleasure, was called the King's Royal Oak, and had become an object of interest to the people as a relic of that popular sovereign; but was destroyed by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, as soon as her husband obtained the grant of the ground on which it stood, for the site of Marlborough House. This was regarded as an outrage on popular feeling.

Of all our national commemorations, that of the restoration of monarchy, on the 29th of May, held the strongest hold on the affections of the people; the firmness with which they continued to observe that anniversary for a century after the expulsion of the royal line of Stuart, affords a remarkable proof of the constitutional attachment of this country to the cause of legitimacy. As long as that feeling lasted, the grave of William Penderel, in St. Giles's church-yard, was duly decked with oaken garlands by nameless loyalists of low degree, as often as the 29th of May came round; and men, women, and children wore oak leaves and acorns in memory of the fact,

"That Penderel the miller, at risk of his blood,
Hid the king of the isle in the king of the wood."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

GUNPOWDER AND CHALK.

SIR VALENTINE SALTEAR was a worthy gentleman, who had made a large fortune by constantly exporting Irish linens and lawns

to France (from whence they came over to England as fine French goods), for which service to the trade of the three countries a discerning minister had obtained him the honor of knighthood. This fortune he had in part expended in building for himself a great mansion on the sea-coast of Kent, commanding a fine view of the country from the back windows, and the great ocean from the front. Every room on the first and second floors was furnished with a brass telescope, that could be screwed on to the window-sash, or by means of a pedestal, into the window-sill.

In the front of his house was a great field, in which he and his visitors used to play at cricket. It was bounded by the high, white chalk cliffs, which descended precipitously to the sea.

The cliffs, however, were unfortunately much undermined by natural caverns; so that every year, and, in fact, every time there was a storm at sea, a large portion of the chalk-rock fell down, and in the course of six or seven years he was obliged to rail off as "dangerous" a part of the already reduced field in front of his house. He could now only play at trap-ball, or battle-dore and shuttle-cock.

Still the sea continued its encroachments, and in a few years more the trap-ball was all over—it was too perilous, even if they had not continually lost the ball—and he and his sons were reduced to a game at long-taw, and hop-sotch.

Clearly perceiving that in the course of a few years more his field-sports would be limited to spinning a tee-totum before his front-door, he engaged the services of an eminent architect and civil engineer to build him a sea-wall to prevent the further encroachments of the enemy. The estimate of expense was five thousand pounds, and, as a matter of course, the work, by the time it was finished, cost ten thousand. This was nearly as much as Sir Valentine Saltear had paid for the building of his house.

But the worst part of the business was, that the very next storm which occurred at sea, and only a few weeks after, the waves dashed down, and fairly carried away the whole of this protective wall. In the morning it was clean gone, as though no such structure had been there, and a great additional gap was made in the cliff, plainly showing that the watery monster was quite bent on swallowing up Sir Valentine's house. He brought an action for the recovery of the money he had paid for his wall; but while this was pending, he saw his house being undermined from day to day, and in sheer despair felt himself obliged to apply to a still more eminent civil engineer. The estimate this gentleman made for the construction of a sea-wall—one that would stand—was ten thousand pounds. It might be a few pounds more or less—probably less. But the recent experience of Sir Valentine making him fear that it would probably be double that amount, he hesitated as to engaging the services of this gentleman

He even thought of sending over to Ireland for fifty bricklayers, carpenters, and masons, and superintending the work himself. He was sure he could do it for six thousand pounds. It never once occurred to him to pull down his house, and rebuild it on high ground a quarter of a mile farther off.

In this dangerous yet undecided state of affairs, Sir Valentine one morning, breakfasting at his club in Waterloo Place, read in a newspaper a notice of the grand mining operation and explosion that was to take place at Seaford, the object of which was to throw down an immense mass of chalk cliff, the broken fragments whereof would, at a comparatively small cost, form a sea-wall, at an elevation of about one-fifth the height of the parent rock. Why, here was Sir Valentine's own case! His house was upon a very high chalk rock, and a sea-wall of one-fifth the height would answer every purpose. The only difficulty was his present proximity to the edge of the cliff. Still, he thought he could spare thirty feet or so, without losing his door-steps, and this width being exploded down to the base of the cliff, would constitute, by its fall, a very capital mound of protection which might last for a century or more. He therefore determined to see the explosion at Seaford, and if it proved successful, to adopt the very same plan.

Sir Valentine, accordingly, on the nineteenth of September, swallowed an early cup of chocolate, and hurried off to the Brighton railway terminus, and took his place in the Express train for Newhaven. It was a return-ticket, first class, for which he paid the sum of one pound four shillings. An Excursion train had started at nine o'clock, the return-ticket first class, being only eleven shillings; but Sir Valentine fearing that it would stop at every station on the way, and might not be in time for the great event, had prudently chosen the Express at Express price; namely, one pound four per ticket. There was some confusion in the arrangements of the terminus, apparently attributable to extensive additions and alterations in the buildings; but there was no difficulty in receiving the money.

The train started; its speed, though an Express, being nothing particular. When it arrived at Lewes, the passengers all had to alight, and wait for another train which was to take them on. At last a train arrived. It was declared to be full!

"Full!" cried Sir Valentine, "why, I have paid for the Express!—first-class—one pound four."

Full, however, this long train was. Presently a guard shouted that there was room for three in a second-class carriage.

"I secure one!" shouted Sir Valentine, holding up his fore-finger in a threatening manner to the guard, and jumped in. In due time, and by no means in a hurry, the "Express" train arrived.

Out leaped Sir Valentine, and demanded of

the first person he met how far it was to Seaford? The man said he didn't know! to the utter astonishment and contempt of the excited knight. He asked the next person; who replied that he hadn't the very least idea, but they could tell him at the "tap." Sir Valentine looked on all sides to see if there were any cabs, flies, or vehicles of any kind, and descriing several in a group at some little distance, made toward them at long running strides—a boy who had overheard his question as to the distance, following at his heels, and bawling—"Two miles as a crow flies!—four miles by the road!—two miles as a cro-o-o-o!—four by the ro-o-o-o!"

Arrived amidst the vehicles, the knight found nearly all of them either engaged, or full, and it was only as a matter of favor that he was admitted as "one over the number," to the inside of a small van without springs; where, beside the heat and crushing, he had to endure a thorough draught and three short pipes, all the way.

The road wound round the base of a series of hills and other rising ground, and a line of vehicles might be seen all along this serpentine road, for two or three miles' distance; while a long unbroken line of pedestrians were descried winding along the pathway across the fields. After a very jolting and rumbling drive, Sir Valentine found himself "shot out" with the rest of the company, in front of a small "public" knocked up for the occasion, with a load or two of bricks and some boards, and crowded to excess. Private carriages, flies, cabs, carts, wagons, vans, were standing around, together with booths and wheelbarrows, set out with apples, nuts, bread and cheese, and ginger-beer of a peculiarly thin stream. Sir Valentine having breakfasted early, hastily, and lightly, was by this time—a quarter to two—extremely sharp set; he endeavored, therefore, to make his way into the house to get a bottle of stout and some ham or cold beef for luncheon. But after ten minutes' continuous efforts, he found he was still between the door-posts, and the noisy, crack-up window of the "bar," as far from his hopes as ever. He abandoned the attempt in disgust—but not without addressing himself to a seafaring man who was standing with his hands in his pockets, looking on:

"Is this sense?" said the knight. "Do you call this common sense? Do you think you are acting with any more reason than a dog possesses, to treat the public in this way? Then, your own interest—look at it!" (pointing to the crowd struggling in the door-way). "If you had any foresight, or a head for the commonest arrangements, would you not have a barrel of ale on wheels outside here?"

The seafaring man swung round on his heel with a smile, and Sir Valentine, having made his way into the field, obtained six pennyworth of gingerbread and a dozen of small apples, with which provender he in some sort revived his exhausted frame. He now bustled on to

ward the foot of a broken embankment leading up to a loftily rising ground, the summit being the cliffs, a large portion of which was shortly to be detached, and thrown down by the explosion of a mine. The part to be blown off was marked out by broad belts of white, where the chalk had been thrown up, which made an imposing appearance even on the distant heights.

The sun shone brightly. All over the fields and fallow ground that lay between the halting-place just described, and the foot of the steep mount, the visitors were scattered—pedestrians, with here and there a horseman; sight-seers—the old and the young—men of science from various parts of the world—infantry soldiers, sappers and miners, ladies and gentlemen, sailors, marines, country people, railway laborers, policemen, boys and girls, and—far in the rear of all, with disapproving looks—two or three old woman in spectacles. Renovated by his gingerbread and apples, Sir Valentine made his way manfully up the steep grassy ascent of the hill, chalk mountain it might be more properly termed, and, in the course of a quarter of an hour, he found himself at the spot where the explosion was to take place.

It was a tolerably level surface, of some hundred yards in diameter. Transverse belts of excavated chalk, with several trenches and pits half filled up, marked out the huge fragment of the solid mass which was to be separated. The boundary was further indicated by small flagstuffs, and also by sentinels, who prevented any of the visitors from trespassing on the dangerous ground, whereon, of course, they all had a half-delightful tingling wish to perambulate, and to feel themselves liable to be blown to atoms by a premature explosion.

Beneath the part marked off by the flagstuffs and sentinels, at a great depth in the chalk rock, were buried many thousand (the Brighton Herald said twenty-seven thousand!) pounds of gunpowder, distributed in different chambers and galleries, one communicating with another by means of a platina wire. This wire was carried up through the rock into a little wooden house, in which certain chemical mysteries were being secretly carried on by engineer officers. There was a little window in front, out of which the mysterious officer now and then half thrust his head, looked out, with profound gravity, upon the belts of chalk on the space before him, and, without appearing to see any of the crowding visitors, withdrew from the window. Presently another officer came, and did the same. "Come like shadows," muttered Sir Valentine, "so depart!"

But wishing that they might "show his eyes" the mysterious operations in the little wooden house, however grievous it might be to his feelings, our anxious knight hurried round to the back, where, he took it for granted, there was some means of entrance, as he had seen no officer get in at the window. He was right.

There was a small narrow door of planks, with a sentry standing before it, who wore a forbidding face of much importance. And now a gentleman in blue spectacles approached, and nodded to the sentinel, who tapped at the door. The door was unlocked, and the favored man of science entered. Through the closing door, Sir Valentine caught sight of a sort of long, shapeless table, covered with chemical instruments and utensils, in short, an apparatus exciting great curiosity. The door closed, just as Sir Valentine handed up his card to the sentinel. The door was opened again—his card given in; somebody took it, and it seemed to fly over a row of small white porcelain painters' pallets, standing mid-deep in water, and then disappeared, as the door was suddenly closed again. A voice within was heard to say, impatiently, "I really am afraid we can't be disturbed!"

"Can't you!" exclaimed Sir Valentine, addressing himself to a servant girl, with a child in her arms, who was trying to get a peep in at the door: "can't you, indeed! What treatment do you call this? Do you think gentlemen would take the trouble to come *down* here, such a distance, and *up* here such a height, if they did not expect to see all that could possibly be seen? Is this your duty to the public who pays you? Why should you conceal any thing from me? Am I not a person of sufficient wealth and respectability to be allowed to know of all your doings up here! What brings you here but the public service? Who is your master? tell me that!"

"Edward Smith, of Seaford," answered the girl, with an angry face; "but I don't know as it's any business of yours!"

Sir Valentine brushed past the girl with a "Pooh, pshaw!" Observing it was announced, by a placard on one side of the little wooden house, that the explosion would take place at three o'clock, he took out his watch and found that it was already half-past two. It became important to decide on the most advantageous place to take up a position, in order to have the best view of the grand explosion. Some of the visitors—in fact, a considerable number—had ascended to the very highest part of the rock, which swept upward, with its green coating of grass to a distance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred yards beyond the dangerous spot. Another crowd took their posts at about the same distance below the fatal spot, each crowd being widely scattered, the boldest in each being nearest, the most timid the furthest off. Another crowd—and this was the largest by far—had descended to the beach, to see, from below, the fall of the great mass of lofty rock. Many had taken boats, and rowed, or sailed out, to behold it from a more directly opposite, yet safer position.

Now, Sir Valentine Saltear, being an enthusiast in sight-seeing, had not the least doubt but the way really to *enjoy* the thing, would be to stand upon the portion of the cliff that was to be thrown down; and, leaping from crack

to crack, and from mass to mass, as it majestically descended, reach by this means the sea, into which a good dive forward would render your escape from danger comparatively safe and easy. On second thoughts, however, he saw that it was precarious, because if the charge of powder were in excess of the weight to be separated, a great mass of fragments might fly upward into the air, and who could say but one of these might be the very place on which he himself was standing? He, therefore, contented himself with advancing to the extreme edge of the cliff, and peering over upon the beach below. The height was prodigious; the crowds walking about below were of pigmy size. The boats that were hovering about on the sea looked no bigger than mussel shells. Sir Valentine once thought of going out in a boat, but immediately recollecting that by doing so he should lose the fine effect of the trembling of the earth, he at once abandoned the idea. If he mounted above the scene of action he should lose the grandeur of the descent of the mass; if he stood on the mount at some distance below it, he could not see the surface crack and gape, though he might be exposed to flying fragments. He, therefore, decided forthwith on going down to the beach, and accordingly he hurried along the glassy slope, and then made his way down a precipitous zig-zag fissure in the sand hill below, till he found his feet rattling and limping over the stones of the beach.

Here he was amid six or seven thousand people—many more than he had seen from above—some walking about, some sitting in long rows or in groups, on the damp shingles, some standing in knots—all speculating as to how soon it would now be before the great explosion. A few flagstaffs were planted, with several sentinels, to mark the line which no one was allowed to pass; and this line was very strongly marked besides by a dark crowd of the most fearless of the visitors. According to their several degrees of apprehension, the crowds were scattered over the beach at various distances, some of them being at least a mile and a half off.

Sir Valentine, after an examination of all the bearings of the case, elected to have a place in the front row, close to the flagstaff; but, taking into consideration the possibility that the explosion might send up a great mass of fragments, which might come flying over that way, and crush numbers by their fall, he looked round to try and secure a retreat the instant he should see a black cloud of fragments in the air. The front line would not be able to retreat in time, because, being crowded, they would, in the panic of the moment, stumble over each other, and falling pell-mell, become an easy prey to the descending chalk. Sir Valentine, therefore, being not only an enthusiast, but also a man of foresight, took his post to the extreme right of the line, so that he could, if he saw need, retreat into the sea; to make sure of which, and, at the same time,

to have an unimpeded view, he now stood half up to his knees in water.

It was three o'clock—the hour of doom for the chalk in its contest with gunpowder. A bugle sounded, and a movement of the sentries on the top of the rock was discerned by the thousands of eyes looking up from the beach. Many, also, who were above, suddenly thought they could better their positions by moving further off. Below, on the beach, there was a hush of voices; not a murmur was heard. Every body stood in his favorite attitude of expectation. All eyes were bent upon the lofty projecting cliff; and nearly every mouth was open, as if in momentary anticipation of being filled with an avalanche of chalk. Again a bugle sounded—and all was silence. Not a shingle moved.

Presently there was a low, subterranean murmur, accompanied by a trembling of the whole sea-beach—sea and all; no burst of explosion; but the stupendous cliff was seen to crack, heave outward, and separate in many places half way down; the upper part then bowed itself forward, and almost at the same instant, the cliff seemed to bend out and break at one-third of the way from the base, till, like an old giant falling upon his knees, down it sank, pitching at the same time head foremost upon the beach with a tremendous, dull, echoless roar. A dense cloud of white dust and smoke instantly rose, and obscured the whole from sight.

Every body kept his place a moment in silence—the front line then made a rush onward—then abruptly stopped, bringing up all those behind them with a jerk. Who knows but more cliff may be coming down? In the course of half a minute the cloud of dust had sufficiently dispersed itself to render the fallen mass visible. It formed a sort of double hill, about one-fifth of the height of the rocks above, the outer hill nearest the sea (which had been the head and shoulders of the fallen giant) being by far the largest. It was made up of fragments of all sizes, from small morsels, and lumps, up to huge blocks of chalk, many of which were two or three feet in thickness, intermixed with masses of the upper crust, having grass upon the upper surface.

Toward this larger hill of broken masses of chalk, the front rank of the cloud below, on the beach, now rushed. But after a few yards, they again stopped abruptly, bringing every body behind them bump up against their backs. Again, they moved on waveringly, when suddenly a small piece of cracked rock detached itself from above, and came rolling down. Back rushed the front line—a panic took place, and thousands retreated, till they found the cliff was not coming after them, when they gradually drew up, faced about, and returned to the onset. At length it became a complete charge: the front rank made directly for the large broken mound, in the face of clouds of drifting chalk-dust, and fairly carried it by

assault—mounting over blocks, or picking their way round about blocks, or between several blocks, and through soft masses of chalk, and so upward to the top—two soldiers, three sailors, a boy, and Sir Valentine, being the first who reached it. Thereupon, they set up a shout of victory, which was echoed by thousands from below. Fifty or sixty more were soon up after them; and one enthusiast, who had a very clever little brown horse, actually contrived to lead him up to the top, and then mounted him, amid the plaudits of the delighted heroes who surrounded him. Every body, horse and all, was covered with the continual rain of chalk-dust. The heroes were all as white as millers.

It was almost as difficult to descend as it had been to get up. However, Sir Valentine managed to effect this with considerable alacrity, and made his way hastily across the field to the little "public," with intent to secure a fly, or other conveyance, before they were all occupied by the numbers he had left behind him on the beach. Nothing could be had: all were engaged. He walked onward hastily, and was fortunate enough to overtake a large pleasure-cart, into which he got, and, after suffering the vexation of seeing every vehicle pass them, he at length arrived at the Newhaven railway station.

THE ESCAPE OF QUEEN MARY FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE escape of Mary Queen of Scots, from Lochleven Castle, is one of the most striking passages in the history of female royalty. The time, the place, the beauty and exalted rank of the illustrious heroine, her wrongs, and her distress, the chivalry and courage of the gallant spirits who had undertaken to effect her deliverance, the peril of the enterprise, and its success, combine all the elements of a romance. Yet the adventure creates a more powerful impression related in the graphic simplicity of truth, as it really befell, than when worked up with imaginary circumstances into a tale of fiction, even by the magic pen of Scott in the pages of "The Abbot."

The fatal concatenation of events, which had the effect of entangling the royal victim in the toils of her guileful foes, can not be developed here. The broad outline of the outward and visible facts is familiar to almost every reader, but to expose the undercurrent to view by documentary evidences, and to make manifest the hidden workings of iniquity, requires a wider field than these brief pages can afford. I must, therefore, refer the public to my long-promised "Life of Mary Stuart," which will shortly appear in my new series of royal female biographies,* based on documentary sources, for particulars which can scarcely fail of removing the

obloquy with which mercenary writers, the ready tools of self-interested calumniators, have endeavored to blacken the name of this hapless lady.

The confederate lords into whose hands Mary, confiding in their solemn promises to treat her with all honor and reverence as their sovereign, rashly surrendered herself, at Carberry-hill, not only shamelessly violated their pact, but after exposing her to the most cruel insults from the very abjects of the people, incarcerated her in the gloomy fortress of Lochleven, under the jailorship of the mother of her illegitimate brother, the Earl of Murray, and the wardership of the sons that person had had by her late husband Sir Robert Douglas, of Lochleven, for the Lady of Lochleven was a married woman when the Earl of Murray was born.*

It is scarcely possible to imagine a more doleful abiding place for the fallen queen, in her affliction, than that which had been thus injuriously and by a refinement of malice, selected for her by her perfidious foes. The castle, which is of extreme antiquity, said indeed to have been founded by Congal, a Pictish king, is of rude architecture, consisting of a square donjon keep, flanked with turrets, and encompassed with a rampart; it is built on a small island, almost in the centre of the wild expanse of the deep, and oft-times stormy, waters of the loch, which is fifteen miles in circumference. The castle island consists of five acres, now overgrown with trees and brushwood. In the midst of this desolation tradition points out one ancient stem, of fantastic growth, said to have been planted by the royal captive as a memorial of her compulsory residence in the castle. The boughs of this tree, which is called "Queen Mary's Thorn," are constantly broken and carried away as relics by the visitors, whom the interest attached to the memory of that unhappy princess attracts to the spot, which her sufferings have rendered an historic site of melancholy celebrity.

The events of the long dreary months which Mary wore away in this wave-encircled prison-house, bereft of regal state, deprived of exercise and recreation, and secluded from every friend save her two faithful ladies, and a little maiden of ten years old, the voluntary companions of her durance, as well as the occupations wherewith she endeavored to beguile her sorrowful hours, will be found very fully detailed in my biography of that unfortunate queen, with many recently-discovered facts.

Toward the end of March, George Douglas, the youngest son of the Lady of Lochleven, whose manly heart had been touched with generous sympathy, or, as some assert, with a deep and enduring passion for his fair ill-fated sovereign, made a bold and almost successful attempt to convey her out of the castle, in the disguise of a laundress. The queen, however, being identified by the whiteness and delicacy of her hands, which she had raised to repel one of the

* "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the regal succession of Great Britain."

* See many dispatches from the English envoys resident in Scotland. State Paper Office, from 1534 to 1536.

rude boatmen, who endeavored to remove her hood and muffler to get a sight of her face, she was brought back, and George Douglas was expelled from the Castle with disgrace. But though banished from his house, he lurked concealed in the adjacent village, where he had friends and confederates, and, doubtless inspired many an honest burgher and peasant with sympathy for the wrongs of their captive sovereign, by his description of the harsh restraint to which she was subjected within the grim fortress of Lochleven. At Kinross he was joined by the faithful John Beton, and other devoted servants of the queen, who were associated for the emancipation of their royal mistress, and had long been lurking, in various disguises, among the western Lomonds, to watch for a favorable opportunity of effecting their object.

Douglas had left, withal, an able coadjutor within the castle, a boy of tender years, of mysterious parentage, and humble vocation, who was destined to act the part of the mouse in Æsop's beautiful fable. This unsuspected confederate was a youth of fifteen, who waited on the Lady of Lochleven in the capacity of page. He is known in history by the names of Willie Douglas, and the Little Douglas; in the castle he was called the Lad Willie, the Orphan Willie, and the Foundling Willie,* for he was found, when a babe, at the castle gates. Home, of Godscroft, says, "He was the natural brother of George Douglas," † a statement perfectly reconcileable with the story of his first introduction into the family of the late Laird of Lochleven. Such incidents are not of unfrequent occurrence in the daily romance of life, and often has it happened that the appeal made to the parental feelings of a profligate seducer, in behalf of a guiltless child of sin and sorrow, has awakened feelings of feminine compassion in the bosom of the injured wife, and the forlorn stranger has received a home and nurture through her charity. This appears to have been the case with regard to Little Willie and the Lady of Lochleven; for, whether she suspected his connection with the laird her husband or not, he was taken in, and brought up under her auspices, and as attendant on her person. Frail as she had been in her youth, and cruel and vindictive in her treatment of the lawful daughter of her royal seducer, whom it irked her pride to consider as her sovereign, it is nevertheless pleasant to trace out the evidence of some good in the harsh Lady of Lochleven.

The Foundling Willie remained in the castle, after the death of the old laird, an orphan dependent in the family, but his subsequent actions prove that he had received the education of a gentleman; for not only could he read and write, but he understood enough of French and other languages to be sent on secret missions to foreign princes. To these acquirements Willie

added courage, firmness, and address, seldom paralleled in one of his tender years.

There is not any circumstance in the course Mary Stuart's career more striking than the fact that, in this dark epoch of her life, when deprived of all the attributes of royalty, oppressed, calumniated, and imprisoned, two friends like George and Willie Douglas should have been raised up for her in the family of her deadliest foes. The regent and his confederates, men whose hands had been soiled with English gold, had not calculated on the existence of the chivalric feelings which animated those young warm hearts with the determination of effecting the liberation of their captive queen.

"Mary being deprived of pen and ink at this time," says her French biographer, Caussin, "wrote her instructions with a piece of charcoal, on her handkerchief, which she employed the boy Willie Douglas to dispatch to the Lord Seton." John Beton, who still lay, perdue, among the hills, was the ready bearer of this missive, and arranged every thing for the reception and safe conduct of his royal mistress, in case she should be fortunate enough to reach the shore in safety. For many nights he, with Lord Seton, George Douglas, and others, kept watch and ward on the promontory which commanded a view of the castle and the lake, in expectation of being apprised, by signal, that the project was about to be carried into effect.

On Sunday, the second evening in May, all things being in readiness, and the family at supper, Willie Douglas, who was waiting on the Lady of Lochleven, contrived, while changing her plate, to drop a napkin over the keys of the castle (which were always placed beside her during meals), and having thus enveloped them, succeeded in carrying them off unobserved. Hastening with them to the queen, he conducted her, by a private stair, to the postern, and so to the water-gate of the castle, which he took care to lock after him; and when the boat had gained convenient distance from the shore, flung the keys into the water. These mute memorials of the adventure were found covered with rust when the loch was drained, early in the present century. They are now in the possession of the Earl of Morton, at Dalmahoy House, where I saw them and the rude iron chain which formerly linked them together, but which, being rusted through, fell to pieces when taken out of the water. The Lochleven keys are five in number, large and small, of antique workmanship, and are all carefully enshrined in a casket lined with velvet, and preserved as precious relics by the noble representatives of the chivalric George Douglas.

The boat which Willie the Orphan had adroitly secured for the service of his captive sovereign, was that belonging to the castle, and the only medium of communication for the castellan and his *meiné* with the shore. Immediate pursuit was, therefore, almost impossible. The companions of Queen Mary's flight were, her faithful attendant, Mary Seton, ever near her in the hom

* "Life of Lord Herries," edited by Pitcairne, Abbotsford Club, p. 101.

† "Life of James Earl of Morton," in the "Lives of the Douglasses," p. 302.

of peril, and a little girl of ten years old, of whose safety her majesty appeared tenderly careful, as she led her by the hand. The other damsel, a French lady of the name of Quenede, gave a remarkable proof of her personal courage and devotion to her royal mistress; for, not being quick enough to reach the castle gate till it was locked behind the retreating party, she fearlessly leaped out of the window of the queen's apartment into the loch, and swam after the boat till she was received within that little ark in her dripping garments.

Meantime, Lord Seton and his gallant associates, who were anxiously reconnoitring from their eyrie the progress of the little bark and its precious freight across the lake, remained in a state of the greatest excitement, not daring to believe that so feeble an instrument as the orphan Willie had succeeded in achieving an exploit which the bravest peers in Scotland might have been proud of having performed, and her own royal kinsmen, the allied princes of France and Spain, had not ventured to attempt. But all doubts and fears were dispelled when they recognized the stately figure of their queen, distinguished from the other females by her superior height, rising in the boat and giving the telegraphic signal of her safety, as previously agreed, by waving her vail, which was white with a crimson border, the royal colors of Scotland. The moment that auspicious ensign was displayed, fifty horsemen, who had lain concealed behind the hill, sprang to their saddles, and, with Lord Seton at their head, galloped down to the shore, where George Douglas and Beton, with another party of devoted friends, were already waiting to receive and welcome their enfranchised sovereign, as she sprang to the land. The fleetest palfreys that Scotland could supply had long been provided, and concealed by George Douglas's trusty confederates in the village, in anticipation of the success of this enterprise, and were now ready caparisoned for the queen and her ladies. Mary mounted without delay, and, attended by the faithful companions of her perils and escape, scoured across the country at fiery speed, without halting, till she reached North Queen's Ferry, about twenty miles from Lochleven. Embarking in the common ferry-boat at that port, she and her company crossed the rough waters of the Firth, and landed, tradition says, at the ancient wooden pier, which formerly jutted out into the sea, just above the town of South Queen's Ferry. There she was met and welcomed by Lord Claud Hamilton, and fifty cavaliers and other loyal gentlemen, eager to renew their homage, and burning to avenge her wrongs.

Lord Seton conducted his royal mistress to his own castle at West Niddry, distant seven miles from South Queen's Ferry, where she partook of his hospitality, and enjoyed the repose of a few hours, after her moonlight flitting. West Niddry now forms part of the fair domain of the Earl of Hopeton. The roofless shell of the stately castle, which afforded the first safe

resting-place to the fugitive sovereign is still in existence. The changes of the last few years have conducted the railroad line between Edinburgh and Glasgow in close proximity to the ruins of the feudal fortress, which gave rest and shelter to the royal fugitive, after her escape from Lochleven. The gray mouldering pile, in its lonely desolation, arrests for a moment the attention of the musing moralist or antiquarian among the passengers in the trains that thunder onward to their appointed goal through solitudes that recall high and chivalric visions of the past. But Niddry Castle should be visited in a quiet hour by the historical pilgrim, who would retrace in fancy the last bright scene of Mary Stuart's life, when, notwithstanding the forced abdication which had transferred the regal diadem of Scotland to the unconscious brow of her baby-boy, she stood a queen once more among the only true nobles of her realm, those whom English gold had not corrupted, nor successful traitors daunted.

One window in Niddry Castle was, within the memory of many persons in the neighborhood, surmounted with the royal arms of Scotland, together with a stone entablature, which, though broken, is still in existence, in the orchard of the adjacent grange, inscribed in ancient letters with the day of the month and the date of the year, and even the age of George Lord of Seton, at the memorable epoch of his life when the beauteous majesty of Scotland, whom he had so honorable a share in emancipating from her cruel bondage, slept beneath his roof in safety.

Lord Seton had been an old and faithful servant of his queen. He was the master of the royal household, and had been present at her nuptials with the beloved husband of her youth, King Francis II., of France. On her return to Scotland, after the death of that sovereign, Mary offered to advance Seton to the dignity of an earldom, but being the premier baron in parliament, he refused to be the puisne earl, giving humble thanks to her majesty for her proffered grace at the same time. Mary then wrote the following extempore distich in Latin and also in French:

*"Sunt comites ducesques denique reges;
Setoni dominum sit satis mihi;"*

which, in plain English, may be rendered thus:

"Though earls and dukes, and even kings there be,
Yet Seton's noble lord sufficeth me."

"After that unfortunate battle of Langside, the said Lord George Seton was forced to fly to Flanders, and was there in exile two years, and drove a wagon with four horses for his subsistence. His picture in that condition," adds the quaint, kindred biographer of the noble family of Seton, "I have seen drawn, and lively painted, at the north end of the long gallery in Seton, now overlaid with timber. From Flanders, the said Lord George went to Holland, and there endeavored to seduce the two Scots regiments to the Spanish service, upon a design thereby to serve his sovereign the queen, the king of Spain being very much her friend. Which plot

of his being revealed, the states of Holland did imprison and condemn him to ride the cannon; but by the friendship and respect the Scotch officers had to him, he was by them set at liberty, notwithstanding this decision of the States."*

Lord Seton outlived these troubles, he was preserved to enjoy the reward of his integrity after those who pursued his life had been successively summoned to render up an account of the manner in which they had acquired and acquitted themselves of their usurped authority, till all were clean swept away. It is a remarkable fact that the most relentless of the persecutors of their hapless sovereign, Mary Stuart, especially those who for a brief period were the most successful in their ambitious projects, Murray, Lennox, Marr, Lethington, and Morton, all by violent or untimely deaths preceded their royal victim to the tomb.

James VI. testified a grateful sense of the services Lord Seton had rendered to queen Mary, by preferring him and his sons to the most honorable offices in his gift.

Mary herself rewarded George Douglas to the utmost of her power, in various ways, but above all by facilitating his marriage with a young and beautiful French heiress of high rank, to whom he had formed an attachment, and as his poverty was the only obstacle to this alliance, she generously enabled him to make a suitable settlement on his bride out of a portion of her French estates, which she assigned to him for this purpose by deed of gift. "Services like his," as she wrote to her uncle, "ought never to be forgotten."

A simple black marble tablet in the chancel of Edensor Church, to the left of the altar, marks the grave of John Beton, on which a Latin inscription records the fact, "that he died at Chatsworth, in his thirty-fourth year, worn out with the fatigues and hardships he had encountered in the service of his royal mistress," adding as his best and proudest epitaph, "that he had assisted in delivering that illustrious princess from her doleful prison in the Laga Laguina." (Lochleven.)

Poetry is the handmaid as well as the inspiration of chivalry, and if ever the deeds of brave and loyal gentlemen deserved to live in song, surely the achievement of the loyal associates who rescued their oppressed queen from her cruel captivity in Lochleven Castle, ought to be thus commemorated, and their names had in remembrance long after "the marble that enshrines their mortal remains has perished, and its imagery mouldered away."

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

A GERMAN PICTURE OF THE SCOTCH.

A NEW play was recently produced at the principal theatre of Vienna, which illustrates the notions of Scotchmen which obtain

* Continuation of the "History of the Houses of Seytown, by Alexander, Viscount Kingston. Printed for the Maitland Club."

currency and credence among the Germans. The scene is laid in St. Petersburg; the real hero is a little animal, known to dog-fanciers as a Scotch terrier; but the nominal chief character is a banker from Glasgow, named Sutherland. He had failed in his native place, but in Russia he became a great man, for he was the favorite money-dealer of the Empress Catherine.

We all know the strength of a Scotch constitution, but we also know the severity of a St. Petersburg winter: yet Mr. Sutherland presents himself to his audience, amidst the frozen scenery of that ice-bound city, in what is believed abroad to be the regular everyday costume of a citizen of Glasgow; namely, a kilt, jack-boots and a cocked hat, with a small grove of fine real feathers. Mr. Sutherland, despite his scanty nether costume, appears to be in excellent health and spirits. He has thriven so well in the world that, in accordance with a tolerably correct estimate of the Caledonian national character, his relations at home begin to pay court to him, and to send him presents. One indulges him with the hero of the piece: the small, ugly, irate, snuffy quadruped before mentioned. The banker takes it with a good-humored "Pish!" little dreaming of the important part the little wretch is destined to play. He had scarcely received the gift when the Empress passes by, sees the dog, and desires to possess it, while the grateful Sutherland is too glad to be able to gratify a royal caprice at so light a cost.

She, in the fervency of her gratitude, named the dog after the donor—a great compliment.

Alas! one day, the dog, who had eaten too plentifully of *zoobrême* (chicken stewed with truffles), was seized with apoplexy and died; though not without suspicion of having been poisoned by the prime minister, a piece of whose leg he had digested the day before. The Empress sighed far more over the loss of her dog, than she would have done for that of the minister. The one might have been easily replaced she knew at least twenty waiting open-mouthed for the vacancy. But who could replace her four-footed friend!—she mourns him as a loss utterly irreparable. She orders the greatest mark of affectionate respect it is possible to show to be performed on the dead terrier.

The scene changes; it is night. The fortunate banker is seated at dessert, after an excellent dinner of "mutton rosbif," and "hot-a-meale pour-ridges, and patatas," indispensable to a North Briton; his legs are crossed, his feet rest upon a monstrous fender, which he takes care to inform us he has received from England, as he sits sipping his "sherri port bier," and soliloquizing pleasantly over the various chances of his life. He is just about to finish his evening with some "croc," the English name for the pleasant invention of Admiral Grogan; his servant enters, to announce that the chief executioner with a file of soldiers have just dropped in, to say a word on a matter of business from the Empress.

The awful functionary, on stalking into the room, exclaimed, "I am come—"

"Well, I see you are," replied the banker, trying to be facetious, but feeling like a man with a sudden attack of ague.

"By command of the Empress!"

"Long may she live!" ejaculates Sutherland, heartily.

"It is really a very delicate affair," says the executioner; who, like the French Samson, is a humane man; "and I do not know how to break it to you."

"Oh, pray, don't hesitate. What would you like to take?" asked the banker, spilling the grog he tried to hand to the horrid functionary, from sheer fright.

The Envoy shakes his head grimly. "It is what we must all come to some day," he adds, after a short pause.

"What is? In Heaven's name do not keep me longer in suspense!" cries the banker, his very visible knees knocking together with agonizing rapidity.

"I have been sent," answers the awful messenger; again he stops—looks compassionately at his destined victim.

"Well!"

"By the Empress—"

"I know!"

"To have you—"

"What?"

"Stuffed!" said the Executioner mournfully.

The banker shrieked.

"Stuffed!" repeats the man, laconically, pointing to a bird in a glass case, to prevent there being any mistake in Sutherland's mind as to the nature of the operation he is to be called upon to undergo.

The Executioner now lays his hand significantly on poor Sutherland's collar, and looks into his face, as if to inquire if he had any particular or peculiar fancy as to the mode in which he would like to go through the preparatory operation of being killed.

"I have brought the straw," he says, "and two assistants are without. The Empress can not wait; and we have not got your measure for the glass case yet."

The banker looks the very picture of abject misery; but Britons, in foreign comedies, are always ready to buy every thing, and the banker had lived long enough in Russia to know the value of a bribe. He therefore offers one so considerable, that his grim visitor is touched, and endeavors to lull his sense of duty to sleep by a sophistry.

"I was told, indeed, to have you stuffed," he reasons, "and got ready for the Empress; but nothing was said about time; so I don't mind giving you half an hour if you can satisfy these gentlemen—and he turns to his associates.

It is briefly done. The banker pays like a man whose life depends on his liberality—we suppose several millions—for the Executioner remarks that he can not forget that a groom in England frequently receives several thousands

sterling a year; this is a very prevalent idea among the Frankish and Teutonic nations of the Continent. We once heard a Spanish general assert, in a large assembly, that the usual pay of an English ensign was five hundred pounds a month, an idea doubtless derived from some Iberian dramatist; and therefore a public functionary like the Executioner must be remunerated proportionably higher. The enormous pecuniary sacrifice gets for Sutherland some half-hour's respite; which he wisely uses by flying to the British ambassador, Sir Bifstik, and awaits the result with great anguish.

Sir Bifstik goes to the Empress. He is admitted. He asks if Her Majesty be aware of the position of a British subject named Sutherland?

"Excellent man," says Her Majesty, "No! What is it?"

Sir Bifstik bows low at the tones of the Imperial voice, and now begins to explain himself with something more than diplomatic haste; thinking, perhaps, that already the fatal straw may be filling the banker's members.

Imperial Catherine does not, of course, consider the putting to death of a mere Scotch banker, and making him in reality what some of his brethren are sometimes called figuratively—a man of straw—worth this fuss; and sets the ambassador down in her mind as a person of wild republican ideas, who ought to be recalled as soon as possible by his government, and placed under proper surveillance; but, nevertheless, she causes some inquiries to be made, and learns that it is in consequence of her having ordered "Sutherland" to be stuffed that he is probably then undergoing that operation.

Sir Bifstik expresses such horror and consternation at this intelligence, that the Empress believes his mind to be disordered.

"What possible consequence can the accidental stuffing of a Scotch banker be to you, milor?" she saith.

"The ac-ci-den-tal stuff-ings of a Scotcher Bankers!" in a German idiom not generally used by our nobility, gasps Sir Bifstik, mechanically, with pale lips and bristling hair.

"Take him away! He is mad!" screams the Empress, thinking that no sane person could be concerned about such a trifling affair, and in another moment the most sacred of international laws would have been violated (on the stage), and Great Britain insulted by profane hands being laid on the person of her ambassador, when all at once a light breaks over the mind of Her Majesty—the recalling of something forgotten. She exclaims, with a Russian *nonchalance* quite cheering to behold, "Oh, I remember; now it is easily explained. My poor little dog (I had forgotten him too) died yesterday, and I wished his body to be preserved. *Cher chien!* His name was the same as that of the banker, I think. Alas that cruel Death should take *my* dog!"

"But Mr. Sutherland has, perhaps, already been murdered!" gasps the ambassador. "

pray that your Majesty will lose no time in having him released, should he be still alive!"

"Ah, true! I never thought of that," returns the Empress.

The order is finally issued, and Sutherland rescued, just as the Executioner, grown angry at his unreasonable remonstrances, resolves to delay no longer in executing the Imperial commands. To put the *coup-de-grace* on the comic agony of the poor banker, his immense red crop of hair has, in that half hour of frightful uncertainty, turned white as snow!

[From Hogg's Instructor.]

THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONISTS, MARAT, ROBESPIERRE, AND DANTON.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

ONE obvious effect of the upheavings of a revolution is to develop latent power, and to deliver into light and influence cast down and crushed giants, such as Danton. But another result is the undue prominence given by convulsion and anarchy to essentially small and meagre spirits, who, like little men lifted up from their feet, in the pressure of a crowd, are surprised into sudden exaltation, to be trodden down whenever their precarious propping gives way. Revolution is a genuine leveler: "small and great" meet on equal terms in its wide grave; and persons, whose names would otherwise have never met in any other document than a directory, are coupled together continually, divide influence, have their respective partisans, and require the stern alembic of death to separate them, and to settle their true positions in the general history of the nation and the world.

Nothing, indeed, has tended to deceive and mystify the public mind more than the arbitrary conjunction of names. The yoking together of men in this manner has produced often a lamentable confusion as to their respective intellects and characteristics. Sometimes a mediocrity and a man of genius are thus coupled together; and what is lost by the one is gained by the other, while the credit of the whole firm is essentially impaired. Sometimes men of equal, though most dissimilar intellect, are, in defiance of criticism, clashed into as awkward a pair as ever stood up together on the floor of a country dancing-school. Sometimes, for purposes of moral or critical condemnation, two of quite different degrees of criminality are tied neck and heels together, as in the dread undistinguishing "marriages of the Loire." Sometimes the conjunction of unequal names is owing to the artifice of friends, who, by perpetually naming one favorite author along with another of established fame, hope to convince the unwary public that they are on a level. Sometimes they are produced by the pride or ambition, or by the carelessness or caprice, of the men or authors themselves. Sometimes they are the deliberate result of a shallow, though pretentious criticism, which sees and specifies resemblances,

where, in reality, there are none. Sometimes they spring from the purest accidents of common circumstances, common cause, or common abode, as if a crow and a thrush must be kindred because seated on one hedge. From these, and similar causes, have arisen such combinations as Dryden and Pope, Voltaire and Rousseau, Cromwell and Napoleon, Southey and Coleridge, Rogers and Campbell, Hunt and Hazlitt, Hall and Foster, Paine and Cobbett, Byron and Shelley, or Robespierre and Danton.

In the first histories of the French Revolution, the names of Marat, Robespierre, and Danton occur continually together as a triumvirate of terror, and the impression is left that the three were of one order, each a curious compound of the maniac and the monster. They walk on, linked in chains, to common execution, although it were as fair to tie up John Ings, Judge Jeffreys, and Hercules Furens. A somewhat severer discrimination has of late unloosed Marat from the other two, and permitted Robespierre and Danton to walk in couples, simply for the purpose of pointing more strongly the contrast between the strait-laced demonism of the one, and the fierce and infuriated manhood of the other. At least, it is for this purpose that we have ranked their names together.

Of Marat, too, however, we are tempted to say a single word—"Marah," might he better have been called, for he was a water of bitterness. He reminds us of one of those small, narrow, inky pools we have seen in the wilderness, which seem fitted to the size of a suicide, and waiting in gloomy expectation of his advent. John Foster remarked, of some small "malignant" or other, that he had never seen so much of the "essence of devil in so little a compass." Marat was a still more compact concentration of that essence. He was the prussic acid among the family of poisons. His unclean face, his tiny figure, his gibbering form, his acute but narrow soul, were all possessed by an infernal unity and clearness of purpose. On the great clock of the Revolution—while Danton struck the reverberating hours—while Robespierre crept cautiously but surely, like the minute-hand, to his object—Marat was the everlasting "tick-tick" of the smaller hand, counting, like a death-watch, the quick seconds of murder. He never rested; he never slumbered, or walked through his part; he fed but to refresh himself for revolutionary action; he slept but to breathe himself for fresh displays of revolutionary fury. Milder mood, or lucid interval, there was none in him. The wild beast, when full, sleeps; but Marat was never full—the cry from the "worm that dieth not," within him being still, "Give, give," and the flame in his bosom coming from that fire which is "never to be quenched."

If, as Carlyle seems sometimes to insinuate, earnestness be in itself a divine quality, then should Marat have a high place in the gallery of heroes; for if an earnest angel be admirable, chiefly for his earnestness, should not an earnest imp be admirable, too? If a tiger be respectable

from his unflinching oneness of object, should not a toad, whose sole purpose is to spit sincere venom, crawl amid general consideration, too? If a conflagration of infernal fire be on the whole a useful and splendid spectacle, why not honor one of its bluest and most lurid flames, licking, with peculiar pertinacity, at some proud city "sham?" But we suspect, that over Carlyle's imagination the quality of greatness exerts more power than that of earnestness. A great regal-seeming ruffian fascinates him, while the petty scoundrel is trampled on. His soul rises to mate with the tiger in his power, but his foot kicks the toad before it, as it is lazily dragging its loathsomeness through the wet garden-beds. The devils, much admired as they stood on the burning marl, lose caste with him when, entering the palace of Pandemonium, they shrink into miniatures of their former selves. Mirabeau, with Carlyle, is a cracked angel; Marat, a lame and limping fiend.

Some one has remarked how singular it is that all the heroes of the French Revolution were *ugly*. It seems as curious to us that they were either very large or very little persons. Danton was a Titan; Mirabeau, though not so tall, was large, and carried a huge head on his shoulders; whereas Marat and Napoleon were both small men. But the French found their characteristic love of extremes gratified in all of them. Even vice and cruelty they will not admire, unless sauced by some piquant oddity, and served up in some extraordinary dish. A little, lean corporal, like Napoleon, conquering the Brobdignagian marshals and emperors of Europe, and issuing from his nut-like fist the laws of nations; a grinning death's head, like Voltaire, frightening Christendom from its propriety, were stimulating to intoxication. But their talent was gigantic, though their persons were not; whereas, Marat's mind was as mean, and his habits as low, as his stature was small, and his looks disgusting. Here, then, was the requisite French ragout in all its putrid perfection. A scarecrow, suddenly fleshed, but with the heart omitted—his rags fluttering, and his arms vibrating, in a furious wind, with inflamed noddle, and small, keen, bloodshot eyes—became, for a season, the idol of the most refined and enlightened capital in Europe.

Had we traced, as with a lover's eye, the path of some beautiful flash of lightning, passing, in its terrible loveliness, over the still landscape, and seen it omitting the church spire, which seemed proudly pointing to it as it passed—sparing the old oak, which was bending his sacrificial head before its coming—touching not the tall pine into a column of torch-like flame, but darting its arrow of wrath upon the scarecrow, in the midst of a bean-field, and, by the one glare of grandeur, revealing its "looped and ragged similitude to a man, its aspiring beggary, and contorted weakness—it would have presented us with a fit though faint image of the beautiful avenger, the holy homicide, the daughter of Nemesis by Apollo—Charlotte Corday—emit-

ing the miserable Marat. Shaft from heaven's inmost quiver, why wert thou spent upon such a work? Beautiful, broad-winged bird of Jove, why didst thou light on such a quarry? Why not have ranged over Europe, in search of more potent and pernicious tyrants, or, at least, have run thy beak into the dark heart of Robespierre? Why did a steel, as sharp and bright as that of Brutus, when he rose "refulgent from the stroke," pierce only a vile insect on the hem of a mantle, and not at once a mantle and a man? Such questions are vain; for not by chance, but by decree, it came about that a death from a hand by which a demi-god would have desired to die, befell a demi-man, and that now this strange birth of nature shines on us forever, in the light of Charlotte Corday's dagger and last triumphant smile.

Yet, even to Marat, let us be merciful, if we must also be just. A monster he was not, nor even a madman; but a mannikin, of some energy and acuteness, soured and crazed to a preternatural degree, and whose fury was aggravated by pure fright. He was such a man as the apothecary in "Romeo and Juliet" would have become in a revolution; but he, instead of dealing out small doses of death to love-sick tailors and world-weary seamstresses, rose by the force of desperation to the summit of revolutionary power, cried out for 80,000 heads, and died of the assaults of a lovely patriotic maiden, as of a sun-stroke. And yet Shakspeare has a decided *penchant* for the caittiff wretch he so graphically paints, and has advertised his shop to the ends of the earth. So let us pity the poor vial of prussic acid dashed down so suddenly, and by so noble a hand, whom mortals call Marat. Nature refuses not to appropriate to her bosom her spilt poisons; any more than her shed blooms—appropriates, however, only to mix them with kindlier elements, and to turn them to nobler account. So let us, in humble imitation, collect, and use medicinally, the scattered drops of poor acrid Marat.

Marat was essentially of the *canaille*—a bad and exaggerated specimen of the class, whom his imperfect education only contributed to harden and spoil. Robespierre and Danton belong, by birth and training, by feelings and habits, to the middle rank—Robespierre sinking, in the end, below it, through his fanaticism, and Danton rising above it, through his genius and power. Both were "limbs of the law," though the one might be called a great toe, and the other a huge Briarean arm; and, without specifying other resemblances, while Marat lost his temper and almost his reason in the *mêlée* of the Revolution, both Robespierre and Danton preserved to the last their self-possession, their courage, and the full command of their intellectual faculties, amidst the reelings of the wildest of revolutionary earthquakes, and the thick darkness of the deepest canopy of revolutionary night.

Robespierre reminds us much of one of the old Covenanters. Let not our readers startle at this seemingly strange assertion. We mean

the *worst* species of the old Covenant—*a* specimen of whom is faithfully drawn by Sir Walter in Burley, and in our illustrious clansman—the “gifted Gilfillan.” Such beings there did exist, and probably exist still, who united a firm belief in certain religious dogmas to the most woeful want of moral principle and human feeling, and were ready to fight what they deemed God’s cause with the weapons of the devil. Their cruelties were cool and systematic; they asked a blessing on their assassinations, as though savages were to begin and end their cannibal meals with prayer. Such men were hopelessly steeled against every sentiment of humanity. Mercy to their enemies seemed to them treason against God. No adversary could escape from them. A tiger may feed to repletion, or be disarmed by drowsiness; but who could hope to appease the *ghost of a tiger*, did such walk? Ghosts of tigers, never slumbering, never sleeping, cold in their eternal hunger, pursuing relentlessly their devouring way, were the religious fanatics—the Dalziels and Claverhouses, as well as the Burleys and Mucklewraths, of the seventeenth century.

To the same order of men belonged Robespierre, modified, of course, in character and belief, by the influences of his period. The mis-called creed of the philosophers of France in the eighteenth century, which, with many of themselves, was a mere divertisement to their intellects, or a painted screen for their vices, sunk deep into the heart of Robespierre, and became a conviction and a reality with him. So far it was well; but, alas! the creed was heartless and immoral, as well as false. Laying down a wide object, it permitted every license of vice or cruelty in the paths through which it was to be gained. Robespierre became, accordingly, the worst of all sinners—a *sinner upon system*—a political Antinomian, glorying in his shame, to whom blood itself became at last an abstraction and a shadow; the guillotine only a tremendous shuttle, weaving a well-ordered political web; and the tidings of the fall of a thousand heads agreeably indifferent, as to the farmer the news of a cleared hay or harvest field.

That Robespierre had at the first any appetite for blood, is not now asserted by his bitterest foe. That he ever even acquired such a monstrous thirst, seems to us very unlikely. His only thought would be, at the tidings of another death, “Another sacrifice to my *idea*; another obstacle lifted out of its way.” Nero’s wish that his enemies had but “one neck” was, we think, comparatively a humane wish. It showed that he had no delight in the disgusting details, but only in the secure result of their destruction. He is the unnatural monster who protracts the fierce luxury—who sips his deep cup of blood lingeringly, that he may know the separate flavor of every separate drop, and who, like the Cyclops in the cave, leaves some select victim to the last, as a *bonne bouche* to his sated appetite—“*Noman* shall be the last to be devoured.”

Robespierre, no more than Nero, was *up to* such delicately infernal cruelty.

Carlyle frequently admits Robespierre’s sincerity, and yet rates him as little other than a sham. We account for this as we did in the case of Marat. He is regarded as a *small* sincerity; and the sincerity of a small man contracts, to Carlyle’s eye, something of the ludicrous air in which a Lilliputian warrior, shouldering his straw-sized musket, and firing his lead-drop bullets, seemed to Gulliver. “Bravo, my little hero!” shouts the Titan, with a loud laugh, as he sees him, with “sky-blue breeches,” patronizing the houseless idea of a divine being, “prop away at the tottering heavens, with that new nine-pin of thine; but why is there not rather a little nice doll of an image in those showy inexpressibles, to draw out, and complete the conversion of thy people? and why not say, ‘These be thy gods, O toy and toad-worshipping France!’” To bring him to respect, while he admits, the sincerity, we would need to disprove the smallness, of our Arras advocate. Now, compared to truly great men, such as Cromwell—or to extraordinary men, such as Napoleon, Mirabeau, and Danton—Robespierre was small enough. But surely it was no pigmy, whose voice—calm, dispassioned, and articulate—ruled lunatic France; who preserved an icy coolness amid a land of lava; who mastered, though it was only for a moment, a steed like the Revolution; and who threw from his pedestal, though it was by assailing in an unguarded hour, a statue so colossal as Danton’s. Rigid, Roman-like purpose—keen, if uninspired, vision—the thousand eyes of an Argus, if not the head of a Jove, or the fist of a Hercules—perseverance, honesty, and first-rate business qualities—we must allow to Robespierre, unless we account for his influence by Satanic possession, and say—either *no dunce aut Diabolus*. Carlyle attributes his defeat and downfall to his pertinacious pursuit of a shallow logic to its utmost consequences. Probably he thus expresses, in his own way, the view we have already sought to indicate. Robespierre was the sincere, consistent, unclean apostle of an unclean system—a system of deism in theology—of libertinism in morals—of mobocracy in politics—of a “gospel according to Jean-Jacques”—a gospel of “liberty, equality, fraternity”—a liberty ending in general bondage, an equality terminating in the despotism of unprincipled talent, a fraternity dipping its ties in blood. With faithful, unfaltering footstep, through good report and bad report, he followed the genius of revolution in all her devious, dark, dangerous, or triumphant paths, till she at last turned round in anger, like a dogged fiend, and rent him in pieces.

In dealing with Robespierre, we feel, more than with Marat, that we are in contact with an intelligent human being, not an oddity, and mere splinter of a man. His idea *led*, and at last *dragged* him, but did not devour nor possess him. His cruelty was more a policy, and less a raging passion; and his great moral erro

lay in *permitting* a theory, opposed to his original nature, to overbear his moral sense, to drain him of humanity, and to precipitate him to his doom. If he had resisted the devil, he would have fled from him.

In rising from Robespierre to Danton, we feel like one coming up from the lower plains of Sicily into its western coast—the country of the Cyclopes, with their one eye and gigantic stature; their courage, toil, ferocity, impiety, and power. Danton *did* tower Titanically above his fellows, and, with little of the divine, was the strongest of the earth-born. He had an “eye,” like a shield of sight, broad, piercing, and looking straight forward. His intellect was clear, intuitive, commanding, incapable of the theoretical, and abhorrent of the visionary. He was practical in mind, although passionate in temperament, and figurative in speech. His creed was atheism, not apparently wrought out by personal investigation, or even sought for as an opiate to conscience, but carelessly accepted, as the one he found fashionable at the time. His conduct, too, was merely the common licentiousness of his country, taking a larger shape from his larger constitution and stronger passions. His political faith was less definite and strict, but more progressive and practical, and more accommodated to circumstances than Robespierre’s. His patriotism was as sincere as Robespierre’s, but hung about him in more voluminous folds. It was a toga not a tunic. A sort of lazy greatness, which seemed, at a distance, criminal indifference, characterized him when in repose. His cupidity was as Cyclopean as his capacity. Nothing less than a large bribe could fill such a hand. No common goblet could satisfy such a maw. Greedy of money, for money’s sake, he was not. He merely wished to live, and all Paris knew what he meant by living. And with all the royal sops to Cerberus, he remained Cerberus still. Never had he made the pretensions of a Lord Russell, or Algernon Sidney, and we know how they were subsidized. His “poverty, but not his will consented.” Had he lived in our days, a public subscription—a “Danton testimonial, all subscriptions to be handed in to the —office of Camille Desmoulins,” would have saved this vast needy patriot—this “giant worm of fire,” from the disgrace of taking supplies from Louis, and then laughing a wild laughter at his provider, as he gnawed on at the foundations of his throne.

In fact, careless greatness, without principle, was the key to Danton’s merits and faults—his power and weakness. Well did Madame Roland call him “Sardanapalus.” When he found a clover field, he rolled in it. When he had nothing to do, he did nothing; when he saw the necessity of doing something immediately, he could condense ages of action into a few hours. He was like some terrible tocsin, never rung till danger was imminent, but then arousing cities and nations as one man. And thus it was that he saved his country and lost

himself, repulsed Brunswick, and sunk before Robespierre.

It had been otherwise, if his impulses had been under the watchful direction of high religious, or moral, or even political principle. This would have secured unity among his passions and powers, and led to steady and cumulative efforts. From this conscious greatness, and superiority to the men around him, there sprang a fatal security and a fatal contempt. He sat on the Mountain smiling, while his enemies were undermining his roots; and while he said, “He dares not imprison me,” Robespierre was calmly muttering “I will.”

It seemed as if even revolution were not a sufficient stimulus to, or a sufficient element for Danton’s mighty powers. It was only when war had reached the neighborhood of Paris, and added its hoarse voice to the roar of panic from within, that he found a truly Titanic task waiting for him. And he did it manfully. His words became “half battles.” His actions corresponded with, and exceeded his words. He was as calm, too, as if he had created the chaos around him. That the city was roused, yet concentrated—furious as Gehenna, but firm as fate, at that awful crisis, was all Danton’s doing. Paris seemed at the time but a projectile in his massive hand, ready to be hurled at the invading foe. His alleged cruelty was the result, in a great measure, of this habitual carelessness. Too lazy to superintend with sufficient watchfulness the administration of justice, it grew into the Reign of Terror. He was, nevertheless, deeply to blame. He ought to have cried out to the mob, “The way to the prisoners in the Abbaye lies over Danton’s dead body;” and not one of them had passed on. He repented, afterward, of his conduct, and was, in fact, the first martyr to a milder regime. Not one of his personal enemies perished in that massacre: hence the name “butcher” applied to him is not correct. He did not dabble in blood. He made but one fierce and rapid irruption into the neighborhood of the “red sea,” and returned sick and shuddering therefrom.

His person and his eloquence were in keeping with his mind and character. We figure him always after the pattern of Bethlehem Gabor, as Godwin describes him: his stature gigantic, his hair a dead black, a face in which sagacity and fury struggle for the mastery—a voice of thunder. His mere figure might have saved the utterance of his watchword, “We must put our enemies in fear.” His face was itself a “Reign of Terror.” His eloquence was not of the intellectual, nor of the rhetorical cast. It was not labored with care, nor moulded by art. It was the full, gushing utterance of a mind seeing the real merits of the case in a glare of vision, and announcing them in a tone of absolute assurance. He did not indulge in long arguments or elaborate declamations. His speeches were Cyclopean cries, at the sight of the truth breaking, like the sun, on his mind

Each speech was a peroration. His imagination was fertile, rugged, and grand. Terrible truth was sheathed in terrible figure. Each thought was twin-born with poetry—poetry of a peculiar and most revolutionary stamp. It leaped into light, like Minerva, armed with bristling imagery. Danton was a true poet, and some of his sentences are the strangest and most characteristic utterances amid all the wild eloquence the Revolution produced. His curses are of the streets, not of Paris, but of Pandemonium; his blasphemies were sublime as those heard in the trance of Sicilian seer, belched up from fallen giants through the smoke of Etna, or like those which made the “burning marl” and the “fiery gulf” quake and recoil in fear.

Such an extraordinary being was Danton, resembling rather the Mammoths and Megatheriums of geology than modern productions of nature. There was no beauty about him why he should be desired, but there was the power and the terrible brilliance, the rapid rise and rapid subsidence of an Oriental tempest. Peace—the peace of a pyramid, calm-sitting and colossal, amid long desolations, and kindred forms of vast and coarse sublimity—be to his ashes!

It is lamentable to contemplate the fate of such a man. Newly married, sobered into strength and wisdom, in the prime of life, and with mildness settling down upon his character, like moonlight on the rugged features of the Sphinx, he was snatched away. “One feels,” says Scott of him, “as if the eagle had been brought down by a ‘mousing owl.’” More melancholy still to find him dying “game,” as it is commonly called—that is, without hope and without God in the world—caracolling and exulting, as he plunged into the waters of what he deemed the bottomless and the endless night; as if a spirit so strong as his could die—as if a spirit so stained as his could escape the judgment—the judgment of a God as just as he is merciful; but also—blessed be his name!—as merciful as he is just.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

RATTLIN THE REEFER'S DREAM.

A TOUGH BUT TRUE YARN.

BY ONE OF RATTLIN'S OLD SHIPMATES.

IT was about the middle of August, 18—, that the *Old Lucifer* was cruising in the Monar Passage, a strait about forty miles wide, which separates the eastern end of St. Domingo from the island of Porto Rico. I was “mid-dy” of the morning watch: it had been dead calm all night, but the gentle trade-wind was rising with the rising sun, and morning was glorious with the magic gilding of a tropical sky. Some time after eight bells,* when Ned

Rattlin, who was never very punctual or methodical in any of his movements, came on deck to relieve me, and I was about to hurry down to my breakfast of warm skilligalee, or, as our old French negro, who served as midshipmen's steward and maid-of-all-work, with true French tact for murdering the king's English, called it, “giggeragee,” Ralph seized me by the collar of my jacket, crying,

“Avast! Careless, my boy; you really must not make sail for the cockpit till you have heard the horrid dream which I had last night or this morning, for I dreamt it twice over, and can not get it out of my head. I must tell it to some one, and you are the only one that I dare tell it to; I should be so confoundedly laughed at by the *servum pocus* of the cockpit; but you and I know each other, and have some pursuits and feelings in common. We have our day-dreams and our night-dreams, and we know that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the philosophy of a midshipman's berth.”

Now, had not Ralph seized hold of me by the lappel of my jacket, as before said, I should certainly have cut and run; for a reefer of sixteen, who is just relieved from the morning-watch, which he has kept for four hours, from four o'clock in the morning, and who has taken a cold bath in the wash-deck tub, is not likely to be in a humor to let his breakfast of cocoa or skilligalee grow cold. But, with the powerful grip of Ralph's shoulder-of-mutton fist on my collar, there was no chance of escape without tearing my jacket from clue to earring, which I felt that I could not afford to do; for, as I have before remarked, Ralph Rattlin was my senior by two years at least, and overtopped me in height by a foot, or something near it. I therefore made a virtue of necessity, and said,

“Well, Jemmy, if you'll promise not to keep me long, and allow me, first, to run down below and tell old Dom to keep my burgoo* warm, I'll return and hear your wonderful dream, though I fancy it's all gammon, and only manufactured to try the capacity of my swallow; because you know that, like yourself, I have a bit of hankering after the marvelous, and, as the negro Methodist said of the prophet Jonah, am ‘a tellible fellow for fish,’ though I doubt whether, like him, I could quite swallow a whale.”

“Well, then, make sail, you little flibbertigibbet, and make haste back, that's a good fellow.”

The above elegant soubriquet he generally favored me with, when, in Yankee parlance, I had “riled” him and got his “dander up,” as was always the case when he was called Jemmy Caster; he being but too conscious that his

he turns the glass, passes the word forward to strike the bell, which, in a man-of-war, is hung to the main-bitts, just over the main-hatchway, and where it is consequently heard with facility all over the ship.

* Burgoo, or skilligalee, is the sea-term for what in Scotland is called “parritch,” and in Ireland “stirabout,” namely, oatmeal boiled in water.

* Time is regulated on board a king's ship by a half-hour glass, which is placed in the binnacle, in charge of the quarter-master of the watch on deck, and who, when

long loose figure and shambling gait bore, at that time, no small resemblance to those of a waister of that name, though he afterward became a remarkably fine, handsome man, bearing a striking resemblance, not without sufficient reason, to King George the Fourth.

In a few minutes I had made arrangements with old Dominique for the safe custody of my breakfast, and was again pacing the lee side of the quarter-deck, by the side of my gigantic messmate.

"And now, my dear Careless," said he, with unusual gravity, "if you can be serious for a few minutes, I will relate to you this infernal dream, which so preys upon my spirits that I do not feel like myself this morning, and must unburden my mind. I dreamt, then, that I was on the second dog-watch, as you know I shall be this evening; it was between seven and eight bells, the night pitch-dark, with the wind blowing fresh from the northeast, the ship under double-reefed topsails, and foresail close hauled on the starboard tack, running at the rate of five knots as I had found upon heaving the log. Suddenly the sea became like one sheet of flame; its appearance was awfully grand; the head of every wave, as it curled over and broke, diffused itself in broad streaks and flashes of blue and white flame; and I involuntarily repeated to myself the two lines of that singular, soul-freezing rhapsody, the 'Ancient Mariner,' which, though descriptive of a very different state of the ocean from that now presented to my imagination, I felt to be most applicable to what I saw before me—

The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white;

and then, referring to the two preceding lines of the stanzas—

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night.

For that strangely wild and beautiful poem had taken a powerful hold on my sleeping fancy. I asked myself, with a shudder, can there be 'death-fires?' And it seemed that the question uttered half aloud, had no sooner passed my lips, than it received its answer in a most strange and fearful manner; for a voice, like no human voice that I ever yet heard, shrieked out, in a tone of horror and distress, that made my blood run cold, 'Ship a-hoy—ship a-hoy!' I turned toward the lee quarter, whence the voice came; and, jumping on a carronade-slide, I saw the body of a man appearing out of the sea, from the waist upward, of gigantic size, and of most forbidding—and at the same time woeful—countenance. His body appeared covered with scales, like that of a fish, which reflected the ghastly phosphoric light of the waters in radiating hues of green and gold, and purple and violet. His ample jaws, which opened from ear to ear, and which were furnished with a triple row of saw-shaped teeth, like those of a shark, were fringed with a thick curled beard and mustache, of pale sea-green, which fell in

wavy masses, mingling with long elf-locks of the same sickly hue, over his broad breast and shoulders; his deep sunk eyes flashed out with a strange unearthly light from beneath thick, overhanging eyebrows of that self-same sea-green hue, and his head was surrounded and surmounted with a waving diadem of 'green, and blue and white' flames, flashing upward, and radiating sideways, and curling over their waving tops, so as to ape the exact form of ostrich feathers. Awful as the figure was, and though it made my flesh creep, yet dreaming as I was, I felt conscious that there was something of the ridiculous attached to the *bizarrierie* of its appearance. You know my vein, Careless, and will give me credit for a true exposition of my feelings, when I tell you that, though in a most awful funk, I could not help adopting the words of *Trinculo*, and asking myself, half aloud,

What have we here—a man or a fish?

I had not, till that moment, noticed the quarter-master of the watch, a fine old weather-beaten seaman, who stood close to my side, and was, like myself, attentively watching the movements of the strange demon-like merman, who continued to follow the ship within a few fathoms of the lee quarter-gallery, with a continual bowing or nodding motion of the head, which caused his plumes of livid flame to flash and coruscate, so that, to my eyes, they appeared to assume various forms of terror, as of 'fiery flying serpents,' entwining his temples and thence shooting upward, hissing and protruding their forked tongues, and lashing the air with their wings and tails of flame; and then, again, they subsided as before into the form of gracefully-curling ostrich plumes; meanwhile he kept opening his terrific jaws, from which issued a thin blue luminous vapor, as if in act to speak, but uttered no audible sound, except that every now and then he would wring his huge hands, which appeared to be webbed to the second joint of the fingers, like the feet of a water fowl, and furnished with long, crooked nails like an eagle's claws, and utter a wailing shriek so like the cry of a drowning man, that it nearly drove me mad to hear it, and seemed to freeze my very blood in my veins. Whether old Bitts, the quarter-master, had really heard me quote the words of *Trinculo*, or whether, as all things seem to work by supernatural influences in dreams, he had divined my question by intuition, I know not, but he answered me at once.

"No, sir; believe an old sailor, that 'ere critter is neither man nor fish; it is somebody far more terrible-like, and one that few living sailors have ever set eyes on, though, mayhap, I may have seen him before; mayhap, d'ye see, I can't tell when nor where, nor whether it were sleeping or waking; howsomever, be that as it will, I knows him well enough, for sure that 'ere's old Davy himself—old Davy Jones—he's come for some poor fellow's soul on board this here ship; and if you wants to

get rid of him, you'd better go down at once, and call the captain up, that he may tell him to take what he wants and be off; for, till that's done, he'll keep alongside the ship, and if he's kept too long waiting, there's no saying but he may send a hurricane which may sweep the *Old Lucifer* and all her officers and crew, away down into his locker.'

"This hint was no sooner given, than I thought I went down into the captain's cabin, where I found Captain Dure seated at the cabin-table, just under the swinging lamp, as pale as death, and trembling from head to foot like an aspen-leaf.

"Please, sir," I said, touching my hat, as in duty bound, 'Davy Jones has come alongside, and is waiting for somebody's soul; will you please to come on deck, and tell him to take what he wants?'

"I know it," said the captain, who seemed utterly unnerved with terror, while the presence of the unearthly visitant seemed to

— harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood;
Make his two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
His knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

"I had a glimpse of him," continued he, 'out of the quarter-gallery window, and that's enough for me. Let the officer of the watch, or the first lieutenant, tell him to take what he wants, and get rid of him.'

"Now, it seemed to me in my dream that I was dreadfully annoyed at the conduct of the captain in shrinking in such a dastardly manner from his duty; for, from the moment that Bitts had informed me who the stranger was and what he required, I had gone down and reported his advent to the skipper, with as much coolness and unconcern as I should have done the coming alongside of the admiral or any other great personage, and all my terror seemed, for the time, to have vanished as soon as the strange vision became connected with matters of routine or ship's duty. I, therefore, addressed the captain again, as it seemed to me, in a tone more authoritative than respectful: 'But, sir, you must come on deck; for old Bill Bitts says that Davy Jones will hearken to nobody but the captain or commander of the ship for the time being, and he knows Davy of old; and says, that if you don't come up on deck soon and let him go, the old fellow will send a hurricane that will blow the *Old Lucifer* out of the water, and that we shall find ourselves all, men and officers, down in Davy Jones's locker before you can say Jack Robinson. And I can tell you, sir, that the sky looks very ugly to windward.'

"Well, Ralph, my boy!" said the captain, apparently quite convinced by my eloquent speech, which seemed to go down capitally in my dream, though I guess I should soon be looking out for squalls at the main-top-gallant-mast head, if I were to venture to address such a cavalier harangue to the skipper in waking earnest. 'Well, Ralph, my boy! give me your

arm, and we'll go on deck, and give old Davy his due, since it must be so.' And with my assistance the captain mounted the companion-ladder, still trembling in every limb.

"As soon as we came on deck, I led him over to the lee side of the quarter-deck, and begged him to mount the carronade slide, and give his unwelcome visitor the *congé d'élire*, for which he seemed waiting, still bowing his head, waving his fiery plumes, and mopping and mowing, and showing his treble row of teeth, as before. At the sight of the frightful demon, the captain seemed more dead than alive, and ready to fall from the gun-carriage, on which I was obliged to support him; he, however, plucked up courage to shriek out, in a voice that trembled with agitation, 'Whoever, or whatever you are, take what you want, and begone;' and having said so, he sank powerless into my arms; upon which the creature uttered one of its strange, thrilling shrieks as of a drowning man, but which seemed mingled with a sort of shrill, demoniac laughter, and disappeared below the waves—the waving plumes of his singular head-gear flashing up half-mast high as he sank out of sight. At the same moment, my eyes were somehow mysteriously directed from it, and I saw Jacob Fell, the fore-castle-man, fall dead into the arms of one of his watch-mates, he, whom we call Cadaverous Jack, and whom you christened the Ancient Mariner, because you said he went about his duty looking so miserable, holding his head down on one side, as if he always felt the weight of the murdered albatross hanging about his neck. Immediately a heavy squall threw the ship on her beam-ends, and I awoke"—which was the singular dream related to me by my quondam friend and shipmate, with a gravity quite unusual with him, except when he wanted to play upon the credulity of some of us youngsters, when he used to assume the gravest possible countenance, though I could always, in these cases, discern the lurking devil in his eyes. In this case, however, I could discover no such appearance of fun and frolic; his looks were, on the contrary, perfectly serious, and even allied to sadness, in spite of the bravado with which he had assumed his usual careless levity of manner in certain parts of his narration. I determined, however, not to let him have the laugh against me, and therefore said, "Come, come, Jemmy, you should tell that dream to the marines; the sailors can't bolt it; it's rather too tough. We all of us know that you are always dreaming, but you can't catch old birds with such chaff. I am too old a sea-dog, and have sailed over too many leagues of blue water to bite at such gammon." I prided myself much on being Ralph's senior in the service by a couple of years or so, and felt indignant that he should think of treating me as a youngster, because he had about the same advantage of me in age. He, however, affirmed, in the most solemn manner, that it was an actual *bonâ-fide* dream, and

that it had been reiterated on his falling asleep again, though in broken and disjointed patches, sometimes one part, sometimes another, of the previous vision being presented to his sleepy fancy; but there was always this horrible merman, with his shark's jaws and his flaming tiara, and poor Jacob Fell lying dead in his messmate's arms. But methinks I hear some nautical reader exclaim, "All stuff!" who ever heard of two reefers telling their dreams, and chattering on the sacred precincts of the quarter-deck of one of her Majesty's frigates, like a guinea-pig and an embryo cadet on the quarter-deck of a Bengal trader? Pardon, my noble sea-hossifer, but you must remember that the *Old Lucifer* was not the crack frigate—not the *Eos*, six-and-thirty, but only a small frigate; and that, although she was blessed with a real martinet of a first-lieutenant, yet, in point of discipline, she was like most jackass frigates and sloops of war, *et hoc genus omne*, little better than a privateer; besides, our Portuguese supernumerary lieutenant was the officer of the watch, and Ralph had completely got the weather-gage of him, and could do what he liked with the "pavior." However, the dream was told me by Ralph nearly in the very words in which I have given it, though, perhaps, not all on deck, for the subject was renewed over our allowance of grog in the midshipmen's berth after dinner, for nothing could drive it out of Rattlin's head, and he was all that day singularly silent and *distract* on all other subjects. That evening I had the first dog-watch; and when Rattlin came on deck at six o'clock to relieve me, the sun was setting in a red and angry-looking sky, and there was every symptom of a squally night.

"Well, Percy," he said, "this sunset reminds me of my dream. I really think old Davy will be among us before my watch is out."

"Very well, Jemmy, I'll come on deck at seven bells and see," I replied, as I ran down the companion for an hour's snooze, for, as my nautical readers will be aware, I had the middle watch. Mindful of my promise, as soon as I heard seven bells struck, I roused myself from the locker on which I had stretched myself, and went on deck, and I was immediately struck with the perfect coincidence of the weather, and all the accessories to those described by Rattlin in his dream. The ship had just been put about, and was now close hauled on the star-board tack; the night pitch dark, the breeze freshening from the northeast, and the sea beginning to assume that luminous appearance so frequently observable under a dark sky and with a fresh breeze, but which, though generally attributed to myriads of luminous animalculæ, has never yet been fully and satisfactorily accounted for. I joined my friend Rattlin, and said to him, in a low tone, "This looks, indeed, like your dream."

"Yes," he answered, looking very pale and nervous; "it does, indeed. I don't know what

to make of it. Davy Jones will certainly lay hold of some of us to-night."

At this moment the first-lieutenant came on deck, followed by the captain, whose sallow countenance, as he stood abaft the binnacle, and the light fell on his face, looked rather more ghastly than usual.

"I think, Mr. Silva," said the former, addressing the officer of the watch, "we had better take another reef in the topsails; it looks very squally to windward; it's drawing near to eight bells, so we'll turn the hands up at once."

"Mr. Rattlin," said Silva, "all hands reef topsails."

"Boatswain's-mate," bawled out Rattlin, going forward on to the weather gangway, "turn the hands up to reef topsails."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and immediately his silver call was between his lips, and after blowing a shrill prelude, his hoarse voice was heard proclaiming, "All hands reef topsails, ahoy," which was re-echoed from the main-deck by the call and voice of the boatswain's-mate of the watch below, and, finally, by those of the boatswain himself, as the men came tumbling up the fore and main hatchways, and were soon seen scampering up the rigging, or making the best of their way to their various stations. In less than five minutes the topsails were double-reefed, and the ship again dashing the spray from her bows. It being now so near the time for relieving the watch, the crew, with the exception of the idlers, all remained on deck, and the topmen scattered in groups about the gangways and fore-castle.

All at once the sky grew blacker than before, the breeze freshened, and the surface of the sea became like one sheet of pale blue and white flame.

"Now, Careless," whispered Rattlin, actually trembling with excitement, "my dream to the life!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when such a shriek as I never heard before or since, seemed to come out of the very depths of the ocean, close under the ship's counter on the lee quarter. Every one rushed to the lee gangway, or jumped on the quarter-deck guns, to look in the direction from whence the sound came; but nothing could be seen. Once more that doleful cry arose, and it seemed now rather more distant from the ship, and then it ceased forever.

"A man overboard!" cried the first lieutenant, who seemed the first to recover his senses, seizing a grating of the companion-hatchway, and flinging it over the lee bulwark, while the lieutenant of the watch did the same with its fellow. "Down with helm, and heave her all aback—let go the lee braces—lay the main-topsail to the mast—square away the after-yards, my boys—lower the jolly-boat—jump into her, some of ye, and cast off her fastenings."

This latter command had, however, been obeyed ere it was issued, for the captain of the

mizen-top and myself had jumped into the boat, where we were soon joined by three other mizen-top-men, and had her all clear for lowering. Two other seamen stood with the boat's tackle-falls in their hands.

"Lower away," cried I; and down we went.

During her descent, I had shipped the rudder, and we were soon pulling away to leeward. In vain we pulled about for more than an hour in the short, tumbling sea, which scintillated as it broke around us, and shed a ghastly hue on our anxious countenances, while the

Elfish light

Fell off in hoary flakes

from the blades of our oars at every dip as they rose again from the water. At length the stentorian voice of the first-lieutenant hailed us to come on board, and we gave up our hopeless search, bringing with us nothing but one of the gratings and the life-buoy, which had been thrown overboard to support the drowning man, had he been fortunate enough to lay hold on one or the other of them. Upon passing the word forward to inquire whether any of the ship's company were missing, it was found that Jacob Fell, the fore-castle-man, had not been seen since he had laid out with one of his watch-mates to stow the jib, which was hauled down when the topsails were reefed; the other man had left him out on the jib-boom, whence he must have fallen overboard; and it was supposed, from his thrilling and unearthly shriek, that he had been seized by a shark, as that part of the Carribean Sea is peculiarly infested by those voracious creatures; and thus was most singularly accomplished my shipmate Rattlin's dream.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

LETTERS AND LETTER WRITING.

NEITHER history nor tradition tells us aught of the first letter—who was its writer, and on what occasion; how it was transmitted, or in what manner answered. The Chinese, the Hindoo, and the Scandinavian mythologies had each tales regarding the inventors of writing, and the rest of those that by pre-eminence may be called human arts; but concerning the beginner of mankind's epistolary correspondence, neither they nor the classic poets—who by the way, volunteered many an ingenious story on subjects far less important—have given us the least account.

Pope says:

"Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid—
Some banished lover, or some captive maid."

The poet evidently refers to the letter-writing art, and it may be so, for aught we can tell; but with all submission to his superior knowledge, banished lovers and captive maids have rarely been the transmitters of such useful inventions. Certainly, whoever first commenced letter-writing, the world has been long his debtor. It is long since the Samaritans wrote a letter against the builders of Jerusalem to Artaxerxes,

and it may be observed that the said letter is the earliest epistle mentioned in any history. Older communications appear to have been always verbal, by means of heralds and messengers. Homer, in his account of all the news received and sent between the Greeks and Trojans, never refers to a single letter. The scribe's occupation was not altogether unknown in those days, but it must have been brought to considerable perfection before efforts in the epistolary style were made. That ancient language of picture and symbol, in which Egypt expressed her wisdom, was undoubtedly the earliest mode of writing; but, however, calculated to preserve the memory of great historical events amid the daily life, and toil, and changes of nations, it was but poorly fitted for the purpose of correspondence. How could compliments or insinuations be conveyed by such an autograph? Letters must have been brief and scanty in the hieroglyphic times; yet doubtless not without some representations, for the unalphabeted of mankind have combined to hold mutual intelligence by many a sign and emblem, especially in those affairs designated of the heart, as they above all others contribute to ingenuity. Hence came the Eastern language of flowers, which, with Oriental literature and mythology, is now partially known over the civilized world. In its native clime this natural alphabet is said to be so distinctly understood, that the most minute intimations are expressed by it; but the more frank and practical courtship of Europe has always preferred the pen as its channel of communication, which, besides its greater power of enlargement, prevents those mistakes into which the imperfectly-initiated are apt to fall with flowers. For instance, there is a story of a British officer in Andalusia who, having made a deep impression on the heart of a certain alcaide's daughter, in one of the small old towns of that half-Moorish province, and receiving from her one morning a bouquet, the significance of which was—"My mother is in the way now, but come to visit me in the twilight," supposed in his ignorance, and perhaps presumption, that he was invited to an immediate appointment: whereupon he hurried to the house, just in time to meet the venerable signora, when the lady of his heart boxed his ears with her own fair hands, and vowed she would never again send flowers to a stupid Englishman.

In fine contrast to this sample of misunderstanding stands forth the dexterity with which an Irish serving-maid contrived to signify, by symbols of her own invention, her pleasure, on a still more trying occasion. Poor Kitty, though a belle in her class, could neither read nor write; but her mistress's grown-up daughter undertook, as a labor of love, to carry on a correspondence between her and a certain hedge schoolmaster in the neighborhood, who laid siege to Kitty's heart and hand on account of a small deposit in the savings' bank, and that proverbial attraction which learned men are said to find in rather illiterate ladies. The schoolmaster was,

however, providently desirous of fixing on the mind of his future partner an impression of his own superiority sufficient to outlast the wear and tear of married life, and therefore wooed chiefly by long and learned letters, to which Kitty responded in her best style, leaving to her volunteer secretary what she called "the grammar" of her replies; besides declaring, with many hardly-complimentary observations on the schoolmaster's person and manners, that she had not the slightest interest in the affair, but only, in her own words, "to keep up the craythur's heart." Thus the courtship had proceeded prosperously through all the usual stages, when at length the question, *par excellence*, was popped (of course on paper). Kitty heard that epistle read with wonted disdain; but, alas, for human confidence! there was something in her answer with which she could not trust the writer of so many; for after all her scorn, Kitty intended to say, "Yes," and her mode of doing so merits commemoration. In solitude that evening, beside the kitchen hearth, she sketched on a sheet of white paper, with the help of a burned stick, a rude representation of a human eye, and inclosing a small quantity of wool, dispatched it next morning to the impatient swain by the hand of his head scholar—those primitive tokens expressing to Kitty's mind the important words, "I will," which the teacher, strange to say, understood in the same sense; and their wedding took place, to the unqualified amazement of Kitty's amanuensis. Epistolary forms and fashions have had their mutations like all other human things. The old Eastern mode of securing letters was by folding them in the shape of a roll, and winding round them a thin cord, generally of silk, as the luxury of letters was known only to the rich. In the case of billets-doux—for Eastern lovers did not always speak by flowers when the pen was at their command—enthusiastic ladies sometimes substituted those long silken strings which, from time immemorial, the Oriental women have worn in their hair—a proceeding which was understood to indicate the deepest shade of devotedness.

The mythic importance attached to these hair-strings must, indeed, have been great, as history records that a certain prince, whose dominions were threatened by Mithridates, the great king of Pontus—like other great men, a troublesome neighbor in his day—sent the latter a submissive epistle, offering homage and tribute, and bound with the hair-strings of his nineteen wives, to signify that he and his were entirely at the monarch's service. The custom of securing letters by cords came through the Greek empire into Europe in the middle ages; but the use of the seal seems still earlier, as it is mentioned in Old Testament history. Ancient writers speak of it as an Egyptian invention, together with the signet-ring, so indispensable throughout the classic world, and regarded as the special appendage of sovereignty in the feudal times.

Of all the letters the Egyptians wrote on their papyrus, no specimens now remain, except perhaps those scrolls in the hands of mummies, referred to by early Christian authors as epistles sent to deceased friends by those unreturning messengers; and they, it may be presumed, were at the best but formal letters, since no reply was ever expected. The classic formula for correspondence, "Augustus to Julius, greeting," is now preserved only in letters-patent, or similar documents. That brief and unvarying style has long been superseded in every language of Europe by a graduated series of endearing terms, rising with the temperature of attachment, from "Dear Sir," or "Madam," to a limit scarcely assignable, but it lies somewhere near "Adored Thomas" or "Margery."

Masters of the fine arts as they were, those ancient nations came far short of the moderns in that of letter-writing. The few specimens of their correspondence that have reached us are either on matters of public business, or dry and dignified epistles from one great man to another, with little life and less gossip in them. It is probable that their practice was somewhat limited, as the facilities of the post-office were unknown to Greece and Rome—the entire agency of modern communication being to the classic world represented only by the post or courier, who formed part of the retinue of every wealthy family. The method of writing in the third person, so suitable for heavy business or ceremony, is evidently a classical bequest. It does not appear to have been practiced in England till about the beginning of the eighteenth century, though it was early in use among the continental nations. Louis XIV. used to say, it was the only style in which a prince should permit himself to write; and in the far East, where it had been in still older repute, the Chinese informed his missionaries that ever since they had been taught manners by the Emperor Tae Sing, no inferior would presume to address a man of rank in any other form, especially as a law of the said emperor had appointed twenty blows of the bamboo for that infraction of plebeian duty.

Of all human writings, letters have been preserved in the smallest proportion. How few of those which the best-informed actors in great events or revolutions must have written, have been copied by elder historians or biographers! Such documents are, by their nature, at once the least accessible and the most liable to destruction; private interests, feelings, and fears, keep watch against their publication; but even when these were taken out of the way, it is to be feared that the narrow-minded habit of overlooking all their wisdom deemed minute, which has made the chronicles of nations so scanty, and many a life in two volumes such dull reading, also induced learned compilers to neglect, as beneath their search, the old letters bundled up in dusty chest or corner, till they served a succeeding generation for waste paper. Such mistakes have occasioned heavy losses to litera-

ture. Time leaves no witnesses in the matters of history and character equal to these. How many a disputed tale, on which party controversy has raged, and laborious volumes have been written, would the preservation of one authentic note have set at rest forever?

The practical learning of our times, in its search after confirmation and detail, amply recognizes the importance of old letters; and good service has been done to both history and moral philosophy by those who have given them to the press from state-paper office and family bureau. In such collections one sees the world's talked-of-and-storied people as they were in private business, in social relations, and in what might be justly designated the status of their souls. In spite of the proverbial truisms, that paper never refuses ink, and falsehood can be written as well as spoken, the correspondence of every man contains an actual portrait of the writer's mind, visible through a thousand disguises, and bearing the same relation to the inward man that a correct picture bears to the living face; without change or motion, indeed, but telling the beholder of both, and indicating what direction they are likely to take.

The sayings of wits and the doing of oddities long survive them in the memory of their generation—the actions of public men live in history, and the genius of authors in their works; but in every case the individual, him or herself, lives in letters. One who carried this idea still further, once called letter-writing the Daguerreotype of mind—ever leaving on the paper its true likeness, according to the light in which it stands for the time; and he added, like the sun's painting, apt to be most correct in the less pleasant lines and lineaments. Unluckily this mental portraiture, after the fashion of other matters, seems less perceptible to the most interested parties. Many an unconcerned reader can at this day trace in Swift's epistles the self-care and worship which neither Stella nor Vanessa could have seen without a change in their histories.

Cardinal Mazarin, however, used to say that an ordinary gentleman might deceive in a series of interviews, but only a complete tactician in one of letters; "that is," observed his eminence, "if people don't deceive themselves." The cardinal's statement strikingly recalls, if it does not explain, a contemporary remark, that the most successful courtships, in the fullest sense of that word, were carried on with the help of secret proxies in the corresponding department. The Count de Lauson, whose days, even to a good old age, were equally divided between the Bastille and the above-mentioned pursuit, in which he must have been rather at home—for though a poor gentleman, with little pretensions to family, still less to fortune, and no talents that the world gave him credit for, he contrived in his youth to marry a princess of the blood-royal of France, who had refused half the kings of Europe, and been an Amazon in the war of the Frondé; and in his age a

wealthy court belle—this Count de Lauson declared that he could never have succeeded in his endeavors after high matches but for a certain professional letter-writer of Versailles, on whose death he is said to have poured forth unfeigned lamentations in the presence of his last lady. Letters always appear to have been peculiarly powerful in the count's country. Madame de Genlis, whose "Tales of the Castle," and "Knights of the Swan" delighted at least the juveniles of a now-departing generation, was believed to have made a complete conquest, even before first sight, of the nobleman whose name she bears, by a single letter, addressed to a lady at whose house he was an admiring visitor, when she unadvisedly showed him the epistle. An anxiously-sought introduction and a speedy marriage followed; but the scandal-mongers of the period averred that their separation, which took place some years after, was owing, among other circumstances, to an anonymous letter received by the baron himself.

Frederick the Great used to call the French the first letter-writers of Europe, and it is probable that their national turn for clever gossip gives to their epistles a sort of general interest, for in no other country have letters formed so large a portion of published literature. This was particularly true in Frederick's own age. Never did a death or a quarrel take place—and the latter was not rare among the *savants* of that period—but comfort or satisfaction was sought in the immediate publication of every scrap of correspondence, to the manifold increase of disputes and heartburnings. Some of the most amusing volumes extant were thus given to the world; and Madame Dunoyer's, though scarcely of that description, must not be forgotten from the tale of its origin. When Voltaire was a young attaché to the French embassy at the Hague, with no reputation but that of being rather unmanageable by his family and confessor, he was on billet-doux terms, it seems, with madame's daughter; but madame found out that he was poor, or something like it, for in no other respect was the lady scrupulous. Her veto was therefore laid on the correspondence, which nevertheless survived under interdict for some time, till Voltaire left the embassy, and it died of itself; for he wrote the "Oedipe," became talked of by all Paris, and noticed by the Marquis de Vellers. Gradually the man grew great in the eyes of his generation, his fame as a poet and philosopher filled all Europe, not forgetting the Hague; and when it had reached the zenith, Madame Dunoyer collected his letters to her daughter, which remained in her custody, the receiver being by this time married, and published them at her own expense in a handsomely-bound volume. Whether to be revenged on fortune for permitting her to miss so notable a son-in-law, or on him for obeying her commands, it is now impossible to determine, but her book served to show the world that the early billets-doux of a

great genius might be just as milk-and-watery as those of common people.

Indeed letter-publishing seems to have been quite the rage in the eighteenth century. The Secretary La Beaumelle stole all Madame de Maintenon's letters to her brother, setting forth her difficulties in humoring Louis XIV., and printed them at Copenhagen. Some copies were obligingly forwarded to Versailles, but madame assured the king they were beneath his royal notice, which, being confirmed by his confessor, was of course believed; but the transaction looks like retributive justice on her well-known practice of keeping sundry post-office clerks in pay to furnish a copy of every letter sent or received by the principal persons at court, not excepting even the royal family. Among these were copied the celebrated letters of the Dauphiness Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, which now, in good plain print, present to all readers of taste in that department a complete chronicle of all the scandal, gossip, and follies of Versailles; and that princess, whose pride stood so high on her family quarterings, was gravely rebuked, and obliged to ask pardon seven years after for certain uncomplimentary passages in her epistles regarding madame when she first came to court as nursery governess to the king's children.

Dangerous approvers have old letters been from throne to cottage. Many a specious statement, many a fair profession, ay, and many a promising friendship, have they shaken down. Readers, have a care of your deposits in the post-office; they are pledges given to time. It is strange, though true, how few historical characters are benefited by the publication of their letters, surviving, as such things do, contemporary interests and prejudices, as well as personal influence.

There must be something of the salt that will not lose its savor there to make them serve the writers in the eyes of posterity. What strange confidence the age of hoop and periwig put in letter-writing! Divines published their volumes of controversy or pious exhortation, made up of epistles to imaginary friends. Mrs. Chapon's letters to her niece nourished the wisdom of British belles; while Lord Chesterfield's to his son were the glass of fashion for their brothers; and Madame de Sévigné's to her daughter, written expressly for publication, afforded models for the wit, elegance, and sentiment of every circle wherein her language was spoken. The epistolary style's inherent power of characterization naturally recommended it in the construction of their novels, and many a tale of fame and fashion in its day, besides "*La Nouvelle Heloise*," and "*Sir Charles Grandison*," was ingeniously composed of presumed correspondence.

Chinese literature is said to possess numerous fictions in that form; but it is not to be regretted that modern novelists, whose name is more than legion, pass it by in favor of direct narrative; for, under the best arrangement, a

number of letters can give but a series of views, telling the principals' tale in a broken, sketchy fashion, and leaving little room for the fortunes of second-rate people, who are not always the lowest company in the novel. Tours and travels tell pleasantly in letters, supposing of course the letters to be well written; for some minds have such a wondrous affinity for the commonplace, that the most important event or exciting scene sinks to the every-day level under their pen.

Sir Andrew Mitchell, who was British ambassador to Prussia during the seven years' war, writes from the camp before Prague concerning that great battle which turned the scale of power in Germany, and served Europe to talk of till the French Revolution, in a style, but for quotations from the bulletin, suitable to the election of some civic alderman; and a less known traveler, writing to a friend of the glare of Moscow's burning, which he saw from a Russian country-house, reddening the northern night, describes it as "a very impressive circumstance, calculated to make one guard against fire."

It has been remarked that, as a general rule, poets write the best, and schoolmasters the worst letters. That the former, in common with literary men of any order, should be at least interesting correspondents, seems probable; but why the instructors of youth should be generally stricken with deficiency in letter-writing is not so easy of explanation.

Some one has also observed that, independent of mental gifts and graces, characters somewhat cold and frivolous generally write the most finished letters, and instanced Horace Walpole, whose published epistles even in our distant day command a degree of attention never to be claimed by those of his superior contemporaries—the highly-gifted Burke, and the profound Johnson. It may be that the court gossip in and upon which Horace lived has done much for the letters from Strawberry Hill, but the vein must have been there; and the abilities that shine in the world of action or of letters, the conversational talents or worthiness of soul, do not make the cleverest correspondent.

Count Stadion, prime minister to the Elector of Mayence, according to Goethe, hit on an easy method of making an impression by letters. He obliged his secretary, Laroche, to practice his handwriting, which, it appears, he did with considerable success; and, says the poet in his own memoirs, being "passionately attached to a lady of rank and talent, if he stopped in her society till late at night, his secretary was, in the mean time, sitting at home, and hammering out the most ardent love-letters; the count chose one of these, and sent it that very night to his beloved, who was thus necessarily convinced of the inextinguishable fire of her passionate adorer."

"Hélas!" as Madame d'Epigny remarked, when turning over the printed epistles of a deceased friend, "one can never guess how little

truth the post brings one;" but from the following tradition, it would seem the less the better. Among the old-world stories of Germany are many regarding a fairy chief or king, known from rustic times as Number Nip, or Count-the-Turnips. One of his pranks was played in an ancient inn of Heidelberg, where, on a December night, he mixed the wine with a certain essence distilled from the flowers of Elfland, which had the effect of making all who tasted it tell nothing but truth with either tongue or pen till the morning. The series of quarrels which took place in consequence round the kitchen fire belong not to the present subject; but in the red parlor there sat, all from Vienna, a poet, a student, a merchant, and a priest. After supper, each of these remembered that he had a letter to write—the poet to his mistress, the merchant to his wife, the priest to the bishop of his diocese, and the student to his bachelor uncle, Herr Weisser of Leopoldstadt, who had long declared him his heir. Somehow next morning they were all at the post-office beseeching their letters back; but the mail had been dispatched, and the tale records how, after that evening's correspondence, the poet's liege lady dismissed him, the merchant and his wife were divorced, the priest never obtained preferment, and none of the letters were answered except the student's, whom Herr Weisser complimented on having turned out such a prudent, sensible young man, but hoped he wouldn't feel disappointed, as himself intended to marry immediately.

The most curiously-characteristic letters now made public property are those of Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth, written from the Tower (to which the historian of the world was committed for wedding without her majesty's permission), and in the highest tone of desperation that a banished lover could assume; the correspondence between Frederick of Prussia and Voltaire, then of France, after what was called their reconciliation, beginning with the grandest compliments, and ending with reminiscences of quite another kind, particularly that from the royal pen, which opens with, "You, who from the heights of philosophy look down on the weakness and follies of mankind," and concludes with the charge of appropriating candle-ends; and the epistles of Rousseau during his residence in England, which alternate between discoveries of black conspiracies against his life and fame, and threats of adjournment to the workhouse, if his friends would not assist him to live in a better style than most country gentlemen of the period.

There are printed samples with whose writers fame has been busy; but who can say what curiosities of letter-writing daily mingle with the mass that pours through the London Post-Office? Can it be this continual custody and superintendence of so large a share of their fellow-creatures' wisdom, fortunes, and folly, that endows post-office functionaries in every quarter with such an amount of proverbial

crustiness, if the word be admissible? Do they, from the nature of their business, know too much about the public to think them worth civility, so that nobody has yet discovered a very polite postmaster or man? A strange life the latter leads in our great cities. The truest representative of destiny seems his scarlet coat, seen far through street and lane: at one door he leaves the news of failure and ruin, and at another the intelligence of a legacy. Here his message is the death of a friend, while to the next neighbor he brings tidings of one long absent, or the increase of kindred; but without care or knowledge of their import, he leaves his letters at house after house, and goes his way like a servant of time and fortune, as he is, to return again, it may be, with far different news, as their tireless wheels move on. Are there any that have never watched for his coming? The dwellers in palaces and garrets, large families, and solitary lodgers, alike look out for him with anxious hope or fear. Strange it is for one to read over those letters so watched and waited for, when years have passed over since their date, and the days of the business, the friendship, or perhaps the wooing, to which they belong are numbered and finished!

How has the world without and within been altered to the correspondents since they were written? Has success or ill fortune attended the speculations by which they set such store? What have been their effects on outward circumstances, and through that certain channel, on the men? Has the love been forgotten? Have the friends become strange or enemies? Have some of them passed to the land whose inhabitants send back no letters? And how have their places been filled? Truly, if evidence were ever wanting regarding the uncertainty of all that rests on earth, it might be found in a packet of old letters.

A CHAPTER ON SHAWLS.

WE scarcely know a truer test of a gentleman's taste in dress than her selection of a shawl, and her manner of wearing it: and yet if the truth must be owned, it is the test from which few Englishwomen come with triumph. Generally speaking, the shawl is not their forte, in fact they are rather afraid of it. They acknowledge its comfort and convenience for the open carriage, or the sea-side promenade, but rarely recognize it for what it is, a garment capable of appearing the most feminine and graceful in the world. They are too often oppressed by a heap of false notions on the subject; have somehow an idea that a shawl is "old" or "dowdy;" and yet have a dim comprehension that the costly shawls which they more frequently hear of than see, must have some unimagined merits to prove an excuse for their price.

The Frenchwoman, on the contrary, has traditions about "Cashmeres," and remembers no blank of ignorance on the subject. She

played at dressing her doll with one, you may be sure; chronicled as an epoch in her life, her first possession of the real thing; holds it as precious as a diamond, and as something to which appertains the same sort of intrinsic value; and shrugs her shoulders with compassionate contempt at an Englishwoman's ignorant indifference on this subject—just as a lover of olives pities the coarse palate which rejects them. Truly the taste for the shawl is a little inherent, and a great deal acquired and cultivated; as appreciation for the highest attributes of every department of art ever must be, from a relish for Canova's *chefs-d'œuvre*s down to a relish for M. Soyer's dishes.

Of course among those we are addressing, there is a minority who do know, and duly esteem a beautiful shawl: perhaps, from the possession of wealth, they have long been accustomed to be surrounded by objects of rare and exquisite fabric, and their practiced eyes would be quick at detecting inferiority: perhaps without great riches or the personal possession of valuable attire, a fine taste may have been cultivated by circumstances: and perhaps they are Anglo-Indians, or the relatives and near friends of Anglo-Indians, who know well a "Cashmere,"—measuring every other shawl in the world by and from it—and to whom the word conjures up a host of memories half sunshine and half shadow.

It was not until quite the close of the last century, that Cashmeres were prized in Europe. Travellers' tales had mentioned them, it is true, but that was before the locomotive age, and when travelers were few, and traveling unspeakably tedious; when soldiers went to India to hold and increase their country's territory; when a few traders made princely fortunes; but when every system of interchange was narrow and exclusive, and people were taught to be content with clumsy common wares, instead of raising them to excellence by the spur of competition. It is said that in the year 1787, the ambassadors of Tippoo Saib left behind them at Paris a few Cashmere shawls—intended as gracious presents we presume—but which were regarded solely as curiosities, and not even much esteemed in that capacity, for we learn that they were employed as dressing-gowns, and even used for carpeting! Not till after Napoleon's expedition to Egypt did they become the rage; and a solid good resulted from that campaign in the introduction of a fabric destined to be the model of one of the most famous manufactures of the French.

Madame Emile Gaudin, a lady of Greek extraction and a reigning beauty, is reputed to have first worn a Cashmere shawl in Paris; but if we know any thing of the "Consul's Wife," or the "Empress Josephine," she was not very far behind, for her love of Cashmeres was next to her love of flowers, as more than one anecdote might be called in to testify. What scenes this history of an inanimate object conjures up to the mind's eye. These leaders of

fashion when the old century went out on the young Republic of France, whose Master was already found—who were they? The wives of men who were working out the destiny of Europe, guided by a chief who, be he judged for good or evil, looms on the page of history in giant proportions!

As we have said, the Cashmere shawl became the rage. The farce of pretended equality in France was acted out, and the curtain dropped on it in preparation for quite a different tableau; people no longer risked their lives by dressing elegantly, and it was not now expected that the *soubrette*, the *blanchisseuse*, or the *poissonnière* should dress precisely the same as the lady or a general officer. There was wealth, too, in the land, and the enormous sums demanded for these shawls were readily forthcoming. Surrs equivalent to two or three hundred pounds of our money were commonly paid even for soiled worn articles, which had done duty as turbans to Mogul soldiers, or girded a Bayadere's waist, or been the sacerdotal garment of an idolatrous priest—and had very frequently been thus used by more than one generation. It is true, the durability of the fabric and the lasting properties of the dyes, permitted the cleansing of these shawls with scarcely perceptible injury or deterioration, but still it was only the intrinsic merit of the thing, which could have overcome the natural repugnance which the known or suspected history of a Cashmere must in many instances have occasioned.

The Levant traders had now large commissions, and the result was that new shawls were soon more easily procurable, but still bearing an enormous price. This is readily accounted for, and a brief description of the manufacture of Indian shawls will show how it is that they never can be cheap:—The wool of the Thibet goat is the finest in the world, and for the best shawls only the finest even of this wool is used. The animals are shorn once a year, and a full-grown goat only produces about eight ounces of wool of this first quality. There is every reason to suppose that the climate has very much to do with the perfection of the animal, for attempts to naturalize it elsewhere have all more or less failed. The loom on which a Cashmere shawl is woven is of the rudest and most primitive description, the warp being supported by two sticks, and the woof entirely worked in by the human hand. This slow laborious process permits a neatness and exactness of finish beyond the power of any machinery to rival; and when we take into account a life-long practice in the art, and—remembering the Hindoo "castes," which usually limit a family to the exercise of a single craft—in most instances the family secrets and traditions which have been preserved, we cease to wonder at the perfection of the work. These Asiatic weavers, temperate in their habits and readily contented, receive a wage of from three-halfpence to two-pence a day; but if their wants more nearly approximated to those of an European laborer,

what would an Indian Cashmere be worth, when we are informed that from thirty to forty men have sometimes been employed from eighteen months to two years in the manufacture of a single shawl! There is something very kindling to the imagination in the thought of these swarthy weavers, attired perhaps in our Manchester calicoes, laboring patiently for weeks and months to produce a fabric worthy of rank and royalty, without other than most vague or false ideas of the scenes in which their work will be displayed.

The borders of these shawls are made in several pieces, sometimes as many as from ten to twenty, and are afterward sewn together to form the pattern; and by the border an Indian shawl may always be recognized from a French or Paisley one, however close an imitation the latter may appear. Every stitch of the border of the Indian shawl being worked by the hand is distinct in itself, and may be pulled out—though it is not very easily detached—without further injury to the fabric; whereas the shawl made on a French or British loom has the border formed in one piece, whence a long thread may at any time be readily drawn. Indeed there is no surer test by which a lady may know a veritable Cashmere, than by examining the border; but if she have a fine eye for color this faculty will also assist her. The preparation of the dyes which the Hindoos use is still a secret, of which they are very chary, removing their operations to a distance whenever they have reason to dread inquisitive lookers on. But the result in their fabrics is perceived in the peculiar richness and clearness of their hues, and at the same time absence of glare; the reds, blues, and greens, reminding one more of the harmonious tints of old stained glass than any thing else.

It must not, however, be supposed that in the progressive nineteenth century, even this Asiatic manufacture has remained stationary. Receiving the impetus of fashion, the shawls of Cashmere have become, within the last dozen years, richer and more elaborate than ever; their richness and elaboration of pattern necessitating even a firmer and more substantial groundwork than heretofore, but still the method of their manufacture remains unchanged, as might be expected from the conservatism inseparable from semi-barbarism. London is now one of the chief marts for Cashmeres. It may not be generally known that London dealers send quantities of shawls to France, America, Russia, and even Turkey, a convincing proof of the enterprise of British merchants. They supply many other foreigners, especially finding a market among them for the gold embroidered shawls, which are frequently worn on state occasions at foreign courts. The duty on Indian shawls is now only about five per cent. Twice a year there are public sales, to which dealers are invited by catalogues sent to Paris and other continental cities. One of the great merits of a Cashmere seems that it is really never out of date; and when, comparing even the old "pine" patterns with the large long shawls, the rich borders of

which sweep in graceful flowing lines into the very centre, we feel that they are still "of one family," and hold together—if the comparison be not too fanciful—rich and poor, in right clan-nish fashion.

Some of the most modern and most costly Indian shawls *resemble* in pattern that of the long French Cashmere, simply however because the French have *copied* the Indian design. The gold and silver thread employed for the embroidery of Cashmere shawls is usually prepared in the following manner; and the chief seat of the manufacture is at Boorhampoor, a city of the Deccan. A piece of the purest ore is beaten into a cylindrical form about the size of a thick reed, and then beaten out in length until it will pass through an orifice the eighth of an inch in diameter; it is drawn through still finer perforations until it is reduced to the proportion of a bobbin thread. Now a different plan is pursued; the wire already produced is wound upon several reels which work upon pivots, the ends of the thread being passed through still finer holes, and then affixed to a large reel which is set rapidly in motion and still further attenuates the threads. It is afterward flattened on an anvil of highly polished steel, by a practiced and dexterous workman; and by an ingenious process, a silk thread is afterward plated, or sheathed as it were by this minute wire. It is asserted that if a lump of silver be gilt in the first instance before being drawn into wire, it will retain the gilding through all the subsequent hard usage of hammering, winding, and drawing to which it is subjected, coming out to the very last a gilded thread. It is easy to understand that gold and silver thread of this pure description, unlike tinsel finery, it is not liable to tarnish.

There are few of our readers who can require telling that China crape is made entirely of silk, and that shawls manufactured of it are generally costly in proportion to the richness of the pattern. The foundation or ground of the shawls is chiefly made at Nankin, and then sent to Canton to be embroidered. The pattern is formed by two "needle-men," who work together, the one passing the silk *down*, and the other from beneath passing it *up*, while a third workman changes the silk for them when necessary. Thus the apparent marvel of equal neatness on both sides is accounted for, by the explanation of this simple method; but we have quite failed, from examination of the work, to detect the process of fastening on and off; with such mysterious ingenuity is this needful operation performed. China crape shawls have been very fashionable of late years, and almost defying vulgar imitation, are little likely to fall into disrepute.

[From Tait's Magazine.]

A NIGHT OF TERROR IN A POLISH INN

JOURNEY TO BRZWEZMCISL.

I HAD but just quitted the university, and was a mere stripling, when I received the appointment of judge-commissary at a little

town in New East Prussia, as the part of Poland was termed which, during the partition of that country, had fallen to the share of Prussia.

I will not weary the reader by giving any lengthened account of my journey; the country was but one flat throughout, the men mere boors, the officials uncouth, the accommodation execrable. Yet the people all seemed happy enough. Man and beast have each their allotted elements. The fish perishes when out of water—the elegance of a boudoir would prove fatal to a Polish Jew.

Well, to make my story short, I arrived one evening, a little before sunset, at a place called, I believe (but should be sorry to vouch for my accuracy), Brezwezmciel, a pleasant little town enough. When I say pleasant, to be sure I own that the streets were unpaved, the houses begrimed with soot, and the natives not over refined either in manners or person; but a man who works in a coal-mine is pleasant, after his fashion, even as the pet *figurante* of the day after hers.

I had pictured to myself Brezwezmciel, the place where I was to enter upon my functions, as far more formidable than I in fact found it, and perhaps on that account I was now prepared to term it pleasant. I remember that the first time I tried to pronounce the name of the place I very nearly brought on lock-jaw. Hence, no doubt, my gloomy anticipations as to its appearance. Names certainly do influence our ideas to a most marvelous extent. Moreover, what mainly contributed to enhance my secret misgivings as to the town destined to enjoy the benefit of my talents was the fact that I had never yet been so far from home as to lose sight of its church steeple. I had a tolerable idea that my way did not lead me in the vicinity of the Cannibal Islands, or of the lands where men's heads "do grow beneath their shoulders;" but I was not without some apprehension, as I journeyed on, of receiving an occasional pistol-shot, or feeling the cold steel of a stiletto between my ribs.

My heart throbbed violently as I caught the first glimpse of Brezwezmciel. It appeared, at a distance, a vast plain, covered with mud-heaps. But what mattered that to one of my imaginative powers? There was my goal, there my entering scene in life. Not a soul did I know there, with the exception of an old college acquaintance, named Burkhardt, who had been but recently appointed collector of taxes at Brezwezmciel. I had apprised him of my near advent, and requested him to provide me with temporary lodgings. The nearer I approached the town, the keener waxed my esteem and friendship for Burkhardt, with whom I had never been on terms of intimacy; indeed, my mother enjoined me always to shun his society, seeing that his reputation for steadiness was not of the highest. But now I was his till death. He was my only rallying point in this wild Polish town; he was the sole plank to which I could cling.

I am not of a superstitious character, but I own to a certain belief in omens; and I had settled in my mind that it would be a lucky sign if the first person we met coming out of the town gates should prove a young woman, and the reverse if one of the other sex. As we were about to enter the town a girl, to all appearance comely and well-made, issued from the gate. Damsel of happy augury! Fain could I have quitted the cumbrous vehicle, and cast my travel-worn frame prostrate at your feet. I wiped my eye-glass that I might not lose one of her features, but grave them forever in the tablets of my memory.

As she came nearer, I discovered to my dismay that my Brezwezmciel Venus was a thought hideous. Slim she was, good sooth, but it was the slimness of one wasted by disease! shape and figure had she none. Her face was a perfect surface, for some untoward accident had deprived her of her nose; and had it not been for the merest apology for lips, her head might have been taken for the skull of a skeleton. As we came yet nearer, I remarked that the fair Pole was a warm patriot; for she put out her tongue at me in derision of her nation's oppressors, whose countryman I was.

Under these happy auspices we entered the town, and halted at the Post-office, newly decorated with the Prussian eagle, which would have shown to much greater advantage, in all the glories of fresh paint, had not some patriotic little street blackguards adorned it with a thick coating of mud.

THE OLD STAROSTY.*

I asked the postmaster very politely where I could find Mr. Tax-collector Burkhardt. In order, I suppose, to convince me that even in that remote corner of the globe officials were true to those habits of courtesy and attention for which they are so eminently distinguished, he suffered me to repeat my question six times ere he vouchsafed to inquire, in his gruffest tones, what I wanted; a seventh time did I reiterate my inquiry, and that, I flatter myself with a degree of politeness that would have done honor to the most finished courtier.

"In the old Starosty," he growled out.

"Might I be permitted most respectfully to inquire whereabouts this same old Starosty may be located?"

"I have no time. Peter show this person the way."

And away went Peter and I, while the postmaster, who had no time to answer me, lolled out of the window, with his pipe in his mouth, watching us. Aha, my fine fellow, thought I, just let me catch you in the hands of justice—whose unworthy representative I have here the honor to be—and I'll make you rue the day you dared sport your churlishness upon me.

Peter, the Polish tatterdemalion, who escort-

* Starosts were Poles of high birth, appointed as bailiffs or vice-governors of the various districts and provinces.

ed me, understood and spoke so little German, that our conversation was extremely limited. His sallow face and sharp features rendered him particularly unprepossessing.

"Tell me, my worthy friend," I asked, as we waded side by side through the mud, "do you know Mr. Tax-collector Burkhardt?"

"The old Starosty."

"Good; but what can I do in your old Starosty?"

"Die!"

"God forbid! that does not at all chime in with my arrangements."

"Stone-dead; die!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Prussian—no Pole."

"I am a Prussian, certainly."

"Know that."

"What do you mean by dying then?"

"So, and so, and so;" and the fellow thrust the air as though he clenched a dagger. He then pointed to his heart, groaned, and rolled his eyes in a manner awful to behold. I began to feel rather uncomfortable, for Peter had by no means the look of one beside himself; besides, the understrappers at the post-office are seldom recruited from a lunatic asylum.

"I think we are at cross purposes, my excellent friend," I at length resumed. "What do you mean by die?"

"Kill!" and he gave me a wild sidelong glance.

"How, kill?"

"When night comes."

"When night comes—this very night? Your wits are wool-gathering, sirrah!"

"Pole, yes; but no Prussian."

I shook my head, and desisted from any further attempt at conversation. We evidently could not make each other out. And yet there was fearful meaning in the scoundrel's words. I was well aware of the inveterate hatred felt by the Poles toward the Prussians, and how it had already led to fatal collisions between them. What if the dunder-headed fellow had meant to convey a warning to me? or perhaps he had involuntarily betrayed the secret of a plot for the general massacre of every Prussian. I mentally resolved to divulge the whole to my friend and fellow-countryman Burkhardt, as we arrived at the so-termed Starosty. It was constructed of stone, evidently of some antiquity, and situate in a dull remote street. Ere we reached it I observed how each passer-by cast a sly furtive glance up at its time-worn walls. My guide did the same; and pointing to the door, he shuffled off without word or gesture of salutation.

It must be owned that my arrival and reception at Brczwezmieisl were none of the most flattering. The discourteous damsel at the gate, the surly New East Prussian postmaster, and the Pole, with his unintelligible jargon, had put me on the very worst terms with my new place of sojourn and office of judge-commissary. How I congratulated myself to think that I was about

to meet one who had, at least, breathed the same air as myself! To be sure, Mr. Burkhardt was not held in the best repute at home; but a man's character varies according to the circumstances of his position, even were he still the same as of old. Better far a jovial tippler than a sickly skeleton with her projected tongue; better far a hare-brained gambler than the postmaster with his studied coarseness; ay, better the company of a vaporing hector than that of a Polish malcontent. The latter phase in Burkhardt's character even served to elevate him in my eyes; for, between ourselves be it observed, my gentleness and love of quiet, my steadiness and reserve, so oft the theme of praise with mamma, would stand me but in sorry stead should any rising of the people take place. Some virtues become vices in certain positions.

As I entered the old Starosty I was puzzled to know where to find my dear and long-cherished friend Burkhardt. The house was very spacious. The creaking of the rusty door-hinges resounded through the whole building, yet without bringing any one to ascertain who might be there.

I discovered an apartment on my left, and knocked gently at the door. As my signal was unanswered by any friendly "Come in," I knocked more loudly than before: still no answer. My knocks re-echoed through the house. I waxed impatient, and yearned to clasp Burkhardt, the friend of my soul, to my heart. I opened the door and went in. In the middle of the room was a coffin.

If I be always polite to the living, still more so am I to the dead. I was about to retire as gently as I could, when a parting glance at the coffin showed me that its hapless occupant was no other than the tax-collector, Burkhardt, who had been called on, poor fellow, in his turn, to discharge that great tax so peremptorily demanded of us by that grim collector Death. There he lay regardless alike of flagon or dice box, calm and composed as though he had never shared in the joys or cares of this life.

Indescribably shocked, I rushed from the chamber of death, and sought relief in the long gloomy corridor. What on earth was to become of me now? Here I was, hundreds of miles from my native home and the maternal mansion, in a town whose very name I never had heard until I was sent to un-Pole-ify it as judge-commissary! My sole acquaintance, the friend of my heart, had shuffled off this mortal coil. What was I to do, where lay my head, or how find the lodgings engaged for me by the dear departed?

My gloomy reflections were here disturbed by the creaking of the door on its rusty hinges, whose harsh grating jarred strangely on my nerves.

A pert, flippant-looking livery-servant rushed up the stairs, contemplated me with a broad stare of astonishment, and at length addressed me. My knees shook beneath me. I suffered the fellow to talk to me to his heart's delight,

but for the first few moments fright deprived me of all power of reply; and even had my state of mind permitted me to speak, it would have amounted to much the same thing, seeing that the man was speaking Polish.

Perceiving that he remained without reply, he proceeded to address me in German, which he spoke very fluently. I at length mustered up sufficient courage to tell him my whole story, and the various adventures I had met with since my arrival at the accursed town whose name it still dislocated my jaws to pronounce. As he heard my name he assumed a more respectful mien, took off his hat, and proceeded to give me the following details, which, for the reader's benefit, I have compressed into the smallest possible space.

He informed me, to begin with, that his name was Lebrecht; that he had served as interpreter and most faithful of domestics to Mr. Tax-collector, of pious memory, until the preceding night, when it had pleased Heaven to remove the excellent and ever to be lamented tax-collector to another and a better world. The manner of his death was perfectly in keeping with the tenor of his life. He had been passing the evening at wine and cards with some Polish gentlemen. The fumes of the wine aroused the Prussian pride of my friend, while it kindled to a yet fiercer pitch the old Sarmatian patriotism of his companions. Words grew high, blows were exchanged, and one of the party dealt my late friend three or four blows with a knife, any one of which was of itself sufficient to have extinguished life. In order to avoid incurring the penalties of New East Prussian justice, the guilty parties had taken themselves off—whither none could tell. My ever-to-be-regretted friend had, shortly before his death, made all the requisite arrangements for me, and hired a very experienced German cook, who would wait upon me at a moment's notice. In the course of his narrative, Lebrecht led me to infer, from several hints that he gave me, how the Poles were sworn foes to the Prussians, and how I must expect to meet with such delicate attentions as those lavished on me by the damsel at the gate. He explained to me moreover, that my friend Peter was a muddle-headed jackass, and that his pantomimic gestures referred, in all probability, to the fate of my hapless friend. He warned me to be constantly on my guard, as the infuriated Poles were evidently hatching some plot; as for himself, he was fully determined to quit the town immediately after the funeral of his late master.

This narrative terminated, he conducted me up the broad stone staircase to the apartments provided for me. Passing through a suite of lofty rooms, very spacious, but very dreary to behold, we came to an apartment of large dimensions, wherein was a press bedstead, with curtains of faded yellow damask, an old table, whose feet had once been gilded, and half a dozen dusty chairs. Suspended to the wall was

an enormous looking-glass, almost bereft of its reflecting powers, in a quaint, old-fashioned frame, while the wall itself was garnished by parti-colored tapestry, representing scenes from the Old Testament. Time and the moth had done their work upon it, for it hung in tatters, and waved to and fro at the slightest motion. King Solomon sat headless on his throne of judgment, and the hands of the wicked elders had long since mouldered away. I felt by no means at my ease in this my lonely dwelling; far rather would I have taken up my quarters at the inn, and, oh that I had done so! But I kept my own counsel, partly from sheer nervousness, and partly because I did not wish to appear at all daunted at being in such immediate vicinity with a corpse. Moreover, I entertained no doubt but that Lebrecht and the experienced cook would bear me company during the night. The former lost no time in lighting the two candles that stood on the table, for it was fast getting dusk, and then took his departure for the purpose of procuring me the means of subsistence, and such like, to fetch my luggage, and to apprise the aforesaid experienced cook that the time had arrived for her to enter upon her functions. My luggage arrived in due time, likewise every requisite for my meal; but no sooner had I re-imbursed Lebrecht the money he had laid out for me than he wished me good-night, and went his way forthwith.

I misdoubted the fellow at once, for the moment he had swept up his money he was off. I was on the point of rushing after him, to entreat him not to leave me, but I held back for very shame. Why should I make the wretch the confidant of my timidity? I had no doubt but that he would spend the night in some room or other, to keep watch over the body of his slaughtered master. The sound of the banging-to of the street-door undeceived me at once; and that sound thrilled through my very marrow. I hurried to the window, and beheld him scampering across the street, as though the foul fiend were at his heels. He was soon out of sight, leaving myself and the corpse sole tenants of the old Starosty.

THE SENTRY.

I do not believe in ghosts, but yet at night-time I own to being somewhat apprehensive of their appearance. This may seem to involve a paradox, but I only state the fact. The death-like stillness of all around, the time-worn tapestry that clung in fluttering shreds around that dreary chamber, the consciousness of the body of a murdered man in the room above, the deadly feud between the Prussian and the Pole, all conspired to fill my soul with awe and apprehension. I hungered, but could not eat. I wearied for repose, but could find none. I examined the window, to ascertain if it could afford me egress in case of need, for I should have been utterly lost in the labyrinth of chambers and corridors necessary to traverse ere I could

gall the door. To my dismay strong iron bars forbade all hope of escape in that quarter.

Suddenly the old Starosty seemed awakening to life. I heard doors open and close, steps at some little distance, and the sound of voices in animated conversation. I was at a loss how to account for this rapid change in the state of affairs, but I felt that it boded me but little good. It seemed as though I heard a warning voice saying, "'Tis thou they seek! Did not that blundering Peter betray the secret of the intended massacre? Save thyself ere it be too late." I shuddered in every limb. Methought I saw the murderous band, how they thirsted for my blood, and were concerting the method of my death. I heard their footsteps approaching nearer and more near. Already had they reached the ante-chamber leading to my apartment. They were muttering together in low whispers. I sprang up, and bolted and barred the door, and, as I did so, became aware that some one was endeavoring to open it on the other side. I scarce dared breathe, lest my very breath should betray me. I heard by their voices that they were Poles. As my unlucky stars would have it, I must needs study a little Polish, by way of qualifying myself for my official duties; and I could detect the words "blood," "death," and "Prussians." My knees quaked, cold drops started to my brow. Again was the attempt to open the door repeated, but it seemed as though the intruders wished to avoid confusion, for I heard them depart, or rather glide, from thence.

Whether it were that the Poles had aimed at my life, or my property, or whether they had determined upon another mode of attack, I resolved to extinguish my candles, in order that their light might not betray me from without. How could I tell but that one of the ruffians might not fancy taking a shot at me through the windows?

Night is friend to no man, and man has an instinctive dread of darkness, else whence the terror of children, even before they have been scared by the tale of goblin grim and spectre dire? No sooner was I in utter obscurity than all manner of horrors, possible and impossible, crowded upon me. I flung myself upon my bed, in the hopes of sleeping, but the clothes seemed tainted with the foul odor of dead men's graves. If I sat up it was worse; for ever and anon a rustling sound, as of some one near me, caused me to shudder afresh. The form of the murdered man, with his livid brow and half-glazed eye, seemed to stalk before me. What prospects would I not have sacrificed but to be once more free! And now the bells tolled the

"Witching hour of night,

When church-yards yawn, and hell itself looks out."

Each stroke vibrated upon my soul. In vain I called myself a superstitious fool, a faint-hearted dastard: it availed me nothing. Unable at length to bear up any longer, and nerved either by daring or despair, I sprang from my seat, groped my way to the door, unbolted and un-

barred it, and resolved, albeit at the risk of my life, to gain the street.

Merciful heavens! what did I behold as I opened the door! I started and staggered back. Little had I looked for such a grisly sentinel.

THE DEATH-THROES.

By the dim flickering of an old lamp placed on a side-table, I saw before me the murdered Tax-collector, lying in his bier, even as I had seen him in the room above. But now I could perceive how his shirt, which had previously been concealed by a pall, was dyed with the big black gouttes of blood. I strove to rally my senses, to persuade myself that the whole was the mere phantom of my over-heated imagination; but as I stirred the coffin with my foot, till the corpse seemed as though about to move and unclosed its eyes, I could no longer doubt the fearful reality of the spectacle before me. Almost paralyzed by fear, I rushed to my room, and fell backward on my bed.

And now a confused noise proceeded from the bier. Was the dead alive? for the sound that I heard was of one raising himself with difficulty. A low and suppressed moan thrilled in my ears, and I saw before me the form of the murdered one; it strode through the door, entered my room, then stalked awhile to and fro, and disappeared. As I again summoned up my reason to my aid, the spectre, or the corpse, or the living dead, gave my reason the lie by depositing its long, lank, livid length upon my bed and across my body, its icy shoulders resting upon my neck, and nearly depriving me of breath.

How I escaped with life I can not explain to this present hour. Mortal dread was upon me, and I must have remained a long while in a state of unconsciousness; for as I heard from beneath my grisly burden the clock sound, instead of its striking one—the signal for spirits to vanish—it was striking two.

I leave the horrors of my situation to the reader's imagination. The smell of the charnel-house in my nostrils, and a yet warm corpse struggling for breath, as though the death-rattle were upon him; while I was benumbed by terror, and the hellish weight of the burden I bore. The scenes in Dante's Hell fall far short of anguish such as was then mine. I was too weak or terror-stricken to disengage myself from the corpse, which seemed as if expiring a second time; for I conjectured that, while senseless from loss of blood, the wretched man had been taken for dead, and thrust forthwith, Polish fashion, into a coffin, and now lay dying in good earnest. He seemed powerless alike for life and death, and I was doomed to be the couch whereon the fearful struggle would terminate.

I strove to fancy that all my adventures in Brewezmieisl were but a dream, and that I was laboring under an attack of nightmare, but circumstances and surrounding objects were too strong to admit of any such conclusion; still, I verily believe I should have finally succeeded in

convincing myself that it was all a vision, and nothing but a vision, had not an incident more striking than any that hitherto preceded, established, beyond the shadow of a doubt, the fact of my being broad awake.

THE LIGHT OF DAY.

It was day-break; not that I could perceive the light of heaven, for the shoulders of my expiring friend impeded my view, but I inferred so from the bustle in the street below. I heard the footsteps and voices of men in the room; I could not make out the subject of their conversation, as they talked in Polish, but I remarked that they were busy about the coffin. Now, beyond a doubt, thought I, they are looking for the dead man, and my deliverance is at hand; and so it proved, although it happened after a fashion for which I was but little prepared.

One of the exploring party smote so lustily with a stout bamboo upon the extended form of the dead or dying, that he started up, and stood erect. Some of the blows lighted upon my hapless person with such effect as to make me yell out most vigorously, and take up a position directly in the rear of the defunct. This old Polish and New East Prussian method of restoring the dead to life proved, certainly, so efficacious in the present instance, that I doubt whether the impassibility of death were not preferable to the acute perceptions of the living.

I now perceived that the room was filled by men, for the most part Poles. The timely castigation had been administered by a police-officer appointed to superintend the funeral. The Tax-collector still slept the sleep of death in his coffin, which stood in the ante-chamber, whither it had been transported by the drunken Poles, who had been ordered to convey it to what had been formerly the porter's lodge. They had, however, been pleased to select my ante-chamber as a fitting resting-place for their charge, whom they confided to the watch of one of their besotted comrades, who had slumbered at his post, and, awakened probably by my entrance, had groped his way, with all the instinct of one far gone in liquor, to my bed, and there slept off the fumes of his potations.

The preceding incidents had so thoroughly unmanned me as to bring on a severe attack of fever, and for seven long weeks did I lie raving about the horrors of that fearful night; and even now, albeit, thanks to the Polish insurrection, I am no longer judge-commissary at Brozwezmisl, I can scarce think on my adventure in New East Prussia without a shudder. However, I am always glad to relate it, as it contains a sort of moral—to wit, that we ought not to fear that which we profess to disbelieve.

ENGLAND IN 1850.

BY LAMARTINE.

WHEN a man is strongly preoccupied with the crisis under which his country labors, every opportunity that arises is caught at to

turn to the profit of his compatriots the sights with which he is struck, and the reflections with which those sights inspire him. Called by circumstances of an entirely private nature to revisit England for some time, after an absence of twenty years, it was impossible for me not to be dazzled by the immense progress made by England during that lapse of time, not only in population, in riches, industry, navigation, railroads, extent, edifices, embellishments, and the health of the capital, but also, and more especially, in charitable institutions for the people, and in associations of real religious, conservative, and fraternal socialism, between classes, to prevent explosions by the evaporation of the causes which produce them, to stifle the murmurs from below by incalculable benefits from above, and to close the mouths of the people, not by the brutalities of the police, but by the arm of public virtue. Very far from feeling afflicted or humiliated at this fine spectacle of the operation of so many really popular works, which give to England at the present moment an incontestable pre-eminence in this respect over the rest of Europe, and over us, I rejoiced at it. To asperse one's neighbor is to lower one's self. The rivalries between nations are paltry and shameful when they consist in denying or in hating the good that is done by our neighbors. These rivalries, on the contrary, are noble and fruitful when they consist in acknowledging, in glorifying, and in imitating the good which is done every where; instead of being jealousies, these rivalries become emulation. What does it signify whether a thing be English or French, provided it be a benefit? Virtues have no country, or, rather, they are of every country; it is God who inspires them, and humanity which profits by them. Let us then learn, for one, how to admire.

But I am told that these practical virtues of the English to the poorer, the *proletaire*, the suffering classes, are nothing but the prudence of selfishness! Even if that were the case, we ought still to applaud, for a selfishness so prudent and so provident, a selfishness which could do itself justice by so well imitating virtue, a selfishness which would corrupt the people by charity and prosperity—such a selfishness as that would be the most profound and most admirable of policies, it would be the Machiavelism of virtue. But it is not given to selfishness alone to transform itself so well into an appearance of charity; selfishness restricts itself, while charity diffuses itself; without doubt there is prudence in it, but there is also virtue, without doubt Old England, the veritable patrician republic under her frontispiece of monarchy, feels that the stones of her feudal edifice are becoming disjoined, and might tumble under the blast of the age, if she did not bind them together every day by the cement of her institutions in favor of her people. That is good sense, but under that good sense there is virtue; and it is impossible to remain in England for any length of time without discover-

ing it. The source of that public virtue is the religious feeling with which that people is endowed more than many others; a divine feeling of practical religious liberty, has developed at the present moment, under a hundred forms, among them. Every one has a temple to God, where every one can recognize the light of reason, and adore that God, and serve him with his brothers in the sincerity, and in the independence of his faith. Yes, there is, if you will, at the same time, prudence, well-understood selfishness, and public virtue in the acts of England, in order to prevent a social war. Let it be whatever you like; but would that it pleased God that plebeian and proprietary France could also see and comprehend its duty to the people! Would that it pleased God that she could take a lesson from that intelligent aristocracy! Would that she could, once for all, say to herself, "I perish, I tremble, I swoon in my panics. I call at one time on the Monarchy, at another on the Republic, at another on legitimacy, now on illegitimacy—then on the Empire, now on the Inquisition—then on the police, now on the sabre, and then on eloquence to save me, and no one can save me but myself. I will save myself by my own virtue."

I have seen England twice in my life: the first time in 1822. It was the period when the Holy Alliance, recently victorious and proud of its victories over the spirit of conquest of Napoleon, struggled against the newly-born liberalism, and was only occupied in every where restoring ancient regimes and ancient ideas. The government of England, held at that time by the intelligent heirs of a great man (Mr. Pitt), was a veritable contradiction to the true nature of the country of liberty; it had taken up the cause of absolute sovereigns against the nations; it made of the free and proud citizens of England the support and soldier of the Holy Alliance; it blindly combated the revolution, with its spirit and institutions, at home and every where else. England, by no means comfortable under such a government, hardly recognized herself. She felt by instinct that she was made to play the part of the *seide* of despotism and of the church, in place of the part of champion of independent nationalities, and of the regulated liberty of thought which Mr. Pitt had conceived for her. Thus her tribunes, her public papers, her popular meetings, her very streets and public places rang with indignation against her government and her aristocracy. The ground trembled in London under the steps of the multitudes who assembled at the slightest appeal or opportunity; the language of the people breathed anger, their physiognomies hatred of class to class; hideous poverty hung up its tatters before the doors of the most sumptuous quarters; women in a state of emaciation, hectic children, and ghastly men were to be seen wandering with a threatening carelessness about shops and warehouses laden with riches; the constables and the troops were insufficient, after the scandalous prosecu-

tion of the queen, to bridle that perpetual sedition of discontent and of hunger. The painful consciousness of a tempest hanging over Great Britain was felt in the air. A cabinet, the author and victim of that false position, sank under the effort. A statesman sought in despair a refuge against the difficulties which he saw accumulating on his country, and which he could no longer dominate but by force. I avow that I myself, at that time young and a foreigner, and not yet knowing either the solidity or the elasticity of the institutions and the manners of England, was deceived, like every body else, by these sinister symptoms of a fall, and that I prognosticated, as every body else also did, the approaching decline and fall of that great and mysterious country. The ministry of Mr. Canning placed me happily in the wrong.

I saw England again in 1830, a few months after our revolution of July. At that time the political government of England was moderate, reasonable, and wise. It endeavored, as Lord Palmerston, as Sir Robert Peel, as the Duke of Wellington have done, after the revolution of February, to prevent a collision on the Continent between the revolution and the counter-revolution. It then refused, as it refused in 1848, to be a party to an anti-French or anti-republican coalition. It proclaimed not only the right and independence of nationalities, but also the right and independence of revolutions. It thus humanely avoided irritating the revolutionists. It spared Europe the effusion of much blood. But in 1830 it was the misery of the English and Irish *proletaires* that frightened the regards and brought consternation to the thoughts of observers. Ireland was literally dying of inanition. The manufacturing districts of the three kingdoms having produced more than the world could consume during the fifteen years of peace, left an overflow of manufactures—the masses emaciated, vitiated in body and mind, and vitiated by their hatred against the class of society who possess. The manufacturers had dismissed armies of workmen without bread. These black columns were to be seen, with their mud-colored jackets, dotting the avenues and streets of London, like columns of insects whose nests had been upset, and who blackened the soil under their steps.

The vices and brutishness of these masses of *proletaires*, degraded by ignorance and hunger—their alternate poverty and debaucheries—their promiscuousness of ages, of sexes, of dens of fetid straw, their bedding in cellars and garrets—their hideous clamors, to be met with at certain hours in the morning in certain lanes of the unclean districts of London—when those human vermin emerged into the light of the sun with howling groaning, or laughter that was really Satanic, it would have made the masses of free creatures really envy the fate of the black slaves of our colonies—masses which are abased and flogged, but, at all events loathed! It was the recruiting of the army of Marius—all that

was wanting was a flag. Social war was visible there with all its horrors and its furies—every body saw it, and I myself forboded it like every body else. These symptoms struck me as such evidences of an approaching overthrow for a constitution which thus allowed its vices to stagnate and mantle, that, having some portion of my patrimony in England, I hastened to remove it, and to place it where it would be sheltered from a wreck which appeared to me to be inevitable. During this time the aristocracy and the great proprietary of England appeared insensible to these prognostics of social war, scandalized the eyes of the public by the contrast of their Asiatic luxury with these calamities, absented themselves from their properties during whole years, and were traveling from Paris to Naples and to Florence, while at the same time propagating speculative or incendiary liberalism with the liberals of the Continent. Who would not have trembled for such a country?

This time (September, 1850) I was struck, on visiting England, with an impression wholly opposed to the impressions which I have just depicted to you. I arrived in London, and I no longer recognized that capital, excepting by that immense cloud of smoke which that vast focus of English labor or leisure raises in the heavens, and by that overflowing without limit of houses, workshops, and chateaux, and agreeable residences, that a city of 2,600,000 inhabitants casts year after year beyond its walls, even to the depths of her forests, her fields, and her hills. Like a polypus with a thousand branches, London vegetates and engrafts, so to speak, on the common trunk of the city quarters on quarters, and towns upon towns. These quarters, some for labor, and others for the middle classes; some for the choice leisure of the literary classes, and others for the luxury of the aristocracy and for the splendor of the crown, not only attest the increase of that city which enlarges itself in proportion to its inhabitants, but they testify to the increase of luxury, of art, of riches, and of ease, of all which the characters are to be recognized in the disposition, in the architecture, in the ornaments, in the spaciousness, and in the comfort, sometimes splendid, sometimes modest, of the habitations of man. In the west two new towns—two towns of hotels and palaces—two towns of kings of civilization, as the Ambassador of Carthage would have said—have sprung up. Toward the green and wooded heights of Hampstead—that St. Cloud of London—is a new park, including pastures, woods, waters, and gardens in its grounds, and surrounded by a circle of houses of opulent and varied architecture, each of which represents a building capital that it frightens one to calculate. Beyond this solitude inclosed in the capital other towns and suburbs have commenced, and are rapidly climbing these heights, step by step, and hillock after hillock. In these places arise chapels, churches, schools, hospitals, penitentiary prisons on new models, which take away

from them their sinister aspect and significance, and which hold out moral health and correction to the guilty in place of punishment and branding. In these places are to be seen hedges of houses appropriated to all the conditions of life and fortune, but all surrounded by a court or a little garden, which affords the family rural recollections, the breathing of vegetation, and the feeling of nature present even in the very heart of the town.

This new London, which is almost rural, creeps already up these large hills, and spreads itself, from season to season, in the fields which environ them, to go by lower, more active, and more smoky suburbs, to rejoin, as far as the eye can see, the Thames, beyond which the same phenomenon is reproduced on the hills and in the plains on the other side. In surveying this the eye loses itself as if on the waves of the ocean. On every side the horizon is too narrow to embrace that town, and the town continues beyond the horizon; but every where also the sky, the air, the country, the verdure, the waters, the tops of the oaks, are mixed with that vegetation of stones, of marble, and of bricks, and appears to make of new London, not an arid and dead city, but a fertile and living province, which germinates at the same time with men and trees, with habitations and fields; a city of which the nature has not been changed, but in which, on the contrary, nature and civilization respect each other, seek for and clasp each other, for the health and joy of man, in a mutual embrace.

Between these two banks of the river, and between its steeples and its towers—between the tops of its oaks, respected by the constructors of these new quarters—you perceive a movable forest of masts, which ascend and descend perpetually the course of the Thames, and streak it with a thousand lines of smoke, while the steamers, loaded with passengers, stream out like a river of smoke above the river of water which carries them. But it is not in the newly constructed quarters alone that London has changed its appearance, and presents that image of opulence, of comfort, and of labor, with thriving—the city itself, that furnace at the same time blackened and infected of this human ebullition, has enlarged its issues, widened its streets, ennobled its monuments, extended and straightened its suburbs, and made them more healthy. The ignoble lanes, with their suspicious taverns, where the population of drunken sailors huddled together like savages in dregs and dust, have been demolished. They have given place to airy streets, where the passers-by, coming back from the docks, those entrepôts of the four continents, pass with ease in carriages or on foot—to spacious and clean houses, to modest but decent shops, where the maritime population find, on disembarking, clothes, food, tobacco, beer, and all the objects of exchange necessary for the retail trade of seaports: those streets are now as well cleaned from filth, from drunkenness and obscenity, as the

other streets and suburbs of the city. One can pass through them without pity and without disgust; one feels in them the vigilance of public morality and the presence of a police which, if it can not destroy vice, can at all events keep it at a distance from the eyes of the passer-by, and render even the *cloacæ* inoffensive.

In the country districts and secondary towns around London the same transformation is observable. The innumerable railways which run in every direction all over England have covered the land with stations, coal depôts, new houses for the persons employed, elegant offices for the administration, viaducts, bridges over the lines to private properties; and all these things impart to England, from the sea to London, the appearance of a country which is being cleared, and where the occupants are employed in running up residences for themselves. Every thing is being built, and every thing is smoking, hurrying on, so perfectly alive is this soil; one feels that the people are eager to seize on the new sense of circulation which Providence has just bestowed on man.

Such is England in a physical sense, sketched broadly. As to political England, the following are the changes which struck me. I describe them as I reviewed them, with sincerity, it is true, but not unmixed with astonishment. The appearance of the people in the streets is no longer what filled me with consternation twenty years ago. In place of those ragged bands of beggars—men, women, and children—who swarmed in the narrow and gloomy streets of the manufacturing town, you will see well-dressed workmen, with an appearance of strength and health, going to work or returning peaceably from their workshop with their tools on their shoulders; young girls issuing without tumult from the houses where they work, under the superintendence of women older than themselves, or of a father or brother, who brings them back to their home; from time to time you see numerous columns of little children of from five to eight years of age, poorly but decently clad, led by a woman, who leaves them at their own doors, after having watched over them all day. They all present the appearance of relative comfort, of most exquisite cleanliness, and of health. You will perceive few, if any, idle groups on the public ways, and infinitely fewer drunken men than formerly; the streets appear as if purged of vice and wretchedness, or only exhibit those which always remain the scum of an immense population.

If you converse in a drawing-room, in a public carriage, at a public dinner table, even in the street, with men of the different classes in England; if you take care to be present, as I did, at places where persons of the most advanced opinions meet and speak; if you read the journals, those safety-valves of public opinion, you must remain struck with the extreme mildness of men's minds and hearts, with the temperance of ideas, the moderation of what is desired, the prudence of the Liberal Opposition, the tender-

ness evinced toward a conciliation of all classes, the justice which all classes of the English population render to each other, the readiness of all to co-operate, each according to his means and disposition, in advancing the general good—the employment, comfort, instruction, and morality of the people—in a word, a mild and serene air is breathed in place of the tempest blast which then raged in every breast. The equilibrium is re-established in the national atmosphere. One feels and says to one's self, "This people can come to an understanding with itself. It can live, last, prosper, and improve for a long time in this way." Had I my residence on this soil, I should not any longer tremble for my hearth."

I except, it must be understood, from this very general character of harmony and reconciliation, two classes of men whom nothing ever satisfies—the demagogues and the extreme aristocrats—two tyrannies which can not content themselves with any liberty, because they eternally desire to subjugate the people—the one by the intolerance of the rabble, the other by the intolerance of the little number. The newspapers of the inexorable aristocracy, and of the ungovernable radicalism, are the only ones that still contrast by their bitterness with the general mildness of opinions in Great Britain. But some clubs of Chartists, rendered fanatical by sophistry, and some clubs of diplomatists, rendered fanatical by pride, only serve the better to show the calm and reason which are more and more prevailing in the other parts of the nation. The one make speeches to the emptiness of places where the people are invited to meet, and the others pay by the line for calumnies and invective against France and against the present age. No one listens, and no one reads. The people work on. The intelligent Tories lament Sir Robert Peel, and accept the inheritance of his Conservative doctrines by means of progress.

It appears that a superhuman hand carried away during that sleep of twenty years, all the venom which racked the social body of this country. If a Radical procession is announced, as on the 10th of April, 250,000 citizens, of all opinions, appear in the streets of London as special constables, and preserve the public peace against these phantoms of another time. Such is the present appearance of the public mind in England to a stranger.

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

THE HAUNTS OF GENIUS.

GRAY, BURKE, MILTON, DRYDEN, AND POPE.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

TWO summers ago I spent a few pleasant weeks among some of the loveliest scenery of our great river. The banks of the Thames, always beautiful, are nowhere more delightful than in the neighborhood of Maidenhead—one side ramparted by the high, abrupt, chalky cliffs of Buckinghamshire; the other edging gently

away into our rich Berkshire meadows, checkered with villages, villas, and woods.

My own temporary home was one of singular beauty—a snug cottage at Taplow, looking over a garden full of honeysuckles, lilies, and roses, to a miniature terrace, whose steps led down into the water, or rather into our little boat; the fine old bridge at Maidenhead just below us; the magnificent woods of Cliefden, crowned with the lordly mansion (now, alas! a second time burnt down), rising high above; and the broad majestic river, fringed with willow and alder, gay with an ever-changing variety—the trim pleasure-yacht, the busy barge, or the punt of the solitary angler, gliding by placidly and slowly, the very image of calm and conscious power. No pleasanter residence, through the sultry months of July and August, than the Bridge cottage at Taplow.

Besides the natural advantages of the situation, we were within reach of many interesting places, of which we, as strangers, contrived—as strangers usually do—to see a great deal more than the actual residents.

A six-mile drive took us to the lordly towers of Windsor—the most queenly of our palaces—with the adjuncts that so well become the royal residence, St. George's Chapel and Eton College, fitting shrines of learning and devotion! Windsor was full of charm. The ghostly shadow of a tree, that is, or passes for Herne's oak—for the very man of whom we inquired our way maintained that the tree was apocryphal, although in such cases I hold it wisest and pleasanter to believe—the very old town itself, with the localities immortalized by Sir John and Sir Hugh, Dame Quickly and Justice Shallow, and all the company of the Merry Wives, had to me an unfailing attraction. To Windsor we drove again and again, until the pony spontaneously turned his head Windsor-ward.

Then we reviewed the haunts of GRAY, the house at Stoke Pogis, and the church-yard where he is buried, and which contains the touching epitaph wherein the pious son commemorates "the careful mother of many children, one of whom only had the misfortune to survive her." To that spot we drove one bright summer day, and we were not the only visitants. It was pleasant to see one admirer seated under a tree, sketching the church, and another party, escorted by the clergyman, walking reverently through it. Stoke Pogis, however, is not without its rivals; and we also visited the old church at Upton, whose ivy-mantled tower claims to be the veritable tower of the "Elegy." A very curious scene did that old church exhibit—that of an edifice not yet decayed, but abandoned to decay; an incipient ruin, such as probably might have been paralleled in the monasteries of England after the Reformation, or in the churches of France after the first Revolution. The walls were still standing, still full of monuments and monumental inscriptions; in some the gilding was yet fresh, and one tablet especially had been placed there

very recently, commemorating the talents and virtues of the celebrated astronomer. Sir John Herschell. But the windows were denuded of their glass, the font broken, the pews dismantled, while on the tottering reading-desk one of the great Prayer-books, all mouldy with damp, still lay open—last vestige of the holy services with which it once resounded. Another church had been erected, but it looked new and naked, and every body seemed to regret the old place of worship, the roof of which was remarkable for the purity of its design.

Another of our excursions was to Ockwells—a curious and beautiful specimen of domestic architecture in the days before the Tudors. Strange it seems to me that no one has exactly imitated that graceful front, with its steep roof terminated on either side by two projecting gables, the inner one lower than the other, adorned with oak carving, regular and delicate as that on an ivory fan. The porch has equal elegance. One almost expects to see some baronial hawking party, or some bridal procession issue from its recesses. The great hall, although its grand open roof has been barbarously closed up, still retains its fine proportions, its dais, its music gallery, and the long range of windows, still adorned with the mottos and escutcheons of the Norreys's, their kindred and allies. It has long been used as a farm-house; and one marvels that the painted windows should have remained uninjured through four centuries of neglect and change. Much that was interesting has disappeared, but enough still remains to gratify those who love to examine the picturesque dwellings of our ancestors. The noble staircase, the iron-studded door, the prodigious lock, the gigantic key (too heavy for a woman to wield), the cloistered passages, the old-fashioned buttery-hatch, give a view not merely of the degree of civilization of the age, but of the habits and customs of familiar daily life.

Another drive took us to the old grounds of Lady Place, where, in demolishing the house, care had been taken to preserve the vaults in which the great Whig leaders wrote and signed the famous letter to William of Orange, which drove James the Second from the throne. A gloomy place it is now—a sort of underground ruin—and gloomy enough the patriots must have found it on that memorable occasion: the tombs of the monks (it had formerly been a monastery) under their feet, the rugged walls around them, and no ray of light, except the lanterns they may have brought with them, or the torches that they lit. Surely the signature of that summons which secured the liberties of England would make an impressive picture—Lord Somers in the foreground, and the other Whig statesmen grouped around him. A Latin inscription records a visit made by George the Third to the vaults; and truly it is among the places that monarchs would do well to visit—full of stern lessons!

Chief pilgrimage of all was one that led us first to Beaconsfield, through the delightful

lanes of Buckinghamshire, with their luxuriance of hedge-row timber, and their patches of heathy common. There we paid willing homage to all that remained of the habitation consecrated by the genius of EDMUND BURKE. Little is left, beyond gates and outbuildings, for the house has been burnt down and the grounds disparked; but still some of his old walks remained, and an old well and traces of an old garden—and pleasant it was to tread where such a man had trodden, and to converse with the few who still remembered him. We saw, too, the stalwart yeoman who had the honor not only of furnishing to Sir Joshua the model of his "Infant Hercules," but even of suggesting the subject. Thus it happened. Passing a few days with Mr. Burke at his favorite retirement, the great painter accompanied his host on a visit to his bailiff. A noble boy lay sprawling in the cradle in the room where they sat. His mother would fain have removed him, but Sir Joshua, then commissioned to paint a picture for the Empress Catherine, requested that the child might remain, sent with all speed for pallet and easel, and accomplished his task with that success which so frequently waits upon a sudden inspiration. It is remarkable that the good farmer, whose hearty cordial kindness I shall not soon forget, has kept in a manner most unusual the promise of his sturdy infancy, and makes as near an approach to the proportions of the fabled Hercules as ever Buckinghamshire yeoman displayed.

Beaconsfield, however, and even the cherished retirement of Burke, was by no means the goal of our pilgrimage. The true shrine was to be found four miles farther, in the small cottage at Chalfont St. Giles, where Milton found a refuge during the Great Plague of London.

The road wound through lanes still shadier and hedge-rows still richer, where the tall trees rose from banks overhung with fern, intermixed with spires of purple foxglove; sometimes broken by a bit of mossy park-paling, sometimes by the light shades of a beech-wood, until at last we reached the quiet and secluded village whose very first dwelling was consecrated by the abode of the great poet.

It is a small tenement of four rooms, one on either side the door, standing in a little garden, and having its gable to the road. A short inscription, almost hidden by the foliage of the vine, tells that MILTON once lived within those sacred walls. The cottage has been so seldom visited, is so little desecrated by thronging admirers, and has suffered so little from alteration or decay, and all about it has so exactly the serene and tranquil aspect that one should expect to see in an English village two centuries ago, that it requires but a slight effort of fancy to image to ourselves the old blind bard still sitting in that little parlor, or sunning himself on the garden-seat beside the well. Milton is said to have corrected at Chalfont some of the sheets of the "Paradise Lost." The "Paradise Regained" he certainly composed there. One

loves to think of him in that calm retreat—to look round that poor room and think how Genius ennobles all that she touches! Heaven forbid that change in any shape, whether of embellishment or of decay, should fall upon that cottage!

Another resort of ours, not a pilgrimage, but a haunt, was the forest of old pollards, known by the name of Burnham Beeches. A real forest it is—six hundred acres in extent, and varied by steep declivities, wild dells, and tangled dingles. The ground, clothed with the fine short turf where the thyme and the harebell love to grow, is partly covered with luxuriant fern; and the juniper and the holly form a fitting underwood for those magnificent trees, hollowed by age, whose profuse canopy of leafy boughs seems so much too heavy for the thin rind by which it is supported. Mr. Grote has a house here on which we looked with reverence; and in one of the loveliest spots we came upon a monument erected by Mrs. Grote in memory of Mendelssohn, and enriched by an elegant inscription from her pen.

We were never weary of wandering among the Burnham Beeches; sometimes taking Dropmore by the way, where the taste of the late Lord Grenville created from a barren heath a perfect Eden of rare trees and matchless flowers. But even better than amid that sweet woodland scene did I love to ramble by the side of the Thames, as it bounded the beautiful grounds of Lord Orkney, or the magnificent demesne of Sir George Warrender, the verdant lawns of Cliefden.

That place also is full of memories. There it was that the famous Duke of Buckingham fought his no less famous duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while the fair countess, dressed, rather than disguised, as a page, held the horse of her victorious paramour. We loved to gaze on that princely mansion—since a second time burnt down—repeating to each other the marvelous lines in which our two matchless satirists have immortalized the duke's follies, and doubting which portrait were the best. We may at least be sure that no third painter will excel them. Alas! who reads Pope or Dryden now? I am afraid, very much afraid, that to many a fair young reader these celebrated characters will be as good as manuscript. I will at all events try the experiment. Here they be:

"In the first rank of these did Zimri stand
A man so various, that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was every thing by starts and nothing long;
But in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon,
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!"

DRYDEN. *Absalom and Achitophel*

Now for the little hunchback of Twickenham :

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,

The walls of plaster, and the floor of dung ;
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red :
Great Villiers lies : — but, ah, how changed
from him,

That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
Gallant and gay in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love !
Or just as gay at council 'mid the ring
Of mimic statesmen and their merry king !
No wit to flatter left of all his store ;
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more ;
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends
And fame, the lord of useless thousands ends ?"

POPE. *Moral Essays.*

FLOWERS IN THE SICK ROOM.

AMONG the terrors of our youth we well remember there were certain poisonous exhalations said to arise from plants and flowers if allowed to share our sleeping-room during the night, as though objects of loveliness when seen by daylight took advantage of the darkness to assume the qualities of the ghoul or the vampire. Well do we remember how maternal anxiety removed every portion of vegetable life from our bedroom, lest its gases should poison us before morning ! This opinion, and the cognate one that plants in rooms are always injurious, is prevalent still, and it operates most unfavorably in the case of the bed-ridden, or the invalid, by depriving them of a chamber garden which would otherwise make time put off his leaden wings, and while away, in innocent amusement, many a lagging hour. Now we assure our readers that this is a popular superstition, and will endeavor to put them in possession of the grounds on which our statement is founded. In doing so, we do not put forth any opinions of our own, but the deductions of science, for the truth of which any one acquainted with vegetable physiology can vouch.

Plants, in a growing state, absorb the oxygen gas of the atmosphere, and throw off carbonic acid ; these are facts, and as oxygen is necessary to life and carbonic acid injurious to it, the conclusion has been jumped at that plants in apartments *must* have a deleterious influence. But there is another fact equally irrefragable, *that plants feed on the carbonic acid of the atmosphere*, and are, indeed, the grand instruments employed in the laboratory of Nature for purifying it from the noxious exhalations of animal life. From the spacious forests to the blade of grass which forces itself up through the crevices of a street pavement, every portion of verdure is occupied in disinfecting the air. By means of solar light the carbonic acid, when taken in by the leaves, is decomposed, its car-

bon going to build up the structure of the plant and its disengaged oxygen returning to the air we breathe. It is true that this process is stopped in the darkness, and that then a very small portion of carbonic acid is evolved by plants ; but as it is never necessary for a patient to sleep in a room with flowers, we need say nothing on that subject. Cleanliness, and other considerations, would suggest having a bedroom as free as possible during the night, and our object is answered if we show that vegetation is not injurious in the day. That it is, on the contrary, conducive to health, is a plain corollary of science.

Perhaps the error we are speaking of may have originated from confounding the effects of the *odors* of plants with a general result of their presence. Now, all strong scents are injurious, and those of some flowers are specially so, and ought on no account to be patronized by the invalid. But it happens, fortunately, that a very large class of plants have either no scent at all, or so little as to be of no consequence, so that there is still room for an extensive selection. This, then, is *one* rule to be observed in chamber gardening. Another is, that the plants admitted should be in perfect health, for while growing vegetation is healthful, it becomes noxious when sickly or dead. Thirdly, let the most scrupulous cleanliness be maintained ; the pots, saucers, and the stands being often subjected to ablutions. Under this head also we include the removal of dying leaves, and all flowers, before they have quite lost their beauty, since it is well known that the petals become unpleasant in some varieties as soon as the meridian of their brief life is passed. By giving attention to these simple regulations, a sick chamber may have its windows adorned with flowers without the slightest risk to the health of the occupant, and in saying this we open the way to some of the most gentle lenitives of pain, as well as to sources of rational enjoyment. If those who can go where they please, in the sunshine and the shade, can gather wild flowers in their natural dwellings, and cultivate extensive gardens, still find pleasure in a few favorites in-doors, how much more delight must such treasured possessions confer on those whom Providence has made prisoners, and who must have their all of verdure and floral beauty brought to them !

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

LIVELY TURTLE.

A SKETCH OF A CONSERVATIVE.

I HAVE a comfortable property. What I spend, I spend upon myself ; and what I don't spend I save. Those are my principles. I am warmly attached to my principles, and stick to them on all occasions.

I am not, as some people have represented, a mean man. I never denied myself any thing that I thought I should like to have. I may

have said to myself "SNOADY"—that is my name—"you will get those peaches cheaper if you wait till next week;" or, I may have said to myself, "Snoady, you will get that wine for nothing, if you wait till you are asked out to dine;" but I never deny myself any thing. If I can't get what I want without buying it, and paying its price for it, I *do* buy it and pay its price for it. I have an appetite bestowed upon me; and, if I balked it, I should consider that I was flying in the face of Providence.

I have no near relation but a brother. If he wants any thing of me, he don't get it. All men are my brothers; and I see no reason why I should make his an exceptional case.

I live at a cathedral town where there is an old corporation. I am not in the Church, but it may be that I hold a little place of some sort. Never mind. It may be profitable. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may, or it may not, be a sinecure. I don't choose to say, I never enlightened my brother on these subjects, and I consider all men my brothers. The negro is a man and a brother—should I hold myself accountable for my position in life, *to him*? Certainly not.

I often run up to London. I like London. The way I look at it, is this. London is not a cheap place, but, on the whole, you can get more of the real thing for your money there—I mean the best thing, whatever it is—than you can get in most places. Therefore, I say to the man who has got the money, and wants the thing, "Go to London for it, and treat yourself."

When I go, I do it in this manner. I go to Mrs. Skim's Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging House, near Aldersgate-street, City (it is advertised in "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," where I first found it), and there I pay, "for bed and breakfast, with meat, two and ninepence per day, including servants." Now, I have made a calculation, and I am satisfied that Mrs. Skim can not possibly make much profit out of *me*. In fact, if all her patrons were like me, my opinion is, the woman would be in the Gazette next month.

Why do I go to Mrs. Skim's when I could go to the Clarendon, you may ask? Let us argue that point. If I went to the Clarendon I could get nothing in bed but sleep; could I? No. Now, sleep at the Clarendon is an expensive article; whereas, sleep at Mrs. Skim's, is decidedly cheap. I have made a calculation and I don't hesitate to say, all things considered, that it's cheap. Is it an inferior article, as compared with the Clarendon sleep, or is it of the same quality? I am a heavy sleeper, and it is of the same quality. Then why should I go to the Clarendon?

But as to breakfast? you may say. Very well. As to breakfast. I could get a variety of delicacies for breakfast at the Clarendon, that are out of the question at Mrs. Skim's. Granted. But I don't want to have them! My opinion is, that we are not entirely animal and

sensual. Man has an intellect bestowed upon him. If he clogs that intellect by too good a breakfast, how can he properly exert that intellect in meditation, during the day upon his dinner? That's the point. We are not to enchain the soul. We are to let it soar. It is expected of us.

At Mrs. Skim's I get enough for breakfast (there is no limitation to the bread and butter, though there is to the meat), and not too much. I have all my faculties about me, to concentrate upon the object I have mentioned, and I can say to myself besides, "Snoady, you have saved six, eight, ten, fifteen shillings, already to-day. If there is any thing you fancy for your dinner, have it, Snoady, you have earned your reward."

My objection to London, is, that it is the head-quarters of the worst radical sentiments that are broached in England. I consider that it has a great many dangerous people in it. I consider the present publication (if it's "Household Words") very dangerous, and I write this with the view of neutralizing some of its bad effects. My political creed is, let us be comfortable. We are all very comfortable as we are—I am very comfortable as I am—leave us alone!"

All mankind are my brothers, and I don't think it Christian—if you come to that—to tell my brother that he is ignorant, or degraded, or dirty, or any thing of the kind. I think it's abusive, and low. You meet me with the observation that I am required to love my brother. I reply, "I do." I am sure I am always willing to say to my brother, "My good fellow, I love you very much; go along with you; keep to your own road; leave me to mine; whatever is, is right; whatever isn't, is wrong; don't make a disturbance!" It seems to me, that this is at once the whole duty of man, and the only temper to go to dinner in.

Going to dinner in this temper in the city of London, one day not long ago, after a bed at Mrs. Skim's, with meat-breakfast and servants included, I was reminded of the observation which, if my memory does not deceive me, was formerly made by somebody on some occasion, that man may learn wisdom from the lower animals. It is a beautiful fact, in my opinion, that great wisdom is to be learned from that noble animal the turtle.

I had made up my mind, in the course of the day I speak of, to have a turtle dinner. I mean a dinner mainly composed of turtle. Just a comfortable tureen of soup, with a pint of punch, and nothing solid to follow, but a tender juicy steak. I like a tender juicy steak. I generally say to myself when I order one, "Snoady, you have done right."

When I make up my mind to have a delicacy, expense is no consideration. The question resolves itself, then, into a question of the very best. I went to a friend of mine who is a member of the Common Council, and with that friend I held the following conversation.

Said I to him, "Mr. Groggles, the best turtle is where?"

Says he, "If you want a basin for lunch, my opinion is, you can't do better than drop into Birch's."

Said I, "Mr. Groggles, I thought you had known me better, than to suppose me capable of a basin. My intention is to dine. A tureen."

Says Mr. Groggles, without a moment's consideration, and in a determined voice. "Right opposite the India House, Leadenhall-street."

We parted. My mind was not inactive during the day, and at six in the afternoon I repaired to the house of Mr. Groggles's recommendation. At the end of the passage, leading from the street into the coffee-room, I observed a vast and solid chest, in which I then supposed that a turtle of unusual size might be deposited. But, the correspondence between its bulk and that of the charge made for my dinner, afterward satisfied me that it must be the till of the establishment.

I stated to the waiter what had brought me there, and I mentioned Mr. Groggles's name. He feelingly repeated after me, "A tureen of turtle, and a tender juicy steak." His manner, added to the manner of Mr. Groggles in the morning, satisfied me that all was well. The atmosphere of the coffee-room was odoriferous with turtle, and the steams of thousands of gallons, consumed within its walls, hung, in savory grease, upon their surface. I could have inscribed my name with a penknife, if I had been so disposed, in the essence of innumerable turtles. I preferred to fall into a hungry reverie, brought on by the warm breath of the place, and to think of the West Indies and the Island of Ascension.

My dinner came—and went. I will draw a veil over the meal, I will put the cover on the empty tureen, and merely say that it was wonderful—and that I paid for it.

I sat meditating, when all was over, on the imperfect nature of our present existence, in which we can eat only for a limited time, when the waiter roused me with these words.

Said he to me, as he brushed the crumbs off the table, "Would you like to see the turtle, sir?"

"To see what turtle, waiter?" said I (calmly) to him.

"The tanks of turtle below, sir," said he to me.

Tanks of turtle! Good gracious! "Yes!"

The waiter lighted a candle, and conducted me down stairs to a range of vaulted apartments, cleanly white-washed and illuminated with gas, where I saw a sight of the most astonishing and gratifying description, illustrative of the greatness of my native country. "Snoady," was my first observation to myself, "Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!"

There were two or three hundred turtle in the vaulted apartments—all alive. Some in tanks, and some taking the air in long dry walks littered down with straw. They were of

all sizes; many of them enormous. Some of the enormous ones had entangled themselves with the smaller ones, and pushed and squeezed themselves into corners, with their fins over water-pipes, and their heads downward, where they were apoplectically struggling and splashing, apparently in the last extremity. Others were calm at the bottom of the tanks; others languidly rising to the surface. The turtle in the walks littered down with straw, were calm and motionless. It was a thrilling sight. I admire such a sight. It rouses my imagination. If you wish to try its effect on yours, make a call right opposite the India House any day you please—dine—pay—and ask to be taken below.

Two athletic young men, without coats, and with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up to the shoulders, were in attendance on these noble animals. One of them, wrestling with the most enormous turtle in company, and dragging him up to the edge of the tank, for me to look at, presented an idea to me which I never had before. I ought to observe that I like an idea. I say, when I get a new one, "Snoady, book that!"

My idea, on the present occasion, was—Mr. Groggles! It was not a turtle that I saw, but Mr. Groggles. It was the dead image of Mr. Groggles. He was dragged up to confront me, with his waistcoat—if I may be allowed the expression—toward me; and it was identically the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. It was the same shape, very nearly the same color, only wanted a gold watch-chain and a bunch of seals, to be the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. There was what I should call a bursting expression about him in general, which was accurately the expression of Mr. Groggles. I had never closely observed a turtle's throat before. The folds of his loose cravat, I found to be precisely those of Mr. Groggles's cravat. Even the intelligent eye—I mean to say, intelligent enough for a person of correct principles, and not dangerously so—was the eye of Mr. Groggles. When the athletic young man let him go, and, with a roll of his head, he flopped heavily down into the tank, it was exactly the manner of Mr. Groggles as I have seen him ooze away into his seat, after opposing a sanitary motion in the Court of Common Council!

"Snoady," I couldn't help saying to myself, "you have done it. You have got an idea, Snoady, in which a great principle is involved. I congratulate you!" I followed the young man, who dragged up several turtle to the brinks of the various tanks. I found them all the same—all varieties of Mr. Groggles—all extraordinarily like the gentlemen who usually eat them. "Now, Snoady," was my next remark, "what do you deduce from this?"

"Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this, is, confusion to those Radicals and other Revolutionists who talk about improvement. Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this, is, that there isn't this resemblance between the turtles and the Groggleses for nothing. It's meant to show mankind that the proper model for a Groggles,

is a turtle; and that the liveliness we want in a Groggles, is the liveliness of a turtle, and no more." "Snoady," was my reply to this, "you have hit it. You are right!"

I admired the idea very much, because, if I hate any thing in the world, it's change. Change has evidently no business in the world, has nothing to do with it, and isn't intended. What we want is (as I think I have mentioned) to be comfortable. I look at it that way. Let us be comfortable, and leave us alone. Now, when the young man dragged a Groggles—I mean a turtle—out of his tank, this was exactly what the noble animal expressed as he floundered back again.

I have several friends besides Mr. Groggles in the Common Council, and it might be a week after this, when I said, "Snoady, if I was you, I would go to that court, and hear the debate to-day." I went. A good deal of it was what I call a sound, old English discussion. One eloquent speaker objected to the French as wearing wooden shoes; and a friend of his reminded him of another objection to that foreign people, namely, that they eat frogs. I had feared, for many years, I am sorry to say, that these wholesome principles were gone out. How delightful to find them still remaining among the great men of the City of London, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty! It made me think of the Lively Turtle.

But I soon thought more of the Lively Turtle. Some Radicals and Revolutionists have penetrated even to the Common Council—which otherwise I regard as one of the last strongholds of our afflicted constitution; and speeches were made, about removing Smithfield Market—which I consider to be a part of that Constitution—and about appointing a Medical Officer for the City, and about preserving the public health; and other treasonable practices, opposed to Church and State. These proposals Mr. Groggles, as might have been expected of such a man, resisted; so warmly, that, as I afterward understood from Mrs. Groggles, he had rather a sharp attack of blood to the head that night. All the Groggles party resisted them too, and it was a fine constitutional sight to see waistcoat after waistcoat rise up in resistance of them and subside. But what struck me in the sight was this, "Snoady," said I, "here is your idea carried out, sir! These Radicals and Revolutionists are the athletic young men in shirt sleeves, dragging the Lively Turtle to the edges of the tank. The Groggleses are the turtle, looking out for a moment, and flopping down again. Honor to the Groggleses! Honor to the Court of Lively Turtle! The wisdom of the Turtle is the hope of England!"

There are three heads in the moral of what I had to say. First, turtle and Groggles are identical; wonderfully alike externally, wonderfully alike mentally. Secondly, turtle is a good thing every way, and the liveliness of the

turtle is intended as an example for the liveliness of man; you are not to go beyond that. Thirdly, we are all quite comfortable. Leave us alone!

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE UNLAWFUL GIFT; OR, KINDNESS REWARDED.

THE chastened glory of a bright autumnal evening was shining upon the yellow harvest fields of Bursley Farm, in the vicinity of the New Forest, and tinting with changeable light the dense but broken masses of thick wood which skirted the southern horizon, when Ephraim Lovegrove, a care-cankered, worn-out dying man, though hardly numbering sixty years, was, at this constantly and peevishly-iterated request, lifted from the bed on which for many weeks he had been gradually and painfully wasting away, and carried in an arm-chair to the door. From the cottage, situated as it was upon an eminence, the low-lying lands of Bursley, and its straggling homestead, which once called him master, could be distinctly seen. The fading eyes of the old man wandered slowly over the gleaming landscape, and a faint smile of painful recognition stole upon his harsh and shriveled features. His only son, a fine handsome young fellow, stood silently, with his wife, beside him—both, it seemed, as keenly, though not, perhaps, as bitterly, impressed with the scene and the thoughts it suggested; and their child, a rosy youngster of about five years of age, clung tightly to his mother's gown, frightened and awed apparently by the stern expression he read upon his father's face. A light summer air lifted the old man's thin white locks, fanned his sallow cheeks, and momentarily revived his fainting spirit. "Ay," he muttered, "the old pleasant home, Ned, quiet, beautiful as ever. It's only we who change and pass away."

"The home," rejoined the son, "of which we have been robbed—lawfully robbed."

"I'm not so clear on that as I was," said Ephraim Lovegrove, slowly and with difficulty. "It was partly our own want of foresight—mine, I mean, of course: we ought not to have calculated on—"

The old man's broken accents stopped suddenly. The strength which the sight of his former home and the grateful breeze which swept up from the valley awakened, had quickly faded; and the daughter-in-law, touching her husband's arm, and glancing anxiously at his father's changing countenance, motioned that he should be re-conveyed to bed. This was done, and a few spoonfuls of wine revived him somewhat. Edward Lovegrove left the cottage upon some necessary business; and his wife, after putting her child to bed, re-entered the sick-room, and seated herself with mute watchfulness by the bedside of her father-in-law.

"Ye are a kind, gentle creature, Mary," said the dying man, whose failing gaze had been for

some time fixed upon her pale, patient face; "as kind and gentle—more so, it seems to me, in this poor hovel, than when we dwelt in yon homestead, from which you, with us, have been so cruelly driven."

"Murmuring, father," she replied, in a low, sweet voice, "would not help us. It is surely better to submit cheerfully to a hard lot, than to chafe and fret one's life away at what can not be helped. But it's easy for me," she hastily added, fearing that her words might sound reproachfully in the old man's ear—"it's easy for me, who have health, a kind husband, and my little boy left me, to be cheerful, but it is scarcely so for you, suffering in body and mind, and tormented in a thousand ways."

"Ay, girl, it has been a sharp trial; but it will soon be over. In a few hours it will matter little whether old Ephraim Lovegrove lived and died in a pig-sty or a palace. But I would speak of you. You and Ned should emigrate. There are countries, I am told, where you would be sure to prosper. That viper Nichols, I remember, once offered to assist—I could never make out from what motive—from what—A little wine," he added feebly. "The evening, for the time of the year, is very chilly: my feet and legs are cold as stones." He swallowed the wine, and again addressed himself to speak, but his voice was scarcely audible. "I have often thought," he murmured, "as I lay here, that Symons, Nichols's clerk, from a hint he dropped, knows something of—of—your mother and—and—" The faint accents ceased to be audible; but the grasp of the dying man closed tightly upon the frightened woman's hand, as he looked wildly in her face as he drew her toward him, as if some important statement remained untold. He struggled desperately for utterance, but the strife was vain, and brief as it was fierce: his grasp relaxed, and with a convulsive groan, Ephraim Lovegrove fell back and expired.

The storm which had made shipwreck of the fortunes of Ephraim Lovegrove had leveled with the earth prouder roof-trees than his. In early life he had succeeded his father as the tenant of a farm in Wiltshire. He was industrious, careful, and ambitious; and aided by the sum of £500, which he received with his wife, and the high prices which agricultural produce obtained during the French war, he was enabled, at the expiration of his lease in Wiltshire, to become the proprietor of Bursley Farm. This purchase was effected when wheat ranged from £30 to £40 a load, at a proportionately exorbitant price of £5000. His savings amounted to about one half of this sum, and the remainder was raised by way of mortgage. Matters went on smoothly enough till the peace of 1815, and the subsequent precipitate fall in prices. Lovegrove showed gallant fight, hoping against hope that exceptional legislation would ultimately bolster up prices to something like their former level. He was deceived. Every day saw him sinking lower

and lower; and in the sixth year of peace he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the long since desperate and hopeless struggle with adverse fortune. The interest on the borrowed money had fallen considerably in arrear, and Bursley Farm was sold by auction at a barely sufficient sum to cover the mortgage and accumulated interest. The stock was similarly disposed of, and stout Ephraim withdrew with his family to a small cottage in the neighborhood of his old home, possessed, after his debts were discharged, of about thirty pounds in money and a few necessary articles of furniture. The old man's heart was broken: he took almost immediately to his bed, and after a long agony of physical pain, aggravated and embittered by mental disquietude and discontent, expired, as we have seen, worn out in mind and body.

The future of the surviving family was a dark and anxious one. Edward Lovegrove, a frank, kindly-tempered young man, accustomed, in the golden days of farming, to ride occasionally after the hounds, as well equipped and mounted as any in the field, was little fitted for a struggle for daily bread with the crowded competition of the world. He had several times endeavored to obtain a situation as bailiff, but others more fortunate, perhaps better qualified, filled up every vacancy that offered, and the almost desperate man, but for the pleading helplessness of his wife and child, would have sought shelter in the ranks of the army—that grave in which so many withered prospects and broken hopes lie buried. As usual with disappointed men, his mind dwelt with daily-augmenting bitterness upon the persons at whose hands the last and decisive blows which had destroyed his home had been received. Sanders the mortgagee he looked upon as a monster of perfidy and injustice; but especially Nichols the attorney, who had superintended and directed the sale of the Bursley homestead, was regarded by him with the bitterest dislike. Other causes gave intensity to this vindictive feeling. The son of the attorney, Arthur Nichols, a wild, dissipated young man, had been a competitor for the hand of Mary Clarke, the sole child of Widow Clarke, and now Edward Lovegrove's wife. It was not at all remarkable or surprising that young Nichols should admire and seek to wed pretty and gentle Mary Clarke, but it was deemed strange by those who knew his father's grasping, mercenary disposition, that he should have been so eager for the match, well knowing, as he did, for the payments passed through his hands, that the widow's modest annuity terminated with her life. It was also known, and wonderingly commented upon, that the attorney was himself an anxious suitor for the widow's hand up to the day of her sudden and unexpected decease, which occurred about three years after her daughter's marriage with Edward Lovegrove. Immediately after this event, as if some restraint upon his pent-up malevolence had been removed, the older

Nichols manifested the most active hostility toward the Lovegroves; and to his persevering enmity it was generally attributed that Mr. Sandars had availed himself of the power of sale inserted in the mortgage deed, to cast his unfortunate debtor helpless and homeless upon the world.

Sadly passed away the weary, darkening days with the young couple after the old man's death. The expenses of his long illness had swept away the little money saved from the wreck of the farm; and it required the sacrifice of Edward's watch and some silver teaspoons to defray the cost of a decent funeral. At last, spite of the thriftiest economy, all was gone, and they were penniless.

"You have nothing to purchase breakfast with to-morrow, have you, Mary?" said the husband, after partaking of a scanty tea. The mother had feigned only to eat: little Edward, whose curly head was lying in her lap as he sat asleep on a low stool beside her, had her share.

"Not a farthing," she replied, mildly, even cheerfully, and the glance of her gentle eyes was hopeful and kind as ever. "But, bear up, Edward: we have still the furniture; and were that sold at once, it would enable us to reach London, where, you know, so many people have made fortunes, who arrived there as poor as we."

"Something must be done, that is certain," replied the husband. "We have not yet received an answer from Salisbury about the porter's place I have applied for."

"No; but I would rather, for your sake, Edward, that you filled such a situation at some place further off, where you were not so well known."

Edward Lovegrove sighed, and, presently, rising from his chair, walked toward a chest of drawers that stood at the further end of the room. His wife, who guessed his intention—for the matter had been already more than once hinted at—followed him with a tearful, apprehensive glance. Her husband played tolerably well—wonderfully in the wife's opinion—upon the flute, and a few weeks after their marriage, her mother had purchased and presented him with a very handsome one with silver keys. He used, in the old time, to accompany his wife in the simple ballads she sang so sweetly—and now this last memorial of the past, linked as it was with tender and pious memories, must be parted with! Edward Lovegrove had not looked at it for months: his life, of late so out of tune, would have made harsh discord of its music; and as he took it from the case, and, from the mere force of habit, moistened the joints, and placed the pieces together, a flood of bitterness swelled his heart to think that this solace of "lang syne" must be sacrificed to their hard necessities. He blew a few tremulous and imperfect notes, which awakened the little boy, who was immediately clamorous that mammy should sing, and daddy play, as they used to do.

"Shall we try, Mary," said the husband, "to please the child?" Poor Mary bowed her head: her heart was too full to speak. The flutist played the prelude to a favorite air several times over, before his wife could sufficiently command her voice to commence the song, and she had not reached the end of the second line when she stopped, choked with emotion, and burst into an agony of tears.

"It is useless trying, Mary," said Edward Lovegrove, soothingly, as he rose and put by the flute. "I will to bed at once, for to and from Christchurch, where I must dispose of it, is a long walk." He kissed his wife and child, and went up-stairs. The mother followed soon afterward, put her boy to rest, and after looking wistfully for a few moments at the worn and haggard features of her husband as he lay asleep, re-descended the stairs, and busied herself with some necessary household work.

As she was thus employed, a slight tap at the little back window struck her ear, and, looking sharply round, she recognized the pale, uncouth features of Symons, lawyer Nichols' deformed clerk and errand-man, who was eagerly beckoning her to open the casement. This was the person of whom Ephraim Lovegrove had spoken just previous to his death. Symons, who had never known father or mother, had passed his infancy and early boyhood in the parish workhouse, from whence he had passed into the service of Mr. Nichols, who, finding him useful, and of some capacity, had retained him in his employ to the present time, but at so bare a stipend, as hardly sufficed to keep body and soul together. Poor Symons was a meek, enduring drudge, used to the mocks and buffets of the world; and except under the influence of strong excitement, hardly dared to rebel or murmur, even in spirit. His acquaintance with the Lovegrove family arose from his being placed in possession of the furniture and stock of Bursley Farm, under a writ of *fi. fa.* issued by Nichols. On the day the inventory was taken, in preparation for the sale, a heavy piece of timber, which he was assisting to measure, fell upon his left foot, and severely crushed it. From his master he received only a malediction for his awkwardness; but young Mrs. Lovegrove—not so much absorbed in her own grief as to be indifferent to the sufferings of others—had him brought carefully into the house, and herself tended his painful hurt with the gentlest care and compassion, and ultimately effected a thorough cure. This kindness to a slighted, deformed being, who, before, had scarcely comprehended the meaning of the word, powerfully effected Symons; and he had since frequently endeavored, in his shy, awkward way, to testify the deep gratitude he felt toward his benefactress, of whose present extreme poverty he, in common with every other inhabitant of the scattered hamlet, had, of course, become fully cognizant. Charity Symons—the parish authorities had so named him, in order, doubtless

that however high he might eventually rise in the world, he should never ungratefully forget his origin—beckoned, as I have said, eagerly to the lone woman, and the instant she opened the casement, he thrust a rather heavy bag into her hand.

"For you," he said, hurriedly: "I got it for next to nothing of Tom Stares; but mind, not a word! God bless and reward you!" and before Mrs. Lovegrove could answer a word, or comprehend what was meant, he had disappeared.

On opening the bag, the surprised and affrighted woman found that it contained a fine hen-peasant and a hare! No wonder she was alarmed at finding herself in possession of such articles; for in those good old days game could not be lawfully sold or purchased; and unless it could be distinctly proved that it came by gift from a qualified killer, its simple possession was a punishable offense. This pheasant and hare had doubtless been poached by Tom Stares, a notorious offender against the game-laws; but what was to be done? Spite of all the laws that were enacted upon the subject, the peasant and farmer intellect of England could never be made to attach a moral delinquency to the unauthorized killing of game. A dangerous occupation, leading to no possible good, and, eventually, sure to result in evil to the transgressor, prudent men agreed it was; but as for confounding the stealing of a wooden spoon, worth a penny, with the snaring of a hare, worth, perhaps, five shillings—that never entered any body's head. And thus it happened that Mrs. Lovegrove, though conscious that the hare and bird had been illegally obtained, felt nothing of the instinctive horror and shame that would have mantled her forehead, had she been made the recipient of a stolen three-penny-worth of cheese or bacon. She recalled to mind the journey her husband must take in the morning—he, weak, haggard for want of food—of which here was an abundant present supply: her boy, too, who had twice at tea-time, ere he fell asleep, asked vainly for more bread! As these bitter thoughts glanced through her brain, a sharp double rap at the door caused her to start like a guilty thing, and then hastily undo her apron, and throw it over the betraying present. The door was not locked, and the postman, impatient of delay, lifted the latch, and stepped into the room. Was he soon enough to observe what was on the table? Mary Lovegrove would have thought so, but for the unconcerned, indifferent aspect of the man as he presented a letter, and said, "It's prepaid: all right;" and without further remark, went away. The anxious and nervous woman trembled so much, that she could hardly break the seal of the letter; and the words, as she strove to make out the cramped hand by the brilliant moonlight, danced confusedly before her eyes. At last she was able to read. The letter was from Salisbury and announced that Mr. Brodie "regret-

ted to say, as he had known and respected the late Ephraim Lovegrove, that he had engaged a person to fill the situation which had been vacant, a few hours previous to his receiving Edward Lovegrove's application." That plank, then, had sunk under them like all the rest! A hard world, she thought, and but little entitled to obedience or respect from the wretches trampled down in its iron course. Edward should not, at all events, depart foodless on his morning's errand; neither should her boy lack breakfast. On this she was now determined, and with shaking hands and flushed cheek, she hastily set about preparing the bird for the morning meal—a weak and criminal act, if you will; but a mother seldom reasons when her child lacks food: she only feels.

Edward Lovegrove very easily reconciled himself to the savory breakfast which awaited him in the morning; and he and his son were doing ample justice to it—the wife, though faint with hunger, could not touch a morsel—when the latch of the door suddenly lifted, and in hurried Thompson the miller, and chief constable of the Hundred, followed by an assistant. A faint scream escaped from Mrs. Lovegrove, and a fierce oath broke from her husband's lips, as they recognized the new-comers, and too readily divined their errand.

"A charming breakfast, upon my word!" exclaimed the constable, laughing. "Roasted pheasant—no less! Our information was quite correct, it appears."

"What is the meaning of this, and what do you seek here?" exclaimed Edward Lovegrove.

"You and this game, of which we are informed you are unlawfully possessed. I hope," added the constable, a feeling, good sort of man—"I hope you will be able to prove both this half-eaten pheasant and the hare I see hanging yonder were presented to you by some person having a right to make such gifts?"

A painful and embarrassing pause ensued. It would have been useless, as far as themselves were concerned, to have named Charity Symons, even had Lovegrove or his wife been disposed to subject him to the penalties of the law and the anger of his employer.

"After all," observed the constable, who saw how matters stood, "it is but a money penalty."

"A money penalty!" exclaimed Lovegrove. "It is imprisonment—ruin—starvation for my wife and child. Look at these bare walls—these threadbare garments—and say if it can mean any thing else!"

"I am sorry for it," rejoined Thompson. "The penalty is a considerable one: five pounds for each head of game, with costs; and I am afraid, if Sir John Devereux's agent—lawyer Nichols—presses the charge, in default of payment, six months' imprisonment! Sir John's preserves have suffered greatly of late."

"It is that rascal, that robber Nichols' doing then!" fiercely exclaimed Lovegrove. "I

might have guessed so; but if I don't pay him off both for old and new one of these days—"

"Tut—tut!" interrupted the constable: "it's no use calling names, nor uttering threats we don't mean to perform. Perhaps matters may turn out better than you think. In the mean time you must appear before Squire Digby, and so must your hare and what remains of your breakfast."

Arrived before the magistrate, the prisoner, taken in "*flagrant délit*," had of course no valid defense to offer. The justice remarked upon the enormity of the offense committed, and regretted, exceedingly that he could not at once convict and punish the delinquent; but as the statute required that two magistrates should concur in the conviction, the case would be adjourned till that day week, when a petty sessions would be held. In the mean time he should require bail in ten pounds for the prisoner's appearance. This would have been tantamount to a sentence of immediate imprisonment, had not the constable, who had been formerly intimate with the Lovegroves, stepped forward and said, that if the prisoner would give him his word that he would not abscond, he would bail him. This was done, and the necessary formalities complete, the husband and wife took their sad way homeward.

What was now to be done? Their furniture, if sold at its highest value, would barely discharge the penalties incurred, and they would be homeless, penniless, utterly without resource? The wife wept bitterly, accusing herself as the cause of this utter ruin; her husband indulged in fierce and senseless abuse of Nichols, and in a paroxysm of fury seized a sheet of letter-paper, tore it hastily in halves, and scribbled a letter to the attorney full of threats of the direst vengeance. This crazy epistle he signed 'A Ruined Man,' and without pausing to reflect on what he was doing, dispatched his little boy to the post-office with it. This mad proceeding appeared to have somewhat relieved him: he grew calmer, strove to console his wife, went out and obtained credit at the chandler's—the first time they had made such a request—for a few necessities; and after a short interval, the unfortunate couple were once more discussing their sad prospects with calmness and partially-renewed hope. More than once Edward Lovegrove wished he had not sent the letter to Nichols; but he said nothing to his wife about it, and she, it afterward appeared, had been so pre-occupied at the time, as not to heed or inquire to whom or of what he was writing.

On the third day after Edward Lovegrove's appearance before the magistrate, he set off about noon for Christchurch, in order to dispose of his flute—a sacrifice which could no longer be delayed. It was growing late, and his wife was sitting up in impatient expectation of his return, when an alarm of "Fire" was raised, and it was announced that a wheat-rick belonging to Nichols, who farmed in a small way,

was in flames. Many of the villagers hastened to the spot; but the fire, by the time they arrived, had been effectually got under, and after hanging about the premises a short time, they turned homeward. Edward Lovegrove joined a party of them, and incidentally remarked that he had been to Christchurch, where he had met young Nichols, and had some rough words with him: on his return, the young man had passed him on horseback when about two miles distant from the elder Nichols' house, and just as he (Lovegrove) neared the attorney's premises, the rick burst into flames. This relation elicited very little remark at the time, and bidding his companion good-night, Lovegrove hastened home.

"The constables are looking for you," said a young woman, abruptly entering the chandler's shop, whither Edward Lovegrove had proceeded the following morning to discharge the trifling debt he had incurred.

"For me?" exclaimed the startled young man.

"Yes, for you;" and, added the girl with a meaning look and whisper, "*if you were near the fire last night, I would advise you to make yourself scarce for a time.*"

Her words conveyed no definite meaning to Edward Lovegrove's mind. The fire! Constables after him! He left the shop, and took with hasty steps, his way to the cottage, distant over the fields about a quarter of a mile.

"Lawyer Nichols' fire," he muttered as he hurried along. "Surely they do not mean to accuse me of that!"

The sudden recollection of the threatening letter he had sent glanced across and smote, as with the stroke of a dagger, upon his brain. "Good God! to what have I exposed myself?"

His agitation was excessive; and at the instant the constables, who had been to his home in search of him, turned the corner of a path, a few paces ahead, and came full upon him. In his confusion and terror he turned to flee, but so weakly and irresolutely, that he was almost immediately overtaken and secured.

"I would not have believed this of you, Edward Lovegrove," exclaimed the constable.

"Believed what?" ejaculated the bewildered man.

"That you would have tried to revenge yourself on Lawyer Nichols by such a base, dastardly trick. But it's not my business to reproach you, and the less *you* say the better. Come along."

As they passed on toward the magistrate's house, an eager and curious crowd gradually collected and accompanied them; and just as they reached Digby Hall, a distant convulsive scream, and his name frantically pronounced by a voice which the prisoner but too well recognized, told him that his wife had heard of his capture, and was hurrying to join him. He drew back, but his captors urged him impatiently on; the hall-door was slammed in the faces

of the crowd, and he found himself in the presence of the magistrate and the elder Nichols.

The attorney, who appeared to be strongly agitated, deposed in substance that the prisoner had been seen by his son near his premises a few minutes before the fire burst out; that he had abused and assaulted young Mr. Nichols but a few hours previously in the market at Christchurch; and that he had himself received a threatening letter, which he now produced, only two days before, and which he believed to be in the prisoner's handwriting—

The prisoner, bewildered by terror, eagerly denied that he wrote the letter.

This unfortunate denial was easily disposed of, by the production, by the constable, of a half sheet of letter-paper found in the cottage, the ragged edge of which precisely fitted that of the letter. Edward Lovegrove would have been fully committed at once, but that the magistrate thought it desirable that the deposition of Arthur Nichols should be first formally taken. This course was reluctantly acquiesced in by the prosecutor, and the prisoner was remanded to the next day.

The dismay of Charity Symons, when he found that his well-intentioned present had only brought additional suffering upon the Lovegroves, was intense and bitter; but how to help them he knew not. He had half made up his mind to obtain—no matter by what means—a sight of certain papers which he had long dimly suspected would make strange revelations upon matters affecting Mary Lovegrove, when the arrest of her husband on a charge of incendiarism thoroughly determined him to risk the expedient he had long hesitatingly contemplated. The charge, he was quite satisfied in his own mind, was an atrocious fabrication, strongly as circumstances seemed to color and confirm it.

The clerk, as he sat that afternoon in the office silently pursuing his ill-paid drudgery, noticed that his employer was strangely ill at ease. He was restless, and savagely impatient of the slightest delay on the most necessary question. Evening fell early—it was now near the end of October, and Symons with a respectful bow, left the office. A few minutes afterward, the attorney having carefully locked his desk, iron chest, &c., and placed the keys in his pocket, followed.

Two hours had elapsed, when Symons re-entered the house by the back way, walked through the kitchen, softly ascended the stairs, and groped his way to the inner, private office. There was no moon, and he dared not light a candle; but the faint starlight fortunately enabled him to move about without stumbling or noise. He mounted the office steps, and inserted the edge of a sharp broad chisel between the lock and the lid of a heavy iron-bound box marked 'C.' The ease and suddenness with which the lid yielded to the powerful effort he applied to it, overthrew his balance, and he with difficulty saved himself from falling on the

floor. The box was not locked, and on putting his hand into it, he discovered that it was entirely empty! The tell-tale papers had been removed, probably destroyed! At the moment Symons made this exasperating discovery, the sound of approaching footsteps struck upon his startled senses, and shaking with fright, he had barely time to descend the steps, and coop himself up in a narrow cupboard under one of the desks, when the Nicholises, father and son, entered the office—the former with a candle in his hand.

"We are private here," said the father in a low, guarded voice; "and I tell you you *must* listen to reason.

"I don't like it a bit," rejoined the young man. "It's a cowardly, treacherous business; and as for swearing I saw him near the fire when it so strangely burst out, I won't do it at any price."

"Listen to me, you foolish, headstrong boy," retorted the elder Nichols, "before you decide on beggary for yourself, and ruin—the gallows, perhaps, for me."

"Wh-e-e-e-w! Why, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you. You already know that Mary Woodhouse married Robert Clarke against his uncle's consent; you also know that Robert Clarke died about five years after the marriage, and that the seventy pounds a year which the uncle allowed his nephew to keep him from starvation was continued to be paid through me to his widow."

"Yes, I have heard all this before."

"But you do *not* know," continued the attorney in an increasingly-agitated voice, "that about six years after Robert Clarke's death, the uncle so far relented toward the widow and daughter—though he would never see either of them—as to increase the annuity to two hundred pounds, and that at his death, four years since, he bequeathed Mrs. Clarke five hundred pounds per annum, with succession to her daughter: all of which sums, I, partly on account of your riot and extravagance, have appropriated."

"Good heaven, what a horrible affair! What would you have me do?"

"I have told you. The dread of discovery has destroyed my health, and poisoned my existence. Were he once out of the country, his wife would doubtless follow him; detection would be difficult; conviction, as I will manage it, impossible.

There was more said to the same effect; and the son, at the close of a long and troubled colloquy, departed, after promising to "consider of it."

He had been gone but a few minutes; the elder Nichols was silently meditating the perilous position in which he had placed himself when a noiseless step approached him from behind, and a heavy hand was suddenly placed upon his shoulder. He started wildly to his feet, and confronted the stern and triumphant glance of the once humble and submissive

Charity Symons. The suddenness of the shock overcame him, and he fainted.

Mary Lovegrove, whose child had sobbed itself to sleep, was sitting in solitude and darkness in the lower room of the cottage, her head bowed in mute and tearless agony upon the table, when, as on a previous evening, a tap at the back window challenged her attention. It was once more Charity Symons. "What do you here again?" exclaimed the wretched wife with some asperity of tone: "you no doubt intended well; but you have nevertheless ruined, destroyed me."

"Not so," rejoined the deformed clerk, his pale, uncouth, but expressive features gleaming with wild exultation in the clear starlight. "God has at last enabled me to requite your kindness to a condemned outcast. Fear not for to-morrow. Your husband is safe, and you are rich." With these words he vanished.

On the next morning a letter was placed in the magistrate's hands from Mr. Nichols, stating that circumstances had come to the writer's knowledge which convinced him that Edward Lovegrove was entirely innocent of the offense imputed to him; that the letter, which he had destroyed, bore quite another meaning from that which he had first attributed to it; and that he consequently abandoned the prosecution. On further inquiry, it was found that the attorney had left his house late the preceding night, accompanied by his son, had walked to Christchurch, and from thence set off post for London. His property and the winding up of his affairs had been legally confided to his late clerk. Under these circumstances the prisoner was of course immediately discharged; and after a private interview with Symons, returned in joy and gladness to his now temporary home. He was accompanied by the noisy felicitations of his neighbors, to whom his liberation and sudden accession to a considerable fortune had become at the same moment known. As he held his passionately-weeping wife in his arms, and gazed with grateful emotion in her tearful but rejoicing eyes, he whispered, "That kind act of yours toward the despised hunchback has saved me, and enriched our child. 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!'"

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE GAMBLERS OF THE RHINE.

IN literature, in science, in art, we find Germany quite on a level with the present age. She has produced men and books equal to the men and books of England or France, as the names of Goethe, Schiller, Humboldt, Liebig, and a score of others bear testimony. But while in poetry, philosophy, and science, she is on a par with the best portions of modern Europe; in politics—in the practical science of government—she is an indefinite number of centuries behindhand. Governmentally, she is now where the English were during the Saxon Heptarchy, with seven or more kingdoms in a space that

might be well governed by one sceptre. Where she might get along very well with two, she has a dozen petty kings, and petty courts, and petty national debts, and petty pension-lists, and paltry debased and confusing coinages, and petty cabals, quarrels, and intermixture of contending interests.

Out of this division of territory arises, of course, a number of small poor princes; and as poor princes do not like to work hard when their pockets are low, we find them busy with the schemes, shifts, and contrivances, common from time immemorial with penniless people who have large appetites for pleasure, small stomachs for honest work—real, living, reigning dukes though they be, they have added to the royal "businesses" to which they were born, little private speculations for the encouragement of *rouge et noir* and *roulette*. These small princes have, in fact, turned gambling house keepers—hell-keepers, in the vulgar but expressive slang of a London police court—proprietors of establishments where the vicious and the unwary, the greedy hawk and the silly pigeon, congregate, the one to plunder and the other to be plucked. That which has been expelled from huge London, as too great an addition to its vice, or, if not quite expelled, is carried on with iron-barred doors, unequal at times to protect its followers from the police and the infamy of exposure—that which has been outlawed from the Palais Royal and Paris, as too bad even for the lax morality of a most free-living city—that huge vice which caters to the low senses of cunning and greediness, and tempts men to lose fortune, position, character, even hope, in the frantic excitements of, perhaps, one desperate night—such a vice is housed in fine buildings raised near mineral springs, surrounded by beautiful gardens, enlivened by music, and sanctioned by the open patronage of petty German princes holding sway in the valley watered by the Rhine. In fact, unscrupulous speculators are found to carry on German gaming-tables at German spas, paying the sovereign of the country certain thousands of pounds a year for the privilege of fleecing the public.

The weakened in body are naturally weakened in mental power. The weak in body are promised health by "taking the waters" at a German bath. The early hours, the pleasant walks, the good music, the promised economy, are inducements. The weakened mind wants more occupation than it finds, for these places are very monotonous, and the gaming-table is placed by the sovereign of the country in a noble room—the *Kursaal*, to afford excitement to the visitor, and profits—the profits of infamy—to himself.

There are grades in these great gaming-houses for Europe. Taking them in the order in which they are reached from Cologne, it may be said that Wiesbaden is the first town, having very pleasant environs, and the least play. The Grand Duke of Nassau, therefore, has

probably the smallest share of the gaming-table booty.

Homburg which comes next in order, is far more out of reach, is smaller, duller—it is indeed very, very dreary—and has to keep its gaming-tables going all the year round, to make up the money paid by the lessees of the gambling-house to the duke. The range of the Taunus is at the back of the “town” (a village about as large, imposing, and lively as Hounslow), and affords its chief attraction. The rides are agreeable, if the visitor has a good horse—a difficult thing to get in that locality—and is fond of trotting up steep hills, and then ambling down again. In beauty of position, and other attractions, it is very far below both Wiesbaden and Baden.

Baden-Baden is the third, and certainly most beautiful of these German gambling-towns. The town nestles, as it were, in a sheltered valley, opening among the hills of the Black Forest. In summer its aspect is very picturesque and pleasant; but it looks as if in winter it must be very damp and liable to the atmosphere which provokes the growth of *goitre*. At Baden there is said to be more play than at the other two places put together. From May till the end of September, *roulette* and *rouge et noir*—the mutter of the man who deals the cards, and the rattle of the marble—are never still. The profits of the table at this place are very large. The man who had them some years ago retired with an immense fortune; and one of his successors came from the Palais Royal when public gaming was forbidden in Paris, and was little less successful than his predecessor. The permanent residents at Baden could alone form any idea of the sums netted, and only such of those as were living near the bankers. They could scarcely avoid seeing the bags of silver, five franc pieces chiefly, that passed between the gaming-tables and the bank. A profit of one thousand pounds a fortnight was thought a sign of a bad season; and so it must have been, when it is calculated that the gambling-table keeper paid the duke a clear four thousand pounds a year as the regal share of the plunder, and agreed to spend two thousand a year in decorating the town of Baden. The play goes on in a noble hall called the Conversations House, decorated with frescoes and fitted up most handsomely. This building stands in a fine ornamental garden, with green lawns and fine avenues of tall trees; and all this has been paid for by the profits of *roulette* and *rouge et noir*. Seeing this, it may cause surprise that people play at all; yet the fascination is so great that, once within its influence, good resolutions and common sense seem alike unequal to resistance. All seems fair enough, and some appear to win, and then self-love suggests, “Oh, my luck will surely carry me through!” The game is so arranged that some win and some lose every game, the table having, it is said, only a small percentage of chance in its favor. These chances are

avowedly greater at *roulette* than at *rouge et noir*, but at both it is practically shown that the player, in the long run, always loses. It is whispered that, contrary to the schoolboy maxim, cheating *does* thrive at German baths; and those who have watched the matter closely, say a Dutch banker won every season by following a certain plan. He waited till he saw a heavy stake upon the table, and then backed the other side. He always won.

Go into one of the rooms at any of these places, and whom do you see? The off-scourings of European cities—professional gamblers, ex-officers of all sorts of armies; portionless younger brothers; pensioners; old men and old women who have outlived all other excitements; a multitude of silly gulls, attracted by the waters, or the music, or the fascination of play; and a sprinkling of passing tourists, who come—“just look in on their way,” generally to be disappointed—often to be fleeced. Young and handsome women are not very often seen playing. Gaming is a vice reserved for middle age. While hearts are to be won, dollars are not worth playing for. Cards, and rouge, and dyspepsy seem to be nearly allied, if we may judge by the specimens of humanity seen at the baths of Wiesbaden, Homburg, and Baden. The players—and player and loser are almost synonymous terms—are generally thin and anxious; the bankers, fat and stolid. As the brass whirls round, the table-keeper has the look of a quiet bloated spider, seemingly passionless, but with an eye that glances over every chance on the board. At his side see an elderly man, pale and thin, the muscles of whose lower jaw are twitching spasmodically, yet with jaded, forced resignation, he loses his last five pounds. Next him is a woman highly dressed, with false hair and teeth, and a great deal of paint. She has a card in her hand, on which she pricks the numbers played, and thus flatters herself she learns the best chances to take. Next to her see one of the most painful sights these places display. A father, mother, and young girl are all trying their fortune; the parents giving money to the child that they “may have her good luck,” reckless of the fatal taste they are implanting in her mind. Next is a Jew, looking all sorts of agonies, and one may fancy he knows he is losing in an hour, what it has cost him years of cunning and self-denial to amass. And so on, round the table, we find ill-dressed and well dressed Germans, French, Russians, English, Yankees, Irish, mixed up together, in one eager crowd; thirsting to gain gold without giving value in return; risking what they have in an insane contest which they know has destroyed thousands before them; losing their money, and winning disgust, despondency, and often despair and premature death. Never a year is said to go by without its complement of ruined fools and hasty suicides. The neighboring woods afford a convenient shelter; and a trigger, or a handkerchief and a bough, complete the tragedy

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE CONFLICT OF LOVE—A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

IN the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, is situated a small, obscure town. It is surrounded by high fortifications, which seem ready to crush the mean houses in the centre. Inclosed, so to speak, in a net-work of walls, the poor little town has never sent a suburb to wander on the smooth green turf outside; but as the population increased, new streets sprang up within the boundary, crowding the already narrow space, and giving to the whole the aspect of some huge prison.

The climate of the north of France during half the year is usually damp and gloomy. I shall never forget the sensation of sadness which I felt when obliged by circumstances to leave the gay, sunny south, and take up my abode for a while in the town I have described. Every day I walked out; and in order to reach the nearest gate, I had to pass through a narrow lane, so very steep, that steps were cut across it in order to render the ascent less difficult. Traversing this disagreeable alley, it happened one day that my eyes rested on a mean-looking, gray-colored house, which stood detached from the others. Seldom, indeed, could a ray of sunshine light up its small, green-paned windows, and penetrate the interior of its gloomy apartments. During the winter the frozen snow on the steps made it so dangerous to pass through the narrow alley, that its slippery pavement seemed quite deserted. I do not remember to have met a single person there in the course of my daily walk; and my eye used to rest with compassion on the silent gray house. "I hope," thought I, "that its inhabitants are old—it would be fearful to be young there!" Spring came; and in the narrow lane the ice changed into moisture; then the damp gradually dried up, and a few blades of grass began to appear beneath the rampart wall. Even in this gloomy passage there were tokens of awakening life, but the gray house remained silent and sad as before. Passing by it, as usual, in the beginning of June, I remarked, placed on the window-sill of the open casement, a glass containing a bunch of violets. "Ah," thought I, "there is a soul here!"

To love flowers, one must either be young, or have preserved the memories of youth. The enjoyment of their perfume implies something ideal and refined; and among the poor a struggle between the necessities of the body and the instincts of the soul. I looked at the violets with a feeling of sadness, thinking that they probably formed the single solace of some weary life. The next day I returned. Even in that gloomy place the sweet rejoicing face of summer had appeared, and dissipated the chill silence of the air. Birds were twittering, insects humming, and one of the windows in the old gray house was wide open.

Seated near it was a woman working busily with her needle. It would be difficult to tell her age, for the pallor and sadness of her countenance might have been caused as much by sorrow as by years, and her cheek was shadowed by a profusion of rich dark hair. She was thin, and her fingers were long and white. She wore a simple brown dress, a black apron, and white collar; and I remarked the sweet, though fading bunch of violets carefully placed within the folds of her kerchief. Her eyes met mine, and she gently inclined her head. I then saw more distinctly that she had just reached the limit which separates youth from mature age. She had suffered, but probably without a struggle, without a murmur—perhaps without a tear. Her countenance was calm and resigned, but it was the stillness of death. I fancied she was like a drooping flower, which, without being broken, bends noiselessly toward the earth.

Every day I saw her in the same place, and, without speaking, we exchanged a salutation. On Sundays I missed her, and concluded that she walked into the country, for each Monday a fresh bunch of violets appeared in the window. I conjectured that she was poor, working at embroidery for her support; and I discovered that she was not alone in the house, for one day a somewhat impatient voice called "Ursula!" and she rose hastily. The tone was not that of a master, neither did she obey the summons after the manner of a servant, but with an expression of heartfelt readiness; yet the voice breathed no affection; and I thought that Ursula perchance was not loved by those with whom she lived.

Time passed on, and our silent intimacy increased. At length each day I gathered some fresh flowers, and placed them on the window-sill. Ursula blushed, and took them with a gentle, grateful smile. Clustering in her girdle, and arranged within her room, they brought summer to the old gray house. It happened one evening that as I was returning through the alley a sudden storm of rain came on. Ursula darted toward the door, caught my hand as I was passing, and drew me into the narrow passage which led to her room. Then the poor girl clasped both my hands in hers, and murmured, softly, "Thanks!" It was the first time I had heard her voice, and I entered her apartment. It was a large, low room, with a red-tiled floor, furnished with straw chairs ranged along the walls. Being lighted by only one small window, it felt damp and gloomy. Ursula was right to seat herself close by the casement to seek a little light and air. I understood the reason of her paleness—it was not that she had lost the freshness of youth, but that she had never possessed it. She was bleached like a flower that has blossomed in the shade.

In the farthest corner of the room, seated on arm-chairs, were two persons, an old man and woman. The latter was knitting without looking at her work—she was blind. The man

was unemployed: he gazed vacantly at his companion without a ray of intelligence in his face: it was evident that he had overpassed the ordinary limit of human life, and that now his body alone existed. Sometimes in extreme old age the mind, as though irritated by its long captivity, tries to escape from its prison, and in its efforts, breaks the harmonious chord that links them together. It chafes against the shattered walls; it has not taken flight, but it feels itself no longer in a place of rest.

These, then, were the inhabitants of the silent gray house—a blind old woman, an imbecile old man, and a young girl faded before her time by the sadness and gloom that surrounded her! Her life had been a blank; each year had borne away some portion of her youth, her beauty, and her hope, and left her nothing but silence and oblivion. I often returned to visit Ursula, and one day, while I sat next her in the window, she told me the simple story of her life.

"I was born," said she, "in this house, and I have never quitted it; but my parents are not natives of this country—they came here as strangers, without either friends or relatives. When they married, they were already advanced in life; for I can not remember them ever being young. My mother became blind, and this misfortune rendered her melancholy and austere; so that our house was enveloped in gloom. I was never permitted to sing, or play, or make the slightest noise: very rarely did I receive a caress. Yet my parents loved me: they never told me that they did; but I judged their hearts by my own, and I felt that I loved them. My days were not always as solitary as they are now; I had a sister"—Her eyes filled with tears, but they did not overflow; they were wont to remain hidden in the depths of her heart. After a few moments, she continued—"I had an elder sister: like our mother, she was grave and silent, but toward me she was tender and affectionate. We loved each other dearly, and shared between us the cares which our parents required. We never enjoyed the pleasure of rambling together through the fields, or one always remained at home; but whichever of us went out, brought flowers to the other, and talked to her of the sun, and the trees, and the fresh air. In the evenings we worked together by the light of a lamp; we could not converse much, for our parents used to slumber by our side; but whenever we looked up, we could see a loving smile on each other's face; and we went to repose in the same room, never lying down without saying 'Good-night! I hope, dear sister, you will sleep well!' Was it not a trial to part? Yet I do not murmur: Martha is happy in heaven. I know not if it was the want of air and exercise, or the dull monotony of her life, which caused the commencement of Martha's illness, but I saw her gradually languish and fade. I alone was disquieted by it; my mother did not see her, and she never complained. With much difficulty I

at length prevailed on my sister to see a physician. Alas! nothing could be done: she lingered for a time, and then died. The evening before her death, as I was seated by her bed, she clasped my hand between her trembling ones: 'Adieu! my poor Ursula!' she said: 'take courage, and watch well over our father and mother. They love us, Ursula; they love us, although they do not often say so. Take care of your health for their sake; you can not die before them. Adieu! sister: don't weep for me too much, but pray to our heavenly Father. We shall meet again, Ursula!' Three days afterward, Martha was borne away in her coffin, and I remained alone with my parents. When my mother first heard of my sister's death, she uttered a loud cry, sprang up, took a few hasty steps across the room, and then fell on the ground. I raised her up, and led her back to her arm-chair. Since then she has not wept, but she is more silent than before, save that her lips move in secret prayer. I have little more to tell. My father became completely imbecile, and at the same time we lost nearly the whole of our little property. I have succeeded in concealing this loss from my parents; making money for their support by selling my embroidery. I have no one to speak to since my sister's death; I love books, but I have no time for reading—I must work. It is only on Sunday that I breathe the fresh air; and I do not walk far, as I am alone. Some years since, when I was very young, I used to dream while I sat in this window. I peopled the solitude with a thousand visions which brightened the dark hours. Now a sort of numbness has fallen on my thoughts—I dream no more. While I was young, I used to hope for some change in my destiny; now I am twenty-nine years old, and sorrow has chastened my spirit: I no longer hope or fear. In this place I shall finish my lonely days. Do not think that I have found resignation without a conflict. There were times when my heart revolted at living without being loved, but I thought of Martha's gentle words, 'We shall meet again, sister!' and I found peace. Now I often pray—I seldom weep. And you, madam—are you happy?"

I did not answer this question of Ursula's. Speaking to her of happiness would be like talking of an ungrateful friend to one whom he has deserted.

Some months afterward, on a fine autumn morning, as I was preparing to go to Ursula, I received a visit from a young officer who had lately joined the garrison. He was the son of an old friend of my husband's, and we both felt a lively interest in his welfare. Seeing me prepared for a walk, he offered his arm, and we proceeded toward the dwelling of Ursula. I chanced to speak of her; and as the young officer, whom I shall call Maurice d'Erval, seemed to take an interest in her story. I related it to him as we walked slowly along. When we reached the old gray house he looked

at her with pity and respect, saluted her, and withdrew. Ursula, startled at the presence of a stranger, blushed slightly. At that moment she looked almost beautiful. I know not what vague ideas crossed my brain, but I looked at her, and then, without speaking, I drew the rich bands of her hair into a more becoming form, I took a narrow black velvet collar off my own neck, and passed it round hers, and I arranged a few brilliant flowers in her girdle. Ursula smiled without understanding why I did so: her smile always pained me—there is nothing more sad than the smile of the unhappy. They seem to smile for others, not for themselves. Many days passed without my seeing Maurice d'Erval, and many more before chance led us together near the old gray house.

It was on our return from a country excursion with a large gay party. On entering the town, we all dispersed in different directions: I took the arm of Maurice, and led him toward Ursula's abode. It was one of those soft, calm autumn evenings, when the still trees are colored by the rays of the setting sun, and every thing breathes repose. It is a time when the soul is softened, when we become better, when we feel ready to weep without the bitterness of sorrow. Ursula, as usual, was seated in the window. A slanting ray of sunshine falling on her head lent an unwonted lustre to her dark hair: her eyes brightened when she saw me, and she smiled her own sad smile. Her sombre dress showed to advantage her slender, gracefully-bending figure, and a bunch of violets, her favorite flower, was fastened in her bosom. There was something in the whole appearance of Ursula which suited harmoniously the calm, sad beauty of the evening, and my companion felt it. As we approached, he fixed his eyes on the poor girl, who, timid as a child of fifteen, hung down her head, and blushed deeply. Maurice stopped, exchanged a few words with us both, and then took his leave. But from that time he constantly passed through the narrow alley, and paused each time for a moment to salute Ursula. One day, accompanied by me, he entered her house.

There are hearts in this world so unaccustomed to hope, that they can not comprehend happiness when it comes to them. Enveloped in her sadness, which, like a thick veil, hid from her sight all external things, Ursula neither saw nor understood. She remained under the eyes of Maurice as under mine—dejected and resigned. As to the young man, I could not clearly make out what was passing in his mind. It was not love for Ursula, at least so I thought, but it was that tender pity which is nearly allied to it. The romantic soul of Maurice pleased itself in the atmosphere of sadness which surrounded Ursula. Gradually they began to converse; and in sympathizing with each other on the misery of life, they experienced that happiness whose existence they denied. Months passed on; the pleasant spring came back again; and

one evening, while walking with a large party, Maurice d'Erval drew me aside, and after some indifferent remarks, said, "Does not the most exalted happiness consist in making others share it with you? Is there not great sweetness in imparting joy to one who would otherwise pass a life of tears?" I looked at him anxiously without speaking. "Yes," said he, "dear friend, go ask Ursula if she will marry me!"

An exclamation of joy was my reply, and I hurried toward the gray house. I found Ursula, as usual, seated at her work. Solitude, silence, and the absence of all excitement had lulled her spirit into a sort of drowsiness. She did not suffer; she even smiled languidly when I appeared, but this was the only sign of animation she displayed. I feared not giving a sudden shock to this poor paralyzed soul, or stirring it into a violent tumult of happiness: I wanted to see if the mental vigor was extinct, or merely dormant. I placed my chair next hers, I took both her hands in mine, and fixing my eyes on hers, I said, "Ursula, Maurice d'Erval has desired me to ask you if you will be his wife!"

The girl was struck as if with a thunderbolt; her eyes beamed through the tears that filled them, and her blood, rushing through the veins, mantled richly beneath her skin. Her chest heaved, her heart beat almost audibly, and her hands grasped mine with a convulsive pressure. Ursula had only slumbered, and now the voice of love awakened her. She loved suddenly: hitherto she might, perchance, have loved unwittingly, but now the veil was rent, and she knew that she loved.

After a few moments, she passed her hand across her forehead, and said, in a low voice, "No: it is not possible!"

I simply repeated the same phrase, "Maurice d'Erval asks you if you will be his wife," in order to accustom her to the sound of the words, which, like the notes of a harmonious chord, formed for her, poor thing, a sweet, unwonted melody.

"His wife!" repeated she with ecstasy; "his wife!" And running toward her mother, she cried, "Mother, do you hear it? He asks me to be his wife!"

"Daughter," replied the old blind woman, "my beloved daughter, I knew that, sooner or later, God would recompense your virtues."

"My God!" cried Ursula, "what hast Thou done for me this day? *His wife! beloved daughter!*" And she fell on her knees with clasped hands, and her face covered with tears. At that moment footsteps were heard in the passage. "It is he!" cried Ursula. "He brings life!" I hastened away, and left Ursula glowing with tearful happiness to receive Maurice d'Erval alone.

From that day Ursula was changed. She grew young and beautiful under the magic influence of joy, yet her happiness partook in some measure of her former character: it was calm, silent, and reserved; so that Maurice, who had first loved a pale, sad woman, seated in the

shade, was not obliged to change the coloring of the picture, although Ursula was now happy. They passed long evenings together in the low, dull room, lighted only by the moonbeams, conversing and musing together.

Ursula loved with simplicity. She said to Maurice, "I love you—I am happy—and I thank you for it!" The old gray house was the only scene of these interviews. Ursula worked with unabated diligence, and never left her parents. But the walls of that narrow dwelling no longer confined her soul: it had risen to freedom, and taken its flight. The sweet magic of hope brightens not only the future, but the present, and through the medium of its all-powerful prism changes the coloring of all things. The old house was as mean-looking and gloomy as ever, but one feeling, enshrined in the heart of a woman, changed it to a palace. Dreams of hope, although you fleet and vanish like golden clouds in the sky, yet come, come to us ever! Those who have never known you, are a thousand times poorer than those who live to regret you!

Thus there passed a happy time for Ursula. But a day came when Maurice entering her room in haste, said, "Dearest, we must hasten our marriage; the regiment is about to be moved to another garrison, and we must be ready to set out."

"Are we going far, Maurice?"

"Does it frighten my Ursula to think of seeing distant countries? There are many lands more beautiful than this."

"Oh, no, Maurice, not for myself, but for my parents: they are too old to bear a long journey." Maurice looked at his betrothed without speaking. Although he well knew that, in order to share his wandering destiny, Ursula must leave her parents, yet he had never reflected seriously on the subject. He had foreseen her grief, but confiding in her affection, he had thought that his devoted love would soothe every sorrow of which he was not himself the cause. It was now necessary to come to an explanation; and sad at the inevitable pain which he was about to inflict on his betrothed, Maurice took her hand, made her sit down in her accustomed place, and said, gently, "Dearest, it would be impossible for your father and mother to accompany us in our wandering life. Until now, my Ursula, we have led a loving, dreamy life, without entering soberly into our future plans. I have no fortune but my sword; and now, at the commencement of my career, my income is so small, that we shall have to submit together to many privations. I reckon on your courage; but you alone must follow me. The presence of your parents would only serve to entail misery on them, and hopeless poverty on us."

"Leave my father and my mother!" cried Ursula.

"Leave them, with their little property, in this house; confide them to careful hands; and follow the fortunes of your husband."

"Leave my father and my mother!" repeated

Ursula. "But do you know that the pittance they possess would never suffice for their support—that without their knowledge, I work to increase it—and that, during many years, I have tended them alone?"

"My poor Ursula!" replied Maurice, "we must submit to what is inevitable. Hitherto you have concealed from them the loss of their little fortune; tell it to them now, as it can not be helped. Try to regulate their expenditure of the little which remains; for, alas! we shall have nothing to give them."

"Go away, and leave them here! Impossible! I tell you, I must work for them!"

"Ursula, my Ursula!" said Maurice, pressing both her hands in his, "do not allow yourself, I conjure you, to be carried away by the first impulse of your generous heart. Reflect for a moment: we do not refuse to give, but we have it not. Even living alone, we shall have to endure many privations."

"I can not leave them," said Ursula, looking mournfully at the two old people slumbering in their arm-chairs.

"Do you not love me, Ursula?" The poor girl only replied by a torrent of tears.

Maurice remained long with her, pouring forth protestations of love, and repeating explanations of their actual position. She listened without replying; and at length he took his leave. Left alone, Ursula leaned her head on her hand, and remained without moving for many hours. Alas! the tardy gloom of happiness which brightened her life for a moment was passing away: the blessed dream was fled never to return! Silence, oblivion, darkness, regained possession of that heart whence love had chased them. During the long midnight hours, who can tell what passed in the poor girl's mind? God knew: she never spoke of it.

When day dawned, she shuddered, closed the window, which had remained open during the night, and, trembling from the chill which seized both mind and body, she took paper and pen, and wrote—"Farewell, Maurice! I remain with my father and my mother: they have need of me. To abandon them in their old age would be to cause their death: they have only me in the world. My sister, on her death-bed, confided them to me, saying, 'We shall meet again, Ursula!' If I neglected my duties, I should never see her more. I have loved you well—I shall love you always. You have been very kind, but I know now that we are too poor to marry. Farewell! How hard to write that word! Farewell, dear friend—I knew that happiness was not for me,

URSULA."

I went to the old gray house, and so did Maurice; but all our representations were useless—she would not leave her parents. "I must work for them!" she said. In vain I spoke to her of Maurice's love, and, with a sort of cruelty, reminded her of her waning youth, and the improbability of her meeting another husband. She listened, while her tears dropped

on the delicate work at which she labored without intermission, and then in a low voice she murmured, "They would die: I must work for them!" She begged us not to tell her mother what had passed. Those for whom she had sacrificed herself remained ignorant of her devotion. Some slight reason was assigned for the breaking off of the marriage, and Ursula resumed her place and her employment near the window, pale, dejected, and bowed down as before.

Maurice d'Erval possessed one of those prudent, deliberating minds which never allow themselves to be carried away by feeling or by impulse. His love had a limit: he prayed and intreated for a time, but at length he grew weary, and desisted.

It happened one day, while Ursula was seated in her window, that she heard a distant sound of military music, and the measured trampling of many feet. It was the regiment departing. Tremblingly she listened to the air, which sounded as a knell in her ears; and when the last faint notes died away in the distance, she let her work fall on her lap, and covered her face with her hands. A few tears trickled between her fingers, but she speedily wiped them away, and resumed her work: she resumed it for the rest of her life. On the evening of this day of separation—this day when the sacrifice was consummated—Ursula, after having bestowed her usual care on her parents, seated herself at the foot of her mother's bed, and, bending toward her with a look, whose tearful tenderness the blind old woman could not know, the poor deserted one took her hand, and murmured softly, "Mother! you love me; do you not? Is not my presence a comfort to you? Would you not grieve to part with me, my mother?"

The old woman turned her face to the wall, and said in a fretful tone, "Nonsense, Ursula. I'm tired; let me go to sleep!" The word of tenderness which she had sought as her only recompense was not uttered; the mother fell asleep without pressing her daughter's hand; and the poor girl, falling on her knees, poured out her sorrows in prayer to One who could both hear and heal them.

From that time Ursula became more pale, more silent, more cast down than ever. The last sharp sorrow bore away all traces of her youth and beauty. "All is ended!" she used to say; and all, save duty, *was* ended for her on earth. No tidings came of Maurice d'Erval. Ursula had pleased his imagination, like some graceful melancholy picture, but time effaced its coloring from his memory, and he forgot. How many things are forgotten in this life! How rarely do the absent mourn each other long!

One year after these events, Ursula's mother began visibly to decline, yet without suffering from any positive malady. Her daughter watched and prayed by her bed, and received her last benediction. "Once more she is with

thee, Martha!" sighed Ursula: "be it thine to watch over her in heaven." She knelt down, and prayed by the side of the solitary old man. She dressed him in mourning without his being conscious of it; but on the second day he turned toward the empty arm-chair next his own, and cried, "My wife!"

Ursula spoke to him, and tried to divert his attention; but he repeated, "My wife!" while the tears rolled down his cheeks. In the evening, when his supper was brought, he turned away from it, and fixing his eyes on the vacant chair, said, "My wife!"

Ursula tried every expedient that love and sorrow could suggest; but in vain. The old man continued watching the place which his wife was wont to occupy; and refusing food, he would look at Ursula, and with clasped hands, in the querulous tone of a child imploring some forbidden indulgence, repeat, "My wife!" In a month afterward he died. His last movement was to raise his clasped hands, look up to Heaven, and cry "My wife!" as though he saw her waiting to receive him. When the last coffin was borne away from the old gray house, Ursula murmured softly, "My God! couldst thou not have spared them to me a little longer?" She was left alone; and many years have passed since then.

I left the dark old town and Ursula to travel into distant lands. By degrees she ceased to write to me, and after many vain efforts to induce her to continue the correspondence, I gradually lost all trace of her. I sometimes ask myself, "What has been her fate? Is she dead?" Alas! the poor girl was ever unfortunate: I fear she still lives!

STREET MUSIC IN LONDON.

"CHARMING place this," said a mad lady to us while looking out of a window of the finest Lunatic Asylum in North Britain; "so retired, so quiet, so genteel, so remote from the busy hum of men and women. The view you perceive is lovely—quite sylvan (there were two trees in the remote distance), 'Silence reigns around,' as the poet says, and then you see, sir, *we do not allow street bands to come here.*"

On inquiry, we were told that this patient was a London literary lady. Her mania, like Morose in Ben Jonson's *Epicure*, was against noise. She constantly prayed for deafness. She walked in list shoes, and spoke in a whisper as an example to others. The immediate cause of her confinement had not been ascertained, but we have no doubt that she had been driven stark mad by the street discord of the metropolis. We firmly believe her case is not singular. Judging from our own experience of the extremest brink of insanity, to which we have been occasionally driven by the organic and Pandean persecutions to which we have been subjected, we should say that much of the madness existing and wrought in this county of Middlesex originates in street music

If Dr. Connolly can not bear us out in this opinion, we shall be rather astonished.

A man of thoughtful habit, and of a timid, or nervous temperament, has only to take apartments in what lodging-house-keepers wickedly call, in their advertisements, "a quiet neighborhood," to be tolerably sure of making his next move in a strait waistcoat to an asylum for the insane. In retired streets, squares, terraces, or "rows," where the more pleasing music of cart, coach, and cab wheels does not abound, the void is discordantly filled up by peripatetic concerts, which last all day long. You are forced, each morning, to shave to the hundredth psalm groaned out from an impious organ; at breakfast you are stunned by the basses of a wretched waltz belched forth from a bass trombone; and your morning is ruined for study by the tinkling of a barrel piano-forte; at luncheon acute dyspepsia communicates itself to your vitals in the stunning *buldering* of a big-drum; tuneless trumpets, discordant cornets, and blundering bass-voils form a running accompaniment of discord to your afternoon walk; hurdy-gurdies, peradventure, destroy your dinner; fiddles and harps squeak away the peace of your whole evening; and, when you lay your distracted head on your pillow you are robbed of sleep by a banditti of glee singers, hoarsely croaking, "Up rouse ye then, my merry, merry men!"

Yet this is a land of liberty, and every man's house is his castle!

A man may have every comfort this world can afford—the prettiest house, the sweetest wife, the most unexceptionable cook, lovely children, and a good library—but what are these when the enjoyment they afford is destroyed by an endless *charivari*; when domestic happiness is made misery by street discord; when an English gentleman is denied what is insured to every Pentonville prisoner—peace; when a wise legislation has patented the silent system for convicts only, and supplies no free-born Briton with a defense from hideous invasions of his inmost privacy: a legislature which, here, in London, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty, where civilization is said to have made some advances—permits bag-pipes!

This is a subject upon which it is impossible, without the most superhuman self-control, to write with calmness.

Justice is supposed in this country to be meted out with an even hand. A humane maxim says, "Better let ten guilty men escape, than one innocent man suffer." Yet what have the public, especially of "quiet neighborhoods," done; what crimes have we committed; what retribution have we invoked; that we are to be visited with the indiscriminating punishment, the excruciating agony, squealed and screeched into our ears out of that instrument of ineffable torture, the Scotch bagpipe? If our neighbor be a slanderer, a screw, a giver of bad dinners, or any other sort of criminal

for whom the law has provided no punishment: and a bag-pipe serenade be your mode of revenge on him, shut him up with a piper & pipers in the padded room in Bedlam, or take him out to the Eddystone lighthouse; but for the love of mercy, do not make us, his unoffending neighbors, partakers of his probably just, but certainly condign punishment!

We have, however, a better opinion of human nature than to believe in such extreme vindictiveness. We rather attribute these public performances of sonorous savagery to the perverted taste of a few unfortunate individuals, who pretend to relish the discords, and who actually pay the kilted executioners of harmony. The existence of such wretched amateurs might be doubted if we did not remember that the most revolting propensities are to be found among mankind. There *are* people who chew tobacco; a certain tribe of Polynesian aborigines deem *assafetida* the most delicious of perfumes; and Southey, in his *Travels in Spain*, states that the Gallician carters positively refused to grease their wheels because of the delight the creaking gave them. Yet although the grating of wooden axles, or even the sharpening of saws, is music to the pibroch, it appears from a variety of evidence that bad taste can actually reach, even in the female mind, to the acme of encouraging and patronizing street bagpipers.

Do we wish to banish all music from the busy haunts of men? By no means. Good music is sometimes emitted from our pavements—the kerb sends forth here and there, and now and then, sounds not unworthy of the best appointed orchestra. Where these superior street performers received their musical education it is not our business to inquire; but their arrangements of some of the most popular opera music, show that their training has been strictly professional. Quintette, Sestette, and Septette bands of brass and string are occasionally heard in the open street, whose performances show that the pieces have been regularly scored and rigidly rehearsed. "Tune, time, and distance" are excellently kept; the pianos and fortes are admirably colored—there is no vamping of basses; no "fudging" of difficult passages. We look upon such players as musical missionaries who purvey the best music from the opera houses and from the saloons of the nobility to the general public, to the improvement of its musical taste. But where even these choice *pavé* professionalists have us at a disadvantage is in their discoursing their excellent music at precisely the times when we do *not* want the sounds of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. The habitant of the "quiet neighborhood," fond as he is of *Casta Diva* or the *Rosen Waltz*, would rather not be indulged with them just as he is commencing to study a complicated brief, or while he is computing the draft of a difficult survey. When he wants music he likes to go to it; he never wants it to come to him.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

MISTAKES IN PERSONAL IDENTITY.

THERE is no kind of evidence more infirm in its nature and against which jurymen on legal trials should be more on their guard, than that involving identity of person. The number of persons who resemble each other is not inconsiderable in itself; but the number is very large of persons who, though very distinguishable when standing side by side, are yet sufficiently alike to deceive those who are without the means of immediate comparison.

Early in life an occurrence impressed me with the danger of relying on the most confident belief of identity. I was at Vauxhall Gardens where I thought I saw, at a short distance, an old country gentleman whom I highly respected, and whose favor I should have been sorry to lose. I bowed to him, but obtained no recognition. In those days the company amused themselves by walking round in a circle, some in one direction, some in the opposite, by which means every one saw and was seen—I say in those days, because I have not been at Vauxhall for a quarter of a century. In performing these rounds I often met the gentleman, and tried to attract his attention, until I became convinced that either his eyesight was so weakened that he did not know me, or that he chose to disown my acquaintance. Some time afterward, going into the county in which he resided, I received, as usual, an invitation to dinner; this led to an explanation, when my friend assured me he had not been in London for twenty years. I afterward met the person whom I had mistaken for my old friend, and wondered how I could have fallen into the error. I can only explain it by supposing that, if the mind feels satisfied of identity, which it often does at the first glance, it ceases to investigate that question, and occupies itself with other matter; as in my case, where my thoughts ran upon the motives my friend might have for not recognizing me, instead of employing themselves on the question of whether or no the individual before my eyes was indeed the person I took him for.

If I had had to give evidence on this matter my mistake would have been the more dangerous, as I had full means of knowledge. The place was well lighted, the interviews were repeated, and my mind was undisturbed. How often have I known evidence of identity acted upon by juries, where the witness was in a much less favorable position (for correct observation) than mine.

Sometimes, a mistaken verdict is avoided by independent evidence. Rarely, however, is this rock escaped, by cross-examination, even when conducted with adequate skill and experience. The belief of the witness is belief in a matter of opinion resulting from a combination of facts so slight and unimportant, separately considered, that they furnish no handle to the cross-examiner. A striking case of this kind

occurs to my recollection, with which I will conclude.

A prisoner was indicted for shooting at the prosecutor, with intent to kill him. The prosecutor swore that the prisoner had demanded his money, and that upon refusal, or delay, to comply with his requisition, he fired a pistol, by the flash of which his countenance became perfectly visible; the shot did not take effect, and the prisoner made off. Here the recognition was momentary, and the prosecutor could hardly have been in an undisturbed state of mind, yet the confidence of his belief made a strong impression on all who heard the evidence, and probably would have sealed the fate of the prisoner without the aid of an additional fact of very slight importance, which was, however, put in evidence, by way of corroboration, that the prisoner, who was a stranger to the neighborhood, had been seen passing near the spot in which the attack was made about noon of the same day. The judge belonged to a class now, thank God! obsolete, who always acted on the reverse of the constitutional maxim, and considered every man guilty until he was proved to be innocent.

If the case had closed without witnesses on behalf of the prisoner, his life would have been gone: fortunately, he possessed the means of employing an able and zealous attorney, and more fortunately, it so happened that several hours before the attack the prisoner had mounted upon a coach, and was many miles from the scene of the crime at the hour of its commission.

With great labor, and at considerable expense, all the passengers were sought out, and, with the coachman and guard, were brought into court, and testified to the presence among them of the prisoner. An *alibi* is always a suspected defense, and by no man was ever more suspiciously watched than by this judge. But when witness after witness appeared, their names corresponding exactly with the way-bill produced by the clerk of a respectable coach-office, the most determined skepticism gave way, and the prisoner was acquitted by acclamation. He was not, however, saved by his innocence, but by his good fortune. How frequently does it happen to us all to be many hours at a time without having witnesses to prove our absence from one spot by our presence at another! And how many of us are too prone to avail ourselves of such proof in the instances where it may exist!

A remarkable instance of mistake in identity, which put the life of a prisoner in extreme peril, I heard from the lips of his counsel. It occurred at the Special Commission held at Nottingham after the riots consequent on the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords, in 1831.

The prisoner was a young man of prepossessing appearance, belonging to what may be called the lower section of the middle rank of life, being a framework knitter, in the employ

ment of his father, a master manufacturer in a small way. He was tried on an indictment charging him with the offense of arson. A mob, of which he was alleged to be one, had burned Colwick Hall, near Nottingham, the residence of Mr. Musters, the husband of Mary Chaworth, whose name is so closely linked with that of Byron. This ill-fated lady was approaching the last stage of consumption, when, on a cold and wet evening in autumn, she was driven from her mansion, and compelled to take refuge among the trees of her shrubbery—an outrage which probably hastened her death.

The crime, with its attendant circumstances, created, as was natural, a strong sympathy against the criminals. Unhappily, this feeling, so praiseworthy in itself, is liable to produce a strong tendency in the public mind to believe in the guilt of a party accused. People sometimes seem to hunger and thirst after a criminal, and are disappointed when it turns out that they are mistaken in their man, and are, consequently, slow to believe that such an error has been made. Doubtless, the impression is received into the mind unconsciously; but although on that ground pardonable, it is all the more dangerous. In this case, the prisoner was identified by several witnesses as having taken an active part in setting fire to the house.

He had been under their notice for some considerable space of time: they gave their evidence against him without hesitation, and probably the slightest doubt of its accuracy. His defense was an *alibi*. The frame at which he worked had its place near the entrance to the warehouse, the room frequented by the customers and all who had business to transact at the manufactory. He acted, therefore, as door-keeper, and in that capacity had been seen and spoken with by many persons, who in their evidence more than covered the whole time which elapsed between the arrival of the mob at Colwick Hall and its departure. The *alibi* was believed, and the prisoner, after a trial which lasted a whole day, was acquitted.

The next morning he was to be tried again on another indictment, charging him with having set fire to the castle at Nottingham. The counsel for the prosecution, influenced by motives of humanity, and fully impressed with the prisoner's guilt on both charges, urged the counsel for the prisoner to advise his client to plead guilty, undertaking that his life should be spared, but observing at the same time that his social position, which was superior to that of the other prisoners, would make it impossible to extend the mercy of the Crown to him unless he manifested a due sense of his offenses by foregoing the chance of escape. "You know," said they, "how rarely an *alibi* obtains credit with a jury. You can have no other defense to-day than that of yesterday. The castle is much nearer than Colwick Hall to the manufactory, and a very short absence from his work on the part of the

prisoner might reconcile the evidence of all the witnesses, both for him and against him; moreover, who ever heard of a successful *alibi* twice running?"

The counsel for the prisoner had his client taken into a room adjoining the court, and having explained to him the extreme danger in which he stood, informed him of the offer made by the prosecutors. The young man evinced some emotion, and asked his counsel to advise what step he should take. "The advice," he was answered, "must depend upon a fact known to himself alone—his guilt or innocence. If guilty, his chance of escape was so small, that it would be the last degree of rashness to refuse the offer; if, on the other hand, he were innocent, his counsel, putting himself in the place of the prisoner, would say, that no peril, however imminent, would induce him to plead guilty." The prisoner was further told, that in the course of a trial circumstances often arose at the moment, unforeseen by all parties, which disclosed the truth; that this consideration was in his favor, if he were innocent, but showed at the same time that there were now chances of danger, if he were guilty, the extent of which could not be calculated, nor even surmised. The youth, with perfect self-possession, and unshaken firmness, replied, "I am innocent, and will take my trial." He did so. Many painful hours wore away, every moment diminishing the prisoner's chance of acquittal, until it seemed utterly extinguished, when some trifling matter, which had escaped the memory of the narrator, occurred, leading him to think it was possible that another person, who must much resemble the prisoner, had been mistaken for him. Inquiry was instantly made of the family, whether they knew of any such resemblance; when it appeared that the prisoner had a cousin so much like himself, that the two were frequently accosted in the streets, the one for the other. The cousin had absconded.

It is hardly credible, though doubtless true, that a family of respectable station could have been unaware of the importance of such a fact, or that the prisoner, who appeared not deficient in intelligence, and who was assuredly in full possession of his faculties, could be insensible to its value. That either he or they could have placed such reliance on his defense as to induce them to screen his guilty relative, is to the last degree improbable, especially as the cousin had escaped. Witnesses, however, were quickly produced, who verified the resemblance between the two, and the counsel for the prosecution abandoned their case, expressing their belief that their witnesses had given their evidence under a mistake of identity.

The narrator added, that an *alibi* stood a less chance of favorable reception at Nottingham than elsewhere, although in every place received with great jealousy. In one of the trials arising out of the outrages committed by the Luddites, who broke into manufactories and destroyed all lace frames of a construction

which they thought oppressive to working men, an *alibi*, he said, had been concocted, which was successful in saving the life of a man notoriously guilty, and which had therefore added to the disrepute of this species of defense. The hypothesis was, that the prisoner, at the time when the crime was committed, at Loughborough, sixteen miles from Nottingham, was engaged at a supper party at the latter place; and the prisoner, having the sympathy of a large class in his favor, whose battle he had been fighting, no difficulty was experienced by his friends in finding witnesses willing to support this hypothesis on their oaths; but it would have been a rash measure to have called them into the box unprepared. And when it is considered how readily a preconceived story might have been destroyed by cross-examination, the task of preparing the witnesses so as to elude this test, was one requiring no ordinary care and skill. The danger would arise thus: Every witness would be kept out of court, except the one in the box. He would be asked where he sat at the supper? where the prisoner sat, and each of the other guests; what were the dishes, what was the course of conversation, and so forth—the questions being capable of multiplication *ad infinitum*; so that, however well tutored, the witnesses would inevitably contradict each other upon some matters, on which the tutor had not foreseen that the witness would be cross-examined, or to which he had forgotten the answer prescribed. The difficulty was, however, surmounted. After the prisoner's apprehension, the selected witnesses were invited to a mackerel supper, which took place at an hour corresponding to that at which the crime was committed; and so careful was the ingenious agent who devised this conspiracy against the truth that, guided by a sure instinct, he fixed upon the same day of the week as that on which the crime had been committed, though without knowing how fortunate it would be for the prisoner that he took this precaution. When, on cross-examination, it was found that the witnesses agreed as to the order in which the guests were seated, the contents of the dishes, the conversation which had taken place, and so forth; the counsel for the crown suspected the plot, but not imagining that it had been so perfectly elaborated, they inquired of their attorneys as to whether there was any occurrence peculiar to the day of the week in question, and were told that upon the evening of such a day, a public bell was always rung, which must have been heard at the supper, if it had taken place at the time pretended. The witnesses were separately called back and questioned as to the bell. They had all heard it; and thus not only were the cross-examiners utterly baffled, but the cross-examination gave tenfold support to the examination in chief, that is, to the evidence as given by the witnesses in answer to the questions put by the prisoner's counsel in his behalf.

The triumph of falsehood was complete.

The prisoner was acquitted. When however the attention of prosecutors is called to the possibility of such fabrications they become less easy of management. The friends of a prisoner are often known to the police, and may be watched—the actors may be surprised at the rehearsal; a false ally may be inserted among them; in short there are many chances of the plot failing. This, however, is an age of improvement, and the thirty years which have elapsed since the days of Luddism have not been a barren period in any art or science. The mystery of cookery in dishes, accounts, and *alibis*, has profited by this general advancement. The latest device which my acquaintance with courts has brought to my knowledge is an *alibi* of a very refined and subtle nature. The hypothesis is, that the prisoner was walking from point A to point Z, along a distant road, at the hour when the crime was committed. The witnesses are supposed each to see him, and some to converse with him, at points which may be indicated by many or all the letters of the alphabet. Each witness must be alone when he sees him, so that no two may speak to what occurred at the same spot or moment of time; but, with this reservation, each may safely indulge his imagination with any account of the interview which he has wit to make consistent with itself, and firmness to abide by under the storm of a cross-examination. "The force of *falsehood* can no farther go." No rehearsal is necessary. Neither of the witnesses needs know of the existence of the others. The agent gives to each witness the name of the spot at which he is to place the prisoner. The witness makes himself acquainted with that spot, so as to stand a cross-examination as to the surrounding objects, and his education is complete. But as panaceas have only a fabulous existence, so this exquisite *alibi* is not applicable to all cases; the witness must have a reason for being on the spot, plausible enough to foil the skill of the cross-examiner; and, as false witnesses can not be found at every turn, the difficulty of making it accord with the probability that the witness was where he pretends to have been on the day and at the hour in question, is often insuperable; to say nothing of the possibility and probability of its being clearly established, on the part of the prosecution, that the prisoner could not have been there. I should add, that, except in towns of the first magnitude, it must be difficult to find mendacious witnesses who have in other respects the proper qualifications to prove a concocted *alibi*, save always where the prisoner is the champion of a class; and then, according to my experience—sad as the avowal is—the difficulty is greatly reduced.

These incidents illustrate the soundness of the well known proposition, that mixture of truth with falsehood, augments to the highest degree the noxious power of the venomous ingredient. That man was no mean proficient in the art of deceiving, who first discovered the

importance of the liar being parsimonious in mendacity. The mind has a stomach as well as an eye, and if the bolus be neat falsehood, it will be rejected like an overdose of arsenic which does not kill.

Let the jurymen ponder these things, and beware how he lets his mind lapse into a conclusion either for or against the prisoner. To perform the duties of his office, so that the days which he spends in the jury-box will bear retrospection, his eyes, his ears, and his intellect must be ever on the watch. A witness in the box, and the same man in common life, are different creatures. Coming to give evidence, "he doth suffer a law change." Sometimes he becomes more truthful, as he ought to do, if any change is necessary; but unhappily this is not always so, and least of all in the case of those whose testimony is often required.

I remember a person, whom I frequently heard to give evidence quite out of harmony with the facts, but I shall state neither his name nor his profession. A gentleman who knew perfectly well the unpalatable designation which his evidence deserved, told me of his death. I ventured to think it was a loss which might be borne, and touched upon his infirmity, to which my friend replied in perfect sincerity of heart, "Well! after all, I do not think he ever told a falsehood in his life—*out of the witness box!*"

[From Dickens's Household Words]

THE GHOST THAT APPEARED TO MRS. WHARTON.

WHEN my mother was a girl, some rumors began to steal through the town where she lived, about something having gone amiss with old Mrs. Wharton: for, if Mrs. Wharton was not known by all the townspeople, she was known and respected by so many, that it was really no trifle when she was seen to have the contracted brow, and the pinched look about the nose that people have when they are in alarm, or living a life of deep anxiety. Nobody could make out what was the matter. If asked, she said she was well. Her sons were understood to be perfectly respectable, and sufficiently prosperous; and there could be no doubt about the health, and the dutifulness, and the cheerfulness, of the unmarried daughter who lived with her. The old lady lived in a house which was her own property; and her income, though not large, was enough for comfort. What could it be that made her suddenly so silent and grave? Her daughter was just the same as ever, except that she was anxious about the change in her mother. It was observed by one or two that the clergyman had nothing to say, when the subject was spoken of in his hearing. He rolled and nodded his head, and he glanced at the ceiling and then stuck his chin deep into his shirt-frill: but those were things that he was always doing, and they might mean nothing. When inquired

of about his opinion of Mrs. Wharton's looks and spirits, he shifted his weight from one foot to the other, as he stood before the fire with his hands behind him, and said, with the sweet voice and winning manner that charmed young and old, that, as far as he knew, Mrs. Wharton's external affairs were all right; and, as for peace of mind, he knew of no one who more deserved it. If the course of her life, and the temper of her mind, did not entitle her to peace within, he did not know who could hope for it. Somebody whispered that it would be dreadful if a shocking mortal disease should be seizing upon her: whereupon he, Mr. Gurney, observed that he thought he should have known if any such thing was to be apprehended. As far as a fit of indigestion went, he believed she suffered occasionally; but she did not herself admit even that. Dr. Robinson, who was present, said that Mrs. Wharton's friends might be quite easy about her health. She was not troubled with indigestion, nor with any other complaint. People could only go on to ask one another what could be the matter. One or two agreed that Mr. Gurney had made very skillful answers, in which he was much assisted by his curious customary gestures; but that he had never said that he did not know of any trouble being on Mrs. Wharton's mind.

Soon after this, a like mysterious change appeared to come over the daughter; but no disasters could be discovered to have happened. No disease, no money losses, no family anxieties were heard of; and, by degrees, both the ladies recovered nearly their former cheerfulness and ease of manner—nearly, but not altogether. They appeared somewhat subdued, in countenance and bearing; and they kept a solemn silence when some subjects were talked of, which often turn up by the Christmas fireside. It was years before the matter was explained. My mother was married by that time, and removed from her smoky native town, to a much brighter city in the south. She used to tell us, as we grew up, the story of Mrs. Wharton, and what she endured; and we could, if we had not been ashamed, have gone on to say, as if we had still been little children, "tell us again." When we were going into the north to visit our grandparents, it was all very well to tell us of coal-wagons that we should see running without horses, or iron rails laid down in the roads; and of the keelmen rowing their keel-boats in the river, and, all at once, kicking up their right legs behind them, when they gave the long pull; and of the glass-houses in the town, with fire coming out of the top of the high chimneys; and of the ever-burning mounds near the mouths of the coal-pits, where blue and yellow flames leaped about, all night, through the whole year round. It was all very well to think of seeing these things; but we thought much more of walking past old Mrs. Wharton's house, and, perhaps, inducing Mr. Gurney to tell us, in his way, the story we had so often heard my mother tell in hers.

The story was this :

One midsummer morning Mrs. Wharton was so absent at breakfast, that her daughter found all attempts at conversation to be in vain. So she quietly filled the coffee-pot, which her mother had forgotten to do, and, in the middle of the forenoon, ordered dinner, which she found her mother had also forgotten. They had just such a breakfasting three times more during the next fortnight. Then, on Miss Wharton crossing the hall, she met her mother in bonnet and shawl, about to go out, so early as half-past nine. The circumstance would not have been remarked, but for the mother's confused and abashed way of accounting for going out. She should not be gone long. She had only a little call to make, and so on. The call was on Mr. Gurney. He had hardly done breakfast, when he was told that Mrs. Wharton wished to speak with him alone.

When he entered the study, Mrs. Wharton seemed to be as unready with her words as himself; and when he shook hands with her, he observed that her hand was cold. She said she was well, however. Then came a pause during which the good pastor was shifting from one foot to the other, on the hearth-rug, with his hands behind him, though there was nothing in the grate but shavings. Mrs. Wharton, meantime, was putting her vail up and down, and her gloves on and off. At last, with a constrained and painful smile, she said that she was really ashamed to say what she came to say, but she must say it; and she believed and hoped that Mr. Gurney had known her long enough to be aware that she was not subject to foolish fancies and absurd fears.

"No one further from it," he dropped, and now he fixed his eyes on her face. Her eyes fell under his, when she went on.

"For some time past, I have suffered from a most frightful visitation in the night."

"Visitation! What sort of visitation?"

She turned visibly cold while she answered "It was last Wednesday fortnight that I awoke in the middle of the night—that is between two and three in the morning, when it was getting quite light, and I saw—"

She choked a little, and stopped.

"Well!" said Mr. Gurney, "What did you see?"

"I saw at the bottom of the bed, a most hideous—a most detestable face—gibbering, and making mouths at me."

"A face!"

"Yes; I could see only the face (except, indeed, a hand upon the bedpost), because it peeped round the bedpost from behind the curtain. The curtains are drawn down to the foot of the bed."

She stole a look at Mr. Gurney. He was rolling his head; and there was a working about his mouth before he asked—

"What time did you sup that night?"

"Now," she replied, "you are not going to say, I hope, that it was nightmare. Most

people would; but I hoped that you knew me better than to suppose that I eat such suppers as would occasion nightmare, or that I should not know nightmare from reality."

"But, my dear Mrs. Wharton, what else can I say?"

"Perhaps you had better listen further, before you say any thing."

He nodded and smiled, as much as to say that was true.

"I have seen the same appearance on three occasions since."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, on three several nights, about the same hour. And, since the first appearance, my supper has been merely a little bread and butter, with a glass of water. I chose to exclude nightmare, as I would exclude any thing whatever that could possibly cause an appearance so horrible."

"What sort of face is it?"

"Short and broad;—silly, and yet sly; and the features gibber and work—Oh! fearfully!"

"Do you hear it come and go?"

"No. When I wake—and I never used to wake in the night—it is there: and it disappears—to say the truth—while my eyes are covered; for I can not meet its eyes. I hear nothing. When I venture a glance, sometimes it is still there; sometimes it is gone."

"Have you missed any property?"

"No: nor found any trace whatever. We have lost nothing; and there is really not a door or window that seems ever to have been touched: not an opening where any one could get in or out."

"And if there were, what could be the object? What does your daughter say to it?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Wharton, rising quickly, "she does not, and indeed she must not know a word of it. I ought to have said, at first, that what I am telling you is entirely in confidence. If I told my daughter, it must then go no further. We could not keep our servants a week, if it got out. And if I should want to let my house, I could not find a tenant. The value of the property would go down to nothing; and, in justice to my daughter, I must consider that; for it is to be hers hereafter. And we could never have a guest to stay with us. No one would sleep in the house a single night. Indeed, you must not—"

"Well, well: I will not mention it. But I don't see—"

He paused; and Mrs. Wharton replied to his thought.

"It is difficult to form conjectures—to say any thing, in such a case, which does not appear too foolish to be uttered. But one must have some thoughts; and perhaps—if one can talk of possibilities—it is possible that this appearance may be meant for me alone; and therefore, if I can conceal it from my daughter . . . till I am convinced whether it is meant for me alone."

"I would soon try that," observed Mr. Gur-

ney. Seeing Mrs. Wharton look wistfully at him, he continued,

"My advice is that you have your daughter sleep with you, after hearing your story. Try whether she can see this face."

"You do not think she would?"

"I think she would not. My dear friend, if I were a medical man, I could tell you facts which you are little aware of—anecdotes of the strange tricks that our nerves play with us;—of delusions so like reality—"

"Do you think I have not considered that?" exclaimed the poor lady. "Mr. Gurney, I did not think that *you* would try to persuade me out of my senses, when I tell you, that four times I have seen in daylight, and when wide awake, and in perfect health, what I have said."

Mr. Gurney was very gentle; but, as he said, what *could* he suggest but indigestion, or some such cause of nervous disturbance? Yet his heart smote him when his old friend laid her forehead again the mantle-piece, and cried heartily.

He did all he could. He tried indefatigably, though in vain, to persuade her to let her daughter share the spectacle: and he went, the same day, when Miss Wharton was out for her walk, and the servants were at dinner, to examine the house. He made no discovery. The gratings of the under-ground cellars were perfect. The attics had no trap-doors; and the house had no parapet. The chimneys were too high and narrow for any one to get in at the top. No window or door was ever found unfastened in the morning. Mrs. Wharton did not think she could engage for courage enough to get out of bed, or to look beyond the curtains. Nor could she promise not to draw her curtains. The face had never appeared within them; and they seemed a sort of protection where there was no other.

Without having made any promises, she went so far as to start up in bed, the next time she saw the face. The eyes winked horribly at her; the head nodded—and was gone. The beating of her heart prevented her hearing any thing that time; but once or twice during the autumn she fancied she heard a light and swift footstep in the passage. She always left her room-door open, for the sake of the same sort of feeling of security that most people crave when they shut and bolt theirs. If this was a ghost, bolts would not keep it out; and she could fly the more easily through the open door if her terror should become too great to be endured alone. For the first time, she now burned a night-light in her chamber, as the nights lengthened, and not a dim, flickering rush candle, but a steady wax-light. She knew that her daughter wondered at the strange extravagance; but she could not bear darkness, or a very feeble light, when the thing might be behind the curtain.

Throughout October the visits were almost nightly. In the first week in November they suddenly ceased and so many weeks passed

away without a return, that Mrs. Wharton began to be a little alarmed about her own wits, and to ask herself whether, after all, it was not possible that this was a trick of the nerves. One night in January, that doubt, at least, was settled; for there, at the same bed-post, was the same face. Mrs. Wharton was now, after this interval, subdued at once. She had borne, for half-a-year, her pastor's suspicions of her digestion and of her wisdom, and now, she really wanted sympathy. She let him tell her daughter (let him, rather than tell it herself, because he could make light of it, and she could not); and she gladly agreed to let her daughter sleep with her. For long, she gained nothing by it. During the whole fortnight that the visits now continued, Miss Wharton never once saw the face. She tried to wake the moment her mother touched her; she tried to keep awake; but she never saw the face: and after that fortnight, it did not come again till April.

One bright May dawn, she saw it. Her mother pulled her wrist, and, she waked up to a sight which burned itself in upon her brain. She suppressed a shriek at the moment; but she could not tell Mr. Gurney of it afterward, without tears. She wanted that day to leave the house immediately; but the thought of her mother's long-suffering with this horror, the consideration of the serious consequences of declaring themselves ghost-seers in the town, and of the disastrous effect upon their property, and of the harmlessness of the ghost, induced her to summon up her courage, and bear on. She did more. When a little injured, she one night sprang out of bed, rushed round the foot of it, and out upon the landing. The stairs were still dim in the dawn; but she was confident that she saw something moving there—passing down to the hall. As soon as she could make the servants attend her, she told them she believed somebody was in the house; and all the four women—two ladies and two maids—went, armed with pokers and shovels, and examined the whole house. They found nothing, neither in the chimneys, nor under the beds, nor in any closet—nothing, from cellar to attic. And when the maids had recovered a little, they agreed what a tiresome and wearying thing it was when ladies took fancies. This was only their first night of disturbance. Miss Wharton called them up three times more; and then she gave the matter up. The servants thought her strangely altered, and wished she might not be going to be ill.

Thus matters went on for some years. The oddest thing was the periodicity of the visits. In winter they were rare; but there was generally a short series in or about January, after which they ceased till the end of March, or the beginning of April. They went on through nearly the whole summer, with one or two intervals of about a fortnight. The servants never suspected even the existence of the mystery. Their ladies never mentioned it; and no article was ever displaced at night. The ladies became

in time so accustomed to the appearance as to bear it almost without uneasiness. It occurred to them sometimes, how odd it was to be living under the weight of such a mystery; and they were silent when ghosts were talked about, and felt and looked very serious when they were laughed at: but their alarm had subsided. The Thing never did them any harm; and they had now got merely to open drowsy eyes, to see if it was there; and to drop asleep the moment it was there no longer. This may seem strange to those who have not (and also to those who have) seen ghosts; but we none of us know what we may come to; and these two ladies reached the point of turning their heads on their pillows, without much beating of the heart, under the gibbering of a hideous ghost.

One circumstance worth noting is, that the Thing once spoke. After one of its mocking nods, it said, "I come to see you whenever I please." When Mr. Gurney was told this, he asked whether the language was English, and what sort of English it was. It must have been English, as the ladies did not observe any thing remarkable. As to the dialect, it had made no particular impression upon them, but when they came to remember and consider, they thought it must have been the broad dialect of the district, which they were accustomed to hear in the kitchen, and in the streets and shops, every day. This was all. Amidst the multitude of nightly visitations, no explanation—no new evidence—occurred for several years. Mr. Gurney was not fond of being puzzled. His plan was to dismiss from his mind what puzzled him. He seldom inquired after the ghost; and when he did, he always received the same answer.

One morning, after this lapse of years, Mr. Gurney called to ask the ladies if they would like to join a party to see a glass-house. The residents of manufacturing towns can not intrude in such places at their own pleasure, but (as is well known) take their opportunity when an arrival of strangers, or other such occasion, opens the doors of any manufactory. Mr. Gurney was the first man in the town, in regard to doing the honors of it. All strangers were introduced to him; and the doors of all show-places flew open before him. He was wont to invite his friends in turn to accompany him and his party of strangers to these show-places; and he now invited the Whartons to the glass-house. Miss Wharton was unavoidably engaged at the school, but her mother went.

When the whole party were standing near one of the furnaces, observing the coarsest kind of glass blowing—that of green-glass bottles—Mrs. Wharton suddenly seized Mr. Gurney's arm with one hand, while with the other she pointed, past the glare, to a figure on the other side of the furnace.

"That's the face!" she exclaimed, in great agitation; "keep quiet, and pull down your vail," said Mr. Gurney in her ear. She drew back into the shadow, and let down her vail, feeling scarcely able to stand. Mr. Gurney did

not offer her an arm; he had something else to do.

"Who is that man?" he inquired of the foreman, who was showman at the moment. The man inquired about looked scarcely human. He was stunted in figure, large in face, and hideous—making all allowance for the puffing out of his cheeks, as he blew vigorously at the end of the long pipe he was twirling in his baboon-like hands.

"That poor fellow, sir? His name is Middleton. He is a half-wit—indeed, very nearly a complete idiot. He is just able to do what you see—blow the coarsest sort of glass."

Mr. Gurney wished to speak with him; and the poor creature was summoned. He came grinning; and he grinned yet more when he was requested to show the glass-house to the gentleman. Mrs. Wharton, with her vail down, hung on her friend's arm; and they followed the idiot, who was remarkably light-footed (for a wonder), to the place he was most fond of. He took them down to the annealing chamber; and then he observed that it was "a nice warm place o'nights." Being asked how he knew that, he began pointing with his finger at Mrs. Wharton, and peeping under her bonnet. Being advised to look him in the face, she raised her vail; and he sniggled and giggled, and said he had seen her many a time when she was asleep, and many a time when she was awake; and another lady, too, who was not there. He hid himself down here when the other men went away—it was so warm! and then he could go when he pleased, and see "her there," and the other, when they were asleep. Mr. Gurney enticed him to whisper how he managed it; and then with an air of silly cunning, he showed a little square trap-door in the wall, close by the floor, through which he said he passed. It seemed too small for the purpose; but he crept in and out again. On the other side, he declared, was Mrs. Wharton's cellar. It was so. Far distant as the glass-house seemed from her house, it ran back so far, the cellar running back also, that they met. No time was lost in sending round to the cellar; and, by a conversation held through the trap-door, it was ascertained that when Mrs. Wharton's stock of coals was low, that is, in summer, and before a fresh supply came in, in mid winter, Middleton could get in, and did get in, almost every night. When he did not appear, it was only because the coals covered the trap-door.

Who shall say with what satisfaction the ladies watched the nailing up of the trap-door, and with what a sense of blissful comfort they retired to rest henceforth? Who shall estimate the complacency of the good clergyman at this complete solution of the greatest mystery he had ever encountered? Who will not honor the courage and fortitude of the ladies, and rejoice that their dwelling escaped the evil reputation of being a Haunted House? Lastly, who will not say that most of the goblin tales

extant may, if inquired into, be as easily accounted for as that appertaining to the good Mrs. Wharton? which has this advantage over all other ghost stories—it is perfectly and literally true.

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE FATE OF A GERMAN REFORMER. A LIFE IN THREE PICTURES.

PICTURE THE FIRST.

THE winter of 1844 was a severe one in Germany. Both sides of the Rhine, for many miles between Coblenz and Cologne, were frozen hard enough to bear a horse and cart; and even the centre, save and except a thin stream where the current persisted in displaying its urgent vitality, was covered over with thin ice, or a broken film that was constantly endeavoring to unite and consolidate its quivering flakes and particles. We were staying in Bonn at this time. All the Englishmen in the town, who were skaters, issued forth in pilot-coats or dreadnaught pea-jackets, and red worsted comforters, with their skates dangling over their shoulders. Holding their aching noses in their left hands, they ran and hobbled through the slippery streets, and made their way out at the town-gates near the University. They were on the way to Popplesdorf—a little village about a mile distant from Bonn. We were among them—red comforter round neck—skates over shoulder.

The one great object in this little village is a somewhat capacious and not unpicturesque edifice called the Schloss, or Castle, of Popplesdorf. The outer works of its fortifications are a long avenue of trees, some pretty fir groves and wooded hills, numerous vineyards, and a trim series of botanic gardens. The embrasures of its walls are armed with batteries of learned tomes; its soldiers are erudite professors and doctors who have chambers there; students discourse on philosophy and art, and swords and beer, and smoke forever on its peaceful drawbridge; and, on the wide moat which surrounds it, Englishmen in red comforters—at the time whereof we now speak—are vigorously skating with their accustomed gravity. This scene was repeated daily for several weeks, in the winter of 1844.

One morning, issuing forth on the same serious business of life, we perceived that the peasantry of Popplesdorf, who have occasion to come to Bonn every market-day, had contrived to enliven the way and facilitate the journey by the gradual construction of a series of capital long slides. We stood and contemplated these lengthy curves, and sweeps, and strange twisting stripes of silver, all gleaming in the morning sun, and soon arrived at the conviction that it was no doubt the pleasantest market-pathway we had ever seen. No one was coming or going at this moment; for Popples is but a little *dorf*, and the traffic is far from numer-

ous, even at the busiest hours. Now, there was a peculiar charm in the clear shining solitude of the scene, which gave us, at once, an impression of loneliness combined with the brightest paths of life and activity.

And yet we gradually began to feel we should like to see somebody—student or peasant—come sliding his way from Popplesdorf. It was evidently the best, and indeed the correct mode for our own course to the frozen moat of the castle. But before we had reached the beginning of the first slide (for they are not allowed to be made quite up to the town gates), we descried a figure in the distance, which, from the course it was taking, had manifestly issued from the walls of the castle. It was not a peasant—it was not one of our countrymen; be it whom it might, he at least took the slides in first-rate style. As he advanced, we discerned the figure of a tall man, dressed in a dark, long-skirted frock coat, buttoned up to the throat, with a low-crowned hat, from beneath the broad brim of which a great mass of thick black hair fell heavily over his shoulders. Under one arm he held a great book and two smaller ones closely pressed to his side, while the other hand held a roll of paper, which he waved now and then in the air, to balance himself in his sliding. Some of the slides required a good deal of skill; they had awkward twirls half round a stone, with here and there a sudden downward sweep. Onward he came, and we presently recognized him. It was Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, lecturer on archæology; one of the most able and estimable of the learned men in Bonn.

Gottfried Kinkel was born in a village near Bonn, where his father was a clergyman. He was educated at the Gymnasium of Bonn, and during the whole of that period, he was especially remarkable, among companions by no means famous for staid and orderly habits, as a very quiet, industrious young man, of a sincerely religious bent of mind, which gained for him the notice and regard of all the clergy and the most devout among the inhabitants of the town. His political opinions were liberal; but never went beyond those which were commonly entertained at the time by nearly all men of education. He studied divinity at the University, where he greatly distinguished himself in various branches of learning, and obtained the degree of Doctor in Philosophy.

He first preached at Cologne, and with great success, his oratory being considered as brilliant as his reasonings were convincing. His sermons were subsequently published, and became very popular, and he was chosen as a teacher of Theology in the University of Bonn.

He next turned his attention to the study of the Arts. On this subject he wrote and published a History, and lectured on "Ancient and Mediæval Art," both in the University and other public institutions, with unparalleled success and applause.

His labors at this period, and for a long time after, were very arduous, generally occupying

thirteen hours a day. Being only what is called a "privat-docent," he did not as yet receive any salary at the University; he was therefore compelled to work hard in various ways, in order to make a small income. However, he did this very cheerfully.

But his abandonment of Theology for these new studies, caused him the loss of most of his levot friends. They shook their heads, and feared that the change denoted a step away from the true and severely marked line of orthodox opinions. They were right; for he soon after said that he thought the purity of religion would be best attained by a separation of Church and State!

Dr. Kinkel suffers no small odium for this; but he can endure it. He has uttered an honest sentiment, resulting from his past studies; he has become a highly applauded and deservedly esteemed lecturer on another subject; he is, moreover, one of the best sliders in Bonn, and is now balancing his tall figure (as just described) with books under one arm, on his way to the University.

Happy Gottfried Kinkel!—may you have health and strength to slide for many a good winter to come!—rare Doctor of Philosophy, to feel so much boyish vitality after twenty years of hard study and seclusion!—fortunate lecturer on Archæology, to live in a country where the simplicity of manners will allow a Professor to slide his way to his class, without danger of being reproved by his grave and potent seniors, or of shocking the respectable inhabitants of his town!

PICTURE THE SECOND.

The Castle of Popplesdorf commands the most beautiful views of some of the most beautiful parts of Rhenish Prussia; and the very best point from which to look at them, is the window of the room that used to be the study of Dr. Gottfried Kinkel. That used to be—and is not now—alas, the day! But we must not anticipate evils; they will come only too soon in their natural course.

In this room, his library and study, we called to see Dr. Kinkel. There he sat—dressing-gown, slippers, and cloud-compelling pipe. The walls were all shelves, the shelves all books—some bound, some in boards, "some in rags, and some in jags"—together with papers, maps, and scientific instruments of brass and of steel. There stood the Hebrew, Greek, and Roman authors; in another division, the Italian and French: on the other side, in long irregular ranges, the old German and the modern German; and near at hand, the Anglo-Saxon and English. What else, and there was much, we had not time to note, being called to look out at the window. What a window it was!—a simple wooden frame to what exquisite and various scenery! Let the reader bear in mind, that it is not winter now—but a bright morning in May.

Close beneath the window lay the Botanic

Gardens, with their numerous parterres of flowers, their lines and divisions of shrubs and herbs. Within a range of a few miles round, we looked out upon the peaceful little villages of Popplesdorf and Kessenich, and the fertile plain extending from Bonn to Godesberg—with gentle hills, vales, and ridges, all covered with vineyards, whose young leaves gave a tender greenness and fresh look of bright and joyous childhood to the scenery. Beyond them we saw the Kessenicher Höhe, the blue slate roofs and steeples of many a little church and chapel, and the broad, clear, serpent windings of the Rhine, with the gray and purple range, in the distance, of the Seven Mountains, terminating with the Drachenfels. Over the whole of this, with the exception only of such soft, delicate shades and shadows as were needful to display the rest, there lay a clear expanse of level sunshine, so tender, bright, and moveless, as to convey an impression of bright enchantment, which grew upon your gaze, and out of which rapture you awoke as from a dream of fairy land, or from the contemplation of a scene in some ideal sphere.

Fortunate Dr. Kinkel, to have such a window as this! It was no wonder that, besides his studies in Theology, in ancient and mediæval art, and in ancient and modern languages—besides writing his History of the Arts, and contributing learned papers to various periodicals—besides preaching, lecturing, and public and private teaching, his soul was obliged to compose a volume of poems—and again displease the severely orthodox, by the absence of all prayers in verse, and the presence of a devout love of nature.

For, here, in their placidity,
Learning and Poesy abide;
Not slumbering on the unfathomed sea,
Yet all unconscious of the tide
That urges on mortality
In eddies, and in circles wide.
Ah, here, the soul can look abroad
Beyond each cold and narrow stream,
Enrich'd with gold from mines and ford,
Brought sparkling to the solar beam;
Yet be no miser with its hoard—
No dreamer of the common dream.

Thus sang Dr. Kinkel, in our imperfect translation thus inadequately echoed; and here he wrought hard in his vocation, amid the smiles of some of the loveliest of Nature's scenes.

But besides the possession of all these books, and of this wonderful window, Dr. Kinkel was yet more fortunate in his domestic relations. He was married to an amiable, highly educated, and accomplished lady, who endeavored, by all the means in her power, to assist his labors, and render them less onerous by her own exertions. She was a very fine musician, and a superior piano-forte player—one of the favorite pupils of Moscheles, and afterward, we believe, of Mendelssohn. She divided her time equally between assisting her husband, educating their child, and giving private lessons in music; and because this accomplished hard working couple

did not find their energies quite worn out by toiling for thirteen hours a day, they gave a private concert at the castle once a month, at which a whole opera of Mozart or Weber was often gone through—both the instrumental and vocal parts being by amateurs, or pupils of Madam Kinkel.

So, once again, we say, notwithstanding all these labors, Dr. Kinkel's life in the Castle of Popplesdorf, was that of a fortunate and happy man. At this period he was about two-and-thirty years of age. He could not have been more; probably he was less.

PICTURE THE THIRD.

It is the year 1848, and the Continental Revolutions are shaking all the foreign thrones. Every body, not directly or indirectly in the pay of a court, feels that the lot of the people should be ameliorated. The populations of all nations have borne enormous burdens, with extraordinary patience, for a very long time—say a thousand years—and, at last, they have no more patience left. But what is all this to abstract thought, to learning and science, to poetic raptures, and picturesque ease? It has hitherto been regarded as too grossly material, or of too coarse and common a practicality for the great majority of those whose lives were passed in abstract studies and refinements. Ay—but this must not continue. The world has come to a pass at which *every* soul must awake, and should be “up and doing.”

Dr. Gottfried Kinkel, now, besides his other honors and emoluments, and private earnings, is installed as a salaried professor in the University of Bonn. It can not be but such a man must awake, and take an interest in these continental revolutions which are boiling up all round him. Still, it is not likely he will step into the vortex or approach it. His worldly position is strong against it—all his interests are against it; moreover, he has a wife, and, besides he has now three children.

Howbeit, Dr. Kinkel does rise with these events, and his wife, so far from restraining him, feels the same enthusiastic patriotism, and exhorts him to step forward, and swell the torrent of the time. He feels strongly that Prussia should have a constitution; that her intellect and sober character deserves a constitutional monarchy, like ours in England, with such improvements as ours manifestly needs, and he places himself at the head of the popular party in Bonn, where he delivers public orations, the truthful eloquence and boldness of which startle, delight, and encourage his audiences.

He is soon afterward elected a member of the Berlin parliament. He sides with the Left, or democratic party; he advocates the cause of the oppressed people and the poor, he argues manfully and perseveringly the real interests of all governments, in granting a rational amount of liberty, showing, that in the present stage

of the moral world, it is the only thing to prevent violence, and to secure good order. His speeches breathe a prophetic spirit.

The revolution gathers fuel, more rapidly than can be well disposed, and it takes fire at Baden. The flames reach near and far—many are irresistibly attracted. They have seen, and too well remember, the faithlessness and treachery of governments—they believe the moment has come to strike a blow which shall gain and establish the constitutional liberty they seek. Dr. Kinkel immediately leaves his professorship; he believes he ought now to join those who wield the sword, and peril their lives in support of their principles. He proposes to hasten to Baden, to defend the constitution framed by the Frankfort parliament. His patriotic wife consents, and, in the evening, he takes leave of her, and of his sleeping children.

It must not be concealed that with this strong feeling in favor of a constitutional monarchy, there was an infusion of principles of a more sweeping character; nor would it be going too far to say that amid the insurgents of Baden were some who entertained opinions not far removed from red republicanism. Be this as it may, we are persuaded that Dr. Kinkel's political principles and aims were purely of a constitutional character, however he may have been drawn into the fierce vortex of men and circumstances which surrounded him.

Dr. Kinkel serves for eleven days in a free corps in Baden, where the army of the insurgents have assembled. At the commencement of the battle, he is wounded, and taken prisoner with arms in his hands. The sequel of these struggles is well enough known; but the fate of the prisoners who survived their wounds, must be noticed.

According to the Prussian law, Dr. Kinkel should have been sentenced to six years' confinement as a state prisoner: This sentence is accordingly passed upon the other prisoners; and with a wise and commendable clemency many are set free after a short time. But as Dr. Kinkel is a man of high education and celebrity, it is thought best to give him a very severe punishment, according to the old ignorance of what is called “making an example,” as if this sort of example did not provoke and stimulate, rather than deter others; and, as if clemency were not only one of the noblest attributes of royalty, but one of its best safeguards in its effect on the feelings of a people.

Dr. Kinkel is, accordingly, sentenced to be imprisoned for life in a fortress, as a state criminal; and away he is carried.

But now comes into play the anger and resentment of many of those who had once so much admired Kinkel, and held him up as a religious champion, until the woeful day when he left preaching for the study of the arts; and the yet more woeful, not to call it diabolical hour, when he announced his opinion that a separation of Church and State might be the

best course for both. After a series of intrigues, the enemies of Kinkel induce the king to alter the sentence; but in order to avoid the appearance of unusual severity, it is announced that his sentence of imprisonment in the fortress shall be *alleviated*, by transferring him to an ordinary prison. In pursuance, therefore, of these suggestions of his enemies, he is ordered to be imprisoned for life in one of the prisons appropriated to the vilest malefactors—viz., to the prison of Naugard, on the Baltic.

Dr. Kinkel is dressed in sackcloth, and his head is shaved. His wedding-ring is taken from him, and every little memento of his wife and children which might afford him consolation. His bed is a sack of straw laid upon a board. He has to scour and clean his cell, and perform every other menial office. Light is allowed him only so long as he toils; and, as soon as the requisite work is done, the light is taken away. Such is his melancholy lot at the present moment!

He who used to toil for thirteen hours a day amidst the learned languages, and the works of antiquity, in the study of Theology, and of the arts—the eloquent preacher, lecturer, and tutor—is now compelled to waste his life, with all its acquirements, in spinning. For thirteen hours every day, he is doomed to spin. By this labor he earns, every day, threepence for the state, and a halfpenny for himself! This latter sum, amounting to threepence a week, is allowed him in mercy, and with it he is permitted to purchase a dried herring and a small loaf of coarse brown bread—which, furthermore, he is allowed to eat as a Sunday dinner—his ordinary food consisting of a sort of odious pap in the morning (after having spun for four hours), some vegetables at noon, and some bread and water at night.

For months he has not enjoyed a breath of fresh air. He is allowed to walk daily for half-an-hour in a covered passage; but even this is refused whenever the jailor is occupied with other matters, and can not attend to trifles.

Dr. Kinkel has no books nor papers; there is nothing for him but spinning—spinning—spinning! Once a month he is, by great clemency, allowed to write one letter to his wife, which has to pass through the hands of his jailor, who, being empowered to act as censor, judiciously strikes out whatever he does not choose Madame Kinkel to know. All sympathizing letters are strictly withheld from him, while all those which severely take him to task, and censure his political opinions and conduct, are carefully placed in his hands, when he stops to take his breath for a minute from his eternal spinning.

Relatives are not, by the law, allowed to see a criminal during the first three months; after that time, they may. But after having been imprisoned at Naugard three months—short of a day—Dr. Kinkel is suddenly removed to another prison at Spandau, there to re-commence

a period of three months. By this device he is prevented from seeing his wife, or any friend—all in a perfectly legal way.

The jailor is strictly enjoined not to afford Dr. Kinkel any sort of opportunity, either by writing or by any other means, of making intercession with the king to obtain pardon, or the commutation of his sentence into banishment. All these injunctions are fully obeyed by the jailor—indeed the present one is more severe than any of the others.

Nevertheless, the melancholy truth has oozed out—the picture has worn its tearful way through the dense stone walls—and here it is for all to see—and, we doubt not, for many to feel.

Gottfried Kinkel, so recently one of the most admired professors of the University of Bonn, one of the ornaments of the scholarship and literature of modern Germany, now clothed in sackcloth, with shaven head, and attenuated frame, sits spinning his last threads. He utters no reproaches, no complaints; but bears his sufferings with a sweet resignation that savors already of the angelic abodes to which his contemplations are ever directed. He has entreated his wife to have his heart buried amidst those lovely scenes on which he so often gazed with serene rapture, from his study-window in the Castle of Poppelsdorf.

Those who behold this last picture and revert to the one where the professor came happily sliding his way to his class at the University, may perchance share the emotion which makes us pass our hands across our eyes, to put aside the irrepressible tribute of sorrow which dims and confuses the page before us. His worst enemies could never have contemplated any thing so sad as this. Many, indeed, have already relented—but let their interceding voices be heard before it is too late.

The literary men of no country are united, or they might move the whole kingdom. Still less are the literary men of different countries united, or they might move the world. But are they, therefore, without a common sympathy for one another? We are sure this is not the case; and making this appeal to the literary men of England, we believe it will not be in vain. Nor are we without hope, that a strong sympathy of this kind, being duly and respectfully made known to the King of Prussia, or to Baron Manteufel, the Minister of the Interior, may induce His Majesty to consider that, the revolution being at an end, clemency is not only the “brightest jewel in a crown,” but its noblest strength, and that, while royal power can lose nothing, it must gain honor by remitting all further punishment of one who has only shared in the political offense of thousands who are now at liberty. All that the friends, at home and abroad, of Gottfried Kinkel ask is—his liberation from prison, and a permission to emigrate to England or America.



JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.*

THE DEATH OF JOHN RANDOLPH.

JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke, as he always signed himself, one of the most remarkable men this country has produced, died in 1833, at a hotel in Philadelphia, while on his way to England for the benefit of his health. A life of him which has just been published, written by the Hon. Hugh A. Garland, contains a very detailed and interesting account of his last days, in which the peculiarities of his character are clearly developed:

When the approach of the boat to the landing of Potomac creek was announced, he was brought out of the room by his servants, on a chair, and seated in the porch, where most of the stage passengers were assembled. His presence seemed to produce considerable restraint on the company; and though he appeared to solicit it, none were willing to enter into conversation; one gentleman only, who was a former acquaintance, passed a few words with him; and so soon as the boat reached the landing, all hurried off, and left him nearly alone, with his awkward servants as his only attendants. An Irish porter, who seemed to be very careless and awkward in his movements, slung a trunk round and struck Mr. Randolph with considerable force against the knee. He uttered an exclamation of great suffering. The poor Irishman was much terrified, and made the most humble apology, but Mr. Randolph stormed at him—would listen to no excuse, and drove him from his presence. This inci-

dent increased the speed of the by-standers, and in a few minutes not one was left to assist the dying man.

Dr. Dunbar, an eminent physician, of Baltimore, witnessing what happened, and feeling his sympathies awakened toward a man so feeble, and apparently so near his end, walked up to the chair, as the servants were about to remove their master, and said, "Mr. Randolph, I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, but I have known your brother from my childhood; and as I see you have no one with you but your servants—you appear to require a friend, I will be happy to render you any assistance in my power, while we are together on the boat." He looked up, and fixed such a searching gaze on the doctor as he never encountered before. But having no other motive but kindness for a suffering fellow man, he returned the scrutinizing look with steadiness. As Mr. Randolph read the countenance of the stranger, who had thus unexpectedly proffered his friendship, his face suddenly cleared up; and with a most winning smile, and real politeness, and with a touching tone of voice, grasping the doctor's hand, he said, "I am most thankful to you, sir, for your kindness, for I do, indeed, want a friend."

He was now, with the doctor's assistance, carefully carried on board, and set down in the most eligible part of the cabin. He seemed to be gasping for breath, as he sat up in the chair, having recovered a little, he turned to the doctor, and said, "Be so good, sir, if you please, as to give me your name." The doctor gave him his name, his profession, and place of residence.

"Ah! doctor," said he, "I am passed surgery—passed surgery!" "I hope not, sir," the doctor replied. With a deeper and more pathetic tone, he repeated, "*I am passed surgery.*"

He was removed to a side berth, and laid in a position where he could get air; the doctor also commenced fanning him. His face was wrinkled, and of a parched yellow, like a female of advanced age. He seemed to repose for a moment, but presently he roused up, throwing round an intense and searching gaze. The doctor was reading a newspaper.

"What paper is that, doctor?"

"The — *Gazette*, sir."

"A very scurrilous paper, sir—a very scurrilous paper."

After a short pause, he continued, "Be so good, sir, as to read the foreign news for me—the debates in Parliament, if you please."

As the names of the speakers were mentioned, he commented on each; "Yes," said he, "I knew him when I was in England;" then went on to make characteristic remarks on each person.

In reading, the doctor fell upon the word budget; he pronounced the letter *u* short, as in *bud*—budget. Mr. Randolph said quickly, but with great mildness and courtesy, "Permit me

* This sketch is from a portrait of RANDOLPH taken during his last visit to England. It is said by those who remember him well, to present an accurate and by no means caricatured or exaggerated representation of his singular personal appearance, while walking in the streets.

to interrupt you for a moment, doctor; I would pronounce that word budget; like *oo* in book." "Very well, sir," said the doctor, pleasantly, and continued the reading, to which Mr. Randolph listened with great attention. Mr. Randolph now commenced a conversation about his horses, which he seemed to enjoy very much; Gracchus particularly, he spoke of with evident delight. As he lay in his berth, he showed his extremities to the doctor, which were much emaciated. He looked at them mournfully, and expressed his opinion of the hopelessness of his condition. The doctor endeavored to cheer him with more hopeful views. He listened politely, but evidently derived no consolation from the remarks. Supper was now announced; the captain and the steward were very attentive, in carrying such dishes to Mr. Randolph as they thought would be pleasing to him. He was plentifully supplied with fried clams, which he ate with a good deal of relish. The steward asked him if he would have some more clams. "I do not know," he replied; "doctor, do you think I could take some more clams?" "No, Mr. Randolph; had you asked me earlier, I would have advised you against taking any, for they are very injurious; but I did not conceive it my right to advise you." "Yes, you had, doctor; and I would have been much obliged to you for doing so. Steward, I can't take any more; the doctor thinks they are not good for me."

After the table was cleared off, one of the gentlemen—the one referred to as a former acquaintance of Mr. Randolph's, observed that he should like to get some information about the boats north of Baltimore. "I can get it for you, sir," replied Mr. Randolph. "Doctor, do me the favor to hand me a little wicker-basket, among my things in the berth below." The basket was handed to him; it was full of clippings from newspapers. He could not find the advertisement he sought for. The gentleman, with great politeness, said, "Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Randolph." Several times he repeated, "Don't trouble yourself, sir." At length Randolph became impatient, and looking up at him with an angry expression of countenance, said, "I do hate to be interrupted!" The gentleman, thus rebuked, immediately left him.

Mr. Randolph then showed another basket of the same kind, filled with similar scraps from newspapers, and observed that he was always in the habit, when any thing struck him in his reading, as likely to be useful for future reference, to cut it out and preserve it in books, which he had for that purpose; and that he had at home several volumes of that kind.

He showed his arrangements for traveling in Europe; and after a while, seeing the doctor writing, he said, "Doctor, I see you are writing; will you do me the favor to write a letter for me, to a friend in Richmond?" "Certainly, sir." "The gentleman," he continued, "stands A, No. 1, among men—Dr. Brockenbrough, of Richmond." The letter gave direc-

tions about business matters, principally, but it contained some characteristic remarks about his horses. He exulted in their having beaten the stage; and concluded, "So much for blood Now," said he, "sign it, doctor."

"How shall I sign it, Mr. Randolph? sign it John Randolph of Roanoke?"

"No, sir, sign it Randolph of Roanoke."

It was done accordingly. "Now, doctor," said he, "do me the favor to add a postscript." The postscript was added, "I have been so fortunate as to meet with Dr. —, of —, on board this boat, and to form his acquaintance, and I can never be sufficiently grateful for his kind attentions to me."

So soon as the letter was concluded, Mr. Randolph drew together the curtains of his berth; the doctor frequently heard him groaning heavily, and breathing so laboriously, that several times he approached the side of the berth to listen if it were not the beginning of the death-struggle. He often heard him, also, exclaiming, in agonized tones, "Oh, God! Oh, Christ!" while he was engaged in ejaculatory prayer.

He now became very restless, was impatient and irascible with his servants, but continued to manifest the utmost kindness and courtesy toward Dr. Dunbar.

When the boat reached the wharf at Alexandria, where the doctor was to leave, he approached the side of the berth, and said, "Mr. Randolph, I must now take leave of you." He begged the doctor to come and see him, at Gadsby's, then, grasping his hand, he said, "God bless you, doctor; I never can forget your kind attentions to me."

Next day he went into the Senate chamber, and took his seat in the rear of Mr. Clay. That gentleman happened at the time to be on his feet, addressing the Senate. "Raise me up," said Randolph, "I want to hear that voice again." When Mr. Clay had concluded his remarks, which were very few, he turned round to see from what quarter that singular voice proceeded. Seeing Mr. Randolph, and that he was in a dying condition, he left his place and went to speak to him; as he approached, Mr. Randolph said to the gentleman with him, "Raise me up." As Mr. Clay offered his hand, he said, "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir." "No, sir," replied Randolph, "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you."

They grasped hands and parted, never to meet more.

Having accomplished the only thing that weighed on his mind, having satisfied Mr. Clay, and the world, that, notwithstanding a long life of political hostility, no personal animosity rankled in his heart, he was now ready to continue on his journey, or to meet, with a lighter conscience, any fate that might befall him.

He hurried on to Philadelphia, to be in time for the packet, that was about to sail from the Delaware. But he was too late; he was destined to take passage in a different boat, and

to a land far different from that of his beloved England. It was Monday night when he reached the city, and the storm was very high. His friends found him on the deck of the steamboat, while Johnny was out hunting for a carriage. He was put into a wretched hack, the glasses all broken, and was driven from hotel to hotel in search of lodgings, and exposed all the time to the peltings of the storm. He at length drove to the City Hotel, kept by Mr. Edmund Badger. When Mr. Badger came out to meet him, he asked if he could have accommodations. Mr. Badger replied that he was crowded, but would do the best he could for him. On hearing this, he lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, "Great God! I thank Thee; I shall be among friends, and be taken care of!"

Mr. Randolph was very ill. Dr. Joseph Parish, a Quaker physician, was sent for. As he entered the room, the patient said, "I am acquainted with you, sir, by character. I know you through Giles." He then told the doctor that he had attended several courses of lectures on anatomy, and described his symptoms with medical accuracy, declaring he must die if he could not discharge the puriform matter.

"How long have you been sick, Mr. Randolph?"

"Don't ask me that question; I have been sick all my life. I have been affected with my present disease, however, for three years. It was greatly aggravated by my voyage to Russia. That killed me, sir. This Russian expedition has been a Pultowa, a Beresina to me."

The doctor now felt his pulse. "You can form no judgment by my pulse; it is so peculiar."

"You have been so long an invalid, Mr. Randolph, you must have acquired an accurate knowledge of the general course of practice adapted to your case."

"Certainly, sir; at forty, a fool or a physician, you know."

"There are idiosyncracies," said the doctor, "in many constitutions. I wish to ascertain what is peculiar about you."

"I have been an idiosyncrasy all my life. All the preparations of camphor invariably injure me. As to ether, it will blow me up. Not so with opium; I can take opium like a Turk, and have been in the habitual use of it, in one shape or another, for some time."

Before the doctor retired, Mr. Randolph's conversation became curiously diversified. He introduced the subject of the Quakers; complimented them in his peculiar manner for neatness, economy, order, comfort—in every thing. "Right," said he, "in every thing except politics—there always twistical." He then repeated a portion of the Litany of the Episcopal church, with apparent fervor. The following morning the doctor was sent for very early. He was called from bed. Mr. Randolph apologized very handsomely for disturbing him. Something was proposed for his relief. He petulantly and positively refused compliance. The doctor paused and addressed a few words to him. He apolo-

gized, and was as submissive as an infant. One evening a medical consultation was proposed; he promptly objected. "In a multitude of counsel," said he, "there is confusion; it leads to weakness and indecision; the patient may die while the doctors are staring at each other." Whenever Dr. Parish parted from him, especially at night, he would receive the kindest acknowledgments, in the most affectionate tones: "God bless you; He does bless you, and He will bless you."

The night preceding his death, the doctor passed about two hours in his chamber. In a plaintive tone he said, "My poor John, sir, is worn down with fatigue, and has been compelled to go to bed. A most attentive substitute supplies his place, but neither he nor you, sir, are like John; he knows where to place his hand on any thing, in a large quantity of baggage prepared for a European voyage." The patient was greatly distressed in breathing, in consequence of difficult expectoration. He requested the doctor, at his next visit, to bring instruments for performing the operation of bronchotomy, for he could not live unless relieved. He then directed a certain newspaper to be brought to him. He put on his spectacles, as he sat propped up in bed, turned over the paper several times, and examined it carefully, then placing his finger on a part he had selected, handed it to the doctor, with a request that he would read it. It was headed "Cherokee." In the course of reading, the doctor came to the word "omnipotence," and pronounced it with a full sound on the penultimate—omnipotence. Mr. Randolph checked him, and pronounced the word according to Walker. The doctor attempted to give a reason for his pronunciation. "Pass on," was the quick reply. The word impetus was then pronounced with the *e* long, "impetus." He was instantly corrected. The doctor hesitated on the criticism. "There can be no doubt of it, sir." An immediate acknowledgment of the reader that he stood corrected, appeared to satisfy the critic, and the piece was concluded. The doctor observed that there was a great deal of sublimity in the composition. He directly referred to the Mosaic account of creation, and repeated, "'Let there be light, and there was light.' There is sublimity."

Next morning (the day on which he died), Dr. Parish received an early and an urgent message to visit him. Several persons were in the room, but soon left it, except his servant John, who was much affected at the sight of his dying master. The doctor remarked to him, "I have seen your master very low before, and he revived; and perhaps he will again." "John knows better than that, sir." He then looked at the doctor with great intensity, and said in an earnest and distinct manner, "I confirm every disposition in my will, especially that respecting my slaves, whom I have manumitted, and for whom I have made provision."

"I am rejoiced to hear such a declaration."

from you, sir," replied the doctor, and soon after, proposed to leave him for a short time, to attend to another patient. "You must not go," was the reply; "you can not, you shall not leave me. *John!* take care that the doctor does not leave the room." John soon locked the door, and reported, "Master, I have locked the door, and got the key in my pocket: the doctor can't go now."

He seemed excited, and said, "If you do go, you need not return." The doctor appealed to him as to the propriety of such an order, inasmuch as he was only desirous of discharging his duty to another patient. His manner instantly changed, and he said, "I retract that expression." Some time afterward, turning an expressive look, he said again, "I retract that expression."

The doctor now said that he understood the subject of his communication, and presumed the Will would explain itself fully. He replied, in his peculiar way, "No, you don't understand it; I know you don't. Our laws are extremely particular on the subject of slaves—a Will may manumit them, but provision for their subsequent support, requires that a declaration be made in the presence of a white witness; and it is requisite that the witness, after hearing the declaration, should continue with the party, and never lose sight of him, until he is gone or dead. You are a good witness for John. You see the propriety and importance of your remaining with me; your patients must make allowance for your situation. John told me this morning, 'Master, you are dying.'"

The doctor spoke with entire candor, and replied, that it was rather a matter of surprise that he had lasted so long. He now made his preparations to die. He directed John to bring him his father's breast button; he then directed him to place it in the bosom of his shirt. It was an old-fashioned, large-sized gold stud. John placed it in the button hole of the shirt bosom—but to fix it completely, required a hole on the opposite side. "Get a knife," said he, "and cut one." A napkin was called for, and placed by John, over his breast. For a short time he lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed. He suddenly roused up and exclaimed, "Remorse! remorse!" It was thrice repeated—the last time, at the top of his voice, with great agitation. He cried out, "Let me see the word. Get a dictionary, let me see the word." "There is none in the room, sir." "Write it down, then—let me see the word." The doctor picked up one of his cards, "Randolph of Roanoke." "Shall I write it on this card?" "Yes," nothing more proper." The word *remorse*, was then written in pencil. He took the card in a hurried manner, and fastened his eyes on it with great intensity. "Write it on the back," he exclaimed—it was so done and handed him again. He was extremely agitated, "Remorse! you have no idea what it is; you can form no idea of it, whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation—but I have looked

to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon. Now, let John take your pencil and draw a line under the word," which was accordingly done. "What am I to do with the card?" inquired the doctor. "Put it in your pocket—take care of it—when I am dead, look at it."

The doctor now introduced the subject of calling in some additional witnesses to his declarations, and suggested sending down stairs for Edmund Badger. He replied, "I have already communicated that to him." The doctor then said, "With your concurrence, sir, I will send for two young physicians, who shall remain and never lose sight of you until you are dead; to whom you can make your declarations—my son, Dr. Isaac Parish, and my young friend and late pupil, Dr. Francis West, a brother of Captain West."

He quickly asked, "Captain West of the Packet?" "Yes, sir, the same." "Send for him—he is the man—I'll have him."

Before the door was unlocked, he pointed toward a bureau, and requested the doctor to take from it a remuneration for his services. To this the doctor promptly replied, that he would feel as though he were acting indelicately, to comply. He then waived the subject, by saying, "In England it is always customary."

The witnesses were now sent for, and soon arrived. The dying man was propped up in the bed, with pillows, nearly erect. Being extremely sensitive to cold, he had a blanket over his head and shoulders; and he directed John to place his hat on, over the blanket, which aided in keeping it close to his head. With a countenance full of sorrow, John stood close by the side of his dying master. The four witnesses—Edmund Badger, Francis West, Isaac Parish, and Joseph Parish, were placed in a semi-circle, in full view. He rallied all the expiring energies of mind and body, to this last effort. "His whole soul," says Dr. Parish, "seemed concentrated in the act. His eyes flashed feeling and intelligence. Pointing toward us, with his long index finger, he addressed us."

"I confirm all the directions in my Will, respecting my slaves, and direct them to be enforced, particularly in regard to a provision for their support." And then raising his arm as high as he could, he brought it down with his open hand, on the shoulder of his favorite John, and added these words, "Especially for this man." He then asked each of the witnesses whether they understood him. Dr. Joseph Parish explained to them, what Mr. Randolph had said in regard to the laws of Virginia, on the subject of manumission—and then appealed to the dying man to know whether he had stated it correctly. "Yes," said he, and gracefully waving his hand as a token of dismission, he added, "The young gentlemen will remain with me."

The scene was now soon changed. Having disposed of that subject most deeply impressed

on his heart, his keen penetrating eye lost its expression, his powerful mind gave way, and his fading imagination began to wander amidst scenes and with friends that he had left behind. In two hours the spirit took its flight, and all that was mortal of John Randolph of Roanoke was hushed in death. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, on the 24th day of June, 1833, aged sixty years, he breathed his last, in a chamber of the City Hotel, No. 41, North Third-street, Philadelphia.

His remains were taken to Virginia, and buried at Roanoke, not far from the mansion in which he lived, and in the midst of that "boundless contiguity of shade," where he spent so many hours of anguish and of solitude. He sleeps quietly now; the squirrel may gambol in the boughs above, the partridge may whistle in the long grass that waves over that solitary grave, and none shall disturb or make them afraid.

AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THE ties of relationship are held most sacred in the imperial family of Austria—Maria Louisa had been taught to reverence them from her infancy. She was tenderly attached to every member of her family, and when the preliminaries of her marriage with Napoleon were arranged, and she knew that she was about to leave all who were so dear to her, and with whom she had passed all her days, her heart sank within her, and her tears flowed incessantly. The day came: she was to leave forever the home of her childhood. She took a most affecting leave of all her family, and then shut herself up in her own apartment, where, according to etiquette, she was to remain till the French ambassador who was to conduct her to Paris went to hand her to the carriage. When Berthier, Prince de Neufchatel, went into her cabinet for this purpose, he found her weeping most bitterly. For some time she was unable to speak: at length words of passionate grief found their way.

"I can not help crying," she said; "every thing I look at, and that I am going to leave, is so dear to me: there are my sister's drawings, my mother herself worked this tapestry, these pictures were painted by my uncle Charles."

Thus she went on apostrophizing every article the room contained, even the very carpets, and all her pets of whom she was so fond, so cherished, and caressed; her singing birds, that she loved to sit and listen to—these were all to be left behind—and the parrot that she herself had taught to speak; but, above all, the little faithful dog, the favorite companion, even he was not to accompany her—for it had been said that the emperor did not like pet dogs. As she caressed the little creature her tears fell faster. Berthier was sensibly touched by the marks of affection bestowed by the young princess on all the objects associated with home. He told her that all would not be in

readiness for their departure for a couple of hours. So the poor princess was allowed the indulgence of her grief for a little while longer. But the moment came, and she had to tear herself away from the scenes and the friends that occupied all her affection. An enthusiastic greeting awaited her from the crowds assembled to welcome her. Splendor surrounded her on every side; but home and the dear friends were far away. As Napoleon led her from the balcony of the Tuileries, where she had been gazed at and hailed with acclamations of joy by the populace, he said—

"Come, Louisa, I ought to give you some little reward for the happiness which you have conferred on me—the great happiness which I have just enjoyed. Nay, nay, don't be afraid to follow me," continued he, as he led her along one of the narrow corridors of the palace, lit by a single lamp; "nay, nay, don't be afraid to follow me."

Suddenly they stopped at the door of a room wherein a dog was making efforts to get out. The emperor opened the door—the favorite dog was there. He testified his joy at again seeing his mistress by a thousand wild pranks; bounding and jumping about her. The profusion of lamps by which the room was lit up, discovered to Maria Louisa that it was furnished with the very chairs and the carpets of her apartment at Vienna. There were her sister's drawings, and the tapestry wrought by her mother's hands; there were the pictures painted by her uncle Charles; there was her parrot, and there her singing birds; and, above all, the pet dog. Louisa was greatly affected and delighted by finding herself surrounded by these dear, familiar objects. So well had Berthier planned and executed this agreeable surprise for the disconsolate princess, whom he had found weeping over all that had been endeared to her by the fondest associations, that she never suspected his design in delaying their departure from Vienna.

"Come in, Berthier," said the emperor, opening a side door, "and let the empress thank you. There, Louisa, thank him—embrace him who planned this pleasure for you."

How frequently genius effects great ends by the simplest means! It is most interesting to see the greatest difficulties give way before its magic influence.

A DEATH-BED.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

HER suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She pass'd through Glory's morning-gate
And walk'd in Paradise.

[From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.]

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 777.)

BOOK II.—INITIAL CHAPTER:—INFORMING THE READER HOW THIS WORK CAME TO HAVE INITIAL CHAPTERS.

"THERE can't be a doubt," said my father, "that to each of the main divisions of your work—whether you call them Books or Parts—you should prefix an Initial or Introductory Chapter."

PISISTRATUS.—"Can't be a doubt, sir! Why so?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Fielding lays it down as an indispensable rule, which he supports by his example; and Fielding was an artistical writer, and knew what he was about."

PISISTRATUS.—"Do you remember any of his reasons, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Why, indeed, Fielding says very justly that he is not bound to assign any reason; but he does assign a good many, here and there—to find which, I refer you to *Tom Jones*. I will only observe, that one of his reasons, which is unanswerable, runs to the effect that thus, in every Part or Book, the reader has the advantage of beginning at the fourth or fifth page instead of the first—'a matter by no means of trivial consequence,' saith Fielding, 'to persons who read books with no other view than to say they have read them—a more general motive to reading than is commonly imagined; and from which not only law books and good books, but the pages of Homer and Virgil, of Swift and Cervantes have been often turned over.' There," cried my father triumphantly, "I will lay a shilling to two-pence that I have quoted the very words."

MRS. CAXTON.—"Dear me, that only means skipping: I don't see any great advantage in writing a chapter, merely for people to skip it."

PISISTRATUS.—"Neither do I!"

MR. CAXTON, dogmatically.—"It is the repose in the picture—Fielding calls it 'contrast'—(still more dogmatically) I say there can't be a doubt about it. Besides (added my father after a pause), besides, this usage gives you opportunities to explain what has gone before, or to prepare for what's coming; or, since Fielding contends with great truth, that some learning is necessary for this kind of historical composition, it allows you, naturally and easily, the introduction of light and pleasant ornaments of that nature. At each flight in the terrace, you may give the eye the relief of an urn or a statue. Moreover, when so inclined, you create proper pausing places for reflection; and complete, by a separate yet harmonious ethical department, the design of a work, which is but a mere Mother Goose's tale if it does not embrace a general view of the thoughts and actions of mankind."

PISISTRATUS.—"But then, in these initial chapters, the author thrusts himself forward

and just when you want to get on with the *dramatis personæ*, you find yourself face to face with the poet himself."

MR. CAXTON.—"Pooh! you can contrive to prevent that! Imitate the chorus of the Greek stage, who fill up the intervals between the action by saying what the author would otherwise say in his own person."

PISISTRATUS, slyly.—"That's a good idea, sir—and I have a chorus, and a chorægus too, already in my eye."

MR. CAXTON, unsuspectingly.—"Aha! you are not so dull a fellow as you would make yourself out to be; and, even if an author did thrust himself forward, what objection is there to that? It is a mere affectation to suppose that a book can come into the world without an author. Every child has a father, one father at least, as the great Condé says very well in his poem."

PISISTRATUS.—"The great Condé a poet!—I never heard that before."

MR. CAXTON.—"I don't say he was a poet, but he sent a poem to Madame de Montansier. Envious critics think that he must have paid somebody else to write it; but there is no reason why a great captain should not write a poem—I don't say a good poem, but a poem. I wonder, Roland, if the Duke ever tried his hand at 'Stanzas to Mary,' or 'Lines to a sleeping babe.'"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Austin, I'm ashamed of you. Of course the Duke could write poetry if he pleased—something, I dare say, in the way of the great Condé—that is something warlike and heroic, I'll be bound. Let's hear!"

MR. CAXTON, reciting—

"Telle est du Ciel la loi sèvere
Qu'il faut qu'un enfant ait un père;
On dit même quelque fois
Tel enfant en a jusqu'à trois."

CAPTAIN ROLAND, greatly disgusted.—"Condé write such stuff!—I don't believe it."

PISISTRATUS.—"I do, and accept the quotation—you and Roland shall be joint fathers to my child as well as myself."

"Tel enfant en a jusqu'à trois."

MR. CAXTON, solemnly.—"I refuse the proffered paternity; but so far as administering a little wholesome castigation, now and then, I have no objection to join in the discharge of a father's duty."

PISISTRATUS.—"Agreed; have you any thing to say against the infant hitherto?"

MR. CAXTON.—"He is in long clothes at present; let us wait till he can walk."

BLANCHE.—"But pray whom do you mean for a hero?—and is Miss Jemima your heroine?"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"There is some mystery about the—"

PISISTRATUS, hastily.—"Hush, Uncle; no letting the cat out of the bag yet. Listen, all of you! I left Frank Hazeldean on his way to the Casino."

CHAPTER II.

"It is a sweet pretty place," thought Frank, as he opened the gate which led across the fields to the Casino, that smiled down upon him with its plaster pilasters. "I wonder, though, that my father, who is so particular in general, suffers the carriage road to be so full of holes and weeds. Mounseer does not receive many visits, I take it."

But when Frank got into the ground immediately before the house, he saw no cause of complaint as to want of order and repair. Nothing could be kept more neatly. Frank was ashamed of the dint made by the pony's hoofs in the smooth gravel; he dismounted, tied the animal to the wicket, and went on foot toward the glass door in front.

He rang the bell once, twice, but nobody came, for the old woman-servant, who was hard of hearing, was far away in the yard, searching for any eggs which the hen might have scandalously hidden from culinary purposes; and Jackeymo was fishing for the sticklebacks and minnows, which were, when caught, to assist the eggs, when found, in keeping together the bodies and souls of himself and his master. The old woman was on board wages—lucky old woman! Frank rang a third time, and with the impetuosity of his age. A face peeped from the Belvidere on the terrace. "Diavolo!" said Dr. Riccabocca to himself. "Young cocks crow hard on their own dunghill; it must be a cock of a high race to crow so loud at another's."

Therewith he shambled out of the summer-house, and appeared suddenly before Frank, in a very wizard-like dressing robe of black serge, a red cap on his head, and a cloud of smoke coming rapidly from his lips, as a final consolatory whiff, before he removed the pipe from them. Frank had indeed seen the doctor before, but never in so scholastic a costume, and he was a little startled by the apparition at his elbow, as he turned round.

"Signorino—young gentleman," said the Italian, taking off his cap with his usual urbanity, "pardon the negligence of my people—I am too happy to receive your commands in person."

"Dr. Rickeybockey?" stammered Frank, much confused by this polite address, and the low yet stately bow with which it was accompanied, "I—I have a note from the Hall. Mamma—that is, my mother—and aunt Jemima beg their best compliments, and hope you will come, sir."

The Doctor took the note with another bow, and, opening the glass door, invited Frank to enter.

The young gentleman, with a schoolboy's usual bluntness, was about to say that he was in a hurry, and had rather not; but Dr. Riccabocca's grand manner awed him, while a glimpse of the hall excited his curiosity—so he silently obeyed the invitation.

The hall, which was of an octagon shape, had been originally paneled off into compartments, and in these the Italian had painted landscapes, rich with the sunny warm light of his native climate. Frank was no judge of the art displayed; but he was greatly struck with the scenes depicted: they were all views of some lake, real or imaginary—in all, dark-blue shining waters reflected dark-blue placid skies. In one, a flight of steps descended to the lake, and a gay group was seen feasting on the margin: in another, sunset threw its rose-hues over a vast villa or palace, backed by Alpine hills, and flanked by long arcades of vines, while pleasure-boats skimmed over the waves below. In short, throughout all the eight compartments, the scene, though it differed in details, preserved the same general character, as if illustrating some favorite locality. The Italian, did not, however, evince any desire to do the honors to his own art, but, preceding Frank across the hall, opened the door of his usual sitting-room, and requested him to enter. Frank did so, rather reluctantly, and seated himself with unwonted bashfulness on the edge of a chair. But here new specimens of the Doctor's handicraft soon riveted attention. The room had been originally papered; but Riccabocca had stretched canvas over the walls, and painted thereon sundry satirical devices, each separated from the other by scroll-works of fantastic arabesques. Here a Cupid was trundling a wheelbarrow full of hearts, which he appeared to be selling to an ugly old fellow, with a money-bag in his hand—probably Plutus. There Diogenes might be seen walking through a market-place, with his lantern in his hand, in search of an honest man, while the children jeered at him, and the curs snapped at his heels. In another place, a lion was seen half dressed in a fox's hide, while a wolf in a sheep's mask was conversing very amicably with a young lamb. Here again might be seen the geese stretching out their necks from the Roman Capitol in full cackle, while the stout invaders were beheld in the distance, running off as hard as they could. In short, in all these quaint entablatures some pithy sarcasm was symbolically conveyed; only over the mantle-piece was the design graver and more touching. It was the figure of a man in a pilgrim's garb, chained to the earth by small but innumerable ligaments, while a phantom likeness of himself, his shadow, was seen hastening down what seemed an interminable vista; and underneath were written the pathetic words of Horace,

*"Patriæ quis exul
Se quoque fugit?"*

"What exile from his country can fly himself as well?" The furniture of the room was extremely simple, and somewhat scanty; yet it was arranged so as to impart an air of taste and elegance to the room. Even a few plaster busts and statues, though bought of some humble itinerant, had their classical effect, glistening

from out stands of flowers that were grouped around them, or backed by graceful screen-works formed from twisted osiers, which, by the simple contrivance of trays at the bottom, filled with earth, served for living parasitical plants, with gay flowers contrasting thick ivy leaves, and gave to the whole room the aspect of a bower.

"May I ask your permission?" said the Italian, with his finger on the seal of the letter.

"Oh, yes," said Frank with *naïveté*.

Riccabocca broke the seal, and a slight smile stole over his countenance. Then he turned a little aside from Frank, shaded his face with his hand, and seemed to muse. "Mrs. Hazeldean," said he at last, "does me very great honor. I hardly recognize her hand-writing, or I should have been more impatient to open the letter." The dark eyes were lifted over the spectacles, and went right into Frank's unprotected and undiplomatic heart. The Doctor raised the note, and pointed to the characters with his forefinger.

"Cousin Jemima's hand," said Frank, as directly as if the question had been put to him.

The Italian smiled. "Mr. Hazeldean has company staying with him?"

"No; that is, only Barney—the Captain. There's seldom much company before the shooting season," added Frank with a slight sigh; "and then you know the holidays are over. For my part, I think we ought to break up a month later."

The Doctor seemed reassured by the first sentence in Frank's reply, and seating himself at the table, wrote his answer—not hastily, as we English write, but with care and precision, like one accustomed to weigh the nature of words—in that stiff Italian hand, which allows the writer so much time to think while he forms his letters. He did not therefore reply at once to Frank's remark about the holidays, but was silent till he had concluded his note, read it three times over, sealed it by the taper he slowly lighted, and then, giving it to Frank, he said—

"For your sake, young gentleman, I regret that your holidays are so early; for mine, I must rejoice, since I accept the kind invitation you have rendered doubly gratifying by bringing it yourself."

"Deuce take the fellow and his fine speeches! One don't know which way to look," thought English Frank.

The Italian smiled again, as if this time he had read the boy's heart, without need of those piercing black eyes, and said, less ceremoniously than before, "You don't care much for compliments, young gentleman?"

"No, I don't indeed," said Frank heartily.

"So much the better for you, since your way in the world is made: it would be so much the worse if you had to make it!"

Frank looked puzzled: the thought was too deep for him—so he turned to the pictures.

"Those are very funny," said he. "they seem capitally done—who did 'em?"

"Signorino Hazeldean, you are giving me what you refused yourself."

"Eh?" said Frank, inquiringly.

"Compliments!"

"Oh—I—no; but they are well done, aren't they, sir?"

"Not particularly: you speak to the artist."

"What! you painted them?"

"Yes."

"And the pictures in the hall?"

"Those too."

"Taken from nature—eh?"

"Nature," said the Italian sententiously, perhaps evasively, "lets nothing be taken from her."

"Oh!" said Frank, puzzled again.

"Well, I must wish you good morning, sir; I am very glad you are coming."

"Without compliment?"

"Without compliment."

"A *rivedersi*—good-by for the present, my young signorino. This way," observing Frank make a bolt toward the wrong door.

"Can I offer you a glass of wine—it is pure, of our own making?"

"No, thank you, indeed, sir," cried Frank, suddenly recollecting his father's admonition. "Good-by—don't trouble yourself, sir; I know my way now."

But the bland Italian followed his guest to the wicket, where Frank had left the pony. The young gentleman, afraid lest so courteous a host should hold the stirrup for him, twitched off the bridle, and mounted in haste, not even staying to ask if the Italian could put him in the way to Rood Hall, of which way he was profoundly ignorant. The Italian's eye followed the boy as he rode up the ascent in the lane, and the Doctor sighed heavily. "The wiser we grow," said he to himself, "the more we regret the age of our follies: it is better to gallop with a light heart up the stony hill than to sit in the summer-house and cry 'How true!' to the stony truths of Machiavelli!"

With that he turned back into the Belvidere; but he could not resume his studies. He remained some minutes gazing on the prospect, till the prospect reminded him of the fields, which Jackemo was bent on his hiring, and the fields reminded him of Lenny Fairfield. He walked back to the house, and in a few moments re-emerged in his out-of-door-trim, with cloak and umbrella, relighted his pipe, and strolled toward Hazeldean village.

Meanwhile Frank, after cantering on for some distance, stopped at a cottage, and there learned that there was a short cut across the fields to Rood Hall, by which he could save nearly three miles. Frank, however, missed the short cut, and came out into the high road: a turnpike keeper, after first taking his toll, put him back again into the short cut; and finally, he got into some green lanes, where a dilapidated finger-post directed him to Ilood. Late at noon, having rid-

den fifteen miles in the desire to reduce ten to seven, he came suddenly upon a wild and primitive piece of ground, that seemed half chase, half common, with slovenly tumble-down cottages of villainous aspect scattered about in odd nooks and corners; idle dirty children were making mud pies on the road; slovenly-looking women were plaiting straw at the thresholds; a large but forlorn and decayed church, that seemed to say that the generation which saw it built was more pious than the generation which now resorted to it, stood boldly and nakedly out by the roadside.

"Is this the village of Rood?" asked Frank of a stout young man breaking stones on the road—sad sign that no better labor could be found for him!

The man sullenly nodded, and continued his work.

"And where's the Hall—Mr. Leslie's?"

The man looked up in stolid surprise, and this time touched his hat.

"Be you going there?"

"Yes, if I can find out where it is."

"I'll show your honor," said the boor alertly.

Frank reined in the pony, and the man walked by his side.

Frank was much of his father's son, despite the difference of age, and that more fastidious change of manner which characterizes each succeeding race in the progress of civilization. Despite all his Eton finery, he was familiar with peasants, and had the quick eye of one country-born as to country matters.

"You don't seem very well off in this village, my man?" said he, knowingly.

"Noa; there be a deal of distress here in the winter time, and summer too, for that matter; and the parish ben't much help to a single man."

"But the farmers want work here as well as elsewhere, I suppose?"

"'Deed, and there ben't much farming work here—most o' the parish be all wild ground loike."

"The poor have a right of common, I suppose," said Frank, surveying a large assortment of vagabond birds and quadrupeds.

"Yes; neighbor Timmins keeps his geese on the common, and some has a cow—and them be neighbor Jowles's pigs. I don't know if there's a right, loike; but the folks at the Hall does all they can to help us, and that ben't much: they ben't as rich as some folks; but," added the peasant proudly, "they be as good blood as any in the shire."

"I'm glad to see you like them, at all events."

"Oh, yes, I likes them well eno'; mayhap you are at school with the young gentleman?"

"Yes," said Frank.

"Ah! I heard the clergyman say as how Master Randal was a mighty clever lad, and would get rich some day. I'se sure I wish he would, for a poor squire makes a poor parish. There's the Hall, sir."

CHAPTER III.

FRANK looked right ahead, and saw a square house that, in spite of modern sash-windows, was evidently of remote antiquity—a high conical roof; a stack of tall quaint chimney-pots of red baked clay (like those at Sutton Place in Surrey), dominating over isolated vulgar smoke-conductors, of the ignoble fashion of present times; a dilapidated groin-work, encasing within a Tudor arch a door of the comfortable date of George III., and the peculiarly dingy and weather-stained appearance of the small finely finished bricks, of which the habitation was built—all showed the abode of former generations adapted with tasteless irreverence to the habits of descendants unenlightened by Pugin, or indifferent to the poetry of the past. The house had emerged suddenly upon Frank out of the gloomy waste land, for it was placed in a hollow, and sheltered from sight by a disorderly group of ragged, dismal, valetudinarian fir-trees, until an abrupt turn of the road cleared that screen, and left the desolate abode bare to the discontented eye. Frank dismounted; the man held his pony; and, after smoothing his cravat, the smart Etonian sauntered up to the door, and startled the solitude of the place with a loud peal from the modern brass knocker—a knock which instantly brought forth an astonished starling who had built under the eaves of the gable roof, and called up a cloud of sparrows, tomtits, and yellow-hammers, who had been regaling themselves among the litter of a slovenly farm-yard that lay in full sight to the right of the house, fenced off by a primitive, paintless wooden rail. In process of time a sow, accompanied by a thriving and inquisitive family, strolled up to the gate of the fence, and, leaning her nose on the lower bar of the gate, contemplated the visitor with much curiosity and some suspicion.

While Frank is still without, impatiently swingeing his white trowsers with his whip, we will steal a hurried glance toward the respective members of the family within. Mr. Leslie, the *pater familias*, is in a little room called his 'study,' to which he regularly retires every morning after breakfast, rarely reappearing till one o'clock, which is his unfashionable hour for dinner. In what mysterious occupations Mr. Leslie passes those hours no one ever formed a conjecture. At the present moment he is seated before a little rickety bureau, one leg of which (being shorter than the other), is propped up by sundry old letters and scraps of newspapers; and the bureau is open, and reveals a great number of pigeon-holes and divisions, filled with various odds and ends, the collection of many years. In some of these compartments are bundles of letters, very yellow, and tied in packets with faded tape; in another, all by itself, is a fragment of plum-pudding stone, which Mr. Leslie has picked up in his walks and considered a rare mineral. It is neatly labeled "Found in Hollow Lane, May 21st, 1824, by Maunde

Slugge Leslie, Esq." The next division holds several bits of iron in the shape of nails, fragments of horse-shoes, &c., which Mr. Leslie had also met with in his rambles, and, according to a harmless popular superstition, deemed it highly unlucky not to pick up, and, once picked up, no less unlucky to throw away. *Item*, in the adjoining pigeon-hole, a goodly collection of pebbles with holes in them, preserved for the same reason, in company with a crooked sixpence: *item*, neatly arranged in fanciful mosaics, several periwinkles, Blackamoor's teeth (I mean the shell so called), and other specimens of the conchiferous ingenuity of Nature, partly inherited from some ancestral spinster, partly amassed by Mr. Leslie himself in a youthful excursion to the sea-side. There were the farm-bailiff's accounts, several files of bills, an old stirrup, three sets of knee and shoe buckles which had belonged to Mr. Leslie's father, a few seals tied together by a shoe-string, a shagreen toothpick case, a tortoiseshell magnifying glass to read with, his eldest son's first copybooks, his second son's ditto, his daughter's ditto, and a lock of his wife's hair arranged in a true-lover's knot, framed and glazed. There were also a small mousetrap; a patent corkscrew, too good to be used in common; fragments of a silver teaspoon, that had, by natural decay, arrived at a dissolution of its parts; a small brown Holland bag, containing halfpence of various dates, as far back as Queen Anne, accompanied by two French *sous*, and a German *silber gros*; the which miscellany Mr. Leslie magniloquently called "his coins," and had left in his will as a family heirloom. There were many other curiosities of congenial nature and equal value—"quæ nunc describere longum est." Mr. Leslie was engaged at this time in what is termed "putting things to rights"—an occupation he performed with exemplary care once a week. This was his day; and he had just counted his coins, and was slowly tying them up again, when Frank's knock reached his ears.

Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie paused, shook his head as if incredulously, and was about to resume his occupation, when he was seized with a fit of yawning which prevented the bag being tied for full two minutes.

While such was the employment of the study—let us turn to the recreations in the drawing-room, or rather parlor. A drawing-room there was on the first floor, with a charming look-out, not on the dreary fir-trees, but on the romantic undulating forest-land, but the drawing-room had not been used since the death of the last Mrs. Leslie. It was deemed too good to sit in, except when there was company; there never being company, it was never sate in. Indeed, now the paper was falling off the walls with the damp, and the rats, mice, and moths—those "*edaces rerum*"—had eaten, between them, most of the chair-bottoms and a considerable part of the floor. Therefore the parlor was the sole general sitting-room; and being breakfasted

in, dined, and supped in, and, after supper, smoked in by Mr. Leslie to the accompaniment of rum and water, it is impossible to deny that it had what is called "a smell"—a comfortable wholesome family smell—speaking of numbers, meals, and miscellaneous social habitation.—There were two windows: one looked full on the fir-trees; the other on the farm-yard, with the pigsty closing the view. Near the fir-tree window sate Mrs. Leslie; before her, on a high stool, was a basket of the children's clothes that wanted mending. A work-table of rosewood inlaid with brass, which had been a wedding present, and was a costly thing originally, but in that peculiar taste which is vulgarly called "Brumagem," stood at hand: the brass had started in several places, and occasionally made great havoc on the children's fingers and Mrs. Leslie's gown; in fact, it was the liveliest piece of furniture in the house, thanks to that petulant brass-work, and could not have been more mischievous if it had been a monkey. Upon the work-table lay a housewife and thimble, and scissors and skeins of worsted and thread, and little scraps of linen and cloth for patches. But Mrs. Leslie was not actually working—she was preparing to work; she had been preparing to work for the last hour and a half. Upon her lap she supported a novel, by a lady who wrote much for a former generation, under the name of "Mrs. Bridget Blue Mantle." She had a small needle in her left hand, and a very thick piece of thread in her right; occasionally she applied the end of the said thread to her lips, and then—her eyes fixed on the novel—made a blind vacillating attack at the eye of the needle. But a camel would have gone through it with quite as much ease. Nor did the novel alone engage Mrs. Leslie's attention, for ever and anon she interrupted herself to scold the children; to inquire "what o'clock it was;" to observe that "Sarah would never suit," and to wonder why Mr. Leslie would not see that the work-table was mended. Mrs. Leslie had been rather a pretty woman. In spite of a dress at once slatternly and economical, she has still the air of a lady—rather too much so, the hard duties of her situation considered. She is proud of the antiquity of her family on both sides; her mother was of the venerable stock of the Daudlers of Daudle Place, a race that existed before the Conquest. Indeed, one has only to read our earliest chronicles, and to glance over some of those long-winded moralizing poems which delighted the thanes and ealdermen of old, in order to see that the Daudles must have been a very influential family before William the First turned the country topsy-turvy. While the mother's race was thus indubitably Saxon, the father's had not only the name but the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the Normans, and went far to establish that crotchet of the brilliant author of *Sybil*, or *the Two Nations*, as to the continued distinction between the conquering and conquered populations. Mrs. Leslie's father boasted the name of

Montfydget; doubtless of the same kith and kin as those great barons Montfichet, who once owned such broad lands and such turbulent castles. A high-nosed, thin, nervous, excitable progeny, those same Montfydgets, as the most troublesome Norman could pretend to be. This fusion of race was notable to the most ordinary physiognomist in the *physique* and in the *morale* of Mrs. Leslie. She had the speculative blue eye of the Saxon, and the passionate high nose of the Norman; she had the musing do-nothingness of the Daudlers, and the reckless have-at-everythingness of the Montfydgets. At Mrs. Leslie's feet, a little girl with her hair about her ears (and beautiful hair it was too), was amusing herself with a broken-nosed doll. At the far end of the room, before a high desk, sate Frank's Eton schoolfellow, the eldest son. A minute or two before Frank's alarm had disturbed the tranquillity of the household, he had raised his eyes from the books on the desk, to glance at a very tattered copy of the Greek Testament, in which his brother Oliver had found a difficulty that he came to Randal to solve. As the young Etonian's face was turned to the light, your first impression, on seeing it, would have been melancholy but respectful interest—for the face had already lost the joyous character of youth—there was a wrinkle between the brows; and the lines that speak of fatigue, were already visible under the eyes and about the mouth; the complexion was sallow, the lips were pale. Years of study had already sown, in the delicate organization, the seeds of many an infirmity and many a pain; but if your look had rested longer on that countenance, gradually your compassion might have given place to some feeling uneasy and sinister, a feeling akin to fear. There was in the whole expression so much of cold calm force, that it belied the debility of the frame. You saw there the evidence of a mind that was cultivated, and you felt that in that cultivation there was something formidable. A notable contrast to this countenance, prematurely worn and eminently intelligent, was the round healthy face of Oliver, with slow blue eyes, fixed hard on the penetrating orbs of his brother, as if trying with might and main to catch from them a gleam of that knowledge with which they shone clear and frigid as a star.

At Frank's knock, Oliver's slow blue eyes sparkled into animation, and he sprang from his brother's side. The little girl flung back the hair from her face, and stared at her mother with a look which spoke wonder and fright.

The young student knit his brows, and then turned wearily back to the books on his desk.

"Dear me," cried Mrs. Leslie, "who can that possibly be? Oliver, come from the window, sir, this instant, you will be seen! Juliet, run—ring the bell—no, go to the stairs, and say, 'not at home.' Not at home on any account," repeated Mrs. Leslie nervously, for the Montfydget blood was now in full flow.

In another minute or so, Frank's loud boyish voice was distinctly heard at the outer door.

Randal slightly started.

"Frank Hazeldean's voice," said he; "I should like to see him, mother."

"See him," repeated Mrs. Leslie in amaze, "see him!—and the room in this state!"

Randal might have replied that the room was in no worse state than usual; but he said nothing. A slight flush came and went over his pale face; and then he leant his cheek on his hand, and compressed his lips firmly.

The outer door closed with a sullen, inhospitable jar, and a slip-shod female servant entered with a card between her finger and thumb.

"Who is that for? give it to me, Jenny," cried Mrs. Leslie.

But Jenny shook her head, laid the card on the desk beside Randal, and vanished without saying a word.

"Oh, look, Randal, look up," cried Oliver, who had again rushed to the window; "such a pretty gray pony!"

Randal did look up; nay, he went deliberately to the window, and gazed a moment on the high-mettled pony, and the well-dressed high-spirited rider. In that moment changes passed over Randal's countenance more rapidly than clouds over the sky in a gusty day. Now envy and discontent, with the curled lip and the gloomy scowl; now hope and proud self-esteem, with the clearing brow, and the lofty smile; and then all again became cold, firm, and close as he walked back to his books, seated himself resolutely, and said, half aloud,

"Well, KNOWLEDGE IS POWER!"

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. LESLIE came up in fidget and in fuss; she leant over Randal's shoulder and read the card. Written in pen and ink, with an attempt at imitation of printed Roman character, there appeared first, "MR. FRANK HAZELDEAN;" but just over these letters, and scribbled hastily and less legibly in pencil, was—

"Dear Leslie,—sorry you are out—come and see us—*Do!*"

"You will go, Randal?" said Mrs. Leslie, after a pause.

"I am not sure."

"Yes, *you* can go; *you* have clothes like a gentleman; *you* can go any where, not like those children;" and Mrs. Leslie glanced almost spitefully on poor Oliver's coarse, threadbare jacket, and little Juliet's torn frock.

"What I have I owe at present to Mr. Egerton, and I should consult his wishes; he is not on good terms with these Hazeldeans." Then glancing toward his brother, who looked mortified, he added, with a strange sort of haughty kindness, "What I may have hereafter, Oliver, I shall owe to myself; and then, if I rise, I will raise my family."

"Dear Randal," said Mrs. Leslie, fondly kiss

ing him on the forehead, "what a good heart you have!"

"No mother; my books don't tell me that it is a good heart that gets on in the world; it is a hard head," replied Randal, with a rude and scornful candor. "But I can read no more just now; come out, Oliver."

So saying, he slid from his mother's hand and left the room.

When Oliver joined him, Randal was already on the common; and, without seeming to notice his brother, he continued to walk quickly and with long strides in profound silence. At length he paused under the shade of an old oak, that, too old to be of value save for firewood, had escaped the ax. The tree stood on a knoll, and the spot commanded a view of the decayed house—the old dilapidated church—the dismal, dreary village.

"Oliver," said Randal, between his teeth, so that his voice had the sound of a hiss, "it was under this tree that I first resolved to—"

He paused.

"What, Randal?"

"Read hard; knowledge is power!"

"But you are so fond of reading."

"I?" cried Randal. "Do you think, when Wolsey and Thomas à-Becket became priests, they were fond of telling their beads and pattering Aves? I fond of reading!"

Oliver stared; the historical allusions were beyond his comprehension.

"You know," continued Randal, "that we Leslies were not always the beggarly poor gentlemen we are now. You know that there is a man who lives in Grosvenor-square, and is very rich—very. His riches come to him from a Leslie; that man is my patron, Oliver, and he is very good to me."

Randal's smile was withering as he spoke. "Come on," he said, after a pause—"come on." Again the walk was quicker, and the brothers were silent.

They came at length to a little shallow brook, across which some large stones had been placed at short intervals, so that the boys walked over the ford dryshod. "Will you pull me down that bough, Oliver?" said Randal, abruptly, pointing to a tree. Oliver obeyed mechanically; and Randal stripping the leaves, and snapping off the twigs, left a fork at the end; with this he began to remove the stepping-stones. "What are you about, Randal?" asked Oliver, wonderingly.

"We are on the other side of the brook now; and we shall not come back this way. We don't want the stepping-stones any more! away with them!"

CHAPTER V.

THE morning after this visit of Frank Hazledean's to Rood Hall, the Right Honorable Audley Egerton, member of Parliament, privy councillor, and minister of a high department in the

state—just below the rank of the cabinet—was seated in his library, awaiting the delivery of the post, before he walked down to his office. In the mean while he sipped his tea, and glanced over the newspapers with that quick and half-disdainful eye with which your practical man in public life is wont to regard the abuse or the eulogium of the Fourth Estate.

There is very little likeness between Mr. Egerton and his half-brother; none indeed, except that they are both of tall stature, and strong, sinewy, English build. But even in this last they do not resemble each other; for the Squire's athletic shape is already beginning to expand into that portly embonpoint which seems the natural development of contented men as they approach middle life. Audley, on the contrary, is inclined to be spare; and his figure, though the muscles are as firm as iron, has enough of the slender to satisfy metropolitan ideas of elegance. His dress—his look—his *tout ensemble*, are those of the London man. In the first, there is more attention to fashion than is usual among the busy members of the House of Commons; but then Audley Egerton had always been something more than a mere busy member of the House of Commons. He had always been a person of mark in the best society, and one secret of his success in life has been his high reputation as a "gentleman."

As he now bends over the journals, there is an air of distinction in the turn of the well-shaped head, with the dark brown hair—dark in spite of a reddish tinge—cut close behind, and worn away a little toward the crown, so as to give additional height to a commanding forehead. His profile is very handsome, and of that kind of beauty which imposes on men if it pleases women; and is therefore, unlike that of your mere pretty fellows, a positive advantage in public life. It is a profile with large features clearly cut, masculine, and somewhat severe. The expression of his face is not open like the Squire's; nor has it the cold closeness which accompanies the intellectual character of young Leslie's; but it is reserved and dignified, and significant of self-control, as should be the physiognomy of a man accustomed to think before he speaks. When you look at him, you are not surprised to learn that he is not a florid orator nor a smart debater—he is a "weighty speaker." He is fairly read, but without any great range either of ornamental scholarship or constitutional lore. He has not much humor; but he has that kind of wit which is essential to grave and serious irony. He has not much imagination, nor remarkable subtlety in reasoning; but if he does not dazzle, he does not *bore*: he is too much the man of the world for that. He is considered to have sound sense and accurate judgment. Withal, as he now lays aside the journals, and his face relaxes its austerer lines, you will not be astonished to hear that he is a man who is said to have been greatly beloved by women, and still to exercise much influence

in drawing-rooms and boudoirs. At least no one was surprised when the great heiress Clementina Leslie, kinswomen and ward to Lord Lansmere—a young lady who had refused three earls and the heir-apparent to a dukedom—was declared by her dearest friends to be dying of love for Audley Egerton. It had been the natural wish of the Lansmeres that this lady should marry their son, Lord L'Estrange. But that young gentleman, whose opinions on matrimony partook of the eccentricity of his general character, could never be induced to propose, and had, according to the *on dits* of town, been the principal party to make up the match between Clementina and his friend Audley; for the match required making-up despite the predilections of the young heiress. Mr. Egerton had had scruples of delicacy. He avowed, for the first time, that his fortune was much less than had been generally supposed, and he did not like the idea of owing all to a wife, however much he might esteem and admire her. L'Estrange was with his regiment abroad during the existence of these scruples; but by letters to his father, and to his cousin Clementina, he contrived to open and conclude negotiations, while he argued away Mr. Egerton's objections; and, before the year in which Audley was returned for Lansmere had expired, he received the hand of the great heiress. The settlement of her fortune, which was chiefly in the funds, had been unusually advantageous to the husband; for though the capital was tied up so long as both survived—for the benefit of any children they might have—yet, in the event of one of the parties dying without issue by the marriage, the whole passed without limitation to the survivor. In not only assenting to, but proposing this clause, Miss Leslie, if she showed a generous trust in Mr. Egerton, inflicted no positive wrong on her relations; for she had none sufficiently near to her to warrant their claim to the succession. Her nearest kinsman, and therefore her natural heir, was Harley L'Estrange; and if he was contented, no one had a right to complain. The tie of blood between herself and the Leslies of Rood Hall was, as we shall see presently, extremely distant.

It was not till after his marriage that Mr. Egerton took an active part in the business of the House of Commons. He was then at the most advantageous starting-point for the career of ambition. His words on the state of the country took importance from his stake in it. His talents found accessories in the opulence of Grosvenor-square, the dignity of a princely establishment, the respectability of one firmly settled in life, the reputation of a fortune in reality very large, and which was magnified by popular report into the revenues of a Cæsar. Audley Egerton succeeded in Parliament beyond the early expectations formed of him. He took, at first, that station in the House which it requires tact to establish, and great knowledge of the world to free from the charge of impracticability

and crotchet, but which, once established, is peculiarly imposing from the rarity of its independence; that is to say, the station of the moderate man who belongs sufficiently to a party to obtain its support, but is yet sufficiently disengaged from a party to make his vote and word, on certain questions, matter of anxiety and speculation.

Professing Toryism (the word Conservative, which would have suited him better, was not then known), he separated himself from the country party, and always avowed great respect for the opinions of the large towns. The epithet given to the views of Audley Egerton was "enlightened." Never too much in advance of the passion of the day, yet never behind its movement, he had that shrewd calculation of odds which a consummate mastery of the world sometimes bestows upon politicians—perceived the chances for and against a certain question being carried within a certain time, and nicked the question between wind and water. He was so good a barometer of that changeful weather called Public Opinion that he might have had a hand in the *Times* newspaper. He soon quarrelled, and purposely, with his Lansmere constituents—nor had he ever revisited that borough, perhaps because it was associated with unpleasant reminiscences in the shape of the Squire's epistolary trimmer, and in that of his own effigies which his agricultural constituents had burned in the corn-market. But the speeches which produced such indignation at Lansmere, had delighted one of the greatest of our commercial towns, which at the next general election honored him with its representation. In those days, before the Reform Bill, great commercial towns chose men of high mark for their members; and a proud station it was for him who was delegated to speak the voice of the princely merchants of England.

Mrs. Egerton survived her marriage but a few years; she left no children; two had been born, but died in their first infancy. The property of the wife, therefore, passed without control or limit to the husband.

Whatever might have been the grief of the widower, he disdained to betray it to the world. Indeed, Audley Egerton was a man who had early taught himself to conceal emotion. He buried himself in the country, none knew where, for some months: when he returned, there was a deep wrinkle on his brow; but no change in his habits and avocations, except that, shortly afterward, he accepted office, and thus became more busy than ever.

Mr. Egerton had always been lavish and magnificent in money matters. A rich man in public life has many claims on his fortune, and no one yielded to those claims with an air so regal as Audley Egerton. But among his many liberal actions, there was none which seemed more worthy of panegyric, than the generous favor he extended to the son of his wife's poor and distant kinsfolks, the Leslies of Rood Hall.

Some four generations back, there had lived a

certain Squire Leslie, a man of large acres and active mind. He had cause to be displeased with his elder son, and though he did not disinherit him, he left half his property to a younger.

The younger had capacity and spirit, which justified the paternal provision. He increased his fortune; lifted himself into notice and consideration, by public services and a noble alliance. His descendants followed his example, and took rank among the first commoners in England, till the last male, dying, left his sole heiress and representative in one daughter, Clementina, afterward married to Mr. Egerton.

Meanwhile the elder son of the fore-mentioned squire had muddled and sotted away much of his share in the Leslie property; and, by low habits and mean society, lowered in repute his representation of the name.

His successors imitated him, till nothing was left to Randal's father, Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie, but the decayed house which was what the Germans call the *stamm schloss*, or "stem hall" of the race, and the wretched lands immediately around it.

Still, though all intercourse between the two branches of the family had ceased, the younger had always felt a respect for the elder, as the head of the house. And it was supposed that, on her death bed, Mrs. Egerton had recommended her impoverished namesakes and kindred to the care of her husband. For, when he returned to town after Mrs. Egerton's death, Audley had sent to Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie the sum of £5000, which he said his wife, leaving no written will, had orally bequeathed as a legacy to that gentleman; and he requested permission to charge himself with the education of the eldest son.

Mr. Maunder Slugge Leslie might have done great things for his little property with those £5000, or even (kept in the three-per-cents) the interest would have afforded a material addition to his comforts. But a neighboring solicitor having caught scent of the legacy, hunted it down into his own hands, on pretense of having found a capital investment in a canal. And when the solicitor had got possession of the £5000, he went off with them to America.

Meanwhile Randal, placed by Mr. Egerton at an excellent preparatory school, at first gave no signs of industry or talent; but just before he left it, there came to the school, as classical tutor, an ambitious young Oxford man; and his zeal, for he was a capital teacher, produced a great effect generally on the pupils, and especially on Randal Leslie. He talked to them much in private on the advantages of learning, and shortly afterward he exhibited those advantages in his own person; for, having edited a Greek play with much subtle scholarship, his college, which some slight irregularities of his had displeased, recalled him to its venerable bosom by the presentation of a fellowship. After this he took orders, became a college tutor, distinguished himself yet more by a treatise on the

Greek accent, got a capital living, and was considered on the high road to a bishopric. This young man, then, communicated to Randal the thirst for knowledge; and when the boy went afterward to Eton, he applied with such earnestness and resolve that his fame soon reached the ears of Audley; and that person, who had the sympathy for talent, and yet more for purpose, which often characterizes ambitious men, went to Eton to see him. From that time, Audley evinced great and almost fatherly interest in the brilliant Etonian; and Randal always spent with him some days in each vacation.

I have said that Egerton's conduct, with respect to this boy, was more praiseworthy than most of those generous actions for which he was renowned, since to this the world gave no applause. What a man does within the range of his family connections, does not carry with it that *éclat* which invests a munificence exhibited on public occasions. Either people care nothing about it, or tacitly suppose it to be but his duty. It was true, too, as the Squire had observed, that Randal Leslie was even less distantly related to the Hazeldeans than to Mrs. Egerton, since Randal's grandfather had actually married a Miss Hazeldean (the highest worldly connection that branch of the family had formed since the great split I have commemorated). But Audley Egerton never appeared aware of that fact. As he was not himself descended from the Hazeldeans, he never troubled himself about their genealogy; and he took care to impress it upon the Leslies, that his generosity on their behalf, was solely to be ascribed to his respect for his wife's memory and kindred. Still the Squire had felt as if his "distant brother" implied a rebuke on his own neglect of these poor Leslies, by the liberality Audley evinced toward them; and this had made him doubly sore when the name of Randal Leslie was mentioned. But the fact really was, that the Leslies of Rood, had so shrunk out of all notice that the Squire had actually forgotten their existence, until Randal became thus indebted to his brother; and then he felt a pang of remorse that any one, save himself, the head of the Hazeldeans, should lend a helping hand to the grandson of a Hazeldean.

But having thus, somewhat too tediously, explained the position of Audley Egerton, whether in the world, or in relation to his young *protégé*, I may now permit him to receive and to read his letters

CHAPTER VI.

MR. EGERTON glanced over the pile of letters placed beside him, and first he tore up some, scarcely read, and threw them into the waste-basket. Public men have such odd out-of-the-way letters, that their waste-baskets are never empty: letters from amateur financiers proposing new ways to pay off the national debt; letters from America (never free!) asking for

autographs; letters from fond mothers in country villages, recommending some miracle of a son for a place in the king's service; letters from freethinkers in reproof of bigotry; letters from bigots in reproof of freethinking; letters signed Brutus Redivivus, containing the agreeable information that the writer has a dagger for tyrants, if the Danish claims are not forthwith adjusted; letters signed Matilda or Caroline, stating that Caroline or Matilda has seen the public man's portrait at the Exhibition, and that a heart sensible to its attractions may be found at No. — Piccadilly; letters from beggars, impostors, monomaniacs, speculators, jobbers—all food for the waste-basket.

From the correspondence thus winnowed, Mr. Egerton first selected those on business, which he put methodically together in one division of his pocket-book; and, secondly, those of a private nature, which he as carefully put into another. Of these last there were but three—one from his steward, one from Harley L'Estrange, one from Randal Leslie. It was his custom to answer his correspondence at his office; and to his office, a few minutes afterward, he slowly took his way. Many a passenger turned back to look again at the firm figure, which, despite the hot summer day, was buttoned up to the throat; and the black frock-coat thus worn, well became the erect air, and the deep full chest of the handsome senator. When he entered Parliament-street, Audley Egerton was joined by one of his colleagues, also on his way to the cares of office.

After a few observations on the last debate, this gentleman said:

"By the way, can you dine with me next Saturday, to meet Lansmere? He comes up to town to vote for us on Monday."

"I had asked some people to dine with me," answered Egerton, "but I will put them off. I see Lord Lansmere too seldom, to miss any occasion to meet a man whom I respect so much."

"So seldom! True, he is very little in town; but why don't you go and see him in the country? Good shooting—pleasant old-fashioned house."

"My dear Westbourne, his house is '*nimum vicina Cremonæ*,' close to a borough in which I have been burned in effigy."

"Ha—ha—yes—I remember you first came into Parliament for that snug little place; but Lansmere himself never found fault with your votes, did he?"

"He behaved very handsomely, and said he had not presumed to consider me his mouth-piece; and then, too, I am so intimate with L'Estrange."

"Is that queer fellow ever coming back to England?"

"He comes, generally every year, for a few days, just to see his father and mother, and then goes back to the Continent."

"I never meet him."

"He comes in September or October, when you, of course, are not in town, and it is in town that the Lansmeres meet him."

"Why does not he go to them?"

"A man in England but once a year, and for a few days, has so much to do in London, I suppose."

"Is he as amusing as ever?"

Egerton nodded.

"So distinguished as he might be!" continued Lord Westbourne.

"So distinguished as he is!" said Egerton, formally; "an officer selected for praise, even in such fields as Quatre Bras and Waterloo; a scholar, too, of the finest taste; and as an accomplished gentleman, matchless!"

"I like to hear one man praise another so warmly in these ill-natured days," answered Lord Westbourne. "But, still, though L'Estrange is, doubtless, all you say, don't you think he rather wastes his life—living abroad?"

"And trying to be happy, Westbourne? Are you sure it is not we who waste our lives? But I can't stay to hear your answer. Here we are at the door of my prison."

"On Saturday, then?"

"On Saturday. Good-day."

For the next hour, or more, Mr. Egerton was engaged on the affairs of the state. He then snatched an interval of leisure (while awaiting a report, which he had instructed a clerk to make him), in order to reply to his letters. Those on public business were soon dispatched; and throwing his replies aside, to be sealed by a subordinate hand, he drew out the letters which he had put apart as private.

He attended first to that of his steward: the steward's letter was long; the reply was contained in three lines. Pitt himself was scarcely more negligent of his private interests and concerns than Audley Egerton—yet, withal, Audley Egerton was said, by his enemies, to be an egotist.

The next letter he wrote was to Randal, and that, though longer, was far from prolix: it ran thus:

"DEAR MR. LESLIE—I appreciate your delicacy in consulting me, whether you should accept Frank Hazelden's invitation to call at the Hall. Since you are asked, I can see no objection to it. I should be sorry if you appeared to force yourself there; and, for the rest, as a general rule, I think a young man who has his own way to make in life, had better avoid all intimacy with those of his own age, who have no kindred objects, nor congenial pursuits.

"As soon as this visit is paid, I wish you to come to London. The report I receive of your progress at Eton, renders it unnecessary, in my judgment, that you should return there. If your father has no objection, I propose that you should go to Oxford, at the ensuing term. Meanwhile, I have engaged a gentleman, who is a fellow of Baliol, to read with you; he is of

opinion, judging only by your high repute at Eton, that you may at once obtain a scholarship in that college. If you do so, I shall look upon your career in life as assured.

"Your affectionate friend, and
sincere well-wisher,
"A. E."

The reader will remark that, in this letter, there is a certain tone of formality. Mr. Egerton does not call his *protégé* "Dear Randal," as would seem natural, but coldly and stiffly, "Dear Mr. Leslie." He hints, also, that the boy has his own way to make in life. Is this meant to guard against too sanguine notions of inheritance, which his generosity may have excited?

The letter to Lord L'Estrange was of a very different kind from the others. It was long, and full of such little scraps of news and gossip as may interest friends in a foreign land; it was written gayly, and as with a wish to cheer his friend; you could see that it was a reply to a melancholy letter; and in the whole tone and spirit there was an affection, even to tenderness, of which those who most liked Audley Egerton would have scarcely supposed him capable. Yet, notwithstanding, there was a kind of constraint in the letter, which perhaps only the fine tact of a woman would detect. It had not that *abandon*, that hearty self-outpouring, which you might expect would characterize the letters of two such friends, who had been boys at school together, and which did breathe indeed in all the abrupt rambling sentences of his correspondent. But where was the evidence of the constraint? Egerton is off-hand enough where his pen runs glibly through paragraphs that relate to others; it is simply that he says nothing about himself—that he avoids all reference to the inner world of sentiment and feeling. But perhaps, after all, the man has no sentiment and feeling! How can you expect that a steady personage in practical life, whose mornings are spent in Downing-street, and whose nights are consumed in watching Government bills through a committee, can write in the same style as an idle dreamer amidst the pines of Ravenna or on the banks of Como.

Audley had just finished this epistle, such as it was, when the attendant in waiting announced the arrival of a deputation from a provincial trading town, the members of which deputation he had appointed to meet at two o'clock. There was no office in London at which deputations were kept waiting less than at that over which Mr. Egerton presided.

The deputation entered—some score or so of middle-aged, comfortable-looking persons, who nevertheless had their grievance—and considered their own interests, and those of the country, menaced by a certain clause in a bill brought in by Mr. Egerton.

The Mayor of the town was the chief spokesman, and he spoke well—but in a style to which the dignified official was not accustomed. It

was a slap-dash style—unceremonious, free, and easy—an American style. And, indeed, there was something altogether in the appearance and bearing of the Mayor which savored of residence in the Great Republic. He was a very handsome man, but with a look sharp and domineering—the look of a man who did not care a straw for president or monarch, and who enjoyed the liberty to speak his mind, and "wallop his own nigger!"

His fellow-burghers evidently regarded him with great respect; and Mr. Egerton had penetration enough to perceive that Mr. Mayor must be a rich man, as well as an eloquent one, to have overcome those impressions of soreness or jealousy which his tone was calculated to create in the self-love of his equals.

Mr. Egerton was far too wise to be easily offended by mere manner; and, though he stared somewhat haughtily when he found his observations actually pooh-poohed, he was not above being convinced. There was much sense and much justice in Mr. Mayor's arguments, and the statesman civilly promised to take them into full consideration.

He then bowed out the deputation; but scarcely had the door closed before it opened again, and Mr. Mayor presented himself alone, saying aloud to his companions in the passage, "I forgot something I had to say to Mr. Egerton; wait below for me."

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Audley, pointing to a seat, "what else would you suggest?"

The Mayor looked round to see that the door was closed; and then, drawing his chair close to Mr. Egerton's, laid his forefinger on that gentleman's arm, and said, "I think I speak to a man of the world, sir."

Mr. Egerton bowed, and made no reply by word, but he gently removed his arm from the touch of the forefinger.

MR. MAYOR.—"You observe, sir, that I did not ask the members whom we return to Parliament to accompany us. Do better without 'em. You know they are both in Opposition—out-and-outers."

MR. EGERTON.—"It is a misfortune which the Government can not remember, when the question is whether the trade of the town itself is to be served or injured."

MR. MAYOR.—"Well, I guess you speak handsome, sir. But you'd be glad to have two members to support Ministers after the next election."

MR. EGERTON, smiling.—"Unquestionably, Mr. Mayor."

MR. MAYOR.—"And I can do it, Mr. Egerton. I may say I have the town in my pocket; so I ought, I spend a great deal of money in it. Now, you see, Mr. Egerton, I have passed a part of my life in a land of liberty—the United States—and I come to the point when I speak to a man of the world. I'm a man of the world myself, sir. And if so be the Government will do something for me, why, I'll do something

for the Government. Two votes for a free and independent town like ours—that's something, isn't it?"

MR. EGERTON, taken by surprise.—"Really, I—"

MR. MAYOR, advancing his chair still nearer, and interrupting the official.—"No nonsense, you see, on one side or the other. The fact is, that I've taken it into my head that I should like to be knighted. You may well look surprised, Mr. Egerton—trumpety thing enough, I dare say; still, every man has his weakness, and I should like to be Sir Richard. Well, if you can get me made Sir Richard, you may just name your two members for the next election—that is, if they belong to your own set, enlightened men, up to the times. That's speaking fair and manful, isn't it?"

MR. EGERTON, drawing himself up.—"I am at a loss to guess why you should select me, sir, for this very extraordinary proposition."

MR. MAYOR, nodding good-humoredly.—"Why, you see, I don't go all along with the Government; you're the best of the bunch. And maybe you'd like to strengthen your own party. This is quite between you and me, you understand; honor's a jewel!"

MR. EGERTON, with great gravity.—"Sir, I am obliged by your good opinion; but I agree with my colleagues in all the great questions that affect the government of the country, and—"

MR. MAYOR, interrupting him.—"Ah, of course, you must say so; very right. But I guess things would go differently if you were Prime Minister. However, I have another reason for speaking to you about my little job. You see you were member for Lansmere once, and I think you came in but by two majority, eh?"

MR. EGERTON.—"I know nothing of the particulars of that election; I was not present."

MR. MAYOR.—"No; but luckily for you, two relatives of mine were, and they voted for you. Two votes, and you came in by two! Since then, you have got into very snug quarters here, and I think we have a claim on you—"

MR. EGERTON.—"Sir, I acknowledge no such claim; I was and am a stranger to Lansmere; and, if the electors did me the honor to return me to Parliament, it was in compliment rather than—"

MR. MAYOR, again interrupting the official.—"Rather to Lord Lansmere, you were going to say; unconstitutional doctrine that, I fancy. Peer of the realm. But, never mind, I know the world; and I'd ask Lord Lansmere to do my affair for me, only I hear he is as proud, as Lucifer."

MR. EGERTON, in great disgust, and settling his papers before him.—"Sir, it is not in my department to recommend to his Majesty candidates for the honor of knighthood, and it is still less in my department to make bargains for seats in Parliament."

MR. MAYOR.—"Oh, if that's the case, you'll excuse me; I don't know much of the etiquette in these matters. But I thought that, if I put two seats in your hands, for your own friends, you might contrive to take the affair into your department, whatever it was. But, since you say you agree with your colleagues, perhaps it comes to the same thing. Now, you must not suppose I want to sell the town, and that I can change and chop my politics for my own purpose. No such thing! I don't like the sitting members; I'm all for progressing, but they go *too* much ahead for me; and, since the Government is disposed to move a little, why I'd as lief support them as not. But, in common gratitude, you see (added the Mayor, coaxingly), I ought to be knighted! I can keep up the dignity, and do credit to his Majesty."

MR. EGERTON, without looking up from his papers.—"I can only refer you, sir, to the proper quarter."

MR. MAYOR, impatiently.—"Proper quarter! Well, since there is so much humbug in this old country of ours, that one must go through all the forms and get at the job regularly, just tell me whom I ought to go to."

MR. EGERTON, beginning to be amused as well as indignant.—"If you want a knighthood, Mr. Mayor, you must ask the Prime Minister; if you want to give the Government information relative to seats in Parliament, you must introduce yourself to Mr. —, the Secretary of the Treasury."

MR. MAYOR.—"And if I go to the last chap, what do you think he'll say?"

MR. EGERTON, the amusement preponderating over the indignation.—"He will say, I suppose, that you must not put the thing in the light in which you have put it to me; that the Government will be very proud to have the confidence of yourself and your brother electors; and that a gentleman like you, in the proud position of Mayor, may well hope to be knighted on some fitting occasion. But that you must not talk about the knighthood just at present, and must confine yourself to converting the unfortunate political opinions of the town."

MR. MAYOR.—"Well, I guess that chap there would want to do me! Not quite so green, Mr. Egerton. Perhaps I'd better go at once to the fountain-head. How d'ye think the Premier would take it?"

MR. EGERTON, the indignation preponderating over the amusement.—"Probably just as I am about to do."

Mr. Egerton rang the bell; the attendant appeared.

"Show Mr. Mayor the way out," said the Minister.

The Mayor turned round sharply, and his face was purple. He walked straight to the door; but, suffering the attendant to precede him along the corridor, he came back with a rapid stride, and clenching his hands, and with a voice thick with passion, cried, "Some day or

other I will make you smart for this, as sure as my name's Dick Avenel!"

"Avenel!" repeated Egerton, recoiling—"Avenel!"

But the Mayor was gone.

Audley fell into a deep and musing reverie, which seemed gloomy, and lasted till the attendant announced that the horses were at the door.

He then looked up, still abstractedly, and saw his letter to Harley L'Estrange open on the table. He drew it toward him, and wrote, "A man has just left me, who calls himself Aven—" in the middle of the name his pen stopped. "No, no," muttered the writer, "what folly to re-open the old wounds there," and he carefully erased the words.

Audley Egerton did not ride in the Park that day, as was his wont, but dismissed his groom; and, turning his horse's head toward Westminster Bridge, took his solitary way into the country. He rode at first slowly, as if in thought; then fast, as if trying to escape from thought. He was later than usual at the House that evening, and he looked pale and fatigued. But he had to speak, and he spoke well.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

THE Lyons diligence was just going to start from Geneva. I climbed on the roof, and chose my place next the postillion: there was still a vacant seat, and the porter, after closing the door of the *coupé*, called "Monsieur Dermann!" A tall young man, with a German style of countenance, advanced, holding in his arms a large black grayhound, which he vainly tried to place on the roof.

"Monsieur," said he, addressing me, "will you have the kindness to take my dog?"

Bending over, I took hold of the animal, and placed him on the straw at my feet. I observed that he wore a handsome silver collar, on which the following words were tastefully engraved: "*Bevis—I belong to Sir Arthur Burnley, given him by Miss Clary.*"

His owner was, therefore, an Englishman; yet my fellow-traveler, who had now taken his place by my side, was evidently either a Swiss or a German, and his name was Dermann. Trifling as was the mystery, it excited my curiosity, and, after two or three hours' pleasant conversation had established a sort of intimacy between us, I ventured to ask my companion for an explanation.

"It does not surprise me," he answered, "that this collar should puzzle you; and I shall have great pleasure in telling you the story of its wearer. Bevis belongs to me, but it is not many years since he owned another master whose name is on his collar. You will see why he still wears it. Here Bevis! speak to this gentleman."

The dog raised his head, opened his bright eyes, and laying back his long ears, uttered a sound which might well pass for a salutation.

M. Dermann placed the animal's head on his knees, and began to unfasten the collar.

Instantly Bevis drew back his head with a violent jerk, and darted toward the luggage on the hinder part of the roof. There, growling fiercely, he lay down, while his muscles were stiffened, and his eyes glowing with fury.

"You see, Monsieur, how determined he is to guard his collar; I should not like to be the man who would try to rob him of it. Here, Bevis!" said he, in a soft, caressing tone, "I won't touch it again, poor fellow! Come and make friends!"

The grayhound hesitated, still growling. At length he returned slowly toward his master, and began to lick his hands; his muscles gradually relaxed, and he trembled like a leaf.

"There, boy, there," said M. Dermann, caressing him. "We won't do it again, lie down now, and be quiet."

The dog nestled between his master's feet, and went to sleep. My fellow-traveler then turning toward me, began:

"I am a native of Suabia, but I live in a little village of the Sherland, at the foot of the Grimsel. My father keeps an inn for the reception of travelers going to St. Gothard.

"About two years since, there arrived at our house one evening a young Englishman, with a pale, sad countenance; he traveled on foot, and was followed by a large grayhound, this Bevis, whom you see. He declined taking any refreshment, and asked to be shown to his sleeping-room. We gave him one over the common hall, where we were all seated round the fire. Presently we heard him pacing rapidly up and down; from time to time uttering broken words, addressed no doubt to his dog, for the animal moaned occasionally as if replying to, and sympathizing with his master. At length we heard the Englishman stop, and apparently strike the dog a violent blow, for the poor beast gave a loud howl of agony, and seemed as if he ran to take refuge under the bed. Then his master groaned aloud. Soon afterward he lay down, and all was quiet for the night. Early next morning he came down, looking still more pale than on the previous evening, and having paid for his lodging, he took his knapsack and resumed his journey, followed by the grayhound, who had eaten nothing since their arrival, and whose master seemed to take no further notice of him, than to frown when the creature ventured to caress him.

"About noon, I happened to be standing at the door looking toward the direction which the Englishman had taken when I perceived a dark object moving slowly along. Presently I heard howls of distress, proceeding from a wounded dog that was dragging himself toward me. I ran to him, and recognized the Englishman's grayhound. His head was torn, evidently by a bullet, and one of his paws broken. I raised him in my arms, and carried him into the house. When I crossed the threshold he made evident efforts to escape; so I placed him on the ground

Then, in spite of the torture he was suffering, which caused him to stagger every moment, he dragged himself up-stairs, and began to scratch at the door of the room where his master had slept, moaning at the same time so piteously, that I could scarce help weeping myself. I opened the door and with a great effort he got into the room, looked about, and not finding whom he sought he fell down motionless.

"I called my father, and, perceiving that the dog was not dead, we gave him all possible assistance, taking indeed as much care of him as though he had been a child, so much did we feel for him. In two months he was cured, and showed us much affection; we found it, however, impossible to take off his collar, even for the purpose of binding up his wounds. As soon as he was able to walk, he would often go toward the mountain and be absent for hours. The second time this occurred we followed him. He proceeded as far as a part of the road where a narrow defile borders a precipice; there he continued for a long time, smelling and scratching about. We conjectured that the Englishman might have been attacked by robbers on this spot, and his dog wounded in defending him. However, no event of the kind had occurred in the country, and, after the strictest search, no corpse was discovered. Recollecting, therefore, the manner in which the traveler had treated his dog, I came to the conclusion that he had tried to kill the faithful creature. But wherefore? This was a mystery which I could not solve.

"Bevis remained with us, testifying the utmost gratitude for our kindness. His intelligence and good-humor attracted the strangers who frequented our inn, while the inscription on his collar, and the tale we had to tell of him, failed not to excite their curiosity.

"One morning in autumn, I had been out to take a walk, accompanied by Bevis. When I returned, I found seated by the fire, in the common-hall, a newly-arrived traveler, who looked round as I entered. As soon as he perceived Bevis, he started and called him. The dog immediately darted toward him with frantic demonstrations of joy. He ran round him, smelling his clothes and uttering the sort of salutation with which he honored you just now, and finally placing his fore-paws on the traveler's knees began to lick his face.

"'Where is your master, Bevis? Where is Sir Arthur?' said the stranger, in English.

"The noble dog howled piteously, and lay down at the traveler's feet. Then the latter begged us to explain his presence. I did so; and as he listened, I saw a tear fall on the beautiful head of the grayhound, whom he bent over to caress.

"'Monsieur,' said he, addressing me, 'from what you tell me, I venture to hope that Sir Arthur still lives. We have been friends from childhood. About three years since, he married a rich heiress, and this dog was presented to him by her. Bevis was highly cherished for his

fidelity, a quality which unhappily was not possessed by his mistress. She left her fond and loving husband, and eloped with another man. Sir Arthur sued for a divorce and obtained it; then, having arranged his affairs in England, he set out for the Continent, followed only by his dog. His friends knew not whither he went; but it now appears that he was here last spring. Doubtless, the presence of Bevis, evermore recalling the memory of her who had so cruelly wronged him, must have torn his heart, and at length impelled him to destroy the faithful creature. But the shot not having been mortal, the dog, I imagine, when he recovered consciousness, was led by instinct to seek the house where his master had last slept. Now, Monsieur, he is yours, and I heartily thank you for the kindness you have shown him.'

"About ten o'clock the stranger retired to his room, after having caressed Bevis, who escorted him to his door, and then returned to his accustomed place before the fire. My parents and the servants had retired to rest, and I prepared to follow their example, my bed being placed at one end of the common-hall. While I was undressing, I heard a storm rising in the mountains. Just then there came a knocking at the door, and Bevis began to growl. I asked who was there? A voice replied—'Two travelers, who want a night's lodging.' I opened a small chink of the door to look out, and perceived two ragged men, each leaning on a large club. I did not like their look, and knowing that several robberies had been committed in the neighborhood, I refused them admission, telling them that in the next village they would readily find shelter. They approached the door, as though they meant to force their way in; but Bevis made his voice heard in so formidable a manner, that they judged it prudent to retire. I bolted the door and went to bed. Bevis, according to his custom, lay down near the threshold, but we neither of us felt inclined to sleep.

"A quarter of an hour passed, when suddenly, above the wailing of the wind, came the loud shrill cry of a human being in distress. Bevis rushed against the door with a fearful howl; at the same moment came the report of a gun, followed by another cry. Two minutes afterward I was on the road, armed with a carbine, and holding a dark lantern; my father and the stranger, also armed, accompanied me. As for Bevis, he had darted out of the house, and disappeared.

"We approached the defile which I mentioned before, at the moment when a flash of lightning illumined the scene. A hundred yards in advance, we saw Bevis grasping a man by the throat. We hurried on, but the dog had completed his work ere we reached him; for two men, whom I recognized as those who had sought admittance at our inn, lay dead, strangled by his powerful jaws. Farther on, we discovered another man, whose bloody wounds the

noble dog was flicking. The stranger approached him, and gave a convulsive cry: it was Sir Arthur, the master of Bevis!"

Here M. Dermann paused; the recollection seemed to overcome him; and he stooped to caress the sleeping grayhound, in order to hide his emotion. After awhile, he finished his recital in a few words.

"Sir Arthur was mortally wounded, but he lived long enough to recognize his dog, and to confess that, in a moment of desperation, he had tried to kill the faithful creature, who now avenged his death, by slaying the robbers who attacked him. He appointed the stranger his executor, and settled a large pension on Bevis, to revert to the family of the inn-keeper, wishing thus to testify his repentant love toward his dog, and his gratitude to those who had succored him.

"The grief of Bevis was excessive; he watched by his master's couch, covering his dead body with caresses, and for a long time lay stretched on his grave, refusing to take nourishment; and it was not until after the lapse of many months that the affection of his new master seemed to console him for the death of Sir Arthur."

As my fellow-traveler finished his recital, the diligence stopped to change horses at the little town of Mantua. Here M. Dermann's journey ended, and having taken down his luggage, he asked me to assist the descent of his dog. I shook hands with him cordially, and then called Bevis, who, seeing me on such good terms with his master, placed his large paws on my breast, and uttered a low, friendly bark. Shortly afterward they both disappeared from my sight, but not from my memory, as this little narrative has proved to my readers.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF ALEXANDER, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS, TRANSLATED BY MISS STRICKLAND.

THE tragedy of which Paul I. was the victim, called Alexander to the throne of all the Russias in the twenty-fourth year of his age. He had been carefully educated under the eye of his grandmother, the able Catharine. Her choice of a preceptor in La Harpe, a Swiss republican, who had fraternized with the revolutionists of France, was a problem the sovereigns of Europe could not solve; but after all, republicanism can not be very far removed from despotism, if we may judge from its consequences, since history shows us that republics end in despotic sovereignties. Catharine was doubtless aware of this fact when she gave La Harpe the direction of her grandson's education. It was prudent to avoid Russian ascendancy in a matter so important to herself, for Catharine was a foreigner and a usurper, a fact of which a native instructor might have availed himself to her disadvantage. In educating her grandsons, the great empress excluded the fine arts. She

wished to make them rulers, not professors of music and painting; and she was right; La Harpe inspired, it is said, his imperial pupil with lessons of generosity and truth it was no easy task to eradicate during his eventful life. The policy of Catharine made her determine to give wives to her grandsons as soon as they were marriageable. Her jealousy, or her profound judgment, made her overlook Paul in the succession of Russia, by a mental but not a public exclusion. Alexander was destined by her to the throne of which she had robbed his father Constantine, she proudly hoped to place on one she designed to win from the Sultan, an ambitious desire which was never realized.

Three German princesses came to the court of St. Petersburg, in order that Catharine might make choice of suitable brides for her grandsons. The empress thoughtfully expected the arrival of her guests, whose approach she watched from a window of her palace.

The empress, whose motions were dignified and graceful, attached great importance to deportment; she formed her opinions of young people by that standard. The destinies of these princesses were decided the instant they alighted from their traveling carriage. The first leaped down without availing herself of the step. The empress shook her head, "She will never be empress of Russia, she is too precipitate," was her internal remark. The second entangled her feet in her dress, and with difficulty escaped a fall. "She is not the empress, for she is too awkward," and Catharine again turned her eyes on the carriage with anxious curiosity. The third princess descended very gracefully; she was beautiful, majestic, and grave. "Behold the future Empress of Russia," said Catharine. This princess was Louisa of Baden.

Catharine introduced these ladies to her grandsons, as the children of the Duchess of Baden-Durlack, born Princess of Darmstadt, her early friend, whose education she wished to finish at her court, since the possession of their country by the French had left them without a home. The great dukes saw through this artifice, and upon their return to their own palace talked much of Catharine's *élèves*.

"I think the eldest very pretty," said Alexander.

"For my part," rejoined Constantine, "I consider them neither pretty nor plain. They ought to be sent to Riga to the princes of Courland; they are really quite good enough for them."

The Empress Catharine was informed, that very day, of the opinion of her grandsons. The admiration of Alexander for Louisa of Baden sympathized with her intentions. The Grand Duke Constantine had done the personal attractions of this young princess great injustice, for Louisa of Baden, besides the freshness of her youth, had lovely fair ringlets, hanging in rich profusion on her magnificent shoulders, a form light and flexible as that of a fairy, and large

blue eyes full of sweetness and sensibility. The following day, the empress brought the princesses to the palace of Prince Potemkin, which she had appointed for their residence. While they were at their toilet, she sent them dresses, jewels, and the cordon of St. Catharine. After chatting with them upon the topics she considered suitable to their age, she asked to see their wardrobe, which she examined, article by article, with interest and curiosity. Having finished her scrutiny, she kissed the princesses, and remarked, with an emphatic smile,

"My friends, I was not so rich as you when I came to St. Petersburg." In fact, Catharine was very poor when she arrived in Russia, but she left her adopted country a heritage in Poland and the Crimea.

The predilection of Alexander for Louisa of Baden was responded to by that lovely princess. The grand duke at that time was a charming young man, full of benevolence and candor, with the best temper in the world, and the young German did not attempt to disguise her tenderness for him. Catharine, in announcing to them that they were destined for each other, believed she was rendering them perfectly happy.

The behavior of the bride was admirably adapted to the circumstances in which she was placed. She acquired the Russian language with grace and facility, and accepted a new name with the tenets of the Greek religion. She received those of Elizabeth Alexiowena, the same borne by the imperial daughter of Peter the Great.

Notwithstanding the fortunate presages of the Empress Catharine, this early marriage was not one of happiness. The inconstancy of Alexander, indeed, withered the nuptial garland while yet green on the brow of the bride, and made it for her a crown of thorns.

The tragedy that elevated Alexander to the throne, restored to the devoted wife the wandering affections of her husband. His profound grief made her sympathy necessary to him, and the young empress, almost a stranger to Paul, wept for him like a true daughter. The secret tears of Alexander were shed at night on the bosom of his consort, whose tender concern for him consoled him for the restraint he imposed upon his feelings during the day.

The regretful remembrance of Alexander for his father, outlasted the reviving affection he had during that dolorous period felt for his wife.

The empress, still a young woman, was an old spouse, and the emperor had inherited the passionate and inconstant temperament of Catharine. But, gracious and smiling as he always was with the ladies, or polite and friendly to the gentlemen, there crossed his brow from time to time a gloomy shadow, the mute but terrible memorial of that dreadful night, when he heard the death struggle of his father, and was conscious of his agony without the power to save him. His perpetual smile was the mask beneath which he disguised the anguish of his mind, and as he advanced in life, this profound

melancholy threatened to deepen into malady. He did not yield, however, without maintaining a warfare with his remorse. He combated memory with action. His reforms, his long and laborious journeys, had but one aim. In the course of his reign, he is supposed to have traversed fifty thousand leagues. But, however rapidly he performed these journeys, he never deviated from the time he fixed for his setting off or return, even by an hour, and he undertook them without guards and without an escort. He, of course, met with many strange adventures, and was amused with rendering his personal assistance whenever he met with accidents or encountered difficulties by the wayside. In his journey to Finland in company with Prince Pierre Volkouski, the imperial carriage in traversing a sandy mountain rolled back, notwithstanding the efforts of the coachman, upon which the emperor jumped out, and literally lent his shoulder to the wheel, leaving his companion asleep.

The rough motion of the carriage disturbed the slumbers of the prince, who found himself at the bottom of the carriage and alone. He looked about him with astonishment, when he perceived the emperor, with his brow bedewed with perspiration, from the effects of his toil in assisting to drag him and the vehicle to the top of the mountain, the precise point at which he had awakened from his sleep.

At another time, while traversing Little Russia, while the horses were changing at a certain station, the emperor expressed his determination to travel on foot for a few miles, ordering his people not to hasten their arrangements, but to let him walk forward. Alone, with no mark of distinction, dressed in a military great-coat, that gave no clew to the rank of the wearer, the emperor traversed the town without attracting attention, till he arrived at two roads, and found himself obliged to inquire his way of an individual who was sitting before the door of the last house smoking a pipe. This personage, like the emperor wore a military great-coat, and by his pompous air seemed to entertain no small opinion of his own consequence.

"My friend, can you tell me which of these roads will bring me to ——?" asked the emperor.

The man of the pipe scanned him from head to foot, apparently surprised at the presumption of a pedestrian, in speaking to such a dignitary as himself, and between two puffs of smoke he growled out very disdainfully the ungracious reply, "The right."

"Thank you, sir," said the emperor, raising his hat with the respect this uncivil personage seemed by his manner to command. "Will you permit me to ask you another question?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Your rank in the army, if you please."

"Guess," returned he of the pipe.

"Lieutenant, perhaps?"

"Go higher."

"Captain?" rejoined the emperor.

"Much higher;" and the smoker gave a consequential puff.

"Major, I presume?"

"Go on," replied the officer.

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"Yes, you have guessed it at last, but you have taken some trouble to discover my rank."

The low bow of the emperor made the man with the pipe conclude he was speaking to an inferior, so, without much ceremony, he said, "Pray, who are you? for I conclude you are in the army."

"Guess," replied the emperor, much amused with the adventure.

"Lieutenant?"

"Go on."

"Captain?"

"Much higher."

"Major?"

"You must still go on."

"Lieutenant-colonel?"

"You have not yet arrived at my rank in the army."

The officer took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Colonel, I presume."

"You have not yet reached my grade."

The officer assumed a more respectful attitude.

"Your Excellency is then Lieutenant-general?"

"You are getting nearer the mark."

The puzzled lieutenant-colonel kept his helmet in his hand, and looked stupid and alarmed.

"Then it appears to me that your Highness is Field-Marshal?"

"Make another attempt, and perhaps you will discover my real position."

"His Imperial Majesty!" exclaimed the officer, trembling with apprehension, and dropping the pipe upon the ground, which was broken into twenty pieces.

"The same, at your service," replied the emperor, laughing.

The poor lieutenant-colonel dropped upon his knees, uttering the words in a piteful tone, "Ah! sire, pardon me."

"What pardon do you require?" replied the emperor. "I asked my way of you, and you pointed it out, and I thank you for that service. —Good day."

The good-tempered prince then took the road to the right, leaving the surly lieutenant-colonel ashamed and astonished at the colloquy he had held with his sovereign.

He gave a proof of intrepidity and presence of mind during a tempest which befell him on a lake near Archangel, when, perceiving the pilot overwhelmed with the responsibility his imperial rank laid upon him, he said, "My friend, more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed, since a Roman general, placed in similar circumstances, said to his pilot, 'Fear not, for thou hast with thee Cæsar and his fortunes.' I am, however, less bold than Cæsar; I therefore charge thee to think no more of the emperor than of thyself or any other man, and do thy best to save us both." The pilot took courage, and relieved from his burden by the wisdom of his

sovereign, guided the helm with a firm hand, and brought the tempest-tossed skiff safely to the shore.

The Emperor Alexander was not always so fortunate. He met with several dangerous accidents, and his last journey to the provinces of the Don nearly cost him his life. A fall from his droski hurt his leg, and left him incurably lame. This misfortune was aggravated by his disregarding the advice of his medical attendant, who prescribed rest for some days; but Alexander, who was a strict disciplinarian, did not choose to delay his return to St. Petersburg an hour beyond the time he had fixed. Erysipelas attacked the limb, and the emperor was confined to his bed for many weeks, and never recovered his lameness. The sight of his wife, pale and melancholy, whom his infidelity had injured, increased his mental despondency. That princess watched over him with the conjugal tenderness which no neglect could extinguish, but her fair face had forever lost the smile which once lighted up, like a sunbeam, every beautiful feature, and he felt himself the cause of that secret sorrow which had banished the bloom from her cheek and the smile from her lips. Elizabeth had borne him two daughters, but her children had not survived their fifth and seventh years. A childless mother and forsaken wife, Elizabeth the Empress resembled no longer the bright Louisa of Baden, the object of Alexander's first love, the princess who had shed tears of happiness when the joyful start and impassioned look of her lover had assured the Empress Catharine how willingly he accepted the hand of the princess she had destined for him. The heart of the wife had never swerved from her devotion; her love had increased with time, but she knew not how to share his affections with a rival.

Alexander was solitary in his habits; repose was necessary to a man who loved privacy, and hated those prestiges of power which had surrounded him from infancy. He had inherited his imperial grandmother's love for Tzarsko Zelo, a palace situated between three and four leagues from St. Petersburg. This palace stood upon the site of a cottage formerly belonging to an old Dutch-woman named Sarah, a person well known to Peter the Great, with whom that mighty prince was accustomed to chat and drink milk.

The fruitful plains covered with grass and waving corn, lately redeemed by the plow from their native sterility, pleased the legislator who was an *habitué* at the abode of Sarah, and at the death of the old woman, he presented the cottage to the Empress Catharine, with the surrounding lands, as a suitable situation for a farm-house. Catharine, as simple in her tastes as her imperial consort, gave her architect proper directions respecting this grange. He, however, thought fit to build her a fine mansion. Her daughter, the Empress Elizabeth, found this house too costly for a farm-house, and too mean for an imperial residence. She pulled it down and built a magnificent palace after the design

of Count Rastreti. This Russian had the barbarous taste to gild the building within and without. The bas-reliefs, statues, caryatides, roof and basement, glittered with a waste of this precious metal. The count wished to make this palace surpass Versailles, and so it did in wealth undoubtedly. The Empress Elizabeth invited the French ambassador to the fête she gave at the inauguration of her golden house, which outshone even the celebrated one built by Nero. The palace of Tzarsko Zelo, was considered by the whole court the eighth wonder of the world.

The silence of the Marquis de Chetardie surprised her majesty, who with some pique requested his opinion, adding, he appeared to think something was wanting.

"I am seeking for the case of this jewel, Madam," dryly replied the ambassador; a *bon mot* which ought to have gained him a sitting in the academy of St. Petersburg, where wit was a surer passport than learning.

The golden roof of Tzarsko Zelo was ill-calculated to stand the rigor of a Russian winter. The noble architect had built it for summer. Cold had been forgotten in his calculation. The expensive repairs every spring brought in its course, compelled Catharine the Great to sacrifice the gilding. She had scarcely issued her orders, before a customer appeared for the article she was excluding from her palace, for which a speculator offered her an immense sum. The empress thanked him for a liberal offer none but a Russian sovereign would have declined, assuring him with a smile, "that she never sold her old chattels."

This empress loved Tzarsko Zelo where she built the little palace for her grandson Alexander, and surrounded it with spacious gardens, which she was aware he loved. Bush, her architect, could discover no supply from whence he could obtain water in the immediate neighborhood, yet he prepared lakes, canals and fish-ponds, upon the responsibility of the empress, being sure that his reservoirs would not long be empty if she ordered water to come. His successor Baner did not leave the empress to discover its source. He cast his eyes upon the estate of Prince Demidoff, who possessed a superabundant quantity of the precious fluid the imperial gardens wanted. He mentioned the aridity of Tzarsko Zelo, and the courteous subject dutifully bestowed his superfluous moisture upon the imperial gardens. In despite of nature, copious streams rushed forward, and at the bidding of the architect rose into cascades, ran into canals, filled fish-ponds, and spread in expansive lakes. The Empress Consort Elizabeth, upon beholding these wonders, playfully remarked, "We may fall out with all Europe, but we must take care not to quarrel with Prince Demidoff." In fact, that obliging noble could have killed the whole court with thirst, by stopping the supply of water he allowed to the imperial family.

Educated at Tzarsko Zelo, Alexander was attached to a place filled with the recollections of

his infancy. He had learned there to walk, to speak, to ride, to sail, to row. He had passed there the brightest and happiest part of his life. He came with the first fine days, and only left his favorite residence when the snows of winter compelled him to take up his abode in the winter palace.

Even in this luxurious solitude, where the emperor wished to enjoy the repose which affords to princes the same pleasure amusement offers to persons of less exalted rank, Alexander found his privacy invaded and his attention claimed by those who had the temerity to break through the invisible circle with which Russian etiquette fenced round a despotic sovereign.

A foreigner at St. Petersburg, in the summer of 1823, ventured to seek the Emperor Alexander in the delicious gardens of Tzarsko Zelo, in order to present a petition, with which delicate commission he had been charged by a friend. He thus relates his adventure:

"After a bad breakfast at the Hotel de la Restauration, I entered the park, into which the sentinels permitted every body to walk without opposition. Respect alone prevented the Russian subject from entering the gardens, I knew, yet I was about to break this boundary and to intrude myself upon the emperor's notice. I was told he passed a great deal of his time in the shady walks, and I hoped chance would obtain for me the interview I sought. Wandering about the grounds, I discovered the Chinese town, a pretty group of five houses, each of which had its own ice-house and garden. In the centre of this town, which is in the form of a star, whose rays it terminates, stands a pavillion, which is used either for a ball or concert-room, which surrounds a green court, at the four corners of which are placed four mandarins, the size of life, smoking their pipes. This Chinese town is inhabited by the *aid-de-camps* of the sovereign. Catharine, attended by her court, was walking in this part of her garden, when she beheld, to her surprise, the mandarins puffing forth real smoke, while their eyes appeared to ogle her, and their heads to bow in the most familiar manner in the world. She approached in order to find out the cause of this sudden animation on the part of these statues. Immediately the loyal mandarins descended from their pedestals, and made Chinese prostrations at her feet, reciting some complimentary verses to the imperial lady, to please whom they had transformed themselves into the images of the men with pig-tails. She smiled, and quickly recognized them for the Prince de Ligne, Potemkin, Count Segur, and M. de Cobenzal.

"Leaving the Chinese town, I saw the huts of the lamas, where these inhabitants of the south are kept and acclimated to a temperature very different from that at the foot of the Cordilleras. These animals were presented to the emperor by the Viceroy of Mexico, and their original number of nine has been reduced, by the rigor of the Russian winters, to five; from

which, however, a numerous race have succeeded, who bear the cold much better than the parent stock.

"In the middle of the French garden stands a pretty dining-room, containing the celebrated table of Olympus, imitated from a whim devised by the Regent Orleans; where the wishes of the guests are supplied by invisible hands from beneath. They have only to place a note in their plate expressive of their desire, when the plate disappears, and in five minutes after reappears with the article required. This magic originates in a forecast which anticipates every possible want. A beautiful lady finding her hair out of dress, wished for curling-irons, feeling assured that such an odd request would defy even the enchantment of the Olympian table to procure. She was astonished at finding her plate return with a dozen pair. I saw the curious monument raised to commemorate three favorite grayhounds, pets of the Empress Catharine. This pyramid, erected by the French ambassador, Count Segur, contains two epitaphs: one, by himself, is a sort of burlesque upon the old eulogistic style so prevalent in the last century; the other is by Catharine, and may be literally translated into English:—

"Here lies the Duchess Anderson,
Who bit Mr. Rogerson."

"I visited successively the column of Gregory Orloff, the pyramid erected in honor of the conqueror of Tchesma, and the grotto of Pausilippo, and passed four hours wandering along the borders of lakes, and traversing the plains and forests inclosed in these delicious gardens, when I met an officer in uniform, who courteously raised his hat. I asked a lad employed in raking a walk 'the name of this fine gentleman,' for such he appeared to me to be. 'It is the emperor,' was his reply. I immediately took a path which intersected that he had taken, yet, when I had advanced about twenty steps, I stopped upon perceiving him near me.

"He divined, apparently, that respect to his person prevented me from crossing his walk; he therefore kept on his way, while I awaited him in the side walk, holding my hat in my hand. I perceived he limped in his gait from the wound in his leg, which had lately reopened; and I remarked as he advanced the change that had taken place in his appearance since I had seen him at Paris, nine years before. His countenance, then so open and smiling, bore the expression of that deep and devouring melancholy which it was said continually oppressed his mind, yet his sorrowful features still were impressed with a character of benevolence, which gave me courage to attempt the performance of my hazardous commission. 'Sire,' said I, advancing a single step toward him.

"Put on your hat, sir,' was his kind and gracious reply; 'the air is too keen for you to remain uncovered.'

"Will your majesty permit—"

"Cover your head, sir, then; cover your

head;' but, perceiving my respect rendered me disobedient to his commands, he took my hat from my hand, and with his own imperial one replaced it on my head. 'Now,' said he, 'what do you wish to say to me?'

"Sire, this petition,' and I took the paper from my pocket, but the action disturbed him, and I saw him frown.

"Sir, why do you pursue me here with petitions? do you know that I have left St. Petersburg to be free from such annoyances?'

"Yes, sire, I am aware of it, nor dare I disguise the boldness of an attempt for which I can only expect pardon from your benevolence. This, however, seems to have some claim to your majesty's consideration, since it is franked.'

"By whom?" inquired the emperor, with some quickness in his manner.

"By his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Constantine, your majesty's august brother.'

"Ah!" exclaimed the emperor, putting out his hand, but as quickly withdrawing it again.

"I hope your majesty will for once infringe your custom, and will deign to accept this supplication.'

"No, sir; I will not receive it; for, tomorrow, I shall have a thousand, and shall be compelled to desert these gardens, where it seems I can no longer hope to enjoy privacy.' He perceived my disappointment in my countenance, and his natural kindness would not suffer him to dismiss me with a harsh refusal. Pointing with hand toward the church of St. Sophia, he said—"Put that petition into the post-office in the city, and I shall see it tomorrow, and the day after, you will have an answer.'

"I expressed my gratitude in animated terms.

"Prove it,' was his quick reply.

"I declared my willingness to do any thing he required, as the test of that feeling.

"Well, tell nobody that you have presented me a petition and got off with impunity,' and he resumed his walk.

"I followed his advice, and posted my paper, and three days after received a favorable reply to my petition."

[From Eliza Cook's Journal.]

AN EMPTY HOUSE; OR, STRUGGLES OF THE POOR.

WHO has not seen at some time an empty house which has struck them as the picture of desolation? They may know a hundred uninhabited tenements, but they look as well kept and prosperous, as though they would soon be filled again. They do not impress the senses in the same way as that peculiar one, which appears to be condemned, like some outcast, to perpetual seclusion in the midst of happy neighbors, who mock, and flout, and taunt it with their bright windows and clean steps, and fresh paint and shining door knobs and knockers, just as Mr. Well-to-do, who is making money, and dresses well, and lodges luxuriously and feeds

plentifully, may treat with scorn poor Do-nothing, who, unable to find employment of any sort, wears a patched threadbare coat, dwells in a leaky garret, and does not know where on earth to look for to-morrow's dinner. Indeed there is something more in this comparison than appears at first sight, for the world of the streets is apt to treat the empty house much as it does the poverty-stricken man. The ragged lads who play about the avenues of streets, and bask about the sunshiny nooks, draw back and cease their jokes and are decorous in the presence of Mr. Trim or Mr. Broadcloth, but they have a sarcasm or a coarse epithet for poor Patch, and for poorer Tatter possibly a sly pebble or a dab of mud.

Some years ago there was an empty house opposite to mine, which brought such thoughts as these to my mind. There was a dirty bill in one of the windows, and the remains of another upon one of the window shutters, with directions where to inquire as to rent, &c., but nobody seemed to dream of any body taking it. The neighborhood was a respectable one, and in striking contrast with this one unfortunate tenement, and happy faces at the windows of its neighbors seemed to make them crow over it, as Mrs. Fruitful with her half-dozen of handsome children triumphs over Mrs. Childless, who would give her ears to call the half of her friend's little flock her own. Not that my empty house was utterly lonely either, for its door-step was, in fine weather, the chosen resort of a group of little specimens of humanity in dirt and rags, who from the seclusion of some neighboring alley brought them chalk, and pieces of tiles and slate, with which they scratched uncouth figures upon the doors and shutters as high up as they could reach; and with mud from the gutter they made their dirt pies, and left the remnants to accumulate upon the dingy sill. There was a plentiful supply of stones, too, in the macadamized road, and a large family of boys, unable to resist the tempting opportunity for mischievous "shies," paid rough attentions to the empty house with the flints, till the sunshine which had long been denied admittance through the dusty and begrimed panes, found its way unimpeded through empty and dismantled sashes. Possibly, too, in consequence of this, the very sparrows, usually so bold, which used to build under the eaves and twitter upon the window sills and house-top, forsook the ill-fated building and left it to its destiny.

I do not know what it was, but there was something which powerfully attracted my attention to the place, and I often sat at my window and mused upon it. Sometimes I thought it was in Chancery, for it had just the look of a house which the lawyers had thoroughly riddled; and sometimes I thought it had the reputation of being haunted, for somehow or other people always give ghosts credit for the very worst taste, and seem to think them incapable of choosing any but the most uncomfortable habitations.

Passers-by would often stop to look at the house, and not unfrequently some of them would look over it; and then the owner or his agent would come with them, bringing the rusty key which turned with difficulty in the lock, and setting free the creaking door, which moved so lazily upon its hinges. This person was such a human likeness to the house, that I sometimes wondered he did not, out of pure sympathy, come and live there himself. He was a little battered-looking old man, whose rusty dirty suit of black just matched the doors and shutters, and I could almost fancy that his very spectacles, like the windows, were cracked and broken by boys throwing stones at him.

These inquiries, however, always resulted in nothing, except the great discomfiture of the children, who held dominion over the door-step, and who were always summarily routed and driven off by peevish exclamations and feeble cuffs from the rusty little old man. I suppose most of those who came were merely actuated by curiosity. I was more than once tempted by the same motive to go and look at the inside myself, and those who really had serious designs of settling there were frightened out of them by the combined dismalness of the place, and the warder who had charge of it. At last, there really was some sign of the empty house being let. I noticed one evening that a respectable, quiet-looking young couple, with an old lady in widow's weeds, whom I immediately decided was the widowed mother of either husband or wife (for of course they were husband and wife) went to look at the empty house, attended by the little old man; and from the fact, that after looking at the premises for a longer time than visitors usually did, the party came out, and, contrary to custom, all four walked away together, I was led to suppose that I might have opposite neighbors.

The next morning, before I left home for business, I saw at once that I was right as to the house having been taken. The little old man, notwithstanding he looked so rusty, must have been a diligent, as well as a quaint, old-fashioned fellow, for there were ladders and steps, and painters, plumbers, bricklayers, and laborers all at work upon the house. Some were upon the top replacing cracked tiles, others were making the windows weather-proof, and others again were intent upon counteracting the ravages of chalk, sharp slates, and dirt upon the paint of the doors and window shutters. The group of children came as usual, but they did not venture to attempt to take up their old station; the apparition of the old man scared them from that, and perhaps they were altogether too much struck with astonishment at the altered character of the scene to attempt it. But they were very unwilling to give up their old sovereignty and abandon the spot. They lingered doubtfully for some days about the place, sometimes looking at the tall ladders and the workmen, and sometimes sitting upon the heaps of broken tiles and brickbats, watching

the Irish hodman stirring the mortar about, with much the same feelings, perhaps, as a red Indian lingers about the white man's clearing, formerly the hunting-ground of his fathers. Possibly the youngsters thought that all the men and ladders might be cleared away, and that they would succeed to the again vacant door-step, with the added advantages of a newly-painted door to scratch upon, and these hallucinations were not thoroughly dispelled for about a week, when they saw a charwoman scouring the passage and front steps. That sufficed to wither all their hopes; repairs they could have survived, for they remembered something of the sort once in their own alley, but scrubbing and washing were entirely unmistakable, they understood at once that somebody was "coming in," and dispersed to seek another place of resort.

It may be supposed that the diligence of the little old man, who never left the laborers all day, soon had the little house fit for the reception of its new inmates, in spite of occasional damages in the glass department, till the boys became reconciled to its new smartness. He was there the first thing in the morning, sitting on a three-legged stool which I believe he brought with him, and he went to the public house with the men when they had their meals, so that they should not stay too long. Under such vigilant superintendence, the last ladder and pair of steps were taken away in about a week, and the inmates—the two young folks, and the old widow lady I have already mentioned, and their household goods made their appearance. The furniture showed at a glance that both the past and the present had contributed their quotas to the household, for there were the old-fashioned, large-seated, heavy high-backed chairs of half-a-century since, with a heavy, square table, and a quaint, antique cabinet, matching well with the aged widowed mother; while the light caned seats and other modern requisites, represented the young people just entering upon life. I knew at once what afterward I found to be the case, that by probably a hasty marriage two households had been mingled into one.

I was always a solitary, secluded man, given to make observations and to pick up information about those who interested me, but not to cultivate acquaintances, and so it was from what I saw from my windows and from hearsay, that I picked up what I knew of the new comers. Slight as this source of information may seem to be, it is wonderful what a deal of knowledge of a certain kind is obtained in this manner; indeed, if any one were to examine the sources of his own knowledge, he would find that if not the largest, a very large proportion had been picked up from the chit-chat of society.

I was peculiarly favorably situated for acquiring knowledge in this way, for my landlady, a chatty, good-tempered widow, knew the private history of most of her neighbors, and was

extremely well versed in the gossip and scandal of the place; and her extensive knowledge, added to the equally diversified lore of the fat old half-laundress, half-charwoman, who had lived all her life in the vicinity (and was the very person who had scared the before-mentioned urchins by scouring the once empty house), and the tit-bits of sayings and doings, communicated by the baker, butcher, green-grocer, and milkman, furnished a stock of history which, reinforced by my own habits of observation, fully qualified me for giving the little narrative which follows; and which I am tempted to give to the world not so much for its intrinsic interest, or because it contains any record of great deeds, but because it shows industry and perseverance triumphing over the obstacles of the world, and bearing the burdens of misplaced benevolence.

To begin then our tale in earnest. The head of the house opposite was Thomas Winthorpe, who acted as book-keeper to a large outfitting house in the city. He was a rather taciturn, grave young man, and bore these characteristics upon his face, but he was fond of knowledge, and had acquired no small portion for a man in his position. Well-principled, and untiringly energetic, and industrious, he had risen from a low station more from the passive habit of steady good conduct, than the active exercise of any brilliant qualities, and he felt a pride in the fact; never hesitating, though he did not parade it, to utter the truth that he was first hired to sweep the offices, light the fires, and do other menial jobs. There was a striking similarity between him and his little wife, Kate Winthorpe (who had just changed her name from Stevens), which you saw in their faces, for Kate was grave, and habitually rather silent too. But her gravity had a shade more of pensiveness in it than Thomas's, which might have told the keen observer that it had not the same origin.

Such indeed was the fact, for what difficulty and early poverty had done for Thomas, youthful plenty and after troubles had done for Kate though the bright smiles which I could now and then see chasing the shadows over Kate's comely but not pretty face, as she bade her husband good-by in the morning or welcomed him home at night, told that happiness was bringing back much of her original character.

The old lady, Mrs. Stevens, Kate's mother, was a good sort of old lady, so far as I could learn, with a respectful tenderness for Thomas, and a fond affection for Kate, who had been the prop of her age and the solace of her troubles; but without any thing remarkable in her character beyond a meek resignation, which well supplied the place of a higher philosophy, and led her cheerfully to accept the present and be content with the past.

So far as I could glean, Mrs. Stevens was the widow of a once affluent yeoman in one of the western counties, who lived in the "good old English style," liked his dogs, and gun, and

horses, was not averse to a run with the hounds—had a partiality for parish and club dinners, and was fond of plenty of company at home. This sort of life might have done tolerably well in the palmy times of farming, when with war prices, corn was, as Hood has it, “at the Lord knows what per quarter;” but when lower prices came with peace, and more industry and less expenditure was required, poor Stevens was one of the first to feel the altered times, and as he could not give up his old habits, difficulties began to press upon and thicken around him. After a few years, creditors became clamorous, and the landlord urgent for the payment of rent in arrear, and the result was that he was compelled to give up his farm and sell his stock, to save himself from a prison. This left him a small remnant upon which, if he had been a prudent, self-denying man, he might have begun the world afresh, but he took his downfall so much to heart, that in a few months he died of his old enemy, the gout.

Mrs. Stevens was thus left a widow with two children, Kate, a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, and Charles, a fine young man of three or four and twenty, who held a small farm in that neighborhood, and had hitherto depended more upon his father's purse than his own industry. Little as Mrs. Stevens knew of the world, she felt that it would not do to depend upon Charles, who was one of those jolly, good-tempered, careless fellows every body knows—men who go on tolerably well so long as all is smooth, but wanting providence and foresight, are pretty sure to founder upon the first dangerous rock ahead. To do Charles justice, however, he would willingly have shared his home with his mother and sister, and for a long time managed to remit enough to them to pay their rent.

When the first grief of widowhood was over, Mrs. Stevens and her daughter, without any very definite plan, but drawn by that strange attraction that impels alike the helpless, the inexperienced, and the ambitious to the great centres of population, came up to London with the small sum of money which, after every debt had been scrupulously discharged, was left to her. Beyond that resource she had none, save the address of a first cousin who, report said, had grown very rich in trade, and to whom she hoped she might look for aid and advice. In this, however, she was speedily undeceived, for upon calling upon her cousin, and introducing herself and Kate, she was received by the withered old miser very curtly, and told that as he came up to London a poor boy with five and ninepence in his pocket, and had managed to get on fairly, she with fifty pounds in her pocket could do very well without help. Perhaps if the widow had let Kate plead her suit she might have fared better, for the old man patted Kate's back, and seemed to dip his hand in his pocket with the half intention of making her a present, but it was only a half intention, and the widow went away with a heavy heart,

convinced that she must not look for assistance in that quarter.

I need not tell what little I know of the efforts of Mrs. Stevens to find for herself a useful place in the great, busy, unfriendly, or at least, coldly-indifferent world of London-life—how she found thousands as eager and as anxious as herself—how, although she pinched and stinted, and denied herself every luxury, she saw her small stock of money silently wasting away, and no apparent means of getting more; all these things are unhappily so every-day and commonplace, such mere ordinary vulgar troubles, that every body knows them, and no-body cares to hear more about them.

At last one day, after a weary walk, under a scorching sky, in search of employment, the widow and her daughter saw in the window of an outfitter's shop, the welcome announcement “good shirt hands wanted.” So the widow and Kate entered, and with some little trembling saw the person whose business it was to give work to the needlewomen, and made known their errand. Mr. Sturt, a sharp, rather rough man, who had the management of this department, said, “Yes, they did want ‘hands,’ but they required some one to become security for the work given out.”

The widow's chagrin was as great now as her hopes had been high a few minutes before, and she said at once that she did not know any one who would become security, at which Mr. Sturt was turning coldly away; but suddenly thinking of her cousin, she said to herself that he would surely not refuse her this one favor, and she told Mr. Sturt that she would try and come again, and timidly gave that gentleman her address. As soon as the widow's back was turned, Mr. Sturt threw the address on the floor, for he was perfectly sure of having plenty of applications, and it did not matter to him whether the widow ever came again or not; but Thomas Winthorpe, who was employed in a different department of the business, happened to be a witness of the scene, had seen the widow's hand shake, and lips quiver with hope and disappointment, and had marked the anxious look of Kate; and with that sympathy which past poverty so often begets for the poor, he picked up the “rejected address,” resolving that he would inquire, and if Mrs. Stevens and her daughter deserved it, he would help them to the work.

It was more than a year since Mrs. Stevens had seen her rich cousin, and when she hastened to his house to prefer her humble petition it was shut up, and all the information she could gain from the neighbors was, that Mr. Norton had gone no one knew whither. This was a sad blow to Mrs. Stevens and Kate; what to do they knew not, and as they wended their way back to their now almost destitute home, their poverty appeared more hopeless than ever; for disappointment is far harder to bear than mere trouble, just as the sky never looks so dismal and threatening as when a bright ray has just

departed, and the sun has sunk behind a thick, dark cloud.

Thomas Winthorpe, however, carried his good intention into effect directly he left business, and little as he was able to glean in their neighbourhood of their life and past history, he was convinced that Mrs. Stevens and her daughter deserved help. How, however, to afford them assistance without wounding their feelings was for some time a difficult question; but at last he determined to become surety for them at the shop without their knowledge, and then to call, as if it were a matter of business, and tell them that they could have work.

The next morning accordingly, he told Mr. Sturt that he intended to become surety for Mrs. Stevens, and took no notice of that individual's shrugs, and winks, and inuendoes—which were meant to insinuate a sinister motive upon the part of Thomas—further than by looking at him so fixedly and composedly, and withal with such an expression of contempt, that Mr. Sturt, although not a very bashful personage, was fairly confused; and in the evening Thomas called and introduced himself to Mrs. Stevens, and told her that, in consequence of inquiries which had been made, she might have the work when she pleased. The widow and Kate, who had not stirred out of the house that day, and were in the depths of despair, not knowing which way to turn for help, looked upon Thomas as a preserving angel, and could have almost worshiped him for the unexpected good news of which he was the bearer; nor was their estimation of him lessened when the widow, remembering what had been said about security, questioned him as to how that obstacle had been overcome; and, after a few awkward attempts at parrying and equivocation, Thomas, who was but a poor dissembler, confessed the kindly part he had acted, and was overwhelmed with their expressions of gratitude. From that moment they became intimate, and before the interview, which was a somewhat long one, concluded, Thomas saw, partly from their conversation, partly from the relics of furniture they had managed to transport to London, that they had moved in a more comfortable station, and were simple country folks; and with a feeling possibly prompted by an unconscious heart-leaning to the quiet Kate, and a latent wish to keep her away from the shop, he offered, as he lived close by, to take their work to and fro for them, and so to save them the trouble of going into the city, an offer which Mrs. Stevens who, in her depressed circumstances, shrunk from strangers, and had no wish to face the rough Mr. Sturt, thankfully accepted.

From this time the widow and her daughter sat down earnestly to work, and though luxuries are not the lot of those who live by shirt-making, yet as the house they were employed by was a respectable one, and paid something better than slop prices, and as Thomas contrived that they should have the best description of work, and Charles Stevens, from time

to time, remitted to them sufficient to pay their rent, they, with their simple wants, soon began to feel tolerably comfortable and independent. Thomas, too, who was an orphan, did not neglect his opportunities of knowing them better, and became a close and dear acquaintance, whose coming every evening was regularly looked for. At first, of course, he only made business calls, and now and then sat and chatted afterward; then he brought a few flowers for their mantle-piece, or a book, or newspaper, which he thought might amuse them; and, by-and-by, he read to them: and, at last, business, instead of being the primary object of his visits, was the last thing thought of, and left till he was going away: occasionally, too, Thomas thought that they were working too hard, and that a walk would do them good, and he became the companion of their little promenades.

Of course the experienced reader will see in all this that Thomas was in love with Kate; and so he was, but Thomas was a prudent man. Kate was young as well as himself; he had but a small salary, and it was better to wait till he could offer Kate such a home as he should like to see her mistress of. And Kate, what of her? did she love Thomas Winthorpe, too? Well, we don't know enough of the female heart to answer such a question. How should an old bachelor, indeed, get such knowledge? But, perhaps, our better informed lady friends may be enabled to form an opinion, when they are told that Kate began to dress herself with more care, and to curl her luxuriant dark hair more sedulously, and that she was more fidgety than her mother as the time for Thomas to call approached, and grew fonder of reading the books he brought, and the flowers of his giving. Mrs. Stevens, however, saw nothing of all this, and Thomas never spoke of love, and Kate never analyzed her feelings, so that we suppose if she was in love, she had glided into it so gently, that she did not know it herself.

Something like three years had passed away in this humble, but tranquilly happy state of existence, during which Thomas had been silently adding to his stock of furniture, and quietly saving money out of his small salary, when a new misfortune fell upon the Stevenses. The mother had had weak eyes when a child, but as she grew up to womanhood the defect had disappeared. Still there was a latent tendency to disease, which it seemed close application to needlework in her declining years had developed. For a long time Mrs. Stevens had felt this, but concealed it from Kate, till her eyes became so dim, that she could not go on any longer, and Kate became aware of the truth. This was a sad blow, and Kate, who had come to look instinctively to Thomas for advice, took the opportunity, when her mother was out of the room for a few minutes, at his next visit, to tell him the fact, and her fears that her mother was going blind. This was their first confidence, which I have been told

goes a great way in love affairs, and from that time they were drawn still closer together. Thomas advised immediate medical assistance, and not liking to offer Kate the fee, arranged to get an hour or two the next day but one, and accompany them to an eminent oculist. This was done, and the surgeon, after examining the widow's eyes, said that skill could do nothing for her, but that rest was indispensable, and that she must not exert her sight.

The whole of the work was now thrown upon Kate, and unmurmuringly did the noble girl bend herself to the task of providing for herself and her nearly blind mother. The first dawn of light saw her, needle in hand, and Thomas found her at night stooping over her task. Their little walks were given up, and she denied herself almost the bare necessities of life, so that her mother might not feel the change. This could not go long without Kate's health suffering, and Thomas saw with grief the pale cheek, and the thinning figure, and the red tinge round the eyelids, which spoke of over-work and failing strength. These changes did not improve Kate's good looks, but when did true love ever think of beauty? He saw that the poor girl must soon break down, and then there were but two courses open, either to offer his hand, which he was sure would be accepted, or to offer them assistance.

From motives of prudence, Thomas had rather that the time when he should become a housekeeper for himself had been longer delayed; but he did not like to offer her money, for he felt as though such an obligation would make her feel dependent, and draw her from him; and so he resolved at once to make her his wife, and save her from the fate which otherwise seemed impending over her.

How the declaration was made, and where, and whether or not there were many blushes or smiles, or tears or kisses, I really do not know; but from Thomas's practical manner, and Kate's earnest, truthful, straightforward mind, and the length of time they had been as intimate and confidential as brother and sister, I should think that there was little of what some folk choose to call "the sentimental," although, perhaps, there was not any the less of true sentiment. But certain it is, that Thomas was accepted, the widow did not object, and all the neighborhood soon knew that Kate Stevens and Thomas Winthorpe were about to be married.

Of course, as is usual upon such occasions, there was plenty of comment. A good many young ladies who had done their best to "set their caps" at Thomas, intensely pitied poor Kate for choosing such a quiet stupid sort of fellow, and not a few old ladies, who would have jumped at Thomas for a son-in-law, were "sincerely" glad that it was not their daughter. And there was a universal chorus of prophecy, as to the troubles that awaited the young couple; for what (said the prophets) could they do with Thomas's small salary, and

Kate's old mother, if they came to have a family? and so forth.

Kate and Thomas knew nothing of all this, and if they had, it would not have affected them much, for confident in their quiet earnest affection for each other, they looked forward to the future, not as a period of easy enjoyment, but as one of effortful, though hopeful industry. The preliminaries were soon arranged; Thomas had no friends to consult, and Charles Stevens was glad to hear that his sister was about to be married—a license was dispensed with, and the vulgarity of banns resorted to to save expense. The bride was given away by a young mechanic, a friend of Thomas's, whose sister acted as bridesmaid; there was a quiet dinner at Thomas's lodgings, no wedding tour, and the next day they went into the empty house, which had been done up for their reception, and suited their scanty means, and when filled with the new furniture of Thomas, and the old relics of the widow, Kate thought, ay, and so did Thomas too, it made the most comfortable home they had ever seen. I have purposely hurried over this part of my story, because it is so very commonplace. After people have been deluged with brides in white satin and Brussels lace veils, supported by a splendid train of bridesmaids, all deluging their cambric-worked handkerchiefs in sympathetic tears, what could I say for a marriage with a bride in plain white, and Miss Jones, in a dyed silk, for a bridesmaid, and dry pocket-handkerchiefs, into the bargain, to make it interesting? Obviously nothing. Yet for all that, it was, possibly, as happy a wedding as was ever solemnized at St. George's, Hanover-square, and chronicled in the *Morning Post*, with half a dozen flourishes of trumpets.

My readers now know all about the people who came into the empty house, and made it look as cheerful as it had before looked miserable. Of their domestic life I, of course, knew little: they kept no servant, and Kate was occasionally to be seen through the windows dusting and brushing about; but long before Thomas came home she was neat, and even smart, and her ready smile as she opened the door, told me how happy they were. It made even me half romantic, and if I could have found just such another Kate, I half thought that I should have renounced an old bachelor's life. Of their pecuniary affairs I, of course, knew little, but I saw that their baker called regularly, and that Kate went out with her market-basket, and if they had run in debt I was sure that I should have heard of it.

After a little while, though, I began to notice that Thomas had a habit which gave me some uneasiness for the future of the young couple. When he came home he staid for about an hour, or just long enough to have his tea, and then went out again for about two hours. It is true that he did not exhibit any symptoms of dissipation when he returned, but I did not like the habit. My mind, however,

was set at rest by my landlady, who could tell me all about it. She knew young Jones the cabinet-maker, who was present at the wedding, and informed me that Thomas Winthorpe, who was a good mechanic, employed his spare time in working with Jones, and that both of them prudently put by the earnings of their leisure time as a fund for future contingencies, so that my mind was set at rest upon this point.

In due time, a little Kate blessed the household of my opposite neighbors, and next, a little Thomas, and every thing appeared to go on as happily as ever; and the old grandmother who had only partially recovered the use of her eyes, leading her little grand-daughter, and led in her turn by Kate, who also carried the baby, would often go out for a walk, leaving the servant girl in charge of the house (for Thomas's salary having increased, they could afford to keep a girl now without being extravagant), and a happier family group it would not be easy to find.

It was about this time, I observed a new addition to the family in the shape of a stout, ruddy young man, who wore a green coat, with bright buttons, and looked like a country farmer. I at once guessed that this was Kate's brother, of whom I had heard, on a visit to his sister, and though I was right as to the person, the other part of my guess was incorrect. It was Charles Stevens, but he was not there upon a visit. The fact was, that Charles, whose foresight never went the length of looking a year ahead, had been totally ruined by a failure in the wheat crops of his farm. All his property had been sold, and he left destitute of every thing except a few pounds in his pocket, and without any great stock of energy and intelligence to fall back upon, had sought the refuge of his brother-in-law's roof, which, no doubt, was at first cheerfully afforded him. But it was soon evident that Charles was likely to bear heavily upon the Winthorpes, for he did not seem disposed to exert himself to gain a livelihood. He appeared to lounge about the house all day, and toward the evening, evidently to Thomas's chagrin, came out to lean on the gate and smoke his pipe in the open air, thus giving the house an air somewhat different from its former aspect of respectability. I saw, too, as I sat up late reading (a bad habit of mine) that a light burned till midnight in the Winthorpes' windows, and sometimes hearing a heavy knocking, I looked out and saw at their door the bright buttons of Charles Stevens shining in the light of the gas lamp.

So far as I could learn, Thomas Winthorpe never visited these offenses of the brother upon his wife, but for her sake suppressed his indignation at the careless, thoughtless, lazy habits of Charles, and bore all in silence; but I heard that he talked of them to young Jones and lamented the moral obligation he felt to support Charles even in idleness. These feelings, we may be assured, were not lessened when Kate made a third addition to the family, and

passed through a long and dangerous, and, of course, expensive illness, and I was told (the gossips knew all this through Miss Jones, the bridesmaid) that Thomas had been obliged to devote the earnings of his overtime to pay the doctor's bill, and the quarter's rent, for which he had been unable otherwise to provide.

When Kate got up and resumed her family duties, there were other indications of poverty in the household, one of which was that the servant girl was discharged, notwithstanding that there was more necessity than ever for her assistance. Kate's morning walks were given up—she, as well as her husband, looked more careworn—the old grandmother acted the part of housemaid, and Thomas wore a more threadbare coat than usual. Nobody looked jolly and comfortable, except the "ne'er do well," who was the cause of these uncomfortable changes, but he looked as ruddy and careless, and smoked his pipe at the front gate as composedly as ever, disturbed only by the recollection that he had once been so much better off, and the knowledge that he had not so much money to spend as he used to have; for by this time the cash he had brought with him from the country, and of which he had never offered Thomas a penny, was well-nigh gone.

Still, Thomas, though hard-pressed, worked on patiently and perseveringly, hoping for better times, and these fortunately were close at hand. People say that "Troubles never come alone," and I am inclined to think Fortune also sends her favors in showers. Be that as it may, just at this time, Charles, who was getting disgusted at idleness without plenty of pocket-money, received and accepted an offer to go out to Australia, with an old farming acquaintance; and a few days more saw his chest put into a cab, into which vehicle he followed, while Kate and his mother (Thomas was away at business) bade him a tearful farewell; and within a few days Thomas's employers, more than satisfied with his conduct, promoted him to a post where his salary was doubled.

What a change came over the house and family! The old servant girl came back, and seemed so glad and brisk that she was never tired of work, and made the place look brighter and neater than ever. The walks, too, were resumed, and Thomas, justified in ceasing his evening work, made one of the party after tea. Kate's cheek grew round and rosy again, and Thomas's eye was brighter, and his old grave smile came back, as he enjoyed the happiness and comfort he had so well earned: and to crown all, I am told that the young Winthorpes will be very rich, for that little rusty, shabby old man, who used to show the empty house, is Mrs. Stevens's rich cousin, whom Kate had not recognized, and the old lady was too short-sighted to notice, and who had left his former house, and assumed the name of Willis, so that he might not be found out and worried by his poor relations. My landlady informs me that the old man, who knew his relations from the

first, was struck with Thomas's punctuality in always paying the rent on the day it was due, and by his untiring industry (qualities which probably found an echo in his own nature), and that the beautiful children (strange that such a little, withered old miser should love blooming, careless children), have completed his liking for the family. Thomas, however, has refused all the old man's offers of assistance, and insists on continuing to pay the rent for the house; and the old gentleman, who is now a frequent visitor, and really does not look half so rusty as he used, unable in any other way to confer obligations upon the family, has claimed to stand godfather for the third child, and has bequeathed to the youngsters all his large property, so we may fairly presume that the worst difficulties of the Winthorpes are over, and that a happy future is in store for them.

Reader, my little tale, or, without plot as it is, you may say my long gossip, is at an end. It began about an empty house, and has run through the fortunes of a family. How like a path in life, where the first step ushers us onward we know not where; or, to compare small things with great, how like a philosopher picking up at random a simple stone, and thence being led on to the comprehension of the physical history of the world. But plotless tale, or rambling gossip, whichever it may be, I hope it has not been without its usefulness, but that it has served as one more piece of proof that integrity, charity, industry, and self-denial, if they do not always command success, give a man the best possible chance of obtaining it on the only condition which renders success worth having, namely, the preservation of self-respect.

[From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.]

COLDS AND COLD WATER.

WHO has not had a cold? or rather, who has not had many colds? Who does not know that malady which commences with slight chilliness, an uneasy feeling of being unwell, which does not justify abstinence from the ordinary business and occupations of the day, but deprives one of all satisfaction and enjoyment in them, and takes away all the salt and savor of life, even as it deprives the natural palate of its proper office, making all things that should be good to eat and drink vapid and tasteless? Who does not know the pain in the head, the stiff neck, the stuffy nose, the frequent sneeze, the kerchief which is oftener in the hand than in the pocket? Such, with a greater or less amount of peevishness, are the symptoms of the common cold in the head; which torments its victim for two or three days, or perhaps as many weeks, and then departs, and is forgotten. Few people take much notice of colds; and yet let any one, who is even moderately liable to their attacks, keep an account of the number of days in each year when he has been shut out by a cold from a full perception of the pleasures and advantages of life, and he will find that he has lost no incon-

siderable portion of the sum total of happy existence through their malign influence. How many speeches in Parliament and at the Bar, that should have turned a division or won a cause, have been marred because the orator has had a cold which has confused his powers, stifled his voice, and paralyzed all his best energies! How many pictures have failed in expressing the full thoughts of the artist, because he has had a cold at that critical stage of the work when all his faculties of head and hand should have been at their best to insure the fit execution of his design! How many bad bargains have been made, how many opportunities lost in business, because a cold has laid its leaden hand upon them, and converted into its own dull nature what might have resulted in a golden harvest! How many poems—but no: poetry can have nothing in common with a cold. The Muses fly at the approach of flannel and water-gruel. It is not poems that are spoiled, but poets that are rendered of impossible existence by colds. Can one imagine Homer with a cold, or Dante? But these were southerners, and exempt by climate from this scourge of the human race in Boreal regions. But Milton or Shakspeare, could they have had colds? Possibly some parts of "Paradise Regained" may have been written in a cold. Possibly the use of the handkerchief in "Othello," which is banished as an impropriety by the delicate critics of France from their version of the Moor of Venice, may have been suggested by familiarity with that indispensable accessory in a cold. Colds are less common in the clear atmosphere of Paris than in the thick and fog-laden air of London; and this may account for the difference of national taste, on this point. It is said of the great German Mendelssohn, that he always composed sitting with his feet in a tub of cold water. This was not the musician, but his grandfather, the metaphysician, and father of that happy and contentedly obscure intermediate Mendelssohn, who used to say, "When I was young, I was known as the son of the great Mendelssohn; and now that I am old, I am known as the father of the great Mendelssohn." But who ever was known to compose any thing while sitting with his feet in a tub of hot water, and with the composing draught standing on the table at his side, to remind him that in the matter of composition he is to be a passive, and not an active subject? How many marriages may not have been prevented by colds. The gentleman is robbed of his courage, and does not use his opportunity for urging his suit; or the lady catches a cold, and appears blowing her nose, and with blanched cheeks and moist eyes:

"The sapphire's blue within her eyes is seen;
Her lips the ruby's choicest glow disclose;
Her skin is like to fairest pearls I ween;
But ah! the lucid crystal tips her nose."

And so the coming declaration of love is effectually nipped in the bud by the unromantic realities of the present catarrh.

Napoleon, as is well known, lost the battle of Leipsig in consequence of an indigestion brought on by eating an ill-dressed piece of mutton; and Louis Philippe, in February, 1848, fled ignominiously from the capital of his kingdom because he had a cold, and could not use the faculties which at least might have secured for him as respectable a retreat to the frontier as was enjoyed by his predecessor Charles the Tenth. He might have shown fight; he might have thrown himself upon the army, or upon the National Guard; he might have done a hundred things better for his own fame, rather than get into a hack cab and run away. But it was not to be: Louis Philippe had the influenza; and Louis Philippe with the influenza was not the same man who had shown so much craft and decision in the many previous emergencies of his long and eventful life. Louis Philippe, without a cold, had acquitted himself creditably in the field of battle, had taught respectably in schools, had contrived for himself and his family the succession to a kingdom, had worked and plotted through all the remarkable events with which his name is associated, and by which it will ever be remembered in the romance of history; but Louis Philippe, with a cold, subsided at once and ingloriously into simple John Smith in a scratch-wig.

Of places in which colds are caught it is not necessary to be particular. For, as a late Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench laid it down in summing up to a jury, in a case of sheep-stealing, after some time had been wasted in showing that the stolen sheep had been slaughtered with a particular knife—any knife will kill a sheep—so it may be said that a cold may be caught any where: on the moor or on the loch; traveling by land or by water; by rail or by stage; or in a private carriage, or walking in the streets; or sitting at home or elsewhere, in a draught, or out of a draught, but more especially in it. Upon a statistical return of the places in which colds have been caught, by persons of both sexes, and under twenty-one years of age, founded upon the answers of the patients themselves, it appears that more colds are caught upon the journey in going to school, and at church, than at the theatre and in ball-rooms. Upon a similar return from persons liable to serve as jurymen in London and Middlesex, it appears that a majority of colds is caught in courts of justice; to which statement, perhaps, more confidence is due than to the former, as it is not known that Dr. Reid has ventilated any of the churches or theatres in the metropolis. Indeed, if the ancient physical philosophers, who had many disputes upon the first cause of cold, had enjoyed the advantage of living in our days and country, they might have satisfied themselves on this matter, and at the same time have become practically acquainted with the working of our system of jurisprudence, by attending in Westminster Hall, when they would go away perhaps with some good law, but most certainly with a very bad cold in their

heads. Upon the returns from ladies with grown-up daughters and nieces, it appears from their own statements, that more colds are caught at evening parties than any where else; which is in remarkable discrepancy with the statements of the young ladies themselves, as before mentioned. The same curious want of agreement is found to prevail as to the number of colds caught on water-parties, pic-nics, archery-meetings, and the like, which, according to one set of answers, never give rise to colds, but which would certainly be avoided by all prudent persons if they gave implicit belief to the other.

Of the remedy for colds something may now be said. As with other evils, the remedy may exist either in the shape of prevention or of cure, and of course should be most sought after, by prudent people, in the former. Much ancestral wisdom has descended to us in maxims and apothegms on the prevention and management of colds. Like other venerable and traditional lore which we are in the habit of receiving without questioning, it contains a large admixture of error with what is really good and true; and of the good and true much occasionally meets with undeserved disparagement and contempt. Our grandmothers are right when they inculcate an active avoidance of draughts of air, when they enjoin warm clothing, and especially woollen stockings and dry feet. Their recommendation of bed and slops is generally good, and their "sentence of water-gruel" in most cases is very just, and better than any other for which it could be commuted; but when they lay down the well-known and authoritative dogma, stuff a cold and starve a fever, they are no longer to be trusted. This is a pernicious saying, and has caused much misery and illness. Certain lovers of antiquity, in their anxiety to justify this precept, would have us to take it in an ironical sense. They say, stuff a cold and starve a fever: that is, if you commit the absurdity of employing too generous a diet in the earlier stages of a cold, you will infallibly bring on a fever, which you will be compelled to reduce by the opposite treatment of starvation. This, however, may be rejected as mere casuistry, however well it may be intended by zealous friends of the past. Our British oracles were not delivered in such terms of Delphic mystery, but spoke out plain and straightforward; and even this one permits of some justification without doing violence to the obvious meaning of the words. For every cold is accompanied with some fever, the symptoms of which are more or less obvious, and it indicates the presence in the system of something which ought not to be there, and which is seeking its escape. Every facility should be given to this escape which is consistent with the general safety of the system. We may reasonably leave a window open, or a door upon the latch, to favor the retreat of a disagreeable intruder, but we should not be willing to break a hole in the wall of the house. All the remedies of hot water for the feet, warming the bed, exciting gentle perspiration, are directed

to this object. Occasionally, the excitement of an evening passed in society, especially if there is dancing, and in a room of somewhat elevated temperature, is sufficient to carry off an incipient cold. So a cold may be stopped, *in limine*, by the use of a few drops of laudanum; and so, perhaps, the stimulus of some slight excess in eating or drinking may operate to eject the advancing cold before it has completely lodged itself in the system. But this is dangerous practice, and the same object may be effected far more safely and surely by the common nursing and stay-at-home remedies.

Of all prophylactic or precautionary measures (in addition, of course, to prudent attention to dress and diet), the best is the constant use of the cold bath. It is only necessary to glance at the ironmongers' shops to see that of late years the demand for all kinds of washing and bathing apparatus has much increased, and that many persons are aware of the importance of this practice. The exact method of applying the cold element must depend on the constitution of the patient. For the very vigorous and robust, the actual plunge-bath may not be too much; but few are able to stand this, for the great abstraction of animal heat by the surrounding cold fluid taxes the calorific powers of the system severely; nor is a convenient swimming or plunge-bath generally attainable. A late lamented and eminent legal functionary, who lived near the banks of the Thames, bathed in the river regularly every morning, summer and winter, and, it is said, used to have the ice broken, when necessary, in the latter season. He continued this practice to a good old age, and might have sat for the very picture of health. The shower-bath has the merit of being attainable by most persons, at any rate when at home, and is now made in various portable shapes. The shock communicated by it is not always safe; but it is powerful in its action, and the first disagreeable sensation after pulling the fatal string is succeeded by a delicious feeling of renewed health and vitality. The dose of water is generally made too large; and by diminishing this, and wearing one of the high peaked or extinguisher caps now in use, to break the fall of the descending torrent upon the head, the terrors of the shower-bath may be abated, while all the beneficial effects are retained. It has, however, the disadvantage of not being easily carried about during absence from home, and the want of it is a great inconvenience to those who are accustomed to use it. None of the forms which are really portable are satisfactory, and all occupy some time and trouble in setting up and taking down again, unless, indeed, you are reckless of how and where you fix your hooks, and of the state of the floor of the room after the flood has taken place, and perhaps benevolently wish that the occupants of the room beneath should participate in the luxury you have been enjoying. For nearly all purposes the sponge is sufficient, used with one of the round flat baths which are now so common. Cold water,

thus applied, gives sufficient stimulus to the skin, and the length of the bath, and the force with which the water is applied, are entirely under command. The sponging-bath, followed by friction with a rough towel, has cured thousands of that habitual tendency to catch cold which is so prevalent in this climate, and made them useful and happy members of society. The large tin sponging-bath is itself not sufficiently portable to be carried as railway luggage, but there are many substitutes. India-rubber has been for some time pressed into this service, either in the shape of a mere sheet to be laid on the floor, with a margin slightly raised to retain the water, or in a more expensive form, in which the bottom consists of a single sheet of the material, while the side is double, and can be inflated so as to become erect, in the same manner as the india-rubber air-cushions. Either form may be rolled up in a small compass. The latter give a tolerably deep bath, capable of holding two or three pails of water; but it is not very manageable when it has much water in it, and must be unpopular with the housemaids. As there is no stiff part about it, it is difficult, or rather impossible, for one person to lift it for the purpose of emptying the water; and the air must be driven out before it can be packed up again, which occasions a delay which is inconvenient in rapid traveling. Besides, on the Continent at least, where the essential element of water is not to be had, except in small quantity, the excellence of holding much is thrown away. Traveling-boxes have lately been made of that universal substance, gutta-percha, which serve the double duty of holding clothes or books on the roads, and of baths in the bedroom. The top can be slipped off in a moment, and is at once available as a bath; and when ever the whole box is unpacked, both portions can be so employed. But the one disadvantage which prevents gutta-percha from being adopted for many other purposes tells against it here. It becomes soft and pliable at a very low temperature, which unfits it for hot climates, and for containing hot water in our own temperate regions. There is also the danger of burning or becoming injured by the heat, if left incautiously too near the fire. But for this drawback, it seems as if there was nothing to prevent every thing from being made of gutta-percha. It is almost indestructible, resists almost all chemical agents, and is easily moulded into any required form. But like glass, it has its one fault. Glass is brittle—gutta-percha can not resist moderate heat; and but for this, these two materials might divide the world between them. It is related that a certain inventor appeared before the Emperor Tiberius with a crystal vessel, which he dashed on the pavement, and picked up unhurt; in fact, he had discovered malleable glass, the philosopher's stone of the useful arts. His ingenuity did not meet with the success it deserved; for the emperor, whether alarmed at the novelty, and wishing to protect the interests of the established glass-trade,

or wishing to possess the wonderful vase, and to transmit it in the imperial treasure-chambers as an unique specimen of the manufacture, immediately ordered his head to be cut off, and the secret perished with him. Any one who rediscovered it, or could communicate to the rival vegetable product the quality of resisting heat, would make his fortune; and although he might find the patent-office slow and expensive, would nowadays be better rewarded by a discerning public than his unfortunate predecessor was by the Roman tyrant. But to return to our baths: a very good portable article may be made by having a wooden traveling-box, lined with thin sheet zinc. It may be of deal or elm, and painted outside. The lid may be arranged to slip on and off, like the rudder of a boat, on eyes and pintles, or on common sliding hinges; and there may be a movable tray, three or four inches deep, to be lined also with zinc, which serves for holding the immediate dressing-apparatus, and all that need be taken out for a single night's use. This tray, together with the lid laid side by side on the floor, makes a fair enough sponging-bath; and if the box itself is placed between them, and half-filled with water, a most luxurious bathing-apparatus is at once established. The zinc lining should be painted, or, what is still better, japanned; and the lock should open on the side of the box, and be fitted with a hinged hasp, which can be turned up, out of the way, upon the side of the lid, when it is detached and in use as a bath. The lock should not open upward in the edge of the box, or the water might enter it, and damage the wards; and the hasps sticking up from the edge of the lid would be in the way. A box on this plan has been made, and has been in use for some months with perfect success, and may possibly be exhibited for the instruction of foreigners in the Great Exposition of 1851. The only objection is the increased weight arising from the metallic lining; and this might be removed by employing sheet gutta-percha in its place, or by relying on good workmanship and paint alone to keep the box water-tight. The gutta-percha would, in this case, be supported by the wood of the box, and could not get out of shape; but it still would be liable to injury if used with warm water.

Little need be said of sponges. The best fetch a high price, but are probably most economical in the end; for a good sponge, used only with cold water, will last a long time. There is an inferior kind of sponge, very coarse, ragged and porous, which formerly was not sold for toilet use, but which is now to be found in the shops, and is sold especially for use in the sponging-bath. It is much cheaper than the fine sponge; and readily takes up, and as readily gives out again, a large quantity of water; and on the whole, may be recommended. Our old friend, India-rubber, appears again as the best material of which the sponge-bag can be made. Oil-skin is efficient while it lasts, but it is very easily torn; and sponges are apt to be impatient-

ly rammed into their bags in last moments of packing.

Armed with his sponge and his portable bath, a man may go through life, defying some of its worst evils. Self-dubbed a Knight of the Bath, he may look down with scorn upon the red ribbons and glittering baubles of Grand Crosses and Commanders, and may view with that calm philosophy to which nothing so much contributes as a state of high health the chances and changes of a surrounding world of indigestions and catarrhs. With his peptic faculties, in that state of efficiency in which the daily cold effusion will maintain them, he will enjoy his own dinners; he will not grudge his richer neighbor his longer and more varied succession of dishes, and he will do his best to put his poorer one in the way to improve his humbler and less certain repast. With his head and eyes clear and free from colds, he will think and see for himself; and will discern and act upon the truth and the right, disregarding the contemptuous sneezes of those who would put him down, and the noisy coughs of those who would drown his voice when lifted up in the name of humanity and justice.

SINNERS AND SUFFERERS; OR, THE VILLAINY OF HIGH LIFE.

"THEN you believe in the justice of this world, after the fashion of our old nursery-tales, in which the good boy always got the plum-cake, and the bad one was invariably put in the closet?" said Charles Monroe, addressing at once Lady Annette Leveson and her temporary squire, old Judge Naresby, as they paused in a moral disquisition, on which her ladyship had employed the greater part of their afternoon's stroll through Leveson Park, interrupted only by an occasional remark from her niece Emma, a girl just returned from school, who hung on Charles's arm, and called the party's attention to every woodland prospect and grand old tree they passed.

Lady Annette had relations in the peerage, though they were not reckoned among the wealthiest of that body. Her husband had been similarly connected, but he was long dead; and his childless widow's jointure consisted of little more than a castellated mansion, a park, renowned for the antiquity of its oaks, on the borders of one of the midland counties, and an old-fashioned house in Park-lane, London. These possessions were to descend, on her death, to the orphan daughter of her husband's brother, who, having besides a dowry of some five thousand in the funds, was, by the unanimous vote of her family, placed under Lady Annette's guardianship. In speeding on that orphan girl's education from one boarding-school to another, in dipping a short way into all the popular philosophy of the age, and taking an easy interest in all its social improvements, Lady Annette had spent her limited income and quiet years, without the usual excitements of either working

altar-cloths or setting up a Dissenting chapel. Lady Annette was, of course, a sort of positivist in her way. She had an almost material faith in virtue rewarded. Good for good, love for love, was the substance of her creed regarding time's returns; and being somewhat zealous in the doctrine, she had exerted all her eloquence to prove it to the satisfaction of the Judge. He was a man after her own faith and fortunes—well born, as it is called, and gifted with a cool, clear head, which, just fitting him for the study of law, and no more, had calmly raised him through the intervening steps of his profession to the bench; but his experience of life had been far wider, and he had seen certain occurrences in its course which made him doubt her ladyship's philosophy.

The Judge's opposition had ceased, nevertheless, and Lady Annette remained mistress of the field when Charles Monroe volunteered the above interpretation. Considering that, besides her title, the lady had full twenty years the start of him in life's journey, the attack was bold; but Charles was known at Leveson Park as her Scottish cousin, belonging to a poor but honorable family north of Tweed, and already named as a rising barrister, though comparatively young in the profession. He had been engaged for sundry cases on the circuit which the Judge had just completed—as concerned her ladyship's county, with a maiden assize, where, after white gloves and congratulations had been duly presented, the evening was devoted to a family dinner and chat with Lady Annette, preparatory to justice and he taking their way on the morrow to the neighboring shire.

Lady Annette and the Judge were old acquaintances, and he had come early enough to find the three among the old oaks, where it was pleasant to talk in that bright summer afternoon till the dinner-hour and the rest of the party arrived; so they found time for argument.

"Well, Charles," said Lady Annette, whose habitually good temper seemed slightly ruffled by her cousin's remark, "there are sounder lessons taught men in the nursery than most of them practice in after-life; and the teaching of those tales appears to me a truth verified by every day's experience. Do we not see that industry and good conduct generally bring the working-classes to comparative wealth, while the best families are reduced by extravagance and profligacy? Does not even the popular mind regard virtue with honor, and vice with contempt? Surely there is, even in this world, an unslumbering Providence, which, eventually rewards the good and punishes the wicked?"

"Sometimes," said Charles.

"Well, your response is amusing," said Lady Annette, smiling; "but let us hear your view of the subject."

"I fear it is not very definite," said her cousin. "Perhaps I am not clear-sighted enough; but this life has always seemed to me full of

inconsistencies and contradictions; yet, on one thing I believe, that moral goodness does not always lead to good fortune, nor moral evil to bad. Sometimes that for which I have no name but the ancient one of friendly stars, and sometimes a practical knowledge of men and things as they are, or the want of these, conducts us to the one, or leaves us to the other."

"Oh, Charles, what a pity that pretty girl should be lame!" whispered Emma, as she now emerged on a broad walk, which, being the most direct route to a neighboring village, had been long open to pedestrians. And a young girl, evidently of the servant class, who walked with considerable difficulty, laid down a small bundle she carried, and leant for rest against a mossy tree. The girl was not more than eighteen; her soft dark hair, fine features, and small, but graceful figure, were singularly attractive, in spite of a sickly pallor and remarkable lameness; but the face had such an expression of fearless honesty and truth as made it truly noble, and took the whole party's attention.

"That's a fine face," said the Judge, when they had passed. "There looks something like goodness there; and, *apropos* of our controversy, it somehow reminds me of a case which is to be tried to-morrow, in which the principal witness is a young girl, who defended her master's house single-handed against two burglars, and actually detained one of them till he was arrested."

"Oh, aunt, we must go to hear the case," said young Emma, earnestly.

"It certainly will be interesting," said Lady Annette. "What a noble girl in her station too! Charles, I hope you will allow there is some probability of her being rewarded?"

"Perhaps," said Charles.

"Oh, never mind him," interrupted the Judge, who got very soon tired of moral questions; "he debated the same subject with Thornley and me t'other evening, and would have totally routed us if we had not taken refuge in whist."

Charles made no reply, for his attention was once more engaged by the girl, who, with a flushed cheek, and all the speed she could muster, passed them at that moment, and the Judge had succeeded in diverting Lady Annette's thoughts to another channel.

"Thornley should be an able antagonist," said she, "I am told he is very clever. It was but t'other day that, in looking over one of his mother's old letters from Florence, I recollected she had mentioned his Italian tutor's predictions of the great figure he should make at Cambridge. By the way, Charles, he was your class-fellow there. How far were they fulfilled?"

"The only time ever I remember him to make a figure," answered Charles, vainly endeavoring to suppress a smile, "was, when he refused the challenge of a wild Welsh student, on whose pranks he had been rather censorious, saying a duel was contrary to his principles; and though the Welshman actually insulted him

in the very streets, he preferred a formal apology to fighting."

"What a high-principled young man!" exclaimed Lady Annette and her niece in the same breath.

"Yes," said the Judge, "so much conscientiousness and moral courage is worth a world of talent."

"It must be a comfort," continued her ladyship with enthusiasm, "to Mr. Thornley, to find the pains bestowed on his son's education so well repaid. Do you know he would never allow him to enter a public school, saying, that knowledge in such places was paid for with both morals and manners; and Edmund was educated under his own eye, by some of the best scholars in Florence."

"Mr. Thornley had great discernment," remarked the Judge; "I wonder he didn't show it, more in his pecuniary affairs."

"Ah, what a falling off was there!" half sighed Lady Annette. "It vexes me to think of it, they were such old friends of ours. What a belle poor Mrs. Thornley was!—they tell me she has grown very old and dowdy now. And how he used to sport! and yet one might have known the estate would go to creditors. But his misfortunes improved him greatly, they say, turned his attention entirely to high subjects—Italian progress, and all that. Do you know, when they lived in Florence, the Austrian police had quite an eye upon him, and he was proud of that, poor man! I wish you had seen his letters."

Here her ladyship stopped short, for a figure was seen rapidly approaching, which all the party knew to be that of Edmund Thornley. The gentleman whose education, character, and family history had been thus freely discussed, was a tall, well-proportioned man, with fair complexion, and curling auburn hair. There was something almost feminine about his small mouth and pearly teeth; but his full blue eyes and smooth white brow had no expression but those of health and youth, retaining the latter to an extreme degree, though he was rather advanced in the twenties. The story of his parentage and prospects, was already talked over by the Thornleys' old friends in Leveson Park. An only son, born in the ranks of English gentry, but brought up in Italy, to which pecuniary embarrassment had early obliged his father to retire, he had been educated, it was said, most carefully under the paternal roof, with all home influences around him—sent first to the University of Cambridge, and, subsequently, to the study of English law, partly by way of scope for his talents, and partly, as the best provision for the heir of a deeply-mortgaged estate.

Edmund Thornley was a young man for whom friends did every thing. His parents and tutors, in Italy, had promised and vowed great things in his name, to his relatives in England; and, though they could not believe the report, for he had, as yet, astonished neither Cambridge, nor the Temple, it was proper for them to allow there was talent in him

which must come out some day, and all that interest and solicitation could do, was done with the Thornleys' old acquaintances, to secure patronage for their son. By that influence the judge had been induced to make choice of him for his marshal, as it is legal etiquette to style a sort of humble companion or assistant, on the circuit. Hitherto, he had filled the post to his superior's entire satisfaction; but Naresby, who specially understood the art of making his dependents useful, had that day left him some letters to write previous to joining Lady Annette's party.

The hostess warmly welcomed the son of her old friends, whose doings she had just canvassed. Charles received his former class-fellow with cold civility; and, warned by the dinner-bell, the company adjourned to Leveson Hall, in time to meet the rector and his lady, a quiet country pair, who completed their party. It was soon manifest what advantage Thornley's gentle, attentive manner, gave him in the eyes of the ladies compared with the sometimes abrupt, and often careless address of their Scotch cousin. Emma found him particularly agreeable; and the subject of the approaching trial being renewed after dinner, both she and her aunt were charmed with the enthusiastic admiration of the young girl's courage and devotedness, which he expressed in the warmest terms; while Charles merely hoped that those whom she had served so well, would not forget her poverty.

"Such," said Lady Annette, in a whispered dissertation on the contrast of the young men, while she and the judge sat at whist by themselves, "Such are the natural effects of a home education, and a mother's influence."

"Oh, yes," responded Naresby, somewhat confused by the cards which he was shuffling; "Thornley is an excellent person, and very accommodating. He never troubles one with a view of his own, like other lads."

On the following day there was a crowded court-house in the assize town of the neighboring county. The case to be tried had been the topic of gossip and wonder there for many a week, and Lady Annette and her niece were not the only members of the surrounding gentility among the audience. Charles Monroe had the honor of escorting them, for the first time in their lives, to a court of justice; and all his explaining powers were put in requisition by Emma's whispered inquiries, till, the usual preliminaries being gone through, the prisoner was placed at the bar. He was a dark-looking, muscular fellow, whose way seemed to have laid through the wild places of low life; but when he pleaded "Not guilty," in a strong Welsh accent, some strange recollections appeared to strike Charles, and he whispered to Lady Annette, "That man used to look after game-dogs for Harry Williams, with whom Thornley wouldn't fight at Cambridge; and they told me Harry had been expelled."

"Yes," replied her ladyship, in a low, but

triumphant tone, as she cast a glance of more than approbation on the marshal, now occupying his usual place near the judge; "men are even in this world rewarded according to their works."

Charles smiled incredulously, but his smile changed to a look of surprised recognition, for the principal witness, who just then stood up to take the oath, was none other than the girl they had met in Leveson Park. Many a curious eye was turned on that fair honest face; the judge himself seemed to recognize her, and the marshal to forget his habitual composure, in astonishment that one so young and pretty, should be the heroine of such a tale; but, without either the vanity or the bashfulness nearly always allied to it, which would have upset most young people in her position, the girl told her story modestly and plainly, like one who felt she had done her duty, and made no display about it. Her evidence was simply to the effect that her name was Grace Greenside, that she was a servant at Daisy Dell—the local designation of a property occupied by one of the better class of farmers in the shire—and had been for two years maid-of-all-work at the farm-house, which was situated in a solitary part of the country, and at some distance from the high road. On the fifth of the previous month, it being Sunday, and the other three servants having gone in different directions, her mistress took their little boy and girl with them to the parish church, about a mile distant, leaving her alone in the house, with strict orders not to quit it, and admit none but special friends of the family till their return; on account, as she believed, of a considerable sum of money which her master had drawn from the bank but a few days before, for the purchase of an adjoining farm. Soon after they were gone, two men, one of whom was the prisoner, knocked loudly at the front door, and demanded admission, which, owing to her orders, and their suspicious appearance, she refused, when they tried to force an entrance; but, arming herself with her master's loaded gun, she defended the premises, which were well secured—being built, as the girl described, in old fighting times—till, by sounding one of those antiquated horns, kept for similar purposes in many an old country house, she alarmed half the parish, and men were seen coming across the fields, on which the assailants fled. The prisoner, however, carried with him a fine vest of her master's, which, owing to an accident, had been spread out to dry on a hedge hard by; and, bitterly blaming herself for leaving the article within his reach, the girl pursued him in hopes of recovering it, and actually overtook, laid hold of, and detained him till the neighbors came up and completed the capture, in spite of his blows, by which she had been so seriously injured as to be confined to the house till the previous day, when she walked with great difficulty about two miles to see her relatives.

Her tale was confirmed by the evidence of

several country people who had assisted in securing the prisoner, by that of her master, a hard-looking, worldly man, of her father, a clownish laborer, and of an ill-tempered, slatternly woman, who proved to be her stepmother. Grace dropped a courtesy, and quitted the witness-box, amid a general murmur of applause. The jury, without retiring, found a unanimous verdict of "Guilty;" and, after a lengthy address, equally divided between eulogy of the girl's conduct and reprobation of the criminal's, not forgetting some prophetic hints touching the future destiny of his companion who had escaped, the judge commanded sentence of death to be recorded against him, and a small sum of money to be immediately bestowed on Grace, not only in testimony of the court's sense of her merits, but by way of compensation for the injuries she had received, as his lordship phrased it, "in the service of justice and good order."

"A poor reward, but, perhaps, not unacceptable," thought Charles, glancing at her apparel, which, though clean and neatly worn, was such as indicated almost the lowest state of feminine funds, as with a grateful countenance she stepped out to await the leisure of the court functionaries in that matter, and another case came on.

"Let us go now," said Lady Annette to her niece, "How very interesting it was, and how delighted Edmund Thornley seemed!"

"He has just gone out, aunt," remarked Emma, who had grown singularly alive to the marshal's motions; and Charles, as he resumed the duties of a cavalier, silently recollected that, throughout the trial, while Thornley conversed with the judge or took notes for him, according to custom, his eye had often wandered toward Grace Greenside, and he had left the court the first unobserved moment after she quitted it. The young barrister was, therefore, not surprised, on crossing one of the outer divisions, to find him there by her side, talking in a most animated manner. They were words of praise he had been uttering; and there was a glow on the girl's cheek, and a light in her eye, which neither the judge's encomiums nor the applause of a crowded court had called forth; yet, at their approach, a sudden confusion came over Thornley for an instant, but the next he saluted the ladies with his usual courtesy, and more than his usual warmth.

"You find me conversing with the heroine of Daisy Dell," said he; and the remnant of his speech was so low, that Charles could only catch, "artless simplicity," and "mind above her station." It reached the girl's ear, nevertheless; and a wild, waking dream of hope, or passion, or it might be vanity, passed over that young face.

"Oh, aunt, let us speak to her," said Emma, and fully conscious of the honor and reward which a few words from her patrician lips must confer on plebeian merit, Lady Annette stepped up, and addressed some complimentary inquiries to Grace.

The gratified girl replied with many a courtesy. There was an asking-leave look in young Emma's face as it turned to her aunt for a moment, and then, like one determined to venture, she drew a small turquoise ring from her finger, and pressed it into the girl's hand, with a low whisper, "You have been very good and honest; take this from me."

"It is the first ring I ever wore," said Grace, endeavoring to force the small circlet on one finger after another, which hard work had roughened and expanded; but Emma's turquoise could find rest only on the little one. "It is the lucky finger," said she, blushing to the brow; "and a thousand thanks, my lady; but it is too fine for the like of me."

"May it be lucky to you, my girl!" half murmured Charles, emptying his light purse almost unperceived into her other hand, while Lady Annette was assuring her that good conduct always had its reward; and before the girl had time to thank him, he hurried away with the delighted Emma, while Thornley conducted her ladyship to their carriage over the way.

Scarce had Charles handed in his charge when one of his clients, who had litigated a garden-fence for four years past, pounced upon him with a lately-discovered evidence for his claim, which occupied some hours in explanation; and before he returned to the court-house, Grace Greenside had received her money, and went her way. The marshal was busy writing a note for the Judge, and his lordship was passing sentence on a turnip-stealer.

Next day Charles gained the case touching the garden-fence, according to the county newspapers, by a display of legal learning and eloquence never before equaled in that court-house; but the same evening a letter brought the hard-working barrister the joyful intelligence that a legal appointment in one of the West India Islands, for which he had canvassed and despaired till it was refused by some half-dozen of the better provided, had been conferred upon him.

It is doubtful if three years can pass over any spot of this inhabited earth without bringing many changes, and they had brought its share to the border of that midland county since Lady Annette convinced the judge, and vanquished her Scotch cousin, on a great moral question, among the old trees of Leveson Park. Leveson Park and Hall were lonely now in the summer-time, for another uncle had died, leaving Emma some additional thousands, and her aunt removed to the house in Park-lane every London season, to have her properly brought out.

In the adjoining shire, trials of still greater interest (for there was a murder and two breaches of promise among them) had long superseded in the popular mind the case of Daisy Dell; but the neighbors for miles round that solitary farm-house still talked at intervals of Grace Greenside, how a fine gentleman who had

spoken to her in court came many a day after the assizes privately about the fields to see her, and how she had been seen driving away with him in a chaise from the end of the green lane late one evening, when her mistress imagined she was busy in the diary. The girl's relatives said he was nephew to the judge who had been on the circuit that year, and would soon be a judge himself; that he had taken Grace to London, and made a real lady of her; but their neighbors knew the way of the world too well to place entire faith in that statement, and the master of the house she had defended (it was said gratuitously) gave it as his private judgment that the girl had been ruined by being made so much of.

The old house in Park-lane looked as comfortable as handsome but antiquated furniture could make it. It was the height of the London season, and Lady Annette Leveson had given a dinner-party—as it was understood, by way of welcome to her cousin, Mr. Monroe, who had just returned from Barbadoes, with an older look, a darker complexion, and his footing made sure in Government employ at home. His residence was now in London; and his near relationship, of which Lady Annette had grown singularly mindful of late, made him an intimate visitor at her house, where, on the present occasion, he did the honors to a number of gentlemen, still conversing over their wine; while, as British etiquette prescribes, Lady Annette had led the fairer portion of her company to small talk and the drawing-room.

Useful as Charles was often pronounced by her ladyship, and a rising cousin as he had become, the assiduous attentions and quietly agreeable manner of Edmund Thornley made much greater way in the secret favor of both aunt and niece. Edmund was by this time called to the bar. He made no great figure there, but friends were still doing for him, and he had sundry relations who took care of his interests in London. The chief of these was a brother-in-law of his father; but Miss Thornley had been his first wife, and a second had reigned for eleven years in her stead. Mr. Crainor was a barrister of the West-end, who worshiped respectability, and had no family but two married daughters. It was through him that all advices and letters of credit came from Italy, where Thornley senior still found it convenient to sojourn; and he was Edmund's counselor in all things. Being an acquaintance of Emma's last bequeathing uncle, that gentleman had thought proper to make him one of his executors; he had, consequently, considerable influence at the house in Park-lane, and was believed to use it in favor of his nephew-in-law, who, shrewd people said, might form an eligible connection there; but, as yet, rumor went no further on the subject. There were also those who thought Charles Monroe might be a successful rival, as his prospects were now more promising, and his talents known to be superior; but Emma's private opinion of him was,

that he looked wonderfully old, had no sensibility, and an almost vulgar way of conducting himself to ladies. He had left her a school-girl, not sixteen, and found her a graceful, accomplished woman of the harmlessly sentimental school, who shed tears at tragedies, and gave largely, considering her purse, at charity sermons, made collections of poetry, and never inquired beyond the surface of her own circle, except regarding some very romantic story of real life.

Edmund Thornley sat on an ottoman between Lady Annette and her niece, turning over for their edification the leaves and plates of one of those richly got up annuals so dear to London drawing-rooms at a period within most people's memory. He never lingered long with the gentlemen, at least, in Park-lane.

"Oh, what a lovely picture!" said Emma, as a Swiss scene turned up. "And that figure," she continued, pointing to one at a cottage door, "how much it reminds of the girl—I forget her name—who defended the farm-house against robbers. Don't you remember, Mr. Thornley, how you called her the heroine of Daisy Dell?"

"Oh, yes," said Edmund, after a trial of recollection. "It is like her, but I think she was not quite so pretty."

"Certainly not so tastefully dressed," said Lady Annette; "these Swiss have so much the advantage of our peasantry; but she was a most interesting creature. And yet, Mr. Thornley," added her ladyship, who retained the taste for morality, "I fear the transaction did not turn out to her benefit. They had strange reports in that part of the country, and my niece and I have often observed her since we came to London."

"Oh, aunt!" interposed Emma, "but she dressed and looked so—so—very properly. I am sure she has married some person of her choice, and lives happily. It would just complete her story."

The mention of a story after dinner, in the height of the London season, is sufficient to wake up any drawing-room, and had its natural effect on Lady Annette's.

"Oh, pray what was it?" demanded half a dozen voices; and Emma was of course obliged to relate the tale, with frequent applications for assistance to Mr. Thornley, whose replies, though always brief, were satisfactory, as he turned over the annual, apparently the least interested person in the room. When they had marveled sufficiently over her narrative, Lady Annette, being a little proud of Miss Leveson's sentiments, felt bound to acquaint them with the episode of the ring, which she had just finished when the first of the dining-room deserters straggled in.

"The last time I saw her she looked sickly and careworn—far worse than that day we met her in the Park. You recollect it, Charles. We are speaking of Grace Greenside," said Emma, addressing her aunt's cousin, as he took the nearest seat.

"What of her now?" said Charles, bending eagerly forward; but here Mr. Crainor interposed, with a petition that Emma would sing them that charming song with which she enchanted Lady Wharton's party, as he, and in fact the whole company, was dying to hear it. In less than five minutes, which were consumed in general pressing, Emma was conducted to the piano by Mr. Thornley. There was a deal of music, tea, chit-chat, and a breaking-up, but no more talk of Grace Greenside.

"My dear boy," said Mr. Crainor, taking his nephew's arm with something of the warmth of wine in his manner, when they were fairly in the streets, it being eleven o'clock on a calm summer's night, and part of their way the same. "My dear boy, you are not aware of what injury you are doing to your best interests, as one may say, by keeping that girl so long about you. She has been notorious; and notorious people—women, I mean—are always dangerous. Weren't they talking of her at Lady Annette's to-night? Depend on it, the story will ooze out, you are so well known, and so much visited now. Then people will call you dissipated, and I can't tell what. Such tales always spoil a man's chances with advantageous ladies."

"I was thinking of that myself," said Edmund; but it's a delicate point, and one wouldn't like a scene, you know."

"True," responded his adviser; "but a little management will prevent that. Captain Lancer is your man, if you want to get clear off. Just introduce him, and the whole business is done."

"Do you really think so?" said Edmund, with a languid smile.

"I'll stake ten to one on it," replied Crainor; "Lancer has tenfold your attractions for any woman, irresistible as you think yourself—a fine, forward-looking military man, who has fought half a dozen duels, not to speak of his experience. Don't you know the captain is married, though he passes for a bachelor here? married an old ebony, with a whole sugar-plantation in Jamaica, five years ago! That's what he sports upon; while rum, they say, consoles the lady for his absence. He told me the other day he was in want of some occupation, and I advise you to give him one; but good night," added the sage counselor, for by this time they were near Edmund's lodgings; and even through the gaslight a pale face might be seen at the front window, looking anxiously out for him.

Sadly indeed was Grace Greenside altered since the day when the four passed her in the walk through Leveson Park. The lameness was long gone—her naturally good constitution had shaken off the effects of that fearful struggle; her dress was of somewhat better materials and a neater cut. She herself had something of a town look about her, as one whom three years' residence had made familiar with the noisy streets of London; but in the thin face and sunken eyes there were lines of care, and

weary look, which told of lonely winter evenings and pining summer days. For three long years the girl had shared Edmund Thornley's apartments, in the strangely-blended capacities of mistress and valet. That a maid-of-all-work in a solitary farm-house, who was eighteen, could scarcely read, and had a cross stepmother, should have been induced to enter on such a course by a man so far her superior in fortune and education, not to speak of eight years' seniority, must be matter of marvel to those only whose wisdom and virtue are of the untried sort. But so it was; and farm-servant as she had been, it was wonderful how little poor Grace was spoiled by her change of position. It might be that the girl was by nature too simple or too honest to take its ordinary advantages, such as they are; perhaps it was not fine things and nothing to do alone that she expected in London with Edmund, when leaving behind her good name and country summers—the only good things that life had given her; at all events, she lived humble and retired days, aiming only to take care of Thornley's domestic interest to the utmost of her power, and make herself generally useful to him in sickness and health. There was a suitability in that conduct to the peculiar tastes of the gentleman. Like most selfish people, he was a great admirer of self-devotedness in others; and, long after the days of first fancy and flattery were over, continued to value Grace as a contributor to his comfort, in the fashion of an easy chair or a good fire. Did not she keep every thing in order for his comings and goings, which, with Edmund Thornley, were as regular as the clock on the mantle-piece, for he was a most quiet bachelor, and never forgot himself; but now the convenience might cost him too dear, and must be parted with, according to his uncle's counsel. So, with it on his mind, and the usual calm smile on his face, he received her kindly greeting, heard and repeated the intelligence of the day over a nice supper, and retired to rest.

Next day, Mr. Crainor introduced Captain Lancer to his nephew, at a coffee-house; and Thornley brought him home to dine, and introduced him to Grace, after which, as his servant remarked, "it was hextonishing how often that ansum capting called, and how many messages the master sent him home with to Miss Greenside; till one day he eard her speak monstrous loud up stairs, and there was a door slammed, and the Capting came down looking all of a eap."

The servant might also have observed that, during the day, Grace looked impatiently for his master; but Edmund did not come, for he and Captain Lancer dined together at a tavern.

The nights were growing long, and the harvest moon could be seen at intervals through the fog and smoke of London. Grace thought how it shone on corn-fields and laden orchards far away, and how long it was since she left

them; but other and more troubled thoughts passed through her mind as she sat waiting for Thornley. It was not yet eight, but that was his knock, and in another minute he stepped into the room.

"Edmund, dear," said the girl, eager to unburden her mind, "I have a strange story for you to-night. That Captain Lancer is a bad, bad man. Would you believe it, Edmund, he told all sorts of stories on you this day, and asked me to go with him to France, the villain!"

"Indeed!" said Thornley, seating himself, with a look of prepared resolution. "That was a good offer, Grace. The captain is very rich, and might marry you."

Grace stared upon him in blank astonishment. "You see," continued the unmoved Edmund, "you and I can live together no longer; my character would suffer, and my prospects too, Grace. You would not injure my prospects? Besides, you want country air; it would be good for you to go home a little time, and I would give you something handsome, and see you off on the Middlesex coach."

The amazement had passed from the girl's face now; for all that she had half suspected, and tried not to believe so long, was proved true to her.

"Is it Emma Leveson you are going to marry?" she said, growing deadly pale.

"Perhaps," said Thornley. "But, dear me, what is the matter?" as Grace looked down for an instant at the ring on her little finger, then sunk down on a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"Here," continued Edmund, pulling out his pocket-book, which contained the only consolation known to him, "I have not much to myself, but here are two hundred pounds; it will make you live like a lady among them;" and he laid the notes in her lap.

Grace never looked at him or them; she sat for about a minute stiff and silent, then rose, letting the bank-paper scatter on the carpet, and walked quickly out. Edmund heard her go up stairs, and come down again; there was a sound of the hall-door shutting quietly, and when he inquired after it the servant told him Miss Greenside had gone without saying any thing. Edmund gathered up the notes, and locked them in his desk, smoked a cigar, read the *Court Journal*; but Grace did not come back, nor did she ever again cross the threshold. When Thornley told Mr. Crainor, on the earliest opportunity, that gentleman averred that the girl had looked out for herself before Captain Lancer came, and Edmund said, "It was wonderful that she left the notes behind her, for all the money she could have was some savings in a little purse."

One Sunday, about six weeks after the event we have related, Charles Monroe, on search of a short way from the Scotch church to his chambers, was passing through a poor but decent street, known as Cowslip-court, though

Cowslip had never been seen there within the memory of man, when his attention was attracted by an old woman in dingy black, looking for something on the ground, with a most rueful countenance.

"What have you lost, my good woman?" inquired Charles in some curiosity.

"It's a ring, sir," said the dame, "was left me by a poor soul as was buried this morning. Some people thought it strange to see her so young by herself, but she wor a decent creature for all that, and did what she could in honesty. First she took to sewing, sir; but that didn't do, for she was sickly, and got worse, till at last she died, all alone in my two-pair back. And I'm sure that ring wor a love-token, or something of the sort, for she used to cry over it when no one was by, and once bade me take it when she was gone, because I minded her in her sickness; and I was just going to show it to Mrs. Tillet, when it dropped out of my fingers. But lauk, sir, there it is!"

"It's Emma Leveson's ring," said Charles, picking up the little turquoise from among the dust at his feet. "Was the woman's name Grace Greenside?"

"Just the same sir," said its new owner, clutching at the ring; "an' she was—"

"A fool," added a more than half-intoxicated soldier, with a long pipe in his mouth, lolling on the steps of an empty house as if they had been a sofa. "I tell you she was a fool; and I was a gentleman once in my day, but I was unfortunate. They wouldn't let me stay at college, though I kept the gamest pack in Cambridge; and after that I took—to a variety of business," said he, with another puff; but if that girl had taken me at my word, I would have stood by her. See the foolishness of women! She would keep the old house, and transport Skulking Tom; he partly deserved it for hitting her so hard, and there's what's come of it." With a repetition of his last aphorism, the soldier smoked on, and Charles after a minute inspection, recognized in the dirty and prematurely old man his once boisterous class-fellow, Harry Williams. The time for remonstrance or improvement was long past with him, and Charles had grown a stranger to his memory; so, without word or sign of former acquaintance, he purchased the ring from that communicative old woman at about three times its lawful price, collected what further information he could regarding the deceased, and went his way.

"Ay," said Charles, gazing on the ring some time after, when the whole particulars of her story were gathered, "had she been worse or wiser, poor Grace would have fared better in this world;" and then he thought of the ring's first owner. But, before the period of his musings, Lady Annette and her niece had gone with some of their noble relations to spend the winter in Italy, Edmund Thornley accompanying them on a visit to his father's residence; and, in her latest letter to a confidential cousin,

Emma had mentioned that his fine sense of propriety, and his enthusiasm for all that was great and good, made him a most delightful companion on the Continent.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE father sits, and marks his child
Through the clover racing wild;
And then as if he sweetly dream'd,
He half remembers how it seem'd
When he, too, was a reckless rover
Among the bee-beloved clover:
Pure airs, from heavenly places, rise
Breathing the blindness from his eyes,
Until, with rapture, grief, and awe,
He sees again as then he saw.

As then he saw, he sees again
The heavy-loaded harvest wain,
Hanging tokens of its pride
In the trees on either side;
Daisies, coming out at dawn,
In constellations, on the lawn;
The glory of the daffodil;
The three black windmills on the hill,
Whose magic arms fling wildly by,
With magic shadows on the rye:
In the leafy coppice, lo,
More wealth than miser's dreams can show
The blackbird's warm and woolly brood,
With golden beaks agape for food!
Gipsies, all the summer seen,
Native as poppies to the green;
Winter, with its frosts and thaws,
And opulence of hips and haws;
The mighty marvel of the snow;
The happy, happy ships that go,
Sailing up and sailing down,
Through the fields and by the town;—
All the thousand dear events
That fell when days were incidents

And, then, his meek and loving mother—
Oh, what speechless feelings smother
In his heart at thought of her!
What sacred, piercing sorrow mounts,
From new or unremembered founts,
While to thought her ways recur.
He hears the songs she used to sing;
His tears in scalding torrents spring;
Oh, might he hope that 'twould be given,
Either in this world, or in heaven,
To hear such songs as those again!

—But life is deep and words are vain.
Mark yonder hedgerow, here and there
Sprinkled with Spring, but mainly bare;
The wither'd bank beneath, where blows,
In yellow crowds, the fresh primrose:
What skill of color thus could smite
The troubled heart-strings thro' the sight:
What magic of sweet speech express
Their primeval tenderness?
Can these not utter'd be, and can
The day-spring of immortal man?

"GIVE WISELY!" AN ANECDOTE.

ONE evening, a short time since, the curate of B., a small village in the north of France, returned much fatigued to his humble dwelling. He had been visiting a poor family who were suffering from both want and sickness; and the worthy old man, besides administering the consolations of religion, had given them a few small coins, saved by rigid self-denial from his scanty income. He walked homewards, leaning on his stick, and thinking, with sorrow, how very small were the means he possessed of doing good and relieving misery.

As he entered the door, he heard an unwonted clamor of tongues, taking the form of a by no means harmonious duet—an unknown male voice growling forth a hoarse bass, which was completely overscreamed by a remarkably high and thin treble, easily recognized by the placid curate as proceeding from the well-practiced throat of his housekeeper, the shrewish Perpetua of a gentle Don Abbondio.

"A pretty business this, monsieur!" cried the dame, when her master appeared, as with flashing eyes, and left arm a-kimbo, she pointed with the other to a surly-looking man, dressed in a blouse, who stood in the hall, holding a very small box in his hand. "This fellow," she continued, is a messenger from the diligence, and he wants to get fifteen francs as the price of the carriage of that little box directed to you, which I'm sure, no matter what it contains, can't be worth half the money."

"Peace, Nanette," said her master; and, taking the box from the man, who at his approach, civilly doffed his hat, he examined the direction.

It was extremely heavy, and bore the stamp of San Francisco, in California, together with his own address. The curate paid the fifteen francs, which left him possessed of but a few sous, and dismissed the messenger.

He then opened the box, and displayed to the astonished eyes of Nanette an ingot of virgin gold, and a slip of paper, on which were written the following words:

"To Monsieur the Curate of B.

"A slight token of eternal gratitude, in remembrance of August 28th, 1848.

"CHARLES F.—.

"Formerly sergeant-major in the —th regiment; now a gold-digger in California."

On the 28th of August, 1848, the curate was, on the evening in question, returning from visiting his poor and sick parishioners. Not far from his cottage he saw a young soldier with a haggard countenance and wild bloodshot eyes, hastening toward the bank of a deep and rapid

river, which ran through the fields. The venerable priest stopped him, and spoke to him kindly

At first the young man would not answer, and tried to break away from his questioner; but the curate fearing that he meditated suicide, would not be repulsed, and at length, with much difficulty, succeeded in leading him to his house. After some time, softened by the tender kindness of his host, the soldier confessed that he had spent in gambling a sum of money which had been entrusted to him as sergeant-major of his company. This avowal was made in words broken by sobs, and the culprit repeated several times, "My poor mother! my poor mother! if she only knew—"

The curate waited until the soldier had become more calm, and then addressed him in words of reproof and counsel, such as a tender father might bestow on an erring son. He finished by giving him a bag containing one hundred and thirty francs, the amount of the sum unlawfully dissipated.

"It is nearly all I possess in the world," said the old man, "but by the grace of God you will change your habits, you will work diligently, and some day, my friend, you will return me this money, which indeed belongs more to the poor than to me."

It would be impossible to describe the young soldier's joy and astonishment. He pressed convulsively his benefactor's hand, and after a pause, said,

"Monsieur, in three months my military engagement will be ended. I solemnly promise that, with the assistance of God, from that time I will work diligently. So he departed, bearing with him the money and the blessing of the good man.

Much to the sorrow and indignation of Nanette, her master continued to wear through the ensuing winter, his old threadbare suit, which he had intended to replace by warm garments; and his dinner frequently consisted of bread and *soupe maigre*.

"And all this," said the dame, "for the sake of a worthless stroller, whom we shall never see or hear of again!"

"Nanette," said her master, with tears in his eyes, as he showed her the massive ingot, whose value was three thousand francs, "never judge hardly of a repentant sinner. It was the weeping Magdalen who poured precious ointment on her Master's feet; it was the outlawed Samaritan leper who returned to give Him thanks. Our poor guest has nobly kept his word. Next winter my sick people will want neither food nor medicine; and you must lay in plenty of flannel and frieze for our old men and women, Nanette!"

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

UNITED STATES.

IN Politics the past month has been distinguished by the occurrence of elections in several of the States, and by a general agitation, in every section of the Union, of questions connected with the subject of slavery. The discussions through the press and before public audiences, have been marked by great excitement and bitterness, and have thus induced a state of public feeling in the highest degree unfavorable to that calm and judicious legislation which the critical condition of the country requires. We recorded at the proper time, the passage by Congress of the several measures generally known as the "peace measures" of the session—the last of which was the bill making more effectual provision for the recovery of fugitive slaves. Congress had no sooner adjourned than these measures, and especially the last, became the theme of violent public controversy. In the Northern States, several attempts to regain possession of fugitives from slavery in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other places, were resisted with great clamor, and served to inflame public feeling to a very unhealthy extent. In our last number we mentioned some of the incidents by which this agitation was marked. It influenced greatly the elections in New York, Massachusetts, and other states, where nominations for Congress and state officers were made with special reference to these questions. The result of these elections is now to be recorded.

In our last number we mentioned the action of the Whig State Convention at Syracuse, the secession of forty members in consequence of the adoption of a resolution approving the course of Senator SEWARD, and their subsequent meeting at Utica, and renomination of the same ticket. Mr. HUNT, the Whig candidate for Governor, wrote a letter expressing acquiescence in the peace measures of Congress, but adding that the Fugitive Slave Law contained many unjust provisions, and ought to receive essential modifications. A convention representing the Anti-Renters of the state afterward assembled, and nominated Mr. HUNT as their candidate for Governor. On the 22d of October he wrote a letter to the Committee declining to recognize the action of any organization except that of the Whig party from which he had first received his nomination, and adding that, if elected, his "Constitutional duties could not be changed, nor his conduct in the discharge of them influenced, by the course taken in the election by any particular class of our citizens or any organization other than the party to which he belonged." Under all circumstances, he said, it would be his highest aim to execute his official trust with firmness and impartiality. He would "be actuated by an honest desire to promote justice, to uphold the supremacy of the law, to facilitate all useful reforms, to second legitimate endeavors for the redress of public grievances, and to protect the rights and advance the welfare of the whole people."

In the City of New York, meantime, there had been a growing feeling of apprehension at the tone

of current political discussions and at the opposition everywhere manifested at the North to the Fugitive Slave Law, and on the 30th of October a very large public meeting was held at Castle Garden of those who were in favor of sustaining all the peace measures of Congress, and of taking such measures as would prevent any further agitation of the question of slavery. Mr. GEORGE WOOD, an eminent member of the New York Bar, presided. A letter was read from Mr. WEBSTER, to whom the resolutions intended to be brought forward had been sent, with an invitation to attend the meeting. The invitation was declined, but Mr. WEBSTER expressed the most cordial approbation of the meeting, and of its proposed action. He concurred in "all the political principles contained in the resolutions, and stood pledged to support them, publicly and privately, now and always, to the full extent of his influence, and by the exertion of every faculty which he possessed." The Fugitive Slave Law he said, was not such a one as he had proposed, and should have supported if he had been in the Senate. But it is now "the law of the land, and as such is to be respected and obeyed by all good citizens. I have heard," he adds, "no man, whose opinion is worth regarding, deny its constitutionality; and those who counsel violent resistance to it, counsel that, which, if it take place, is sure to lead to bloodshed, and to the commission of capital offenses. It remains to be seen how far the deluded and the deluders will go in this career of faction, folly, and crime. No man is at liberty to set up, or to affect to set up, his own conscience as above the law, in a matter which respects the rights of others, and the obligations, civil, social, and political, due to others from him. Such a pretense saps the foundation of all government, and is of itself a perfect absurdity; and while all are bound to yield obedience to the laws, wise and well-disposed citizens will forbear from renewing past agitation, and rekindling the flames of useless and dangerous controversy. If we would continue one people, we must acquiesce in the will of the majority, constitutionally expressed; and he that does not mean to do that, means to disturb the public peace, and to do what he can to overturn the Government." The resolutions adopted at the meeting, declared the purpose "to sustain the Fugitive Slave Law and its execution by all lawful means:" and that those represented at the meeting would "support no candidate at the ensuing or any other election, for state officers, or for members of Congress or of the Legislature, who is known or believed to be hostile to the peace measures recently adopted by Congress, or any of them, or in favor of re-opening the questions involved in them, for renewed agitation."

This meeting was followed by the nomination of a ticket, intended to represent these views, and those candidates only were selected, from both the party nominees, who were known or believed to entertain them. Mr. SEYMOUR (Dem.) was nominated for Governor; Mr. CORNELL (Whig) for Lieutenant Governor; Mr. MATHER (Dem.) for Canal Commissioner; and Mr. SMITH (Whig) for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. This movement in

New York City in favor of these candidates, caused a reaction in favor of the others in the country districts of the state. The election occurred on the 5th of November, and resulted as follows :

	Whigs.		Democrats.
Gov.	HUNT ... 214,353...	SEYMOUR	214,095
Lieut. Gov.	CORNELL 210,721...	CHURCH	217,935
Canal Com.	BLAKELY 213,762...	MATHER	214,818
Prison Ins.	BAKER .. 207,696...	ANGEL ..	217,720
Clerk	SMITH .. 210,926...	BENTON	217,840

From this it will be seen that Mr. HUNT was elected Governor, and all the rest of the Democratic ticket was successful. Thirty-four members of Congress were also elected, there being 17 of each political party. The Legislature is decidedly Whig. In the Senate, which holds over from last year, there is a Whig majority of 2; and of the newly elected members of Assembly, 81 are Whigs, and 47 Democrats. This result derives special importance from the fact that a U. S. Senator is to be chosen to succeed Hon. D. S. DICKINSON, whose term expires on the 4th of March, 1851. The vote on the Repeal of the Free School Law was as follows :

Against repeal	203,501
For repeal	168,284

Majority against repeal 35,217

In NEW-JERSEY a state election also occurred on the 5th of November. The candidates for Governor were Dr. FORT, Democrat, and Hon. JOHN RUNK, Whig. The result of the canvass was as follows :

FORT	39,726
RUNK.....	34,054

Fort's majority 5,672

Five members of Congress were also elected, 4 of whom were Democrats, and 1 Whig.

In OHIO the election occurred in October, with the following result :

WOOD, Democrat ..	133,092...	Majority	11,997.
JOHNSTON, Whig...	121,095		
SMITH, Abolitionist.	13,826		

Twenty-one members of Congress were elected, of whom 8 were Whigs, and 13 Democrats.

In MASSACHUSETTS the election took place on the 12th of November, with the following result for Governor—there being, of course, no election, as a majority of all the votes cast is requisite to a choice :

BRIGGS, Whig.....	55,351
BOUTWELL, Democrat	36,245
PHILLIPS, Free Soil.....	27,811

Of 9 Congressmen, 3 Whigs are chosen, and in 6 districts no choice was effected. Hon. HORACE MANN, the Free Soil candidate, succeeded against both the opposing candidates. To the State Senate 13 Whigs and 27 of the Opposition were chosen; and to the House of Representatives 169 Whigs, 179 Opposition, and in 79 districts there was no choice. The vacancies were to be filled by an election on the 25th of November. A U. S. Senator from this State is also to be chosen, to succeed Hon. R. C. WINTHROP, who was appointed by the Governor to supply the vacancy caused by Mr. WEBSTER's resignation.

No more elections for Members of Congress will be held in any of the States (except to fill vacancies) until after March 4th, 1851. The terms of 21 Senators expire on that day—of whom 8 are Whigs, and 13 Democrats. Judging from the State elections already held there will be 6 Whigs and 15 Democrats chosen to fill their places. The U. S. Senate will then stand thus :

Holding over..	18 Whigs..	23 Democrats.
New Senators.	6 ..	15 ..
Total.....	24	38

The House of Representatives comprises 233 members, of whom 127 have already been chosen, politically divided as follows—compared with the delegations from each State in the present Congress :

	1850.		1848.	
	Whig.	Dem.	Whig.	Dem.
Missouri	3	2		5
Iowa		2	1	1
Vermont	3	1	3	1
Florida	1		1	
Maine	2	5	2	5
South Carolina		7		7
Pennsylvania	9	15	15	9
Ohio	8	13	10	11
New York	17	17	32	2
New Jersey.....	1	4	4	1
Wisconsin.....		3	1	2
Michigan	2	1	1	2
Massachusetts*	3		3	
Illinois	1	6	1	6
Delaware		1	1	
	50	77	75	52

Should the remaining 16 States be represented in the next Congress politically as at present, the Democratic majority would be about 30. In reference to the contingency of the next presidential election devolving upon the House, for lack of choice by the people, 9 of the above States would go Democratic, five of them Whig, and one (the State of New York), would have no vote, its delegation being equally divided. The delegations of the same States in the present Congress are as follows, viz., 7 Whig, 7 Democratic, and one (Iowa) equally divided.

While such have been the results of the elections in the Northern States, and such the tone of public feeling there, a still warmer canvass has been going on throughout the South. We can only indicate the most prominent features of this excitement, as shown in the different Southern States.

In GEORGIA a State Convention of delegates is to assemble, by call of the Executive, under an act of the Legislature, at Milledgeville, on the 10th of December: and delegates are to be elected. The line of division is resistance, or submission, to the Federal Government. A very large public meeting was held at Macon, at which resolutions were adopted, declaring that, if the North would adhere to the terms of the late Compromise—if they would insure a faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave Bill, and put down all future agitation of the slavery question—then the people of the South will continue to live in the bonds of brotherhood, and unite in all proper legislative action for the preservation and perpetuity of our glorious Union. Hon. HOWELL COBB, Speaker of the House of Representatives, made a speech in support of these resolutions. Hon. A. H. STEPHENS, R. TOOMBS, Senator BERRIEN, and other distinguished gentlemen of both parties, have made efforts in the same direction, and public meetings have been held in several counties, at which similar sentiments were proclaimed. The general feeling in Georgia seems to be in favor of acquiescence in the recent legislation of Congress, provided the North will also acquiesce, and faithfully carry its acts into execution.

In SOUTH CAROLINA the whole current of public feeling seems to be in favor of secession. At a meeting held at Greenville, on the 4th of Novem-

* Six vacancies.

ber, Col. MEMMINGER made a speech, in which he expressed himself in favor of a Confederation of the Southern States, and if that could not be accomplished, then for South Carolina to secede from the Union, stand upon and defend her rights, and leave the issue in the hands of Him who ruleth the destinies of nations. He was answered by General WADDY THOMPSON, who depicted forcibly and eloquently the ruinous results of such a course as that advised, and repelled the charges of injustice urged against the Northern States. The meeting, however, adopted resolutions, almost unanimously, embodying the sentiments of Col. MEMMINGER. And the tone of the press throughout the state is of the same character.

In ALABAMA public opinion is divided. A portion of the people are in favor of resistance, and called upon Gov. COLLIER to convene a State Convention, to take the matter into consideration. The Governor has issued an address upon the subject, in which he declines to do so, at present, until the course of other Southern States shall have been indicated. He says that while all profess to entertain the purpose to resist aggression by the Federal Legislature on the great southern institution, public opinion is certainly not agreed as to the time or occasion when resistance should be interposed, or as to the mode or measure of it. He apprehends renewed efforts for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and pertinacious exertions for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law; that California will be divided into several States, and that the North will thus acquire power enough so to amend the Federal Constitution as to take away the right of representation for the slaves—a result which he, of course, regards as fatal to the South. He believes that any State has a right to secede from the Union, at pleasure, but thinks that a large majority of the people of Alabama, are strongly disinclined to withdraw from the confederation, until other measures have been unsuccessfully tried to resist further aggression. Under these circumstances, he recommends the people of the State so to develop their resources, establish manufactures, schools, shipping houses, &c., as to become really independent of the North. This is the policy which, in his judgment, will prove most effectual in securing the rights, and protecting the interests of the South. Hon. Mr. HILLIARD has written a letter to the citizens of Mount Meigs, declaring that, though opposed to the admission of California, he sees nothing in the measures of the last session which would justify the people of the Southern States in resisting them, or furnish any ground for revolution. A very large mass meeting of the citizens of Montgomery county, held on the 20th of October, adopted resolutions, first reciting that a systematic and formidable organization is in progress in some of the Southern States, having for its object some form of violent resistance to the Compromise measures passed by Congress at its last session; and that if this resistance is carried out according to the plans of a portion of the citizens of the Southern States, it must, inevitably, lead to a dissolution of the Union; and that the Montgomery meeting, though they do not approve of them all, do not consider these measures as furnishing any sufficient and just cause for resistance; and then declaring, 1. That they will rally under the flag of the Union. 2. That they will support no man for any office, who is in favor of disunion, or secession, on account of any existing law or act of Congress. 3. That they acquiesce in the recent action of Congress. And, 4. That if the Compromise should be disturbed,

they will unite with the South in such measures of resistance as the emergency may demand.

In MISSISSIPPI the contest is no less animated. It was brought on by the issuing of a proclamation by Gov. QUITMAN, calling a State Convention, for the purpose of taking measures of redress. A private letter, written by Gov. QUITMAN, has also been published, in which he avows himself in favor of secession. On the last Saturday in October, a mass meeting was held at Raymond, at which Col. JEFFERSON DAVIS was present, and made a speech. He was strongly in favor of resistance, but was not clear that it should be by *force*. He thought it possible to maintain the rights of the South in the Union. He was willing, however, to leave the mode of resistance entirely to the people, while he should follow their dictates implicitly. Mr. ANDERSON replied to him, and insisted that the Federal Government had committed no unconstitutional aggression upon the rights of the South, and that they ought, therefore, to acquiesce in the recent legislation of Congress. Senator FOOTE is actively engaged in canvassing the state, urging the same views. He meets very violent opposition in various sections.

In LOUISIANA indications of public sentiment are to be found in the position of the two United States Senators. Mr. DOWNS, in his public addresses, takes the ground that the South might as well secede because Illinois and Indiana are free States as because California is. He admits that California is a large State, but he says she is not half so large as Texas, a slave State, brought into the Union five years ago. Mr. SOULE, the other Senator, having expressed no opinion upon the subject, was addressed in a friendly note of inquiry first by Hon. C. N. STANTON, asking whether he was in favor of a dissolution of the Union, of the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, or of the secession of Louisiana, because of the late action of Congress. Mr. SOULE, in his reply, complains bitterly of the "vile abuse" heaped upon him, charges his correspondent with seeking his political destruction, and refers him to his speeches in the Senate for his sentiments upon these questions. A large number of the members of his own party then addressed to Mr. SOULE the same inquiries, saying that they did it from no feeling of unkindness, but merely to have a fair and proper comprehension of his opinions upon a most important public question. Mr. S., under date of Oct. 30, replies, refusing to answer their inquiries, and saying that their only object was to divide and distract the Democratic party. Senator DOWNS, in reply to the same questions, has given a full and explicit answer in the negative: he is not in favor of disunion or secession.

A letter written during the last session of Congress, dated January 7, 1850, from the Members of Congress from Louisiana, to the Governor of that State, has recently been published. It calls his attention to the constant agitation of the subject of slavery at the North, and to the fact that the legislature of every Northern State had passed resolutions deemed aggressive by the South, and urging the Governor to recommend the Legislature of Louisiana to join the other Southern States in resisting this action. The opinion is expressed that "decisive action on the part of the Southern States at the present crisis, is not only not dangerous to the Union, but that it is the best, many think, the only way of saving it."

Among the political events of the month is the publication of a correspondence between Hon ISAAC

HILL, long a leader of the Democratic party in New Hampshire, and Mr. WEBSTER, in regard to the efforts of the latter to preserve the peace and harmony of the Union by allaying agitation on the subject of slavery. Mr. HILL, under date of April 17, wrote to Mr. WEBSTER expressing his growing alarm at the progress of ill-feeling between the different sections of the country, and his conviction that "all that is of value in the sound discrimination and good sense of the American people will declare in favor of Mr. WEBSTER's great speech in the Senate upon that subject. Its author," he adds, "may stand upon that alone, and he will best stand by disregarding any and every imputation of alleged inconsistency and discrepancy of opinion and practice, in a public career of nearly half a century." Mr. WEBSTER, in acknowledging the letter, speaks of it as "an extraordinary and gratifying incident in his life, coming as it did from one who had long "belonged to an opposite political party, espoused opposite measures, and supported for high office men of very different political opinions." They had not differed, however, in their devotion to the Union; and now, that its harmony is threatened, it was gratifying to see that both concurred in the measures necessary for its preservation. His effort, he says, had been and would be to cause the billows of useless and dangerous controversy to sleep and be still. He was ready to meet all the consequences which are likely to follow the attempt to moderate public feeling in highly excited times, and he cheerfully left the speech to which Mr. HILL had alluded, "with the principles and sentiments which it avows, to the judgment of posterity."

A public dinner was given to the Hon. JOHN M. CLAYTON on the 16th of November, by the Whigs of Delaware, at Wilmington, at which Mr. C. made a long and eloquent speech in vindication of the policy pursued by the late President TAYLOR and his Administration. He paid a very high tribute to the personal character, moral firmness, patriotism, and sagacity of the late President, and vindicated his course from the objections which have been urged against it. He expressed full confidence in the perpetuity of the Union, and ridiculed the apprehensions that have been so widely entertained of its dissolution. A large number of guests were present, and letters were read from many distinguished gentlemen who had been invited but were unable to attend. Preferences were expressed at the meeting for Gen. SCOTT as a candidate for the Presidency in 1852.

Colonel RICHARD M. JOHNSON, Vice President of the United States for four years from 1836, died at Frankfort, Ky., on the 19th of November, aged 70. He has been a member of Congress, and Senator of the United States from Kentucky, and acquired distinction under General Harrison in the Indian war of 1812. At the time of his death he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The event of the month which has excited most interest, has been the establishment by the Pope of Roman Catholic jurisdiction in England. The Pope has issued an Apostolic Letter, dated September 24th, which begins by reciting the steps taken hitherto for the promotion of the Catholic faith in England. Having before his eyes the efforts made by his predecessors, and desirous of imitating their zeal, and carrying forward to completion the work which they commenced, and considering that every day the obstacles are falling off

which stood in the way of the extension of the Catholic religion, Pius IX. believes that the time has come when the form of government should be resumed in England such as it exists in other nations. He thinks it no longer necessary that England should be governed by Vicars Apostolic, but that she should be furnished with the ordinary episcopal form of government. Being confirmed in these thoughts by the desires expressed by the Vicars Apostolic, the clergy and laity, and the great body of English Catholics, and, also, by the advice of the Cardinals forming the Congregation for Propagating the Faith, the Pope decrees the re-establishment in England of a hierarchy of bishops, deriving their titles from their own Sees, which he constitutes in the various Apostolic districts. He then proceeds to erect England into one archiepiscopal province of the Romish church, and divides that province into thirteen bishoprics.

The promulgation of this letter created throughout England a feeling of angry surprise, and nearly the whole of London has teemed with the most emphatic and earnest condemnation of the measure. In order somewhat to mitigate the alarm of startled Protestantism, Dr. Ullathorne, an eminent Catholic divine, has published a letter to show that the act is solely between the Pope and his spiritual subjects, who have been recognized as such by the English Emancipation Act, and that it does not in the slightest degree interfere with the laws of England, in all temporal matters. He shows that the jurisdiction which the Pope has asserted in England, is nothing more than has been exercised by every communion in the land, and that nothing can be more unfair than to confound this measure, which is really one of liberality to the Catholics of England, with ideas of aggression on the English government and people. In 1688, he says, England was divided into four vicariates. In 1840, the four were again divided into eight; and, in 1850, they are again divided and changed into thirteen. This has been done in consequence of efforts begun by the Catholics of England, in 1846, and continued until the present time. By changing the Vicars Apostolic into Bishops in ordinary, the Pope has given up the exercise of a portion of his power, and transferred it to the bishops. This letter, with other papers of a similar tenor, has somewhat modified the feeling of indignation with which the Pope's proceeding was at first received, and attention has been turned to the only fact of real importance connected with the matter, namely, the rapid and steady increase of the Roman Catholics, by conversions from the English Established Church. The *Daily News*, in a paper written with marked ability, charges this increase upon the secret Catholicism of many of the younger clergy, encouraged by ecclesiastical superiors, upon the negligent administration of other clergymen, and upon the exclusive character of the Universities. Very urgent demands are made by the press, and by the clergy of the Established Church, for the interference of the Government against the Pope's invasion of the rights of England; but no indications have yet been given of any intention on the part of ministers to take any action upon the subject.

A good deal of attention has been attracted to a speech made by Lord STANLEY, the leader of the Protectionist party in England, at a public dinner, Oct. 4th, in which he urged the necessity, on the part of the agricultural interests of the kingdom, of adapting themselves to the free-trade policy, instead of laboring in vain for its repeal. The speech has been very widely regarded as an abandonment of the

protective policy by its leading champion, and it is, of course, considered as a matter of marked importance with reference to the future policy of Great Britain upon this subject. The Marquis of Granby, on the other hand, at the annual meeting of the Waltham Agricultural Society, held on the 19th of October, again urged the necessity of returning to the old system of protection, and exhorted reliance on a future Parliament for its accomplishment. The subject of agriculture is attracting an unusual degree of attention, and the various issues connected with it, form a standard topic of discussion in the leading journals.

The Tenant Right question continues to be agitated with great earnestness and ability in Ireland. A deputation from the Ulster Tenant Right Provincial Committee waited on the Earl of Clarendon during his visit to Belfast to present an address. The earl declined to receive them, but wrote a letter, dated Sept. 18, in reply to one inclosing a copy of the address. He expressed great satisfaction at the prevalence of order and at the evidence of agricultural prosperity, and assured them of the wish of the government to settle the rights of tenants on a just and satisfactory basis. A great Tenant Right meeting was held at Meath, October 10th, at which some 15,000 persons are said to have been present.

The Committee of Prelates appointed by the Synod of Thurles to carry into execution the project of establishing a Catholic University in Ireland, on the model of the Catholic University at Louvain, have resolved that regular monthly collections, on the plan of that for the Propagation of the Faith, be made throughout the kingdom by local committees, of which the parochial clergy are to be ex-officio members. They have published a long address to the Catholics of Ireland, insisting on the grave evils to faith and morals of separating religion from secular education, and calling loudly for support to their projected establishment.

The month has been distinguished in England by an extraordinary prevalence of crime. Murders, burglaries, and other offenses against the law have been frequent beyond all former experience. The details of these incidents it is not worth while to give. The Household Narrative gives a chapter, written after the manner of *Ledru Rollin*, in which the state of England during the month of October is presented in a most unpromising light. The writer says that, notwithstanding the gloominess of the picture, every fact stated in it is true, and every inference is false. There have also been an unusual number of accidents during the month.

Miss Howard, of York Place, has assigned over to trustees £45,000, for the erection of twenty-one houses on her property at Pinner, near Harrow, in the form of a crescent; the centre-house for the trustees, the other twenty houses for the use of twenty widows, who are to occupy them free of rent and taxes, and also to receive £50 a year clear of all deductions. The widows of naval men to have the preference, then those of military men, and, lastly, those of clergymen. This is justly chronicled as an act of munificent charity.

The Free Grammar School at Richmond, erected as a testimonial to the memory of the late Canon Tate, who was one of the most successful teachers in England, was opened with much ceremony on the 3d of October.

A Temperance Festival was held on the 14th, at the London Tavern. The company, between five and six hundred, were entertained with tea, speeches, and temperance melodies. The principal speak-

er was Mr. George Cruikshank, the celebrated artist, who was vehemently applauded.

Negotiations have been entered into with the Lords of the Admiralty and Government authorities for the establishment of a Submarine Telegraph across St. George's Channel, upon a similar though much more extensive scale to that now being undertaken between England and France. From the extreme western coast of Ireland to Halifax, the nearest telegraphic station in America, the distance is 2155 miles; and as this might be accomplished by the steamers in five or six days, it is apprehended that England, by means of telegraphic communication, may be put in possession of intelligence from America in six days, instead of as now in twelve or fourteen.

The QUEEN and Prince ALBERT have returned from their visit to Scotland. They remained at Balmoral till the 10th Oct., on the morning of which day they departed for the South. They arrived at Edinburgh about seven in the evening. Preparations had been made to give a loyal welcome; and among the features of the demonstration, was a bonfire piled to the height of forty feet on the summit of Arthur's Seat. The blazing mass consisted of thirty tons of coal, a vast quantity of wood saturated with oil and turpentine, and a thousand tar-barrels. It was kindled at five o'clock, and the flames are said to have been seen by the Queen for many miles of her route on both sides of the Forth. The party left Edinburgh next morning, and arrived in the evening at Buckingham Palace; and on Saturday, the 12th, they went to Osborne.

Intelligence has been received from the Arctic Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. The North Star, which went out as a tender-ship to the expedition of Sir John Clark Ross a year and a half ago, returned unexpectedly to Spithead on the 28th of September, bringing dispatches from the ships of the four expeditions which went out early this year. The Prince Albert, a ship dispatched in July last, under Captain Forsyth, to make a special search beyond Brentford Bay, returned to Aberdeen on the 29th ult. Dispatches from Captain Ommaney, Captain Penny, Sir John Ross, and Captain Forsyth, have been published by the Admiralty; but they throw little or no light on the fate of the missing voyagers.

The British Government has decided to send all letters and newspapers for the United States by the first steamer, whether American or English. Hitherto they have invariably been detained for a British steamer, unless specially marked for transmission by the American line.

A Dublin paper states that Dr. WISEMAN, who has been made Archbishop of Westminster by the Pope, is a native of Seville, where his parents, who are natives of Waterford, Ireland, resided several years. His father was a wine-merchant in Andalusia.

The Lord Mayor of York gave a splendid entertainment to the Lord Mayor of London, on the 25th of October, which was attended by a great number of the leading men of England. Prince Albert was present, and made a very sensible and pertinent extempore speech. Its leading feature was a marked and impressive eulogy on Sir Robert Peel. In alluding to the interest taken by Sir Robert in the great Industrial Exhibition, Prince Albert took occasion to say that he had assurances of the most reliable character that the works in preparation for the great Exhibition were "such as to dispel all apprehension for the position which British industry will maintain."

At the meeting of the Canford Estate Agricultural Show on the 22d of October, the lady of Sir John Guest made a brief but most admirable speech, expressing her regard for the laboring classes of England, and her earnest desire that the utmost efforts should be made for their elevation and improvement. This unusual incident, and the admirable spirit which it evinced, elicited great applause.

The Town Council of Manchester are taking vigorous steps to compel the manufacturers of that city to consume the smoke of their furnaces, and thus to rid the city of the dense cloud which has hung over it hitherto. The process is found to be perfectly practicable, and decidedly economical. Some of the heaviest manufacturing establishments in the city testify to a saving of *one-third* in coal. The issue of the experiment will be important.

The rapid increase of burglaries and thefts in Birmingham has elicited from Mr. D. H. Hill a suggestion for the suppression of crime, which is regarded as pertinent and important by the leading journals. He proposes that whenever a jury is satisfied that an accused party is addicted to theft, he shall be compelled to prove a good character, and to show means of subsistence, on penalty of being adjudged a thief, and punished accordingly, under an old statute.

Emigration from Ireland to the United States continues and increases. A great part of those who leave are described by the Irish papers as being farmers of the most respectable class, and considerable apprehensions are expressed of the injurious effect of the movement on the prosperity of the country.

A letter from BRAZIL, written by Lieut. BAILEY of the royal navy, details some rather prompt proceedings on his part in the capture of slavers. He was sent out to the Brazil station, and arrived off Rio Janeiro June 18th, and in sight of the harbor captured a vessel engaged in slave-trading, and sank her the same night. On the 20th, he captured a second, and sent her to St. Helena for adjudication; and on the 23d, he seized another, taking her out of a Brazilian port, which has hitherto been contrary to law. The affair excited a good deal of feeling in Brazil, and was likely to lead to a misunderstanding with the English government. The effect of such proceedings, in exasperating a government which might be induced by friendly appeals to put an end to slave-trading, is forcibly urged.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times has developed an alleged secret plot of the Red Republicans, to revive the revolutionary fever throughout Europe, and the substance of his statements is also given in the Paris *Patrie*—both accounts being evidently derived from the same source. It is asserted that the Socialists have leagued themselves together and that a secret congress of their chiefs was held in Paris on the 2d of June, where they planned a gigantic conspiracy, the ramifications of which extend to the whole of Europe, and even to the heart of Russia, where it is said to menace a terrible explosion. The motto which has been adopted is, "*Sans pitié ni merci*," and it has been resolved that all the chiefs of states shall be assassinated. It is added that in one of the numerous secret meetings held by the initiated under the presidency of the principal agents, the death of the Bonapartists was sworn, and would be the signal for the destruction of all the Bourbons, and of all their friends and supporters. The threat uttered by one of the German

chiefs of the conspiracy was to the effect that "on the field of battle we shall spare no one, and we will strike down our dearest friends if they are not unconditional Communists." After indicating the dépôts of arms formed by the Communist conspirators in all the capitals where it has established seats, enumerating the means employed to ensnare the foolish and the ambitious, and, in fact, indicating all its resources and all its plans, the document informs us that the object of the conspiracy is to arrive, by means of general confusion and a sanguinary combat, at the extermination of all those who possess a foot of land, or a coupon of *rente*, and that it has sworn the oath of Hannibal against all the monarchies of Europe. *Plunder and assassination form the basis of the plan.* The document terminates thus, "The soil of Europe is undermined, so as to render a frightful catastrophe imminent." The pretended revelation is ridiculed in nearly all quarters.

On the destruction of the Roman Republic, the Roman Representatives appointed a National Committee, of which Mazzini was the head, with extensive political powers. This committee has just issued an address, dated at London, calling on all Italians and all Italian provinces to join their standard, promising them eventual success. In the course of the address they declare that they have effected such an organization of the forces of the movement as circumstances permit, and insist on the necessity of Italy becoming an independent nation.

We have hitherto alluded to the public agitation started in the British Colony of New South Wales in favor of independence, by Dr. Lang, who had organized an association for the purpose of accomplishing the object which he declared to be so desirable. The movement has been represented by the English papers as being unsupported by the colonists, and as, therefore, of no importance. We see, however, that Dr. Lang has recently been elected mayor of the City of Sydney, which shows that the people there, at least, have confidence in his character and respect for his views.

FRANCE.

Nothing important has occurred in France during the month, except a change in the War Department, growing out of the supposed efforts of the President to attack the army to his interests. On the 3d of October the President reviewed a great body of troops near Versailles. He was accompanied by the Minister of War, and by General Roguet, his aid-de-camp. General Changarnier left Paris an hour before the President. Though entitled to take the command he did not do so, General Neumayer acting in his room. After the review the President gave a collation to the officers and non-commissioned officers, and ordered 13,000 rations to be distributed to the soldiers. The President joined the collation given to the general officers, but General Changarnier declined being present, and returned to Paris. The frequency of these reviews, the manner in which the troops were feasted by the President, the manifestations made by the soldiers, and the rumor that a difference of opinion existed between the President and General Changarnier on the subject, led to an extraordinary meeting of the Commission of Permanence. The Minister of War, General Hautpoul, having been called on to explain the circumstances with reference to the late reviews, replied that he wished to inform the Commission that he held no command from the Assembly, and that, consequently, he could deny

the right of the Commission to put any questions to him. He, however, waived these objections; and, in reply to the question, said that the accounts published in the papers respecting the reviews were grossly exaggerated; and that nothing whatever had occurred there of an unconstitutional or an unmilitary character. The Minister further observed that it would be impossible to publish an order of the day preventing the soldiers from expressing their feelings of attachment and respect to the chief of the State, and if it were possible he would not do so. With respect to the review that was to take place on the following Thursday, he pledged himself for the maintenance of the most complete tranquillity on that occasion. When the Commission was about to separate, the President again addressed the Minister of War, and said, "General Hautpoul, I am desired by the committee to apprise you that in case General Changarnier be removed from his command, or that any other steps be taken against him, we are determined to convoke, forthwith, the Legislative Assembly." To this the Minister made no reply, and the Commission adjourned.

On Thursday the 10th, the review referred to by the Minister of War took place. There were 25,000 troops, chiefly cavalry. The President was accompanied by General Hautpoul, the Minister of War, and several other general officers, besides his usual brilliant staff. When the defiling of the troops in front of the President took place, he was loudly hailed by part of the cavalry, who cried "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive Napoleon!" After the troops had defiled, the usual refreshments were served out to them, and the President, accompanied by his staff, paid a visit to the camp, but General Changarnier left the ground.

The *Proces-verbal* of the meeting of the Council of Permanence, held on the 12th, drawn up by M. Dupin to the President, was to the following effect: The violation of the promises made by the Minister of War, and the unconstitutional manifestations, provoked or tolerated, are severely blamed. The committee did not think proper to invite the Minister of War to give further explanations. Deploring the incidents of the review, it still expressed complete confidence in the loyalty of the army, and is satisfied that the cries were not spontaneous on the part of the soldiers, but instigated by certain officers. In order to avoid alarming the country in the absence of imminent peril, it has not deemed proper to convoke the Assembly; but it deeply disapproves reviews so frequent, into which habits altogether unusual and foreign to military traditions have been so boldly introduced.

As a sequel to these disputes, General Hautpoul has found it necessary to resign his place in the government, and has gone to Algeria as governor of that colony. He is succeeded as Minister of War by General Schramm. Soon after the accession of the latter, an official notification appeared in the *Moniteur* that General Neumayer had been removed from the command of the 1st division and appointed to the 15th. The reason given for this removal is said to be that General N., at the last review at Satory, expressly enjoined the troops not to give utterance to any cry whatever, deeming silence to be more strictly in accordance with the regulations of the army, and in conformity, too, with the instructions he had received from the Commander-in-Chief. This, it is said, much displeased both Louis Napoleon and the Minister of War. At all events, General Changarnier was greatly offended at the removal, and a complete breach has occurred between him and the President. He refuses to resign until

the Assembly shall have passed judgment in the matter.

THE DANISH WAR.

The war between *Denmark and the Duchies* is bloody and disastrous. The army of Schleswig-Holstein has made several attempts to take the city of Friedrichstadt by storm, none of which have been successful, and the losses sustained by General Willisen have been considerable, particularly in officers. After bombarding part of the town during the whole of the 4th of October, the town was in the evening attacked by two battalions of infantry and a detachment of riflemen. After a desperate struggle, in which both sides must have suffered very heavy losses, the Danes gave way a little, but only to seek the cover of new entrenchments and barricades thrown up in the middle of the town. The resistance which they met with here was so violent and determined, that notwithstanding the most brilliant bravery, the Schleswig-Holsteiners were compelled to retire at midnight. They took up a new position somewhat in advance of the old, and the conflict was renewed on the following morning, but with no better success. The fighting continued till near midnight. Sixteen officers out of twenty belonging to the 5th battalion were slain. General Christiansen covered the retreat with his battery, while the flames of the burning city cast a ghastly light upon the retiring troops. After the failure of this desperate assault, General Willisen withdrew his troops from before Friedrichstadt. The heavy guns were taken back to Rendsburg, and the two armies were again in the same position they occupied before the 29th of September; the only result having been the almost total destruction of the unfortunate town, and the loss of many brave men on both sides.

The Danish journals of the 16th state that orders have been issued for the return to Copenhagen of all the Danish ships of war, except the smaller craft, in consequence of the advanced season of the year, and its accompanying storms, which render it nearly impossible for vessels to hold to the coast.

A rumor has obtained currency through the *Times* that the aid extended to the Schleswig-Holsteiners by Prussia, has led to the interference of Russia and of France, and that these two powers have jointly proposed to England that the three powers shall peremptorily require Prussia to fulfill her recent engagement with Denmark, and withdraw the support she still continues to give to the Schleswig-Holstein army. In the event of Prussia hesitating to comply with this reasonable demand, Russia and France are prepared to back it, by an invasion of the Silesian provinces of Prussia on the one side, and the Rhenish on the other. The British Government, in reply, it is said, declines to join with Russia and France in such a note as that described, but proposes that all three powers shall separately remonstrate with Prussia on her present breach of faith with the Danish Government. These rumors have created a good deal of interest and anxiety, as threatening the peace of Europe.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The accounts from India are from Bombay to October 3, and from Calcutta to September 21st. Great preparations were on foot for the great Industrial Exhibition at London. The Maharajah has ordered specimens of every kind of Cashmerian product to be got ready without delay. The shawls intended for the purpose are described as remarkably splendid. The heir to the throne, Ra-

jah Runheer Singh, having heard of the distinguished "success" at London of the Nepaul Envoy, is anxious to visit England himself; but the prospect of a disputed succession, in the event of his father's death, will probably keep him at home.

The whole of *British India* was tranquil, but the petty civil war on the Nizam's borders still continued.

The native state of *Oude* seems inclined to rival the Nizam's territories in anarchy and misgovernment. Some months since an English officer was killed and two guns lost in an attack on the fort of a refractory vassal of the King of Oude. A second event of the same nature has occurred. The Rajah of Esanuggur had shown himself for some time unwilling to pay the portion of revenue due from him to the Oude government, and in endeavoring to obtain these dues from him, Lieut. P. Orr, with a small party, had a brisk fight, each side losing a considerable number. Lieut. Orr was forced to retreat, and took refuge in the districts of a rival Rajah.

The present aspect of the *Punjab* is most encouraging; the population, now disarmed, have settled down into their former habits of industry. The breadth of land under cultivation this season is said to be unprecedented, and the crops are every where most promising.

The most important piece of intelligence from *Hong-Kong* is the continuation of the fearful mortality among the British troops. This mortality was chiefly in the 59th regiment, which had lost ninety men in about two months. This sickness, therefore, is ascribed to the unhealthiness of the barracks and the want of sufficient sanitary precautions. The mortality, however, had begun to abate.

A formidable *insurrection* against the Chinese government had broken out in the province of Kwang-si. The leader, who is named Li-ting-pang, is said to be at the head of 50,000 men. He has assumed the title borne by the highest Tartar generals, and threatens to exterminate the present, and restore the old Chinese dynasty.

In Bombay, the culture of cotton is rapidly extending. Two years ago, the whole of the land under cultivation with American cotton in that Presidency, was under twenty thousand acres. At the present moment the quantity exceeds one hundred thousand acres, and there is every certainty of a rapid increase taking place.

At a court martial held in Bombay, Lieut. Rose was found guilty of a want of spirit, in applying to the civil power for an escort of police to protect him from Mr. Lang, editor of the *Mofussilite*, with whom he had a quarrel. He was sentenced to be reprimanded by Sir Charles Napier, and to lose his staff appointment.

TURKEY.

The question as to the Hungarian refugees is not yet arranged. Numerous communications have taken place on this subject between the Porte and the Austrian internuncio, and a recent conference has been held between the British ambassador and General Aupick. The Divan, considering itself pledged to Austria by its anterior declaration, is unwilling to break, inconsiderately, an engagement of this nature, by which its relations with the Court of Vienna might be gravely compromised. In order, therefore, to conciliate all parties, the Porte has written on this subject to its ambassador at Vienna, directing him to confer with the Austrian Cabinet on the modifications that it may be

possible and desirable to make in the situation of the refugees. The Russian Minister affects not to interfere in this affair, but, notwithstanding this, it is obvious to every one that he is in private communication with the Austrian internuncio. The Turkish fleet, which had been for some time cruising in the Archipelago, has returned to Constantinople.

TUSCANY.

The Representative Constitution and the Liberty of the Press have been destroyed in *Tuscany*. On the 23d Sept. two Decrees were promulgated; the first announced the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies and declared that till a fresh convocation of the legislature, all power would be exercised by the Grand Duke in the Council of State. The second declared that no journal or periodical should be published without first obtaining the written authorization of the Minister of the Interior, to whom the names and other circumstances of the director and of the proprietor of the printing establishment are to be communicated.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN EUROPE.

A frightful calamity has occurred at the place of pilgrimage called Herrgott, in *Austria*. At one of the public-houses the pilgrims (of whom there were 3000 assembled at Herrgott) were spending the night in eating and drinking. While baking the fish the oven took fire. Behind the inn were a number of stables and barns, in which hundreds of the pilgrims were reposing, and almost all perished in the flames. Scarcely half of the pilgrims were saved, and those who survived have for the most part been much injured.

From *Poland* there is a singular account of a forest on fire. Near Cracow, adjoining the line of railway, there is a large peat ground, part of which runs below an immense forest. Some sparks from a locomotive engine were blown in that direction, and fell on the peat. A few days after, the ground in the forest was found to be very warm, and some rumbling and crackling noises were heard. Several large trees fell as if cut down by an ax, and the leaves of others withered. As it was naturally considered that a subterranean fire must be burning under the forest, the officers charged with the inspection of it caused large trenches to be cut. This conjecture turned out to be well-founded, for the fire soon afterward burst forth, and still continued its ravages. The forest presented the appearance of a vast sea of flame, which was every day extending. The country round to the extent of six leagues was perfectly illuminated, and it has been found impossible to stop the progress of the fire.

The long expected Constitution for Galicia has at length appeared. That Crown land will have three districts, Cracow, Lemberg, and Stanislawow—each with a separate administration. In Cracow the specific Polish, and in Stanislawow the Ruthenian element is prevalent. Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, is the seat of the Provincial Government. In the Lemberg district the two branches of the same race (the Slavonic) are mixed.

The Constitution for the Bukowina has also been published. This remote Crown land is divided into six districts or captaincies, which are under the immediate control of the Stadtholder of the province, who has still to be appointed. Count Goluchowski had been sworn in as Stadtholder of Galicia.

Letters from Ravenna, in the *Genoa Gazette*, give appalling accounts of the progress of brigand-

age in the Roman states. Two persons, considered as spies by the bandits, had been decapitated by them in the vicinity of the above-mentioned town, and their heads placed on poles at a cross-road. The diligence of Imola has lately been stopped and robbed of 1000 scudi (5500*f.*) belonging to the Pope. At Lugo, three individuals carried off 11,000*f.* from a bank, and passed triumphantly through the town with their booty, without any one daring to stop them.

An extensive conspiracy has recently been discovered at Teheran. The most influential members of the clergy were at the head of it, and its object was to overthrow the present Shah, to replace him by a descendant of Ali, and to drive all the Turks out of Persia. Numerous arrests have been made at Teheran, and in the principal towns. The greater number of those arrested belong to the body of Ulemas

LETTERS, SCIENCE, ART, PUBLIC MEN, Etc.

UNITED STATES.

THE past month has not been marked by any movements of importance in any of these departments. Our publishers have generally confined their issues to works especially intended for the holiday season. Most of our public men have been recruiting themselves from the fatigues of the late protracted session of Congress, or preparing, by taking part in the political canvass, for the session that is at hand. Mr. CLAY was received at Lexington with abundant demonstrations of enthusiastic personal and political affection. He has remained at home during the vacation.

Mr. WEBSTER has been spending some weeks at his farm in Marshfield, and at his native town, Franklin, N. H. During his stay at the latter place a number of his old friends and neighbors paid him a visit, and sat down to an old-fashioned dinner, at which friendly greetings were exchanged with their distinguished host. The occasion was one of rare enjoyment. Mr. WEBSTER's health has been very sensibly benefited by this greatly needed interval of relaxation from public duties. In some remarks made at an informal meeting with some friends in Boston, Mr. W. said that for six months during the last session of Congress, he had not slept two hours any one night.

A public dinner was recently given at Boston to AMIN BEY, the Turkish Envoy to the United States, by some of the merchants of Boston. THOMAS B. CURTIS presided, and a large number of distinguished guests were present. AMIN BEY replied to a toast complimentary to the Sultan, by expressing his warm sense of the friendliness with which he had been received in this country, and his earnest desire for an extension of commerce and of mutual kind offices between his own government and that of the United States. Mr. WEBSTER made a brief and eloquent response to a toast thanking him for his efforts in behalf of the Union. In the course of his remarks he said that "the slavery question New England could only interfere with as a meddler: she had no more to do with it than she had with the municipal government of a city in the Island of Cuba." Very eloquent speeches, breathing similar sentiments, were made by EDWARD EVERETT, Mr. WINTHROP, and others and J. P. BROWN Esq., the interpreter of AMIN BEY, responded happily to a toast complimenting Hon. GEORGE P. MARSH the American Minister at Con-

stantinople. Mr. BROWN said that as a diplomatist and a scholar Mr. Marsh enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the respect and esteem of the enlightened young Sultan of Turkey, and all his Ministers.

M. ALEXANDRE VATTEMARE, who is known as the founder of the system of International Exchanges, has taken leave of the United States in a very warm and eloquent address; expressing his gratitude for the kindness of his reception, his brilliant anticipations of the great results which time will develop from the system to which he has devoted his life, and commending it to the favor and aid of the American people. The world has seen few instances of rarer or more disinterested devotion to high public objects than this amiable and enthusiastic gentleman has exhibited.

The statue of JOHN C. CALHOUN, made by POWERS for the City of Charleston, and which was lost by shipwreck off Fire Island, has been recovered, and sent forward to its destination. The left arm was broken off at the elbow: with this exception it was uninjured.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Design in New York, it was stated by the president, Mr. DURAND, that the institution had incurred a considerable debt beyond its resources, and mentioned a proposition that the artists connected with it should paint pictures to be disposed of for the benefit of the Academy. In regard to the mode of disposing of them a raffle was suggested: but Mr. COZZENS, the President of the Art-Union, being present as an honorary member, at once offered to purchase them at such a price as might be fixed upon them by the Academy. The proposition was at once accepted, and has given great and general satisfaction as an indication of good feeling between two institutions which have been sometimes represented as hostile to each other.

Mr. WM. D. GALLAGHER, who is very favorably known as a literary gentleman of ability, has received the appointment of confidential clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington.

Mr. WILLIAM W. STORY, son of the late Judge STORY, has recently returned from Italy, where he has been perfecting himself in the art of sculpture, for which he abandoned the profession of law a few years since. He brought with him a number of very beautiful models made while at Rome. He has executed a bust of the distinguished jurist, his father, for the Inner Temple, London. He will return to Rome in the spring.

We understand that the painting and gilding of white china, imported from England and France, is engaging considerable attention in this country, and that there is one establishment in Boston where above a hundred persons are constantly employed.

Prof. FILOPANTI, an Italian scholar of some distinction, has been delivering a series of lectures in New York, on the Influence of Secret Societies on the Revolutions of Ancient and Modern Rome.

Hon. DANIEL D. BARNARD has sailed for Europe to enter upon his duties as American Minister at Berlin. Previous to his departure his fellow citizens of Albany addressed him a very complimentary letter, expressing their regret at the loss of his society, and their admiration of his character. Mr. B. is one of the most cultivated and scholarly of American statesmen.

It is stated, though we know not upon what authority, that Col. BLISS is preparing a History of the Campaigns of General TAYLOR. Such a work would be of great value and interest, historically and in a literary point of view.

G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., is delivering his lectures

on the History of Civilization in different northern cities. He intends to spend the winter at the South. He has placed one of his sons at Yale College, and the other in the Law School at New Haven.

Mr. CRAWFORD, the American sculptor, is soon to commence modeling the statue of Washington, which our government has commissioned him to execute. From a granite basement, in the form of a star of six rays, rises a pedestal, upon which stands the equestrian statue, in bronze, sixteen feet in height. The six points of the star are to be surmounted with six colossal figures. The casting will be executed either at Paris or Munich.

Steps have been taken to erect a suitable monument to the memory of General WARREN. A committee of which Mr. Everett was chairman have reported in favor of a statue to be placed in Faneuil Hall, Boston.

A bust of ETHAN ALLEN has just been completed by a Vermont artist, Mr. KINNEY. He had a great deal of difficulty in procuring an accurate likeness; the grandson of Allen, Colonel HITCHCOCK of the army, is said to bear a striking personal resemblance to the old hero.

The Bulletin of the American Art-Union contains information concerning American Artists which has personal interest:—

DURAND has not yet removed from his residence on the Hudson. KENSETT and CHAMPNEY have been sketching among the White Hills of New Hampshire. CROSEY is at his country studio, at Greenwood Lake. CHURCH and GIGNOUX have returned from the coast of Maine with their portfolios well stocked with sketches. RANNEY continues to work upon his picture of *Marion, with his Army, crossing the Pedee*, which will soon be completed. MATTESON, now residing at Sherburne, has nearly finished a picture representing *A Trial Scene in the Backwoods*, which, it is said, will advance his reputation. JONES, a sculptor who has a high reputation at the West, has removed to New York; he has already modeled busts of General Taylor, Lewis Cass, Henry Clay, Thomas Corwin, and other notabilities, and is now employed on a spirited head of General Scott, at the order of some friends in Detroit.

EDWIN WHITE is diligently pursuing his studies in Paris. HALL, we believe, has also gone to Paris from Düsseldorf. PAGE has arrived in Florence, which place he intends to make his residence for several months. He has formed a warm intimacy with POWERS, whose portrait he is painting. WHITRIDGE and McCONKEY have lately sent home several pictures which indicate improvement, although they are somewhat tinged with the mannerism of the Düsseldorf school, where these artists have been studying so long. They propose to leave Germany very soon, and after visiting Italy and France, to return home in the spring. LEUTZE is at work on his great picture of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*. The size of this painting is the same with that of those in the Rotunda of the Capitol, twelve feet by eighteen feet. It will probably be completed in the spring, when the artist intends to accompany it to this country, from which he has been absent now about ten years. UPJOHN, the architect was, by the last accounts, in Venice. GLASS has returned to his residence at Kensington, near London, from the neighborhood of Haddon Hall, where he has been assiduously engaged in sketching. He is at work upon a group of paintings, illustrative of scenes in the wars of the Stuarts. He is an artist of decided merit and increasing reputation.

GREAT BRITAIN.

In ENGLAND very few books of special value or interest have been published or announced. The most important book of the month is the first part of a very able and laborious compilation on *Commercial Law* by Mr. LEONE LEVI. The object of the entire undertaking, is to survey the principles and administration of all the various commercial laws of foreign countries, with a view to a direct comparison with the mercantile law of Great Britain. Mr. Levi appears to have been engaged for years, with this object, in correspondence with the merchants of upward of fifty countries remarkable more or less for distinct and separate commercial usages; and to have obtained in every instance the information he sought. His ultimate object, is the establishment of a national and international code of commerce among all civilized countries, rejecting what is inconvenient or unjust in all, and retaining and codifying what is best in each.

A life of WORDSWORTH, by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, is announced as in press. Its appearance will be awaited with interest.

M. MAZZINI has just republished his letters, orations, and other tracts on Italy, with an eloquent and earnest appeal to the English people, in a small volume entitled *Royalty and Republicanism in Italy*. M. Mazzini repels in this book the charge so often brought against him of having distracted and divided the forces of his native country, at the time when they ought to have been concentrated on the paramount duty of driving out the Austrians.

A curious incident connected with American History is mentioned in the closing volume of SOUTHEY'S Life, which has just been published in London. While JARED SPARKS was examining the state papers in the public offices of the British Government, so much matter was ferreted out that the government "wished to tell its own story," and SOUTHEY adds, that his "pulse was felt," but he declined writing it on the ground that others could perform the task as well, and he had other engagements on hand.

SOUTHEY, in 1829, declined a proposal from Fraser to write a popular history of English literature in four volumes. It is to be regretted that he did not write such a work.

In a letter to a friend, speaking of the Foreign Review, SOUTHEY says that of its contributors, he "only knows that an *Edinburgh person*, by name Carlyle, has written the most striking papers on German literature." This style of reference to one who is now one of the most eminent English writers, strikes a reader as curious. In the same letter he speaks of Heraud, as "a man of extraordinary powers, and not less extraordinary industry and ardor."

In 1835, Sir ROBERT PEEL wrote to SOUTHEY, informing him that he had advised the king to "adorn the distinction of the baronetage with a name the most eminent in literature, and which had claims to respect and honor which literature alone could never confer"—that of SOUTHEY himself. He accompanied this with a private letter, begging to know if there was any way in which the possession of power would enable him to be of service to Mr. SOUTHEY. The latter replied, in a letter marked by the utmost propriety, declining the baronetcy, as he had not the means of supporting it, and asking for an increase of his pension, which was then £200. Sir Robert soon after added to this a new pension of £300, on a public principle, "the recognition of literary and scientific eminence as a public claim." He conferred, at the same time, a similar

pension on Professor Airey, of Cambridge, Mrs. Somerville, Sharon Turner, and James Montgomery.

The *Athenæum* says that an experiment, set on foot by the liberality of a few humane persons in the vicinity of London, has proved conclusively that the number of idiots exceeds that of lunatics, and that very much may be done, not only to promote their physical comfort, but to bring the small germs of intellect which exist even in the most imbecile minds, into intelligent and useful activity. Encouraged by this success, they have appealed to the public for aid in establishing an institution for the relief of that unfortunate class. They propose to erect a building suitable for three hundred patients.

The proprietors of the Marine Telegraph between England and France propose, instead of laying a wire like the one which the storm broke recently, to have new wires inclosed in ropes of four or five inches in diameter—the first layer being made of gutta percha, and the outer one of iron wire, all chemically prepared to resist the action of water and the attacks of marine animalculæ. In each cable there will be four lines of communication, and two cables will be laid down at a distance of three miles apart, to provide for any accident that may happen to one of them. The whole, it is said, will be ready in May next, and a grand inauguration is proposed, Prince Albert being at one end of the wire and Louis Napoleon at the other.

A project is on foot to reclaim from the sea, at Norfolk, 32,000 acres of land, said to be of great agricultural value. The estimated expense of doing it is £640,000.

Mr. Halliwell has addressed a letter to the *Times*, complaining of an unauthorized republication in London of an edition of Shakspeare, with introductions and notes by himself, published with considerable success in New York.

Miss Martineau has been exciting a good deal of mirth in England by a published account of having succeeded in mesmerizing a sick cow.

Dr. Maitland is urging the formation of a society to bring out new editions of the most celebrated and least accessible works on Church History. His plan is received with favor by the literary and religious journals.

The foundations of several old walls, supposed to have formed a Roman burial mound, have recently been discovered in Hertfordshire, and means have been adopted to give the locality a thorough exploration. Several human skeletons were found in the vicinity.

New statues of Newton, Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon, are to be set up on the four new pedestals in the British Museum; models of them have been made by Sir Richard Westmacott. An elaborate piece of sculpture has also been prepared for the tympanum of the pediment, representing the progress of man from a savage condition up to the highest state of intellectual advancement.

Mr. Godwin has addressed a letter to the Lord Mayor elect of London, on the subject of improving the character of the annual city "show" on the 9th of November, and urging that some little invention and taste might be exercised upon it, in lieu of repeating year after year the same dull and effete routine. He thinks that so ancient a custom ought not to be abandoned, and proposes to raise it out of the monotonous and prosaic routine into which it has fallen, by the introduction, among other changes, of emblems and works of art, accordant with its ancient character, and worthy of the present time.

The effect of the great Industrial Exhibition upon the health of London is engaging considerable attention. It is estimated that not less than a million of people will pour into the city at that time, and it is contended by medical men of eminence that, unless wise and vigorous measures be adopted, so vast and sudden an influx will create a pestilence. The remedy proposed is to secure in some way the daily distribution of the arrivals over a large area in London, and a series of cheap trains which would carry off a portion of the pressure daily, spreading the gathered millions over thirty or forty miles of movable encampment.

Sundry relics, ropes, canvas, bones, &c., were recently brought to England by the Prince Albert, which were found at Cape Riley, in the Arctic Seas, and were supposed to afford traces of Sir John Franklin. They were submitted by the Admiralty to Captain Parry, Sir John Richardson, and others for examination, and the conclusion arrived at is, that they were left at Cape Riley by Sir John Franklin's expedition about the year 1845. It is supposed that being stopped by ice, Sir John remained there for a short time making observations, &c. The reports are elaborate, and evince careful and minute investigation. The conclusion at which they arrive is very generally credited, so that the first part of Sir John's adventures in the Arctic Seas is supposed to be at length known.

The building for the Great Exhibition in London has been commenced, and the work upon it goes forward with great rapidity. It is said that the exhibition will probably have the effect to create several local museums of great interest and importance. The advantages of such institutions, especially to inventors, would be very great.

DELAROCHE's great picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," has reached London, where it is on exhibition. It is described as being wonderfully exact in copying nature, but as lacking elevation of purpose and the expression of sentiment. An officer in a French costume, mounted on a mule, is conducted by a rough peasant through a dangerous pass, whose traces are scarcely discernible through the deep-lying snow—and his aid-de-camp is just visible in a ravine of the towering Alps. These facts, the *Athenæum* says, are rendered with a fidelity that has not omitted the plait of a drapery, the shaggy texture of the four-footed animal, nor a detail of the harness on his back. The drifting and the imbedded snow, the pendent icicle which a solitary sun-ray in a transient moment has made—all are given with the utmost truth. But the lofty and daring genius that led the humble Lieutenant of Ajaccio to be the ruler and arbiter of the destinies of the largest part of Europe, will be sought in vain in the countenance painted by M. Delaroche.

A curious discovery has been made in a collection of ancient marbles at Marbury Hall, in Cheshire, formed at Rome in the middle of the last century. A fragment of the frieze of the Parthenon has been found, and is unmistakably identified by its exactly fitting the parent stone in the British Museum.

The people of Sheffield are subscribing and soliciting subscriptions in other cities for a monument to the memory of the poet EBENEZER ELLIOTT. It is not intended that the monument should be vast or expensive, but that a neat cenotaph or column, at a cost of twelve or fifteen hundred pounds, should be erected and placed in a position suitable to do honor to the genius whose memory it is to perpetuate.

The statue in honor of Chief Justice TINDAL is nearly completed. The inscription for the pedestal, contributed by Justice TALFOURD, speaks of the illustrious man in whose honor it is erected, as "a Judge, whose administration of English law, directed by serene wisdom, animated by purest love of justice, endeared by unwearied kindness, and graced by the most lucid style, will be held by his country in undying remembrance."

The Roman Government has ordered the students of art, before admission to the academies of the city, to be examined as to the state of their morals and their opinions on politics. Mr. HELY, an English sculptor, has been commanded to quit the Roman territories; the marriage of his sister to the celebrated Dr. ACHILLI is supposed to have been the reason for this command. The London papers complain that the Americans are the only people in Rome who are permitted to "exhibit their political, artistic, and religious heresies with impunity;" and they cite in proof POWERS's emblematic statue of the Republic of America trampling under its feet the kingly diadem; CRAWFORD's design for the monument to WASHINGTON, which the *Athenæum* says is original and striking; and the fact, that the American residents have just obtained permission to erect a Protestant Church, the first ever built in the Eternal City.

A good deal of difficulty has been experienced in deciding on the erection of a bridge at Westminster. The *Athenæum* is reminded, by the investigations, of a story told of a board of magistrates in the west of Ireland who met to consider the propriety of erecting a new jail, when, after a protracted and bewildering discussion, they formally passed three resolutions; namely, that a new jail should be built—that the materials of the old jail should be used in constructing the new one—and that the prisoners should be kept as securely as possible in the old jail until the new one was ready for their reception!

A new college—with peculiar features which give it general interest—is about to be established in Glasgow. It is to consist of two distinct parts; the school proper and the college. In the first, as is deemed suitable in a great commercial city, youths will be grounded in the elements of a sound commercial education; in the second the senior students will go through the usual course of preparation for the Universities. The college is to be self-supporting, unsectarian, and non-political. The fees are settled on a scale so low as to make the trial interesting as an experiment—and the lectures are to be open to ladies: a library and reading-room are to form parts of the establishment.

The *sanctum* of the DUKE OF WELLINGTON at Walmer Castle is described as a room of but ordinary size, destitute of ornament, and with but scanty furniture, bearing very much the appearance of the apartment of a petty officer in a garrison. On the right is an ordinary camp bedstead, with a single horse-hair mattress, and destitute of curtains. Over this is a small collection of books, comprising the best English classical authors, French memoirs, military reports, official publications, and Parliamentary papers. In the centre of the room is an ink-stained mahogany table, at which the Duke is occupied in writing some two or three hours each day; and near this is a smaller portable desk, used for reading or writing while in bed; besides these, the furniture of the room consists of some two or three chairs. The window looks out upon the sea, and a door opens upon the ramparts where, until recently, the Duke was al-

ways to be found as early as six o'clock, taking his morning walk.

GUTZLAFF, the missionary to China, presents one of the most striking examples of activity upon record. He was born in 1803, in Pyritz, a Pomeranian village, and commenced his missionary labors at about thirty years of age. He is now on a journey through Europe, the object of which is to establish a Christian Union for the evangelization of China. In person he hardly realizes the usual romantic idea of a missionary hero. He is short and stout, with a ruddy face, broad mouth, and eyelids sleepily closed. His voice is strong and not pleasant; and he gesticulates violently. It has been often remarked that persons who have long resided among the American Indians, become assimilated to them in personal appearance. A similar assimilation would seem to have taken place in the person of Gutzlaff. His features have assumed an aspect so thoroughly Chinese, that he is usually taken by them for a fellow countryman.

A correspondent of an English journal furnishes some personal sketches of the men concerned in the government of the Sandwich Islands, which have considerable interest. The king, TAMEHAMEHA III., according to this writer, is a man of some education, for a native, and appears to take some interest in matters of state. He was formerly addicted to intemperance, but some years since, through the influence of the missionaries, abandoned the habit; but is said lately to have returned to it. He receives an income of \$12,000, besides rents from his estates to the amount of probably \$25,000 more. All the principal departments of government, with but a single exception, are filled by foreigners. The Minister of Finance occupies the most important post, and exercises the most powerful influence. This is Mr. G. P. JUDD, an American, a man of good education and sound judgment, and undoubtedly the fittest man in the kingdom for the post. The Minister of Foreign Affairs is Mr. R. C. WYLLIE, a Scotchman. He was formerly a wealthy merchant, whom a roving disposition brought into the Pacific in 1844. He is a clever, social gentleman of nearly fifty years of age, who fills the office he holds with decided ability, and resolutely declines all compensation for his services. The Minister of the Interior is Mr. JOHN YOUNG, a half-breed, whose father was an Englishman. He is about thirty-five years of age, and is said to be the handsomest man in the Islands. He does no discredit to his post, although like other half-breeds, he can hardly be considered as of equal capacity to his European colleagues. The Minister of Public Instruction is Rev. B. ARMSTRONG, until some two years ago a missionary, who is said to be the best scholar in the Hawaiian language in the islands. He and Mr. JUDD, exercise the real government of the islands, which could hardly be in better hands. The salary of the ministers is \$3000 per annum.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL has intrusted the execution of the national Peel Monument to Mr. GIBSON at Rome.

Great complaints are made of injury done to books, and other valuable works, in the British Museum.

Among the distinguished men who have died within the last month, we notice Mr. WATKINS, the son-in-law and biographer of Ebenezer Elliott; NIKOLAUS LENAÜ, a German poet, who died in a madhouse; C. F. BECKER, "the genial," whose philological works have gained him a lasting reputation in the world of letters; CARL ROTTMAN, painter to the King of Bavaria, one of the first

artists of the day; WENZEL JOHANN TOMASCHEK, one of the first musical composers of modern times—"the ancient master of Bohemian music," as he was fondly called at Prague.

FRANCE.

M. Taboureaux has discovered a method of converting the mud of the newly macadamized Boulevards at Paris into bricks; and so confident is the expectation of thus using it, that the government has invited bids for the privilege of using it for a series of years. "Cheap as dirt" has lost its meaning.

A new shell has just been invented by a chemist named Lagrange, which is said to be capable of sinking a ship of 120 guns in a few minutes. Some experiments made with it in the presence of skillful officers were entirely successful.

An artist named Garnier died lately in Paris, whose only claim to distinction lay in the incredibly long time which he spent on incredibly poor pictures. One of them representing the entrance of Napoleon and Marie Louise into the Tuileries, took him *thirty-seven* years, and when finished was a wretched daub. A notice of his life was read in the Academy.

The French papers state, that a number of workmen are employed in fixing a wire from the Bastille to the Madeleine, as an experiment for a new company that has proposed to establish an electric telegraph throughout Paris for the transmission of messages.

A Belgian engineer, M. Laveleye, proposes to connect the Seine and the Rhine by means of a canal, by constructing which, navigation would be open from London to the Black Sea and Constantinople, through the heart of the Continent, and by means of the great watercourses on or near whose banks lie the materials of nearly all the internal and external trade of Europe. The estimated cost is £1,600,000.

Preparations are in active progress for the grand exhibition of French pictures and sculpture at the Palais National, which is to commence on the 15th of December. The official notification which has been issued directs artists to send in their works from the 2d to the 15th of November. The exhibitors themselves are to choose the jury of selection, each exhibitor naming any one he may think fit. The first exhibition of the kind which ever took place in France was in 1673; and the first time a selecting jury was formed was in 1745. After the Revolution of 1848 the jury was abolished, and every body was allowed to exhibit; but this was found to be impracticable for the future, and the present system of the artists electing the jury themselves came into operation the following year. For upward of a century, the members of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture enjoyed the exclusive privilege of exhibiting.

Although the censorship on theatrical pieces in Paris has been re-established in even more than its wonted strictness, the prefect of police does not think it sufficient. He has recently directed the commissaries of police (there is one in every theatre every night) to pay particular attention to every performance, and to notify him if there be any thing "in the words, style, play, or costume of the actor, or in the applause or disapprobation of the public," which may appear politically objectionable. This proceeding of the prefect has caused profound dissatisfaction in the theatrical circles.

The Paris "*Débats*" announces two new works from the pen of M. GUIZOT, to be published at the

end of this month. The first is entitled "Monk; Fall of the Republic, and Re-establishment of the Monarchy in England in 1660." The second is "Washington; Foundation of the Republic of the United States of America."

An experiment has been made at the arsenal of Metz, of mortars, hand grenades, and bombs made of zinc, which has completely succeeded.

A vessel arrived at Bordeaux on the 18th inst. from Canton, having on board a curious collection of Chinese arms and costumes for the Museum of Paris.

Several works concerning Joan of Arc have recently been published in France. The one which attracts most attention is devoted to her martial exploits, and shows that she did not hesitate in combat to put her foe to death with her own hand. It is also cited as completely exonerating the English from the odium of having had any part in her horrid execution, since it shows that she was tried, condemned, and executed by the Inquisition—that the charges against her were purely and wholly ecclesiastical; that her trial was conducted in the pure ecclesiastical form, just as those of any other suspected sorcerer, witch, or heretic; and that in virtue of ecclesiastical laws she was sentenced and burned.

An article on Madame de Genlis and the system of education which she adopted with the late King Louis Philippe, written by the eminent critic and academicien M. de Saint-Beuve, has excited some attention. The writer dwells upon the prodigious memory of Louis Philippe, and says that he knew a good deal of almost every possible subject, and had a great faculty of displaying this multifarious knowledge in conversation.

The members of the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, have lately been racking their brains and wearying their tongues, in an attempt to decide *what* forms the centre of the earth—whether it be a globe of fire or a huge furnace, as some say—a perfect void, as others maintain—a solid substance, harder than granite, according to some—or a mass of water according to others: but, as might readily be anticipated, these discussions have had no practical or useful result.

The subject which has excited most attention at the meetings of the Academy has been the inquiry made in Algiers, by Bernard and Pelouze, upon the fearful poison called the Woorari. The composition of this deadly matter has long been kept a mysterious secret among the priests and sorcerers of the Rio Negro and the Amazon. It was analyzed by Humboldt, and the experiments that have now been made confirm his views. It is a watery extract from a plant of the genus *Strychnos*. A weapon with the smallest point covered with the matter kills as instantaneously as prussic acid. Various experiments have been tried upon animals that show how immediate is its action, and the singular changes that result in the blood, which in a moment becomes of a death-black color, and does not, after death, on exposure to air, recover its usual redness.

The trials at Algiers have ceased to excite any attention. There are 66 persons accused of a conspiracy to seize the Government; the reports come down to the 13th of September.

We learn from the Paris *Siècle* that the Academy of Sciences has at present under consideration a project of a most extraordinary character, being neither more nor less than a suspension bridge between France and England. M. Ferdinand Le-maitre proposes to establish an aerostatic

between Calais and Dover. For this purpose he would construct strong abutments, to which the platform would be attached. At a distance of every 100 yards across the channel he would sink four barges, heavily laden, to which would be fixed a double iron chain, of peculiar construction. A formidable apparatus of balloons, of an elliptical form, and firmly secured, would support in the air the extremity of these chains, which would be strongly fastened to the abutments on the shore by other chains. Each section of 100 yards would cost about 300,000*fr.*, which would make 84,000,000*fr.* for the whole distance across. These chains, supported in the air at certain distances, would become the point of support to this fairy bridge, on which the inventor proposes to establish an atmospheric railway. This project has been developed at great length by the inventor, and seems to be discussed with great gravity by the Academy.

MM. BARRAL and BIXIO, whose two former ascents in crazy and ill-fitted balloons we noticed some time since, are now superintending the construction of an aerial machine better adapted for enabling them to pursue a course of studies in the atmosphere. Its dimensions are to be fifty-four feet by forty-five, and will be capable of carrying up twenty persons, if inflated with pure hydrogen; if with carbonated hydrogen, twelve. We may now hope that the balloon will be redeemed from the service of charlatanism, and will contribute to the advancement of science.

GERMANY, ITALY, Etc.

As a natural result of the disturbances in Germany, its current literature has to a great extent assumed the form of political pamphlets and romances. Among the works of more general interest, which have recently made their appearance, we note the following: The Book of Predictions and Prophecies: a complete collection of all the writings of all the prominent prophets and seers of the present and past; to wit, of Ailly, Bishop Müller, Peter Tarrel, &c., with predictions concerning Jerusalem, Orval, the End of the World, &c. Popular History of the Catholic Church, brought down to the present time, by J. SPORCHIL. The Present: an Encyclopædic Representation of Contemporary History. This, though in some respects, an independent work, may yet be considered as a supplement to the celebrated Conversations-Lexicon. It is published in parts, of which two or three appear each month, twelve parts forming a volume. The Parts which have just been published, contain the history of the German National Congress; the Hungarian Revolution; the Local and Political state of Nassau; the Insurrection in Schleswig-Holstein in 1848; State and town of Frankfort. It is published by Brockhaus, of Leipzig, who also announces New Dramatic Poems, by OEHLenschLAGER. History of the Heretics of the Middle Ages, especially of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, by C. U. HAHN. Henrietta Herz, her Life and Reminiscences, edited by J. FURST. The authoress passed a long life on terms of intimate friendship with men of science and literature. Her reminiscences, though written late in life, present a lively and good-humored picture of the society of Berlin for a long course of years, embracing sketches of Mirabeau, Jean Paul, Müller, the historian, Schleiermacher, Humboldt, Ludwig Börne, and others.

A bronze statue of the celebrated agriculturist, ALBERT THAER, has just been erected at Leipzig. The costume is that of a German farmer, slightly

idealized, and wearing a broad mantle. The right hand is raised as if in the act of teaching; the left holds a roll, with the inscription, "National Husbandry;" and upon the marble pedestal is inscribed, "The German Cultivators to the honored teacher, ALBERT THAER."

At the royal foundry in Munich preparations are making for casting in bronze three colossal statues: that of Gustavus Adolphus, for Göttenburg; that of the Swedish poet Tegner, for Stockholm; and that of Walter of Plettenberg, a celebrated Livonian general, surnamed the "The Conqueror of the Russians." The last statue was modeled by Schwanthaler; the others are the works of two young Swedish sculptors, MM. Fogelberg and Quarnstroem, both residing in Rome.

An extract of a private letter from Rome states that the Coliseum is in process of restoration.

LESSING's great picture—"The Martyrdom of Huss," is described at length by a Düsseldorf correspondent of the Leipzig *Grenzboten*. It is eighteen feet by fifteen, and contains some twenty-seven figures of the size of life; which, contrary to the practice of the French painters in pictures of this size, are so carefully finished, that they can be looked at close at hand. There is not a superfluous figure in the picture—none introduced to fill a space, as is too frequently the case in large paintings. The clearness of the general idea is not marred by the effect of the separate parts: the artistic separation of the group suffers the main figure first to attract the eye. In this picture Lessing has given proof of his ability in landscape as well as in figures. The next work upon which he is to be engaged is a large picture, commissioned by the King of Prussia, representing the imprisonment of Pope Paschal by Henry V.

An association has been formed in Jerusalem for the investigation of subjects connected with the Holy Land, including history, language, numismatics, statistics, manufactures, commerce, agriculture, natural history, and every other subject of literary and scientific research, with the exception of religious controversy. From the names of those engaged in the project, it is hoped that the association will make large additions to our present stores of information respecting Palestine.

The Leipzig journals contain notices of the recent productions of Polish literature, which are not without interest even in this country. A romance, by the Countess Ludwica Offolinska, recently published at Cracow, has excited considerable attention. It is entitled "The Fate of Sophia," and is written with great simplicity, and the deepest religious feeling. The heroine receives at home a religious training, and then is thrown out into the world. She appears in succession as the waiting-maid, and then the friend of her mistress; then as maid to a worn-out woman of fashion, and at last as governess to the children of her first beloved mistress and friend. The sound principles she had learned at her father's house, serve her as a defense amid all the perils which surround her in her career. The same authoress has put forth two comedies: "The Holy Christ," and "Vespers in the Country."

VINCENT POL, a poet, and for a short time Professor of Geography in the University of Cracow, is one of the most distinguished geographers of the day. His "Glance at the Northern Waters of the Carpathians and their Districts," is an earnest of important contributions to geographical science from the Slavic countries.

F. ANTONIEWICZ, an ecclesiastic, has published

"A Festival-day Lecture to our People," written with great eloquence. RYCHCICKI, otherwise known as a historian, has put forth a "History of the celebrated Chancellor Skarga, and a Description of the Century in which he lived."

From the Warsaw press have appeared, among other works, "A Lexicon of Polish Painters," comprising all artists who were born, or lived in Poland, or whose works refer to that country. It is by RASTAWIECKI, contains two volumes, and is ornamented with portraits. DORBRSKI'S "A Few Words more about the Caucasus," is a continuation of a former work.

From Wilna appears the "Athenæum," by the prolific KRASZWSKI. It contains from the pen of the editor a work of great value, "Lithuania under Witold," and a romance. "The Wilna Album" contains seventy sheets of views of interesting and remarkable places in that city.

There are now published in Russia 154 periodicals, of which 108 are in Russian, 29 in German, 8 in French, 5 Polish, 3 Lettish, and 1 Italian. Of these 64 are published in St. Petersburg, 20 in the East-sea German provinces, 13 in Moscow, 5 in Odessa, and 52 in the remaining parts of the empire.

BROCKHAUS, the great Leipzig publisher, announces a translation into German of TICKNOR'S History of Spanish Literature, by Dr. R. H. JULIUS, of Hamburg; with the assistance of FERDINAND WOLF, of Vienna, and other scholars. The German editor has labored for several years in this department of literature, and will also avail himself of Dozy's learned work on Arabian-Spanish literature, which appeared in Holland in 1849.

A paragraph in the London Builder states that a very curious discovery has been made in the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople. In the course of cleansing and repairing the interior, the original decorations in mosaic have been brought to light, including, as it is said, a portrait of Constantine. Drawings have been made, and are on their way to England. The Sultan, to prevent the necessity of removing them, as portraits are prohibited by the Koran, has considerably ordered them to be covered up again.

A newly invented locomotive steam engine has been tried at Charleroi, with full success. The inventor, M. Hector de Callias, a Sardinian engineer, proposes to increase the speed of locomotives, to give them an adherence four times greater than they now have, and to decrease the expense of fuel. By the pressure of only one atmosphere the wheels made, in the trial referred to, 300 revolutions a minute, which would give a speed of 24 leagues an hour. The Belgian Minister of Public Works has appointed a committee of engineers to report to him on the experiments which are to take place on the government lines, and has ordered every assistance to be given to the inventor to facilitate his object.

MEYERBEER is engaged in composing the music for the choruses of the Eumenides of Æschylus, which is about to be represented at Berlin, at the special request of the King of Prussia, who is passionately fond of the old Greek drama.

Interesting descriptions are given of the *Volks-Fest*, or great festival of the Bavarian people, celebrated at Munich on the first of October, in which the peasants from all the royal possessions receive from the king, in presence of the assembled multitude, prizes for the good results of their labor in rearing cattle, &c. The week this year opened with wet weather which did not, however, prevent

the attendance of an immense number of the people of all classes and conditions. The King Maximilian, with his brother Otho, King of Greece, was present, occupying a splendid pavilion in the centre, around which were ranged boxes for the gentry and seats for the people. Three days were devoted to the exhibition of cattle, grain, and agricultural products of all kinds, intermingled with various sports and gymnastic exercises, and the fourth was set apart for the unvailing of the gigantic statue of *Bavaria*, the colossal gift of the Ex-King Ludwig to his people. This great statue was commenced in 1844, and is now only so far finished as to warrant the removal of the wooden screens by which it has been concealed. It is fifty-four feet high, and stands upon a granite pedestal of thirty feet. It is cast in bronze, of which not less than 125 tons were consumed, and is described as a work of imposing sublimity and profound beauty. It has for the back-ground a white marble temple, called the "Hall of Heroes," of Doric architecture, composed of a centre and two wings, and forming a semi-circle behind the figure. To convey some idea of the size of the statue it is stated that the face is equal to the height of a man, the body twelve feet in diameter, the arm five, the index finger six inches, and two hands can not cover the nail of the great toe. The grandeur of the features is sanctified by the gracious sweetness of the expression; the clustering hair falls on either side from the noble brow, and is entwined with a circle of oak-leaves, one uplifted arm holding the fame-wreath of laurel, the other grasping a sword, beneath which sits the lion. Skins clothe the vast body to the hips; solemn folds of massive drapery, passing off the large symmetry of the limbs to the feet. The material difficulties attendant upon the casting were very great. The unvailing of this great work was made the occasion for a carnival of *fun*. Men of every trade brought for display gigantic specimens of their respective callings, made upon the same scale as the statue, which were exhibited with great parade and amidst magnificent music, and processions, &c. After the multitude had been collected in front, the screen was suddenly removed, and the colossal statue stood revealed, and was greeted with shoutings, and the voice of an immense band of singers. An oration in honor of the king was then pronounced by Teichlein the painter, from the steps of the pedestal, after which the throng dispersed.

The director of the observatory at St. Petersburg, M. Kupffer has applied to the French government to establish a number of stations in different parts of the country for taking meteorological observations, with the view of aiding him in the vast studies he has been for some time past making, respecting the climates of different countries. In England and Germany it appears such stations have been formed, and have proved of great utility. Before complying with M. Kupffer's request, the government has requested the opinion of the academy on the subject. It can not but be favorable. It is pleasant to see the several nations of Europe, in the midst of their fierce political dissensions and struggles for supremacy, thus uniting for the promotion of science.

In this number of the New Monthly will be found an interesting account of the character and life of the distinguished German scholar, Kinkel, who is imprisoned by the Prussian government for his liberal opinions. Late European papers state that his friends requested permission for him to continue a work he had commenced on the Fine Arts among the Christian nations, but it was peremptorily re-

fused. He is not allowed pens and ink, or books of any kind, and it is said that he is treated with unusual and cruel rigor.

Artin Bey, late Prime Minister of Egypt, has not, as was expected, gone on to Constantinople, but has retired to the mountains of Lebanon, in Syria, where he awaits the final result of the step he took in flying from Egypt.

On the 17th Oct. Prince Paskiewitch completed the fiftieth year of his service in the Russian army. The emperor held a grand review on that day, and presented him personally with a Field Marshal's baton, in acknowledgment of his fidelity.

M. Freiberg, the director of the opera at Berlin, has brought an action against Madame Fiorentina, for a breach of engagement, and against Lumley, of London, for engaging her; he has laid his damages at eighty thousand francs.

The Pope has performed a popular act of clemency, by pardoning, only an hour before the execution was to have taken place, the three individuals convicted of complicity in the attempt to assassinate Col. Nardonic, Chief of the Roman Police, on the 19th of June last. The attempt having failed, Pius IX. commuted the pain of death to that of the hulks for life, without hope of further remission. It was a political crime, the death of the odious re-actionist having been decreed in a secret democratic society.

The commission appointed in Rome to ascertain and estimate the damage done to the monuments of Rome, buildings, and ruins, during the siege of the last year, have concluded their report, and fixed upon the sums of 508,800 francs, as the total, estimated in money, of the damage done by the besieging French forces, and 1,565,275 francs, of that inflicted by the Romans themselves.

The rise of the Nile this year has been unsatisfactory. The river has already begun to fall, and it is feared that a vast extent of land will not have been sufficiently watered, and that next year's crops will be short.

A project has been started to erect a monument to Columbus, at Palos de Maguer, opposite the Convent of St. Ann, whence the great discoverer set sail on his first voyage. The design proposed is a colossal statue, twenty feet high, surrounded by groups of figures, forming a base of forty feet in circumference. The lowest estimate of the expense is \$100,000.

ITEMS OF GENERAL NEWS.

A rather extraordinary contest has arisen between the manufacturers of embroidered articles at Nancy and the wholesale merchants in Paris. The former demand a complete prohibition of the imports of the articles which they manufacture. The merchants, on the other hand, defend the principle of the freedom of commerce, and demand that the embroidered muslins of Switzerland be admitted into France. M. Dumas, the Minister of Commerce, has pronounced in favor of the manufacturers of Nancy.

During the last two years and a half, the houses of 1951 families have been leveled in Kilrush, Ireland, and 408 other families have been unhoused.

The tide of emigration is continued as vigorously as ever. From Kerry considerable numbers were proceeding to Cork and Limerick, to embark for the United States.

Preparations, it is said, are in active progress for the reorganization of the Dublin Trades Union—a body which, some years since, possessed consider-

able influence in the conduct of political affairs in the metropolis.

A society has been formed in London for the reform of abuses in the Court of Chancery.

It is proposed to erect a monument in Edinburgh to Wallace, the Scottish hero.

More than 2000 members of the Methodist Society have been expelled at Bristol, because they are in favor of a reform in the polity of their Society.

A sailors' home on a large scale is about to be established at Plymouth.

A great chess match, to be played by amateurs of all nations during the Exhibition of 1851, is being arranged for.

Five new whalers are to be added to the whaling fleet of Peterhead next season.

Large purchases of wine continue to be made in the Douro, at high prices.

Upwards of five hundred members have already joined the Liverpool Freehold Land Society.

A mummy brought from Thebes by Sir J. E. Tennent was unrolled in the Museum at Belfast.

Numerous bales of moss have lately been imported into London from Cork.

Meyerbeer is at present at Paris, and has attended several public as well as private concerts.

The library left by Dr. Neander is to be sold by auction. There are about 4000 volumes; among them some of the best editions of the old church Fathers, presented by the theological students to Neander on his birth-day. An attempt is making to purchase the library for the use of the theological students at the University. The total sum demanded is not more than \$4000.

An immense layer of sulphur has been discovered near Alexandria. It can be obtained in large quantities so cheaply, that it is expected the price of the article will be reduced in Europe.

The English population of Madrid increases in a remarkable degree. The Aranjuez railroad, the gas works, the mines of Guadalajara, and various other industrial enterprises, afford employment to many of them.

A verdict of manslaughter has been returned by the coroner's jury against Captain Rowles, of the bark New Liverpool, lately arrived at Southampton, in which some Lascar seamen had died from neglect.

The Madrid aeronaut, when preparing last week for his aerial voyage over Europe, to convince the world that a balloon can be guided in any direction, found a largeness in the silk. The voyage has, therefore, been delayed for some weeks.

A steam company is on the eve of being formed at Constantinople for towing vessels through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. The capital is to be £150,000, in fifteen hundred shares of £100 each. The Sultan and most of the ministers are on the list.

A Transylvanian nobleman, writing to a friend in England, speaks of the pleasure with which he read of the reception of Haynau in England. He states that General Count Leiningen, an hour before his execution, said, "You will see our infamous murder will excite the greatest sensation in England, and I recommend Haynau not to venture on a visit to England, for the people will stone him."

The landed interest of the late Sir Robert Peel was not much under £35,000 a year.

A private in the 56th regiment of the line was sentenced to death by court-martial in Paris for having struck a corporal.

The circulation of all the Paris newspapers has

greatly diminished, under the operation of recent laws.

About one hundred Mormons passed through Liverpool lately, on their way to the Salt Lake Valley, North America.

It is stated that about £70,000 was paid by the Government of Spain for the steamships *Hibernia* and *Caledonia*.

Louis Napoleon has purchased fifty head of fallow deer, of Mr. Fuller, of England, with which to stock the park of St. Cloud.

Leipsig fair, which has just terminated, proved very satisfactory. Worsteds and cotton goods of English manufacture were in good demand.

A revolt has broken out in Morocco, in consequence of a decree by the emperor, ordering the skins of all slaughtered animals to be considered as his exclusive property.

An iron lighthouse of vast dimensions is about to be erected on the Fastnett, a solitary rock several miles out in the Atlantic, off the coast of Cork and Kerry.

In London, under the patronage of the Lady Mayoress, a large carpet is in progress of preparation for the Exhibition. It is to be thirty feet in length, twenty in width, and to consist of one hundred and fifty squares.

It is stated upon good authority, that in the articles of rice and tobacco alone, a mercantile firm in Liverpool will this year realize £300,000, supposed to be the largest sum ever made by any mercantile house in Europe in one year.

The foreign merchants and shippers of London have agreed to establish a "club for all nations," to meet the requirements of the strangers, merchants and others, who will be in town during the Exhibition of 1851. The club will be provided, in addition to the usual accommodations, with interpreters acquainted with all the languages of the East and of Europe, guides and commissioners, and departments for information. A committee of gentlemen, merchants of London, has been elected to carry out the undertaking.

About two years ago, the scientific world was surprised by the announcement that Drs. Krapf and Rebman, who had been zealously employed in connection with the Missionary Society in Eastern and Central Africa, had discovered a mountain or mountains within one degree of the Equator, and about two hundred miles distant from the sea, which were covered with perpetual snow, and which there was every reason to suppose were no other than Ptolemy's "Mountains of the Moon." It now appears that there is no doubt of the fact.

A curious exhibition is in course of preparation for the World's Fair, by Mr. Wyld, M.P., the eminent map-engraver. He is constructing a huge globe, of fifty-six feet in diameter, which will be provided with a convenient mode of ingress and egress; the different countries of the world will be represented upon the inner, and not upon the outer surface, and the interior will be fitted up with galleries and staircases, so as to enable the visitor to make a tour of the world, and visit each of the countries whose industry or productions will be displayed in the Great Exhibition.

The wife of Mr. Maclean, late M.P. for Oxford, has been killed, by being thrown from her carriage at Castellamare, near Naples.

In many of the provincial towns a strong feeling prevails in favor of making the Peel monument as-

sume the shape of useful institutions, such as libraries.

A new monthly magazine, adapted to meet the wants of the advanced section of the Nonconformists, has been announced.

The inmates of St. Luke's Hospital were treated to the entertainments of music and dancing at a lunatics' ball. The success of the experiment will lead to its repetition.

A new dock, called the Victoria Tidal Harbor, has been opened at Greenock.

Highway robbery is becoming very prevalent in the neighborhood of Liverpool.

A movement is in progress for the erection of a monument at Newcastle to the late George Stephenson, "the father of railways."

The great water-works for the supply of Manchester are rapidly approaching completion.

The *Manchester Guardian* notices the arrival at Manchester of a consignment of 250 bales of saw-ginned cotton from India.

The trade of Paisley continues in a satisfactory state, and weavers are in great demand.

The tonnage of the port of Liverpool has increased from 1,223,318 tons, in 1836, to 3,309,746 in 1849.

The subscriptions of the City of London Committee toward the Great Exhibition amount to £26,189 18s. 9d.

The South Devon Railway Company lost £364,000 by the atmospheric bubble.

The money sent by the Irish emigrants in America to their starving relatives at home equals, it is said, the whole of the Irish poor-rates.

The Prussian Commissioners, on the subject of the Exhibition of 1851, have issued an address recommending a hearty co-operation in the design.

The Koh-i-noor diamond, or Mountain of Light, will, it is said, be placed among the collection of minerals at the Exhibition in Hyde Park next year.

The county expenditure for the West Riding of Yorkshire, was in 1824 £38,860; in 1832 it had risen to £53,477; and went on increasing until 1847, when it had risen to £103,561.

A French paper, the *Courrier du Nord*, says that the Minister of Agriculture, while recently visiting the coal mines of the Anzin Company, at Denain, discovered a rough diamond, fixed in a stone which had been extracted from the coal.

An Englishman, Col. Daniels, has left his estate of nearly two millions of dollars to a bookseller in New Haven, Connecticut, who was kind to him while sick and without friends in the United States. Two claimants have appeared for the bequest. Mr. Levi H. Young and Mr. Charles S. Uhlhorn, who were in partnership at the time referred to.

The Hungarian exiles at Constantinople, it is said, are about to issue a journal. The Italians there have published flying sheets for some time past.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper writes that caricatures on American subjects abound in Paris.

Capt. Stansbury, of the Topographical Engineers, and party, arrived at St. Louis, Nov. 12, on their return from an exploring expedition to the Great Salt Lake.

A Paris paper asserts that Guizot refused a nomination as a candidate for the National Assembly from the department of the Cher.

LITERARY NOTICES.

John S. Taylor has published the third edition of *The Salamander*, the exquisite prose poem by Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, which found such a cordial appreciation from the most genial critical tastes on its first publication. The present edition has received the title of *Hugo*, from one of the principal characters in the story, though we think that a more appropriate and suggestive name might have been *The Lost Angel*. Under whatever title, however, the work belongs to a unique and most difficult branch of literary composition. Essentially poetical in its conception, it is clothed in the forms of prose, which the most consummate artistic skill can hardly mould into an adequate expression for such bold and lofty speculations as pervade the whole structure of this work. The language, which is singularly beautiful and impressive, is made the vehicle for an allegory of a very refined and subtle character, appealing but indirectly to the mass of human sympathies, and illuminated only by the dim and fitful light of the supernatural. It is no wonder that the allegorical mode should present such potent seductions to genius of the highest order. It leaves such ample scope to the imagination, allows such indulgence to the largest liberty of invention, and is so fruitful in materials for vivid and effective illustration, that it offers the most enticing charm to writers whose consciousness of power is embarrassed in the usual forms of expression. At the same time, unless like the allegories of sacred history, the import is too obvious to be mistaken, or like those of John Bunyan, it lays open the secrets of universal experience, this mode of writing is too far removed from the popular mind to contain the most powerful elements of success. Even in the creative hands of Dante and Spenser, the allegory is regarded rather as a hindrance than an aid, by the warmest admirers of their poetry. Hence we consider it no discredit to the author of "Hugo," that she has not entirely conquered the difficulties of this style of literary art. Her production is studded with beauties of thought and phrase that betray a genius of rare vigor and versatility. She has nobly dared to deviate from the beaten track, and has thus constructed a work, which must be regarded as a gem of precious quality, for its exquisite brilliancy of coloring, its transparent beauty of texture, and the vivid and natural truthfulness with which it gives back the lights of a radiant imagination.

A Pastor's Sketches, by Rev. ICHABOD S. SPENCER (published by M. W. Dodd), is a unique volume, presenting a highly instructive record of the experience of the author, during an active and varied pastoral intercourse. The sketches, which are all drawn from real life, describe the mental operations under the influence of strong religious emotion, in a manner equally interesting to the psychologist and the

theologian. Most of the instances related occurred at a period of unusual excitement, but they are free from any tincture of fanaticism, and may be studied to advantage by all who are interested in the moral and religious advancement of their fellow men. The author displays a remarkable insight into human nature, a strong attachment to the doctrines of the church in which he is a minister, a rare power of close, consecutive reasoning, which is used with great effect in disposing of skeptical objections, a fluency of language and a variety and aptness of illustration, that must always make him a master in the work of dealing with troubled, or erring, or diseased consciences. His volume can not fail to become a favorite on the table of the pastor, and, indeed, of all who are curious in the narratives of religious experience.

Harper and Brothers have published *The History of Madame Roland*, by J. S. C. ABBOTT, an agreeable compilation of the principal events in the life of that extraordinary woman, forming one of the most readable volumes of the day.

Baker and Scribner have published a second and revised edition of *Sketches of Reforms and Reformers*, by HENRY B. STANTON, a work which has attained a great and deserved popularity. It is written with vigor, animation, and impartiality, presenting a lucid, systematic view of the progress of political reform in Great Britain, with lively portraiture of the most eminent men who have been distinguished in the movement.

Lewis Colby has published *The Churches and Sects of the United States*, by Rev. P. DOUGLASS GORREE, giving a brief account of the origin, history, doctrines, church-government, mode of worship, usages, and statistics of the various denominations in this country. The copious information which it presents, although reduced within a narrow compass, will be found to comprise most of the essential facts concerning the different topics treated, and from the diligence and candor evinced by the author, we have no doubt of its entire reliability.

The same publisher has issued *A Cenotaph to a Woman of the Burman Mission*, being a memoir of Mrs. HELEN M. MASON, whose devoted piety and modest worth eminently entitled her to this feeling commemoration by her husband.

Tallis, Willoughby, and Co. continue the serial publication of *The Life of Christ*, by JOHN FLEETWOOD, beautifully illustrated with steel engravings; and *Scripture History for the Young*, by FREDERICK BANBRIDGE, profusely embellished with appropriate plates, representing the most remarkable incidents in the Old and New Testaments.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published a new volume of *Poems* by GRACE GREENWOOD, consisting of a selection from her contributions to the Magazines, with several pieces which we

nave not before seen in print. Like all the productions of that popular authoress, they are marked with strong traces of individuality, varying with the mood of the moment, now expressing a deep and melancholy pathos, and now gay with exuberant hope and native elasticity of spirit. A transparent atmosphere of intellectuality is the medium for the loftiest flights of her fancy, inspiring confidence even in her most erratic excursions, and giving a healthy tone to her glowing effusions of sentiment.

We have also from Ticknor, Reed, and Fields a new edition of *The Grandfather's Chair*, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, with *Biographical Stories* from the lives of Benjamin West, Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Cromwell, Benjamin Franklin, and Queen Christina. Mr. Hawthorne's narratives for juvenile reading are no less original and attractive in their kind, than the admirable tales and descriptions by which he is known to the majority of readers.

A cheap edition of the powerful sea-story, *The Green Hand*, has been published in one volume complete, by Harper and Brothers, enabling the admirers of that racy production to enjoy its flavor without making "two bites of the cherry."

The New-Englander, for November (published at New Haven by J. B. Carrington), is an able number of this bold and masculine periodical, discussing various topics of interest with a healthy grasp of intellect, and a fresh energy of expression, which show that it has escaped the incubus of a lifeless religionism, and breathes a free, independent, and aspiring spirit, equally removed from presumption and timidity. Among the articles, is an elaborate and able reply to Professor Agassiz, on "The Original Unity of the Human Race," an admirable Review of "Tennyson's In Memoriam," a paper on California, with others of no less interest.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra*, conducted by B. B. EDWARDS, and E. A. PARK, for November (Andover, W. I. Draper), abounds in choice and recondite learning, with a sufficient sprinkling of popular articles to attract the attention of general readers. "The Life and Character of De Wette" gives an instructive account of the position and influence of that eminent German theologian. The whole number is highly creditable to the condition of sacred literature in this country.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, have published *Lyrics of Spain and Erin*, by EDWARD MATURIN, a neat volume of spirited and graceful poetry, consisting of Spanish Ballads, Legends and Superstitions of Ireland, and Miscellaneous Pieces.

We have also from their press *ASTREA*, *A Phi Beta Kappa Poem*, by O. W. HOLMES, gleaming with brilliant flashes of wit, and playfully scoring some of the prevalent follies of the day; a volume of *Biographical Essays*, by THOMAS DE QUINCEY, a work of extraordinary interest, as presenting the judgment of that bold and vigorous thinker on such names as Shakspeare, Pope, Lamb, Goethe, and Schiller; and

Numa Pompilius, translated from the French of FLORIAN, by J. A. FERRIS.

Jamaica in 1850, by JOHN BIGELOW (published by Geo. P. Putnam), is less a book of travels than a treatise on practical economy, suggested by a short residence on that island during a part of last winter. The largest portion of the volume is devoted to a discussion of the causes to which the commercial and industrial decline of Jamaica may be ascribed, and of the measures which, in the opinion of the author, would restore that delightful and fertile island to more than its ancient prosperity. The root of the evil, according to Mr. Bigelow, is to be found in the degradation of labor, the non-residence of the landholders, the encumbered condition of real estate, and the monopoly of the soil by a small number of proprietors. He warmly maintains the importance of developing the vast industrial resources of the island, and establishing the laboring classes in a state of personal independence. His views are set forth at considerable length, and with a variety of illustrations. The discussion is often enlivened by descriptions of local customs and manners, narratives of personal experience, and lively sketches of incident and character. Mr. Bigelow's style has the fluency, ease, and vivacity, with the occasional inaccuracies, which naturally proceed from the habit of perpetual and rapid composition, inseparable from the profession of a newspaper editor. Some portions of this volume have already appeared in the *New York Evening Post*, of which Mr. Bigelow is one of the conductors, where they produced a very favorable impression. They lose none of their interest in the present form, and will be found to present a mass of important information in an unusually agreeable manner.

Messrs. Tappan, Whittemore, and Mason have recently published *Cantica Laudis; or, The American Book of Church Music*, being chiefly a selection of chaste and elegant melodies from the most classic authors, ancient and modern, with harmony parts; together with Chants, Anthems, and other set pieces, for choirs and schools; to which are added, Tunes for Congregational singing, by LOWELL MASON and GEORGE JAMES WEBB. Also, by the same authors, *The Melodist*, a collection of popular and social songs, original and selected, harmonized and arranged for soprano, alto, tenor, and base voices.

Beranger; Two Hundred of his Lyrical Poems, done into English verse, by WILLIAM YOUNG (published by George P. Putnam), is a selection from Beranger's Songs, of which one hundred have already appeared in a London edition, and are here reproduced, after careful revision, the remainder being now printed for the first time. On many accounts, Beranger is less suited for representation in a foreign language than most poets who have gained such wide popularity among their own countrymen. Many of his most brilliant effusions have a strong tincture of licentiousness; they are marked by a freedom

of delineation and of language which every decent English translator would wish to avoid; and their publication in any other land than that of their origin, would be an ungracious enterprise. Besides, his productions are singularly idiomatic in their style; growing out of the current events of the day; abounding in local and political allusions; and strongly impressed with the national characteristics of France. The external form of these popular lyrics seems to be the necessary costume of their spirit. You can not separate one from the other without violating the integrity of the piece. Its vitality resides in the light, airy, evanescent structure of the rhythm. This delicate vase can not be broken without wasting the precious aromas which it incloses. With these formidable difficulties in the way of the translator, we must give Mr. Young the highest credit for the felicitous manner in which he has accomplished his task. His selections are made with an admirable balance of taste. He has excluded all pieces, that could justly be condemned on the score of grossness or a frivolous treatment of sacred things, while he has not yielded to the suggestions of an over-fastidious and morbid prudery. The translation bears the marks of pains-taking diligence and a scrupulous desire for accuracy. It is the result of a profound study and a familiar knowledge of the author. It renders the general outlines of the original with almost the fidelity of a daguerreotype. The reader who has no acquaintance with French poetry may obtain from it a sufficiently distinct idea of the costume, the movement, and the verbal harmonies of Beranger. Nor is this all. Many of the songs are alive and tremulous with gayety and feeling. They are written as the author would have written in English. If the racy and delicious flavor of the original is not always preserved, it is no fault of the translator. Literary art has not yet discovered the secret of retaining the freshness of inspiration through the process of transplanting into a foreign tongue. A neat biographical sketch of Beranger is a welcome appendage to the volume.

C. S. Francis and Co. have issued a neat edition of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN's popular juveniles *The Story Teller*, *The Ugly Duck*, *Little Ellie*, and other tales, illustrated with wood-engravings.

The Gem of the Western World, published by Cornish, Lamport, and Co., is the title of a new Annual for 1851, edited by Mrs. MARY E. HEWITT, containing several original articles from her own pen, with contributions from a variety of well-known popular writers. The admirable taste of the editress is a guarantee for the excellence of the literary matter which she has admitted into the volume.

D. Appleton and Co. announce a magnificent collection of Gift-Books for the approaching holidays, which in the chaste and elevated character of their contents, and the exquisite beauty of their embellishments have not been surpassed by any similar publications in this country.

VOL. II.—No. 1.—I*

Our Saviour with Apostles and Prophets, edited by Rev. Dr. WAINWRIGHT, contains a series of portraits of the sacred personages described in the text, from designs by Finden and other artists of acknowledged eminence in England. They are beautifully engraved on steel, presenting with great fidelity to character, the ideal traits of the prophets and martyrs, whose features they are supposed to represent. Each plate is accompanied with an original essay, prepared expressly for this volume, and written with uniform propriety and good taste. The writers are among the most distinguished American divines in their respective denominations. They have performed the task assigned to them in the preparation of this elegant work, with good judgment, fidelity, and eminent success. Instead of attempting to "gild the refined gold" of the sacred writers with the thin tinsel of modern rhetoric, they have preserved the decorum appropriate to the subject, and expressed the reflections which it suggests, in grave, modest, and forcible language. Hence, this volume possesses an intrinsic value, as a work on Scripture Biography, which recommends it to the notice of the religious public, independently of the beauty and impressive character of its pictorial illustrations. We are greatly indebted both to the Editor and the Publishers for such a valuable addition to the tempting literature of the holidays.

Another of their illustrated publications, of a less expensive character, is entitled *Sacred Scenes*, describing various passages in the life of our Saviour by artistic representations, accompanied with suitable selections from the works of distinguished English writers.

Evenings at Donaldson Manor is a charming collection of tales and narratives from the pen of MARIA J. MCINTOSH, which with *Midsummer Fays*, by SUSAN PINDAR, is adapted to the younger classes of readers, forming beautiful and appropriate gifts for the season of social congratulations and the exchanges of friendship and domestic affection.

The National Cook-Book, by A LADY of Philadelphia, published by Robert E. Peterson, is a treatise adapted to American tastes and habits, and will, of course, be satisfactory to those who prefer a bill of fare in their own language. Great attention has been paid to that department of cookery exclusively adapted to the sick or convalescent, most of the dishes having been prepared according to the directions of eminent physicians of Philadelphia.

The Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some Parts of Geological Science, is reprinted by Robert E. Peterson, of Philadelphia, from the fourth London edition, greatly enlarged by its veteran author, JOHN PYE SMITH, the distinguished Professor of Divinity in the College at Homerton. The work, which consists of a series of Lectures, illustrated by copious notes, displays extensive and diligent research, uncommon strength and fairness of argument, and an animated and impressive style. It has met

with brilliant success in England, and has gained a highly favorable reputation in this country.

Little and Brown, Boston, have issued the Second Volume of *The Works of John Adams, with a Life of the Author, Notes and Illustrations*, by his Grandson, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the first volume, which has not yet made its appearance, being reserved for the Life of President Adams, announced on the title-page. The present volume is composed of a Diary, some portions of an Autobiography, and Notes of the earlier debates in the Provincial Congress at Philadelphia. The Diary was commenced in 1755, the year of the author's graduation at Harvard College, and continues to 1778, the period of his first departure for Europe as Envoy to the Court of Versailles. It presents a curious picture of the youth and early manhood of the celebrated statesman, and of the gradual development of political events till their consummation in the war of the Revolution. The sketches which are also given of several of the Massachusetts politicians, whose names have since become identified with the history of their country, derive a peculiar interest from the freedom and unconsciousness with which they are drawn, the writer having no idea of publicity, and intending his record of current events as merely the pastime of a leisure hour. His frank and copious details, which are published without alteration by the Editor, often give an amusing illustration of the domestic life of New England, and with a few homely touches, reveal the spirit of the people which led to resistance against British aggression. The manner in which the work has been prepared for publication is in a high degree creditable to the fidelity, impartiality, and excellent judgment of the Editor. He gives all necessary explanations in cases of doubt or obscurity, but never distracts the attention of the reader by a superfluity of comment. With an evident tenderness for the reputation of his venerable relative, he allows him to depict himself in genuine colors, making no attempt to gloss over his infirmities, or to place his virtues in an exaggerated light. The volume is issued in a style of great typographical elegance, with a portrait of President Adams in his youth, and a very natural sketch of the primitive old Yankee homestead in Quincy.

The Broken Bracelet and Other Poems (Phil., Lindsay and Blakiston), by Mrs. C. H. W. ES-
SAY, is the title of a volume of poems, which, in another form, have been favorably received by the public, and are now collected by the suggestion of the literary friends of the author, formerly Miss Waterman. They are justly entitled to the compliment of a reprint, on account of their true poetic sentiment, their graceful versification, their delicate appreciation of beauty, and their pure and healthy sympathies with the varied aspects of humanity. The poem, from which the volume takes its name, is a romantic Italian story, abounding in natural touches of pathos, and many of the smaller pieces show a

depth of feeling and versatility of expression that can not fail to make them general favorites.

The Immortal; A Dramatic Romance, and Other Poems, by JAMES NACK (published by Stringer and Townsend), is introduced with a memoir of the author, by GEORGE P. MORRIS, who gives an interesting description of the circumstances which, at an early period of life, decided his future position. Mr. Nack was the son of a merchant in the city of New York. He soon displayed a love of study, which gave promise of future intellectual distinction. His genius for poetry received a remarkably precocious development. But he had scarcely attained his ninth year when he met with a severe accident, which resulted in the total destruction of his hearing. He was thus deprived of the power of articulation to so great a degree, that he has since confined himself to writing as the medium of intercourse with others. His natural energy and perseverance, however, have enabled him to overcome the obstacles to literary culture, which, to most persons, would have been insurmountable. The poetry in the present volume, in addition to the interest excited by the situation of the author, possesses the decided merits of a vivid imagination, great tenderness and purity of feeling, and usually a chaste and vigorous diction.

Baker and Scribner have issued an edition of MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, in one handsome duodecimo volume, edited by Professor JAMES R. BOYD, containing original, explanatory, and critical notes, with a copious selection from the commentaries of Newton, Todd, Sir Egerton Brydges, Stebbing, and others. The edition is illustrated by engravings from the celebrated designs of Martin.

A General View of the Fine Arts (published by G. P. Putnam), is the production of a lady, who, while devoting her leisure hours to its composition, was practically engaged with the pallet and colors. It is intended to diffuse a taste for the study of the fine arts, by gathering into a small compass, the information which was before diffused through many expensive and often inaccessible volumes. Under the different heads of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Music, the author has presented a variety of historical sketches, discussions of theoretical principles, anecdotes of celebrated artists, and descriptions of their most important productions. Without making any pretensions to entire originality, the work displays a lucid arrangement, an extent of information, and a pleasing vivacity of style, which give a very favorable idea of the diligence, conscientiousness, critical judgment, and artistic enthusiasm of the anonymous author. An appropriate introduction by Huntington, the distinguished American painter, accompanies the volume.

G. P. Putnam has published the *Artist's Chromatic Hand-Book*, by JOHN P. RIDNER, a convenient practical treatise on the properties and uses of the different colors employed in painting.

Fashions for December.



FIG. 1.—VISITING AND BALL COSTUMES.

THE extremely mild weather which has prevailed during the autumn, has somewhat retarded the preparations for winter; yet the *modists* have not been unmindful of the passage of the months, and the fact that December always promises frosts and snows. From Paris, the great fountain of taste in dress, elegant bonnets have been received. Some are of white, lilac, pink, and green satin, covered with black lace of rich pattern; others are of black and colored velvets, trimmed with a small feather on each side; the inside trimming

composed of velvet flowers and foliage, in tints harmonizing with the color of the bonnet. *Pardessus*, wadded, and of the same material as the dress, are now generally worn, the patterns varying but little from those depicted in our last Number. Dresses, mantelets, and other articles of costume, are ornamented with braid and embroidery. Embroidered silks are worn, of which the gray, shot with white, and ornamented with embroidered flowers and foliage of gray silk, the stems and tendrils being white, are most in vogue. The corsage is low, open

in front, sleeves demi-long. Another seasonable material for a plain walking and in-door dress, is a French fabric called *amure*, which consists of a mixture of silk and wool. It is woven in dress lengths.

The figure on the left in Figure 1, represents an elegant ball costume. The dress is composed of white crape, the skirt, which is full, being handsomely trimmed with white lace and fullings of crape put on at equal distances; the upper row of lace, reaching to a little below the waist. Plain low corsage, the top part encircled with a double fall of lace, forming a kind of *berthe*, and headed with a narrow fulling of crape, similar to that on the skirt. This *berthe* entirely conceals the plain, short sleeve; the whole is worn over a skirt of white satin. The hair is simply arranged in a cable twist, being confined at the back with a gold or silver comb. The figure on the right represents a visiting costume. The dress is a rich plaided silk, composed of a mixture of purple, red, green, and white. The skirt is made quite plain; low corsage, trimmed with a double row of white lace across the front, one row standing up, and the other drooping over the front. *Pardessus* of the same material, trimmed all round with a quilling of plain purple ribbon. This is repeated upon the lower part of the pagoda sleeves, and also serves to attach the *pardessus* across the front of the bosom. Under pagoda sleeves are of white lace. The bonnet is of *paille d'Italie*, lined with white silk, and decorated with pink roses, the exterior having a doubled plaited frill of white silk, and a beautiful white ostrich feather.



FIG. 2.—EVENING COSTUME.

FIG. 2 represents an evening costume. The dress is of satin, of a rich deep American primrose hue, the skirt made quite plain and very full, *en petit train*; low pointed corsage, trim-

med with a fulling of satin ribbon, the same color as the dress, which is put on to form a kind of shallow cape round the back part, and descends upon each side of the front, finishing on either side of the point, and gradually narrowing from the shoulders. It is trimmed with a fall of white lace upon the lower edge, a narrower one forming a beading to the plaiting round the neck. The centre of the corsage is adorned with *nœuds* of the same colored ribbon, placed at regular distances; the short sleeves finished with a row of fulling of ribbon, similar to that on the corsage, edged with a very narrow lace. The *coiffure* represents the front of the figure on the left.



FIG. 3.—COIFFURE FOR BALL OR PARTY

FIG. 3 is given chiefly to show an elegant style of *coiffure* for a ball or evening party. A portion of the hair is brought forward in plaits, and fastened at the parting, at the top of the forehead, with a rich pearl ornament, forming a kind of festoon on each side of the head. The remainder of the front hair is disposed in a thick curl, which descends to the curve of the neck. The dress is of lilac satin; the skirt plain and full. The corsage is low, headed with white lace, and trimmed on one shoulder, with fullings of satin ribbon, of the same color as the dress, and upon the other with puffs and *nœuds* of the same. Open short sleeves composed of two deep falls of white lace. On one side a fall of lace extends from the centre of the corsage, and connects with the sleeves.

FASHIONABLE COLORS depend entirely upon the complexion; for example, for ladies who are brunettes, with a fresh color, light blue straw color, pink, and pale green, are most in favor; while those of a blonde complexion universally adopt black, red, and very dark hues.

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Robert Southey

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

BY HIS SON.*

BEING the youngest of all his children, I had not the privilege of knowing my father in his best and most joyous years, nor of remembering Greta Hall when the happiness of its circle was unbroken. Much labor and anxiety, and many sorrows, had passed over him; and although his natural buoyancy of spirit had not departed, it was greatly subdued, and I chiefly

remember its gradual diminution from year to year.

In appearance he was certainly a very striking looking person, and in early days he had by many been considered almost the *beau idéal* of a poet. Mr. Cottle describes him at the age of twenty-two as "tall, dignified, possessing great suavity of manners, an eye piercing, a countenance full of genius, kindness, and intelligence;" and he continues, "I had read so much of poetry, and sympathized so much with poets in all their eccentricities and vicissitudes, that to see before me the realization of a character which in the abstract so much absorbed my regards, gave me a degree of satisfaction

* From an unpublished chapter of the Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey, now in press by Harper and Brothers.

which it would be difficult to express." Eighteen years later Lord Byron calls him a prepossessing looking person, and, with his usual admixture of satire, says, "To have his head and shoulders I would almost have written his Sapphics;" and elsewhere he speaks of his appearance as "Epic," an expression which may be either a sneer or a compliment.

His forehead was very broad; his height was five feet eleven inches; his complexion rather dark, the eyebrows large and arched, the eye well shaped and dark brown, the mouth somewhat prominent, muscular, and very variously expressive, the chin small in proportion to the upper features of his face. He always, while in Keswick, wore a cap in his walks, and partly from habit, partly from the make of his head and shoulders, we never thought he looked well or like himself in a hat. He was of a very spare frame, but of great activity, and not showing any appearance of a weak constitution.

My father's countenance, like his character, seems to have softened down from a certain wildness of expression to a more sober and thoughtful cast; and many thought him a handsomer man in age than in youth; his eye retaining always its brilliancy, and his countenance its play of expression.

The reader will remember his Republican independency when an under-graduate at Oxford, in rebelling against the supremacy of the college barber. Though he did not continue to let his hair hang down on his shoulders according to the whim of his youthful days, yet he always wore a greater quantity than is usual; and once, on his arrival in town, Chantrey's first greetings to him were accompanied with an injunction to go and get his hair cut. When I first remember it, it was turning from a rich brown to the steel shade, whence it rapidly became almost snowy white, losing none of its remarkable thickness, and clustering in abundant curls over his massive brow.

For the following remarks on his general bearing and habits of conversation I am indebted to a friend:

"The characteristics of his manner, as of his appearance, were lightness and strength, an easy and happy composure as the accustomed mood, with much mobility at the same time, so that he could be readily excited into any degree of animation in discourse, speaking, if the subject moved him much, with extraordinary fire and force, though always in light, laconic sentences. When so moved, the fingers of his right hand often rested against his mouth, and quivered through nervous susceptibility. But, excitable as he was in conversation, he was never angry or irritable; nor can there be any greater mistake concerning him than that into which some persons have fallen, when they have inferred, from the fiery vehemence with which he could give utterance to moral anger in verse or prose, that he was personally ill-tempered or irascible. He was, in truth, a man whom it was hardly possible to quarrel with or offend personally and

face to face; and in his writings, even on public subjects in which his feelings were strongly engaged, he will be observed to have always dealt tenderly with those whom he had once seen and spoken to, unless, indeed, personally and grossly assailed by them. He said of himself that he was tolerant of persons, though intolerant of opinions. But in oral intercourse the toleration of persons was so much the stronger, that the intolerance of opinions was not to be perceived; and, indeed, it was only in regard to opinions of a pernicious moral tendency that it was ever felt.

"He was averse from argumentation, and would commonly quit a subject when it was passing into that shape, with a quiet and good-humored indication of the view in which he rested. He talked most and with most interest about books and about public affairs; less, indeed hardly at all, about the characters and qualities of men in private life. In the society of strangers or of acquaintances, he seemed to take more interest in the subjects spoken of than in the persons present, his manner being that of natural courtesy and general benevolence without distinction of individuals. Had there been some tincture of social vanity in him, perhaps he would have been brought into closer relations with those whom he met in society; but, though invariably kind and careful of their feelings, he was indifferent to the manner in which they regarded him, or (as the phrase is) to his *effect* in society; and they might, perhaps, be conscious that the kindness they received was what flowed naturally and inevitably to all, that they had nothing to give in return which was of value to him, and that no individual relations were established.

"In conversation with intimate friends he would sometimes express, half humorously, a cordial commendation of some production of his own, knowing that with them he could afford it, and that to those who knew him well it was well known that there was no vanity in him. But such commendations, though light and humorous, were perfectly sincere; for he both possessed and cherished the power of finding enjoyment and satisfaction wherever it was to be found—in his own books, in the books of his friends, and in all books whatsoever that were not morally tainted or absolutely barren."

His course of life was the most regular and simple possible. When it is said that breakfast was at nine, after a little reading,* dinner at four, tea at six, supper at half-past nine, and the intervals filled up with reading or writing, except that he regularly walked between two and four, and took a short sleep before tea, the outline of his day during those long seasons

* During the several years that he was partially employed upon the Life of Dr. Bell, he devoted two hours before breakfast to it in the summer, and as much time as there was daylight for, during the winter months, that it might not interfere with the usual occupations of the day. In all this time, however, he made but little progress in it; partly from the nature of the materials, partly from the want of sufficient interest in the subject.

when he was in full work will have been given. After supper, when the business of the day seemed to be over, though he generally took a book, he remained with his family, and was open to enter into conversation, to amuse and to be amused. It was on such times that the most pleasant fireside chattings, and the most interesting stories came forth; and, indeed, it was at such a time (though long before my day) that *The Doctor* was originated, as may be seen by the beginning of that work and the Preface to the new edition. Notwithstanding that the very mention of "my glass of punch," the one, temperate, never exceeded glass of punch, may be a stumbling-block to some of my readers, I am constrained, by the very love of the perfect picture which the first lines of *The Doctor* convey of the conclusion of his evening, to transcribe them in this place. It was written but for a few, otherwise *The Doctor* would have been no secret at all; but those few who knew him in his home will see his very look while they re-peruse it, and will recall the well-known sound:

"I was in the fourth night of the story of the Doctor and his horse, and had broken it off, not, like Scheherazade, because it was time to get up, but because it was time to go to bed. It was at thirty-five minutes after ten o'clock on the 20th of July, in the year of our Lord 1813. I finished my glass of punch, tinkled the spoon against its side, as if making music to my own meditations, and having fixed my eyes upon the Bhow Begum, who was sitting opposite to me at the head of her own table, I said, 'It ought to be written in a book.'"

This scene took place at the table of the Bhow Begum,* but it may easily be transferred to his ordinary room, where he sat after supper in one corner, with the fire on his left hand and a small table on his right, looking on at his family circle in front of him.

I have said before, as indeed his own letters have abundantly shown, that he was a most thoroughly domestic man, in that his whole pleasure and happiness was centred in his home; but yet, from the course of his pursuits, his family necessarily saw but little of him. He could not, however he might wish it, join the summer evening walk, or make one of the circle round the winter hearth, or even spare time for conversation after the family meals (except during the brief space I have just been speaking of). Every day, every hour had its allotted employment; always were there engagements to publishers imperatively requiring punctual fulfillment; always the current expenses of a large household to take anxious thoughts for: he had no crops growing while he was idle. "My ways," he used to say, "are as broad as the king's high road, and my means lie in an ink-stand."

Yet, notwithstanding the value which every

moment of his time thus necessarily bore, unlike most literary men, he was never ruffled in the slightest degree by the interruptions of his family, even on the most trivial occasions; the book or the pen was ever laid down with a smile, and he was ready to answer any question, or to enter with youthful readiness into any temporary topic of amusement or interest.

In earlier years he spoke of himself as ill calculated for general society, from a habit of uttering single significant sentences, which, from being delivered without any qualifying clauses, bore more meaning upon their surface than he intended, and through which his real opinions and feelings were often misunderstood. This habit, as far as my own observation went, though it was sometimes apparent, he had materially checked in later life, and in large parties he was usually inclined to be silent, rarely joining in general conversation. But he was very different when with only one or two companions; and to those strangers, who came to him with letters of introduction, he was both extremely courteous in manner, and frank and pleasant in conversation, and to his intimates no one could have been more wholly unreserved, more disposed to give and receive pleasure, or more ready to pour forth his vast stores of information upon almost every subject.

I might go on here, and enter more at length into details of his personal character, but the task is too difficult a one, and is perhaps, after all, better left unattempted. A most intimate and highly-valued friend of my father's, whom I wished to have supplied me with some passages on these points, remarks very justly, that "any portraiture of him, by the pen as by the pencil, will fall so far short both of the truth and the ideal which the readers of his poetry and his letters will have formed for themselves, that they would be worse than superfluous." And, indeed, perhaps I have already said too much. I can not, however, resist quoting here some lines by the friend above alluded to, which describe admirably in brief my father's whole character:

"Two friends

Lent me a further light, whose equal hate
On all unwholesome sentiment attends,
Nor whom may genius charm where heart infirm attends.

"In all things else contrarious were these two:

The one a man upon whose laureled brow
Gray hairs were growing! glory ever new
Shall circle him in after years as now;
For spent detraction may not disavow
The world of knowledge with the wit combined,
The elastic force no burden e'er could bow,
The various talents and the single mind,
Which give him moral power and mastery o'er mankind.

"His sixty summers—what are they in truth?

By Providence peculiarly blest,
With him the strong hilarity of youth
Abides, despite gray hairs, a constant guest,
His sun has veered a point toward the west,
But light as dawn his heart is glowing yet—
That heart the simplest, gentlest, kindest, best,
Where truth and manly tenderness are met
With faith and heavenward hope, the suns that never
set." *

* Miss Barker, the Senhora of earlier days, who was living at that time in a house close to Greta Hall.

* Notes to Philip Van Artevelde, by Henry Taylor.

What further I will venture to say relates chiefly to the external circumstances of his life at Keswick.

His greatest relaxation was in a mountain excursion or a pic-nic by the side of one of the lakes, tarns, or streams; and these parties, of which he was the life and soul, will long live in the recollections of those who shared them. An excellent pedestrian (thinking little of a walk of twenty-five miles when upward of sixty), he usually headed the "infantry" on these occasions, looking on those gentlemen as idle mortals who indulged in the luxury of a mountain pony; feeling very differently in the bracing air of Cumberland to what he did in Spain in 1800, when he delighted in being "gloriously lazy," in "sitting sideways upon an ass," and having even a boy to "propel" the burro.

Upon first coming down to the Lakes he rather undervalued the pleasures of an al-fresco repast, preferring chairs and tables to the green-sward of the mountains, or the moss-grown masses of rock by the lake shore; but these were probably the impressions of a cold, wet summer, and having soon learned thoroughly to appreciate these pleasures, he had his various chosen places which he thought it a sort of duty annually to revisit. Of these I will name a few, as giving them, perhaps, an added interest to some future tourists. The summit of Skiddaw he regularly visited, often three or four times in a summer, but the view thence was not one he greatly admired. Sea-Fell and Helvellyn he ranked much higher, but on account of their distance did not often reach. Saddleback and Causey Pike, two mountains rarely ascended by

tourists, were great favorites with him, and were the summits most frequently chosen for a grand expedition; and the two tarns upon Saddleback, Threlkeld and Bowscale tarns, were among the spots he thought most remarkable for grand and lonely beauty. This, too, was ground rendered more than commonly interesting, by having been the scenes of the childhood and early life of Clifford the Shepherd Lord. The rocky streams of Borrowdale, high up beyond Stonethwaite and Seathwaite, were also places often visited, especially one beautiful spot, where the river makes a sharp bend at the foot of Eagle Crag. The pass of Honistar Crag, leading from Buttermere to Borrowdale, furnished a longer excursion, which was occasionally taken with a sort of rustic pomp in the rough market carts of the country, before the cars which are now so generally used had become common, or been permitted by their owners to travel that worst of all roads. Occasionally there were grand meetings with Mr. Wordsworth, and his family and friends, at Leatheswater (or Thirlmere), a point about half way between Keswick and Rydal; and here as many as fifty persons have sometimes met together from both sides of the country. These were days of great enjoyment, not to be forgotten.

There was also an infinite variety of long walks, of which he could take advantage when opportunity served, without the preparation and trouble of a preconcerted expedition: several of these are alluded to in his Colloquies. The circuit formed by passing behind Barrow and Lodore to the vale of Watenlath, placed up high



VALE OF WATENLATH.

among the hills, with its own little lake and village, and the rugged path leading thence down to Borrowdale, was one of the walks he most admired. The beautiful vale of St. Johns, with its "Castle Rock" and picturesquely placed little church, was another favorite walk; and there were a number of springs of unusual copiousness situated near what had been apparently a deserted, and now ruined village, where he used to take luncheon. The rocky bed of the little stream at the foot of Causey Pike was a spot he loved to rest at; and the deep pools of the stream that flows down the adjoining valley of New Lands—

"Whose pure and chrysolite waters
Flow o'er a schistose bed,"

formed one of his favorite resorts for bathing.

Yet these excursions, although for a few years he still continued to enjoy them, began in later life to wear to him something of a melancholy aspect. So many friends were dead who had formerly shared them, and his own domestic losses were but too vividly called to mind with the remembrance of former days of enjoyment, the very grandeur of the scenery around many of the chosen places, and the unchanging features of the "everlasting hills," brought back forcibly sad memories, and these parties became in time so painful that it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to join in them.

He concealed, indeed, as the reader has seen, beneath a reserved manner, a most acutely sensitive mind, and a warmth and kindliness of feeling which was only understood by few, indeed, perhaps, not thoroughly by any. He said, speaking of the death of his uncle, Mr. Hill, that one of the sources of consolation to him was the thought that perhaps the departed might then be conscious how truly he had loved and honored him; and I believe the depth of his affection and the warmth of his friendship was known to none but himself. On one particular point I remember his often regretting his constitutional bashfulness and reserve; and that was, because, added to his retired life and the nature of his pursuits, it prevented him from knowing any thing of the persons among whom he lived. Long as he had resided at Keswick, I do not think there were twenty persons in the lower class whom he knew by sight; and though this was in some measure owing to a slight degree of short-sightedness, which, contrary to what is usual, came on in later life, yet I have heard him often lament it as not being what he thought right; and after slightly returning the salutation of some passer by, he would again mechanically lift his cap as he heard some well-known name in reply to his inquiries, and look back with regret that the greeting had not been more cordial. With those persons who were occasionally employed about the house he was most familiarly friendly, and these regarded him with a degree of affectionate reverence that could not be surpassed.

It may perhaps be expected by some readers that a more accurate account of my father's in-

come should be given than has yet appeared; but this is not an easy matter, from its extreme variableness, and this it was that constituted a continual source of uneasiness both to others and to himself, rarely as he acknowledged it. A common error has been to speak of him as one to whom literature has been a mine of wealth. That his political opponents should do this is not so strange; but even Charles Lamb, who, if he had thought a little, would hardly have written so rashly, says, in a letter to Bernard Barton, recently published, that "Southey has made a fortune by book drudgery." What sort of a "fortune" that was which never once permitted him to have one year's income beforehand, and compelled him almost always to forestall the profit of his new works, the reader may imagine.

His only certain source of income* was his pension, from which he received £145, and the Laureateship, which was £90: the larger portion of these two sums, however, went to the payment of his life-insurance, so that not more than £100 could be calculated upon as available, and the Quarterly Review was therefore for many years his chief means of support. He received latterly £100 for an article, and commonly furnished one for each number. What more was needful had to be made up by his other works, which as they were always published upon the terms of the publisher taking the risk and sharing the profits, produced him but little, considering the length of time they were often in preparation, and as he was constantly adding new purchases to his library, but little was to be reckoned upon this account. For the Peninsular War he received £1000, but the copyright remained the property of the publisher.

With regard to his mode of life, although it was as simple and inexpensive as possible, his expenditure was with difficulty kept within his income, though he had indeed a most faithful helpmate, who combined with a wise and careful economy a liberality equal to his own in any case of distress. One reason for this difficulty was, that considerable sums were, not now and then, but regularly, drawn from him by his less successful relatives.

The house which for so many years was his residence at Keswick, though well situated both for convenience and for beauty of prospect, was unattractive in external appearance, and to most families would have been an undesirable residence. Having originally been two houses, afterward thrown together, it consisted of a good many small rooms, connected by long passages, all of which with great ingenuity he made available for holding books, with which indeed the house was lined from top to bottom. His own sitting-room, which was the largest in the house, was filled with the handsomest of them, arranged with much taste, according to his own fashion, with due regard to size, color, and condition; and he used to contemplate these, his carefully accumulated and much prized treasures, with

* I speak of a period prior to his receiving his last pension, which was granted in 1835.

even more pleasure and pride than the greatest connoisseur his finest specimens of the old masters: and justly, for they were both the necessities and the luxuries of life to him; both the very instruments whereby he won, hardly enough, his daily bread, and the source of all his pleasures and recreations—the pride of his eyes and the joy of his heart.

His Spanish and Portuguese collection, which at one time was one of the best, if not itself the best to be found in the possession of any private individual, was the most highly-prized portion of his library. It had been commenced by his uncle, Mr. Hill, long prior to my father's first visit to Lisbon; and having originated in the love Mr. Hill himself had for the literature of those countries, it was carried forward with more ardor when he found that his nephew's taste and abilities were likely to turn it to good account. It comprised a considerable number of manuscripts, some of them copied by Mr. Hill from rare MSS. in private and convent libraries.

Many of these old books being in vellum or parchment bindings, he had taken much pains to render them ornamental portions of the furniture of his shelves. His brother Thomas was skillful in calligraphy; and by his assistance their backs were painted with some bright color, and upon it the title placed lengthwise in large gold letters of the old English type. Any one who had visited his library will remember the tastefully-arranged pyramids of these curious-looking books.

Another fancy of his was to have all those books of lesser value, which had become ragged and dirty, covered, or rather bound, in colored cotton prints, for the sake of making them clean and respectable in their appearance, it being impossible to afford the cost of having so many put into better bindings.

Of this task his daughters, aided by any female friends who might be staying with them, were the performers; and not fewer than from 1200 to 1400 volumes were so bound by them at different times, filling completely one room, which he designated as the Cottonian library. With this work he was much interested and amused, as the ladies would often suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a Quaker work or a book of sermons in sober drab, poetry in some flowery design, and sometimes contriving a sly piece of satire at the contents of some well-known author by their choice of its covering. One considerable convenience attended this eccentric mode of binding—the book became as well known by its dress as by its contents, and much more easily found.

With respect to his mode of acquiring and arranging the contents of a book, it was somewhat peculiar. He was as rapid a reader as could be conceived, having the power of perceiving by a glance down the page whether it contained any thing which he was likely to make use of—a slip of paper lay on his desk, and was used as a marker, and with a slight penciled S he would note the passage, put a reference on

the paper, with some brief note of the subject, which he could transfer to his note-book, and in the course of a few hours he had classified and arranged every thing in the work which it was likely he would ever want. It was thus, with a remarkable memory (not so much for the facts or passages themselves, but for their existence and the authors that contained them), and with this kind of index, both to it and them, that he had at hand a command of materials for whatever subject he was employed upon, which has been truly said to be "unequaled."

Many of the choicest passages he would transcribe himself at odds and ends of times, or employ one of his family to transcribe for him; and these are the extracts which form his "Commonplace Book," recently published; but those of less importance he had thus within reach in case he wished to avail himself of them. The quickness with which this was done was very remarkable. I have often known him receive a parcel of books one afternoon, and the next have found his mark throughout perhaps two or three different volumes; yet, if a work took his attention particularly, he was not rapid in its perusal; and on some authors, such as the Old Divines, he "fed," as he expressed it, slowly and carefully, dwelling on the page and taking in its contents deeply and deliberately—like an epicure with his "wine searching the subtle flavor."

His library at his death consisted of about 14,000 volumes; probably the largest number of books ever collected by a person of such limited means. Among these he found most of the materials for all he did, and almost all he wished to do; and though sometimes he lamented that his collection was not a larger one, it is probable that it was more to his advantage that it was in some degree limited. As it was, he collected an infinitely greater quantity of materials for every subject he was employed upon than ever he made use of, and his published Notes give some idea, though an inadequate one, of the vast stores he thus accumulated.

On this subject he writes to his cousin, Herbert Hill, at that time one of the librarians of the "Bodleian:"—"When I was at the British Museum the other day, walking through the rooms with Carey, I felt that to have lived in that library, or in such a one, would have rendered me perfectly useless, even if it had not made me mad. The sight of such countless volumes made me feel how impossible it would be to pursue any subject through all the investigations into which it would lead me, and that therefore I should either lose myself in the vain pursuit, or give up in despair, and read for the future with no other object than that of immediate gratification. This was an additional reason for being thankful for my own lot, aware as I am that I am always tempted to pursue a train of inquiry too far."

The reader need not be told that the sorrows and anxieties of the last few years of my father's life had produced, as might be expected, a very

injurious effect upon his constitution, both as to body and mind. Acutely sensitive by nature, deep and strong in his affections, and highly predisposed to nervous disease, he had felt the sad affliction which had darkened his latter years far more keenly than any ordinary observer would have supposed, or than even appears in his letters. He had, indeed, then, as he expressed himself in his letter declining the Baronetcy, been "shaken at the root;" and while we must not forget the more than forty years of incessant mental application which he had passed through, it was this stroke of calamity which most probably greatly hastened the coming of the evil day, if it was not altogether the cause of it, and which rapidly brought on that overclouding of the intellect which soon unequivocally manifested itself.

This, indeed, in its first approaches, had been so gradual as to have almost escaped notice; and it was not until after the sad truth was fully ascertained, that indications of failure (some of which I have already alluded to) which had appeared some time previously, were called to mind. A loss of memory on certain points, a lessening acuteness of the perceptive faculties, an occasional irritability (wholly unknown in him before); a confusion of time, place, and person; the losing his way in well-known places—all were remembered as having taken place, when the melancholy fact had become too evident that the powers of his mind were irreparably weakened.

On his way home in the year 1839, he passed a few days in London, and then his friends plainly saw, what, from the altered manner of the very few and brief letters he had latterly written, they had already feared, that he had so failed as to have lost much of the vigor and activity of his faculties. The impressions of one of his most intimate friends, as conveyed at the time by letter, may fitly be quoted here. "I have just come home from a visit which affected me deeply. . . . It was to Southey, who arrived in town to-day from Hampshire with his wife. . . . He is (I fear) much altered. The animation and peculiar clearness of his mind quite gone, except a gleam or two now and then. What he said was much in the spirit of his former mind as far as the matter and meaning went, but the tone of strength and elasticity was wanting. The appearance was that of a placid languor, sometimes approaching to torpor, but not otherwise than cheerful. He is thin and shrunk in person, and that extraordinary face of his has no longer the fire and strength it used to have, though the singular cast of the features, and the habitual expressions, make it still a most remarkable phenomenon. Upon the whole, I came away with a troubled heart." . . . After a brief account of the great trials of my father's late years, the writer continues: "He has been living since his marriage in Hampshire, where he has not had the aid of his old habits and accustomed books to methodize his mind. All this considered, I think we may hope that a year or two of quiet living at his own home may

restore him. His easy, cheerful temperament will be greatly in his favor. You must help me to hope this, for I could not bear to think of the decay of that great mind and noble nature—at least not of its premature decay. Pray that this may be averted, as I have this night." *

On the following day the same friend writes: "I think I am a little relieved about Southey to-day. I have seen him three times in the course of the day, and on each occasion he was so easy and cheerful that I should have said his manner and conversation did not differ, in the most part, from what it would have been in former days, if he had happened to be very tired. I say for the most part only, though, for there was once an obvious confusion of ideas. He lost himself for a moment; he was conscious of it, and an expression passed over his countenance which was exceedingly touching—an expression of pain and also of resignation. I am glad to learn from his brother that he is aware of his altered condition, and speaks of it openly. This gives a better aspect to the case than if he could believe that nothing was the matter with him. Another favorable circumstance is, that he will deal with himself wisely and patiently. The charm of his manner is perhaps even enhanced at present (at least when one knows the circumstances), by the gentleness and patience which pervade it. His mind is beautiful even in its debility."

Much of my father's failure in its early stages was at first ascribed by those anxiously watching him, to repeated attacks of the influenza—at that time a prevailing epidemic—from which he had suffered greatly, and to which he attributed his own feelings of weakness; but alas! the weakness he felt was as much mental as bodily (though he had certainly declined much in bodily strength), and after his return home it gradually increased upon him. The uncertain step—the confused manner—the eye once so keen and so intelligent, now either wandering restlessly or fixed as it were in blank contemplation—all showed that the over-wrought mind was worn out.

One of the plainest signs of this was the cessation of his accustomed labors; but while doing nothing (with him how plain a proof that nothing could be done), he would frequently anticipate a coming period of his usual industry. His mind, while any spark of its reasoning powers remained, was busy with its old day-dreams—the History of Portugal—the History of the Monastic Orders—the Doctor—all were soon to be taken in hand in earnest—all completed, and new works added to these.

For a considerable time after he had ceased to compose, he took pleasure in reading, and the habit continued after the power of comprehension was gone. His dearly-prized books, indeed, were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.

In the earlier stages of his disorder (if the

term may be fitly applied to a case which was not a perversion of the faculties, but their decay) he could still converse at times with much of his old liveliness and energy. When the mind was, as it were, set going upon some familiar subject, for a little time you could not perceive much failure; but if the thread was broken, if it was a conversation in which new topics were started, or if any argument was commenced, his powers failed him at once, and a painful sense of this seemed to come over him for the moment. His recollection first failed as to recent events, and his thoughts appeared chiefly to dwell upon those long past, and as his mind grew weaker, these recollections seemed to recede still farther back. Names he could rarely remember, and more than once, when trying to recall one which he felt he ought to know, I have seen him press his hand upon his brow and sadly exclaim, "Memory! memory! where art thou gone?"

But this failure altogether was so gradual, and at the same time so complete, that I am inclined to hope and believe there was not on the whole much painful consciousness of it; and certainly for more than a year preceding his death, he passed his time as in a dream, with little, if any knowledge of what went on around him.

One circumstance connected with the latter years of his life deserves to be noticed as very singular. His hair, which previously was almost snowy white, grew perceptibly darker, and I think, if any thing, increased in thickness and a disposition to curl.

But it is time I drew a veil over these latter scenes. They are too painful to dwell on.

"A noble mind in sad decay,
When baffled hope has died away,
And life becomes one long distress
In pitiable helplessness.
Methinks 'tis like a ship on shore,
That once defied the Atlantic's roar,
And gallantly through gale and storm
Hath ventured her majestic form;
But now in stranded ruin laid,
By winds and dashing seas decayed,
Forgetful of her ocean reign,
Must crumble into earth again."*

In some cases of this kind, toward the end, some glimmering of reason re-appears, but this must be when the mind is obscured or upset, not, as in this case, apparently worn out. The

* Robert Montgomery. The fourth line is altered from the original.

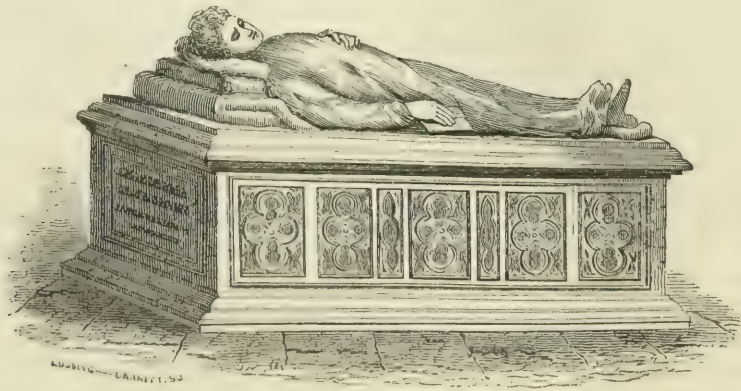
body gradually grew weaker, and disorders appeared which the state of the patient rendered it almost impossible to treat properly; and, after a short attack of fever, the scene closed on the 21st of March, 1843, and a second time had we cause to feel deeply thankful, when the change from life to death, or more truly from death to life, took place.

It was a dark and stormy morning when he was borne to his last resting-place, at the western end of the beautiful church-yard of Crosthwaite. There lies his dear son Herbert—there his daughters Emma and Isabel—there Edith, his faithful helpmate of forty years. But few besides his own family and immediate neighbors followed his remains. His only intimate friend within reach, Mr. Wordsworth, crossed the hills that wild morning to be present.

Soon after my father's death, various steps were taken with a view to erecting monuments to his memory; and considerable sums were quickly subscribed for that purpose, the list including the names of many persons, not only strangers to him personally, but also strongly opposed to him in political opinion. The result was that three memorials were erected. The first and principal one, a full length recumbent figure, was executed by Lough, and placed in Crosthwaite church, and is certainly an excellent likeness, as well as a most beautiful work of art. The original intention and agreement was, that it should be in Caen stone, but the sculptor, with characteristic liberality, executed it in white marble, at a considerable sacrifice.

The following lines, by Mr. Wordsworth, are inscribed upon the base:

"Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here; on you
His eyes have closed; and ye loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown
Adding immortal labors of his own—
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance or the church's weal,
Or fancy disciplined by curious art
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,
Or judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings meet in holier rest.
His joys—his griefs—have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to Heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and steadfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death."



SOUTHEY'S TOMB.



MADAME CAMPAN.

MADAME CAMPAN.*

JANE LOUISA HENRIETTA CAMPAN was born at Paris, 1752. She was the daughter of M. Genet, first clerk in the office of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was fond of literature, and communicated a taste for it to his daughter, who early displayed considerable talents. She acquired a knowledge of foreign languages, particularly the Italian and English, and was distinguished for her skill in reading and recitation. These acquisitions procured for her the place of reader to the French princesses, daughters of Louis XV. On the marriage of Marie-Antoinette to the Dauphin, afterward Louis XVI., Mademoiselle Genet was attached to her suite, and continued, for twenty years, to occupy a situation about her person.

Her general intelligence and talent for observation, enabled Madame Campan, in the course of her service, to collect the materials for her "Memoirs of the Private Life of the Queen of France," first published in Paris, and translated and printed in London, 1823, in two volumes. This work is not only interesting for the information it affords, but is also very creditable to the literary talents of the authoress. Soon after the appointment at court, Mademoiselle Genet was married to M. Campan, son of the Secretary of the queen's closet. When Marie-Antoinette was made a prisoner, Madame Campan begged to be permitted to accompany her royal mistress, and share her imprisonment, which was refused. Madame Campan was with the queen at the storming of the Tuilleries, on the 10th of August, when she narrowly escaped with her life: and, under the rule of Robespierre, she came near being sent to the guillotine. After the fall of that tyrant, she retired to the country, and opened a private

seminary for young ladies, which she conducted with great success. Josephine Beauharnais sent her daughter, Hortense, to the seminary of Madame Campan. She had also the sisters of the emperor under her care. In 1806, Napoleon founded the school of Ecouen, for the daughters and sisters of the officers of the Legion of Honor, and appointed Madame Campan to superintend it. This institution was suppressed at the restoration of the Bourbons, and Madame Campan retired to Nantes, where she partly prepared her "Memoirs," and other works. She died in 1822, aged seventy. After her decease, her "Private Journal" was published; also, "Familiar Letters to her Friends," and a work, which she considered her most important one, entitled "Thoughts on Education." We will give extracts from these works.

From the "Private Journal."

MESMER AND HIS MAGNETISM.

At the time when Mesmer made so much noise in Paris with his magnetism, M. Campan, my husband, was his partisan, like almost every person who moved in high life. To be magnetized was then a fashion; nay, it was more, it was absolutely a rage. In the drawing-rooms, nothing was talked of but the brilliant discovery. There was to be no more dying; people's heads were turned, and their imaginations heated in the highest degree. To accomplish this object, it was necessary to bewilder the understanding; and Mesmer, with his singular language, produced that effect. To put a stop to the fit of public insanity was the grand difficulty; and it was proposed to have the secret purchased by the court. Mesmer fixed his claims at a very extravagant rate. However, he was offered fifty thousand crowns. By a singular chance, I was one day led into the midst of the somnambulists. Such was the enthusiasm of the spectators, that, in most of them, I could observe a wild rolling of the eye, and a convulsed movement of the countenance. A stranger might have fancied himself amidst the unfortunate patients of Charenton. Surprised and shocked at seeing so many people almost in a state of delirium, I withdrew, full of reflections on the scene which I had just witnessed.

It happened that about this time my husband was attacked with a pulmonary disorder, and he desired that he might be conveyed to Mesmer's house. Being introduced into the apartment occupied by M. Campan, I asked the worker of miracles what treatment he proposed to adopt; he very coolly replied, that to ensure a speedy and perfect cure, it would be necessary to lay in the bed of the invalid, at his left side, one of three things, namely, a young woman of brown complexion; a black hen; or an empty bottle.

"Sir," said I, "if the choice be a matter of indifference, pray try the empty bottle."

M. Campan's side grew worse; he experienced a difficulty of breathing and a pain in his chest. All magnetic remedies that were employed produced no effect. Perceiving his fail-

* From Mrs. Hale's Female Biography, now in the press of Harper & Brothers.

ure, Mesmer took advantage of the periods of my absence to bleed and blister the patient. I was not informed of what had been done until after M. Campan's recovery. Mesmer was asked for a certificate, to prove that the patient had been cured by means of magnetism only; and he gave it. Here was a trait of enthusiasm! Truth was no longer respected. When I next presented myself to the queen (Marie-Antoinette), their majesties asked what I thought of Mesmer's discovery. I informed them of what had taken place, earnestly expressing my indignation at the conduct of the barefaced quack. It was immediately determined to have nothing more to do with him.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO MADAME
CAMPAN'S SCHOOL.

The emperor inquired into the most minute particulars respecting the establishment at Ecouen; and I felt great pleasure in answering his questions. I recollect having dwelt on several points which appeared to me very important, and which were in their spirit hostile to aristocratical principles. For example, I informed his majesty that the daughters of distinguished and wealthy individuals, and those of the humble and obscure, were indiscriminately mingled together in the establishment. If, said I, I were to observe the least pretension on account of the rank or fortune of parents, I should immediately put an end to it. The most perfect equality is preserved; distinction is awarded only to merit and industry. The pupils are obliged to cut and make all their own clothes. They are taught to clean and mend lace; and two at a time, they by turns, three times a week, cook and distribute victuals to the poor of the village. The young ladies who have been brought up in my boarding-school are thoroughly acquainted with every thing relating to household business; and they are grateful to me for having made it a part of their education. In my conversations with them, I have always taught them that *on domestic management depends the preservation or dissipation of their fortunes*. I impress on their minds the necessity of regulating with attention the most trifling daily expenses; but at the same time I recommend them to avoid making domestic details the subject of conversation in the drawing-room, for that is a most decided mark of ill-breeding. It is proper that all should know how to do and to direct; but it is only for ill-educated women to talk about their carriages, servants, washing, and cooking.

These are the reasons, sire, why my pupils are generally superior to those brought up in other establishments. All is conducted on the most simple plan; the young ladies are taught every thing of which they can possibly stand in need; and they are consequently as much at their ease in the brilliant circles of fashion, as in the most humble condition of life. Fortune confers rank, but education teaches how to support it properly.

From the "Letters," &c.

TO HER ONLY SON.

You are now, my dear Henry, removed from my fond care and instruction; and young as you are, you have entered upon the vast theatre of the world. Some years hence, when time shall have matured your ideas, and enabled you to take a clear, retrospective view of your steps in life, you will be able to enter into my feelings, and to judge of the anxiety which at this moment agitates my heart.

When first a beloved child, releasing itself from its nurse's arms, ventures its little tottering steps on the soft carpet, or the smoothest grass-plot, the poor mother scarcely breathes; she imagines that these first efforts of nature are attended with every danger to the object most dear to her. Fond mother, calm your anxious fears! Your infant son can, at the worst, only receive a slight hurt, which, under your tender care, will speedily be healed. Reserve your alarms, your heart-beatings, your prayers to Providence, for the moment when your son enters upon the scene of the world to select a character, which, if sustained with dignity, judgment, and feeling, will render him universally esteemed and approved; or to degrade himself by filling one of those low, contemptible parts, fit only for the vilest actors in the drama of life. Tremble at the moment when your child has to choose between the rugged road of industry and integrity, leading straight to honor and happiness; and the smooth and flowery path which descends, through indolence and pleasure, to the gulf of vice and misery. It is then that the voice of a parent, or of some faithful friend, must direct the right course. . . .

Surrounded as you doubtless are, by thoughtless and trifling companions, let your mother be the rallying point of your mind and heart; the confidant of all your plans.

Learn to know the value of money. This is a most essential point. The want of economy leads to the decay of powerful empires, as well as private families. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold for a deficit of fifty millions. There would have been no debt, no assemblies of the people, no revolution, no loss of the sovereign authority, no tragical death, but for this fatal deficit. States are ruined through the mismanagement of millions, and private persons become bankrupts and end their lives in misery through the mismanagement of crowns worth six livres. It is very important, my dear son, that I lay down to you these first principles of right conduct, and impress upon your mind the necessity of adhering to them. Render me an account of the expenditure of your money, not viewing me in the light of a rigid preceptor, but as a friend who wishes to accustom you to the habit of accounting to yourself.

Let me impress upon you the importance of attentive application to business; for that affords certain consolation, and is a security against lassitude, and the vices which idleness creates.

Be cautious how you form connections; and hesitate not to break them off on the first proposition to adopt any course which your affectionate mother warns you to avoid, as fatal to your real happiness, and to the attainment of that respect and esteem which it should be your ambition to enjoy.

Never neglect to appropriate a certain portion of your time to useful reading; and do not imagine that even half an hour a day, devoted to that object, will be unprofitable. The best way of arranging and employing one's time is by calculation; and I have often reflected that half an hour's reading every day, will be one hundred and eighty hours' reading in the course of the year. Great fortunes are amassed by little savings; and poverty as well as ignorance are occasioned by the extravagant waste of money and time.

My affection for you, my dear Henry, is still as actively alive as when, in your infancy, I removed, patiently, every little stone from a certain space in my garden, lest, when you first ran alone, you might fall and hurt your face on the pebbles. But the snares now spread beneath your steps are far more dangerous. They are strengthened by seductive appearances, and the ardor of youth would hurry you forward to the allurements; but that my watchful care, and the confidence you repose in me, serve to counteract the influence of this twofold power. Your bark is gliding near a rapid current; but your mother stands on the shore, and with her eyes fixed on her dear navigator, anxiously exclaims, in the moment of danger, "Reef your sails; mind your helm." Oh! may you never forget, or cease to be guided by these warnings, which come from my inmost heart.

PROCRASTINATION.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

IF Fortune with a smiling face
Strew roses on our way,
When shall we stoop to pick them up?

To-day, my love, to-day.

But should she frown with face of care,
And talk of coming sorrow,
When shall we grieve, if grieve we must?

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those who've wrong'd us own their fault,
And kindly pity pray,
When shall we listen, and forgive?

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if stern Justice urge rebuke,
And warmth from Memory borrow,
When shall we chide, if chide we dare?

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If those to whom we owe a debt
Are harmed unless we pay,
When shall we struggle to be just?

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if our debtor fail our hope,
And plead his ruin thorough,
When shall we weigh his breach of faith?

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

If love estranged should once again
Her genial smile display,
When shall we kiss her proffered lips?

To-day, my love, to-day.

But if she would indulge regret,
Or dwell with bygone sorrow,
When shall we weep, if weep we must?

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.

For virtuous acts and harmless joys
The minutes will not stay;
We've always time to welcome them,

To-day, my love, to-day.

But care, resentment, angry words,
And unavailing sorrow,

Come far too soon, if they appear

To-morrow, love, to-morrow.



BONA LOMBARDI.

BRUNORO.*

BONA LOMBARDI, was born in 1417, in Sacco, a little village in Vattellina. Her parents were obscure peasants, of whom we have but little information. The father, Gabriel Lombardi, a private soldier, died while she was an infant; and her mother not surviving him long, the little girl was left to the charge of an aunt, a hard-working countrywoman, and an uncle, an humble curate.

Bona, in her simple peasant station, exhibited intelligence, decision of character, and personal beauty, which raised her to a certain consideration in the estimation of her companions; and the neighborhood boasted of the beauty of Bona, when an incident occurred which was to raise her to a most unexpected rank. In the war between the Duke of Milan and the Venetians, the latter had been routed and driven from Vattellina. Piccinino, the Milanese general,

* From Mrs. Hale's Female Biography.

upon departing to follow up his advantages, left Captain Brunoro, a Parmesan gentleman, to maintain a camp in Morbegno, as a central position, to maintain the conquered country. One day, after a hunting party, he stopped to repose himself, in a grove where many of the peasants were assembled for some rustic festival; he was greatly struck with the loveliness of a girl of about fifteen. Upon entering into conversation with her, he was surprised at the ingenuity and spirited tone of her replies. Speaking of the adventure on his return home, every body told him that Bona Lombardi had acknowledged claims to admiration.

Brunoro, remaining through the summer in that district, found many opportunities of seeing the fair peasant; becoming acquainted with her worth and character, he at last determined to make her the companion of his life; their marriage was not declared at first, but, to prevent a separation, however temporary, Bona was induced to put on the dress of an officer. Her husband delighted in teaching her horsemanship, together with all military exercises. She accompanied him in battle, fought by his side, and, regardless of her own safety, seemed to be merely an added arm to shield and assist Brunoro. As was usual in those times, among the condottieri, Brunoro adopted different lords, and fought sometimes in parties to which, at others, he was opposed. In these vicissitudes, he incurred the anger of the King of Naples, who, seizing him by means of an ambuscade, plunged him into a dungeon, where he would probably have finished his days, but for the untiring and well-planned efforts of his wife. To effect his release, she spared no means; supplications, threats, money, all were employed, and, at last, with good success. She had the happiness of recovering her husband.

Bona was not only gifted with the feminine qualities of domestic affection and a well-balanced intellect; in the hottest battles, her bravery and power of managing her troops were quite remarkable; of these feats there are many instances recorded. We will mention but one. In the course of the Milanese war, the Venetians had been, on one occasion, signally discomfited in an attack upon the Castle of Povoze, in Brescia. Brunoro himself was taken prisoner, and carried into the castle. Bona arrived with a little band of fresh soldiers; she rallied the routed forces, inspired them with new courage, led them on herself, took the castle, and liberated her husband, with the other prisoners. She was, however, destined to lose her husband without possibility of recovering him; he died in 1468. When this intrepid heroine, victor in battles, and, rising above all adversity, was bowed by a sorrow resulting from affection, she declared she could not survive Brunoro. She caused a tomb to be made, in which their remains could be united; and, after seeing the work completed, she gradually sank into a languid state, which terminated in her death.



A SKETCH OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY THE "ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER."

SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

To the Editor of Hogg's "Instructor."

MY DEAR SIR—I am much obliged to you for communicating to us (that is, to my daughters and myself) the engraved portrait, enlarged from the daguerreotype original. The engraver, at least, seems to have done his part ably. As to one of the earlier artists concerned, viz., the sun of July, I suppose it is not allowable to complain of *him*, else my daughters are inclined to upbraid him with having made the mouth too long. But, of old, it was held audacity to suspect the sun's veracity: "*Solem quis dicere falsum audeat!*" And I remember that, half a century ago, the "*Sun*" newspaper in London, used to fight under sanction of that motto. But it was at length discovered by the learned, that *Sun junior*, viz., the newspaper, *did* sometimes indulge in fibbing. The ancient prejudice about the solar truth broke down, therefore, in that instance; and who knows but *Sun senior* may be detected, now that our optical glasses are so much improved, in similar practices? in which case he may have only been "keeping his hand in" when operating upon that one feature of the mouth. The rest of the portrait, we all agree, does credit to his talents, showing that he is still wide-awake, and not at all the superannuated old artist that some speculators in philosophy had dreamed of his becoming.

As an accompaniment to this portrait, your wish is that I should furnish a few brief chronological memoranda of my own life. *That* would be hard for me to do, and, *when* done, might not

be very interesting for others to read. Nothing makes such dreary and monotonous reading as the old hackneyed roll-call, chronologically arrayed, of inevitable facts in a man's life. One is so certain of the man's having been born, and also of his having died, that it is dismal to lie under the necessity of reading it. That the man began by being a boy—that he went to school—and that, by intense application to his studies, “which he took to be *his* portion in this life,” he rose to distinction as a robber of orchards, seems so probable, upon the whole, that I am willing to accept it as a postulate. That he married—that, in fullness of time, he was hanged, or (being a humble, unambitious man) that he was content with deserving it—these little circumstances are so naturally to be looked for, as sown broadcast up and down the great fields of biography, that any one life becomes, in this respect, but the echo of thousands. Chronologic successions of events and dates, such as these, which, belonging to the race, illustrate nothing in the individual, are as wearisome as they are useless.

A better plan will be—to detach some single chapter from the experiences of childhood, which is likely to offer, at least, this kind of value—either that it will record some of the deep impressions under which my childish sensibilities expanded, and the ideas which at that time brooded continually over my mind, or else will expose the traits of character that slumbered in those around me. This plan will have the advantage of not being liable to the suspicion of vanity or egotism; for I beg the reader to understand distinctly, that I do not offer this sketch as deriving any part of what interest it may have from myself, as the person concerned in it. If the particular experience selected is really interesting, in virtue of its own circumstances, then it matters not to *whom* it happened. Suppose that a man should record a perilous journey, it will be no fair inference that he records it as a journey performed by himself. Most sincerely he may be able to say, that he records it not *for* that relation to himself, but *in spite of* that relation. The incidents, being absolutely independent, in their power to amuse, of all personal reference, must be equally interesting [he will say] whether they occurred to A or to B. That is *my* case. Let the reader abstract from *me* as a person that by accident, or in some partial sense, may have been previously known to himself. Let him read the sketch as belonging to one who wishes to be profoundly anonymous. I offer it not as owing any thing to its connection with a particular individual, but as likely to be amusing separately for itself; and if I make any mistake in *that*, it is not a mistake of vanity exaggerating the consequence of what relates to my own childhood, but a simple mistake of the judgment as to the power of amusement that may attach to a particular succession of reminiscences.

Excuse the imperfect development which in some places of the sketch may have been given

to my meaning. I suffer from a most afflicting derangement of the nervous system, which at times makes it difficult for me to write at all, and always makes me impatient, in a degree not easily understood, of recasting what may seem insufficiently, or even incoherently, expressed.—Believe me, ever yours,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

A SKETCH FROM CHILDHOOD.

ABOUT the close of my sixth year, suddenly the first chapter of my life came to a violent termination; that chapter which, and which only, in the hour of death, or even within the gates of recovered Paradise, could merit a remembrance. “It is finished,” was the secret misgiving of my heart, for the heart even of infancy is as apprehensive as that of maturest wisdom, in relation to any capital wound inflicted on the happiness; “it is finished, and life is exhausted.” How? Could it be exhausted so soon? Had I read Milton, had I seen Rome, had I heard Mozart? No. The “Paradise Lost” was yet unread, the Coliseum and St. Peter’s were unseen, the melodies of Don Giovanni were yet silent for me. Raptures there might be in arrear. But raptures are modes of *troubled* pleasure; the peace, the rest, the lulls, the central security, which belong to love, that is past all understanding, *those* could return no more. Such a love, so unfathomable, subsisting between myself and my eldest sister, under the circumstances of our difference in age (she being above eight years of age, I under six), and of our affinities in nature, together with the sudden foundering of all this blind happiness, I have described elsewhere.* I shall not here repeat any part of the narrative. But one extract from the closing sections of the paper I shall make; in order to describe the depth to which a child’s heart may be plowed up by one over-mastering storm of grief, and as a proof that grief, in some of its fluctuations, is not uniformly a depressing passion—but also by possibility has its own separate aspirations, and at times is full of cloudy grandeur. The point of time is during the months that immediately succeeded to my sister’s funeral.

“The awful stillness of summer noons, when no winds were abroad—the appealing silence of gray or misty afternoons—these were to me, in that state of mind, fascinations, as of witchcraft. Into the woods, or the desert air, I gazed as if some comfort lay in *them*. I wearied the heavens with my inquest of beseeching looks. I tormented the blue depths with obstinate scrutiny, sweeping* them with my eyes, and searching them forever, after one angelic face, that might perhaps have permission to reveal itself for a moment. The faculty of shaping images in the distance, out of slight elements, and grouping them after the yearnings of the

* Elsewhere, viz., in the introductory part of the “*Suspiria de Profundis*,” published in “Blackwood,” during the early part of the year 1845. The work is yet unfinished as regards the publication.

heart, grew upon me at this time. And I recall at the present moment one instance of that sort, which may show how merely shadows, or a gleam of brightness, or nothing at all, could furnish a sufficient basis for this creative faculty. On Sunday mornings I was always taken to church. It was a church on the old and natural model of England, having aisles, galleries, organ, all things ancient and venerable, and the proportions majestic. Here, while the congregation knelt through the long Litany, as often as we came to that passage, so beautiful among the many that are so, where God is supplicated on behalf of 'all sick persons and young children,' and that He 'would show His pity upon all prisoners and captives, I wept in secret; and, raising my streaming eyes to the windows of the galleries, saw, on days when the sun was shining, a spectacle as affecting as ever prophet can have beheld. The margins of the windows were rich in storied glass; through the deep purples and crimsons streamed the golden light; emblazonries of heavenly illumination mingling with the earthly emblazonries of what is grandest in man. *There* were the apostles that had trampled upon earth, and the glories of earth, out of celestial love to man. *There* were the martyrs that had borne witness to the truth through flames, through torments, and through armies of fierce, insulting faces. *There* were the saints that, under intolerable pangs, had glorified God by meek submission to his will. And all the time, while this tumult of sublime memorials held on as the deep chords of some accompaniment in the bass, I saw through the wide central field of the window, where the glass was uncolored, white fleecy clouds sailing over the azure depths of the sky; were it but a fragment or a hint of such a cloud, immediately, under the flash of my sorrow-haunted eye, it grew and shaped itself into a vision of beds with white lawny curtains; and in the beds lay sick children, dying children, that were tossing in anguish, and weeping clamorously for death. God, for some mysterious reason, could not suddenly release them from their pain; but He suffered the beds, as it seemed, to rise slowly through the clouds; slowly the beds ascended into the chambers of the air; slowly, also, his arms descended from the heavens, in order that He and His young children whom in Judea, once and forever, He had blessed, though they *must* pass slowly through the dreadful chasm of separation, might yet meet the sooner. These visions were self-sustained. These visions needed not that any sound should speak to me, or music mould my feelings. The hint from the Litany, the fragment from the clouds, the pictures on the storied windows were sufficient. But not the less the blare of the tumultuous organ wrought its own separate creations. And oftentimes in anthems, when the mighty instrument threw its vast columns of sound, fierce, yet melodious, over the voices of the choir—high in arches when it rose, seeming to surmount and over-ride the strife of the vocal parts, and

gathering by strong coercion the total storm of music into unity—sometimes I also seemed to rise and to walk triumphantly upon those clouds, which so recently I had looked up to as mentoes of prostrate sorrow. Yes; sometimes, under the transfigurations of music, I felt of grief itself, as a fiery chariot for mounting victoriously above the causes of grief."

The next (which was the *second*) chapter of my childish experience, formed that sort of fierce and fantastic contradiction to the first, which might seem to move in obedience to some incarnate principle of malicious pantomime. A spirit of love, and a spirit of rest, as if breathing from St. John the Evangelist, had seemed to mould the harmonies of that earliest stage in my childhood which had just vanished; but now, on the other hand, some wicked Harlequin Mephistopheles was apparently commissioned to vex my eyes and plague my heart, through the next succession of two or three years: a worm was at the roots of life. Yet, in this, perhaps, there lurked a harsh beneficence. If, because the great vision of love had vanished, idiocy and the torpor of despondency were really creeping stealthily over my faculties, and strangling their energies, what better change for me than the necessity (else how miserable!) of fighting, wrangling, struggling, without pause, or promise of pause, from day to day, or even from year to year? "If," as my good angel might have said to me, "thou art moving on a line of utter ruin, from mere palsy of one great vital force, and if that loss is past all restoration, then kindle a new supplementary life by such means as are now possible—by the agitations, for instance, of strife and conflict"—yes, possible, on the wide stage of the world, and for people who should be free agents enough to *make* enemies, in case they failed to find them; but for a child, not seven years old, to whom his medical advisers should prescribe a course of hatred, or continued hostilities, by way of tonics, in what quarter was *he* to look out for such luxuries? Who would condescend to officiate as *enemy* to a child! And yet, as regarded my own particular case, had I breathed out any such querulous demand, that same Harlequin Mephistopheles might have whispered in reply, "Never you trouble yourself about *that*. Do *you* furnish the patience that can swallow cheerfully a long course of kicking, and I'll find those that shall furnish the kicks." In fact, at this very moment, when all chance of quarrel, or opening for prolonged enmity, seemed the remotest of chimeras, mischief was already in the wind; and suddenly there was let loose upon me such a storm of belligerent fury as might, under good management, have yielded a life-annuity of feuds.

I had at that time an elder brother, in fact, the eldest of us all, and at least five years senior to myself. He, by original temperament, was a boy of fiery nature, ten times more active than I was inert, loving the element of feuds and stormy conflict more (if that were possible) than

I detested it; and these constitutional tendencies had in him been nursed by the training of a public school. This accident in his life was indeed the cause of our now meeting as strangers. Singular, indeed, it seems, but, in fact, had arisen naturally enough, that both this eldest of my brothers, and my father, should be absolute strangers to me in my seventh year; so that, in the case of meeting either, I should not have known him, nor he me. In my father's case, this arose from the accident of his having lived abroad for a space that, measured against *my* life, was a very long one. First, he lived in Portugal, at Lisbon, and at Cintra; next in Madeira; then in the West Indies; sometimes in Jamaica, sometimes in St. Kitts, courting the supposed benefit of hot climates in his complaint of pulmonary consumption; and at last, when all had proved unavailing, he was coming home to die among his family, in his thirty-ninth year. My mother had gone to wait his arrival at the port (Southampton, probably), to which the West India packet should bring him; and among the deepest recollections which I connect with that period, is one derived from the night of his arrival at Greenhay. It was a summer evening of unusual solemnity. The servants, and four of us children—six then survived—were gathered for hours, on the lawn before the house, listening for the sound of wheels. Sunset came—nine, ten, eleven o'clock, and nearly another hour had passed—without a warning sound; for Greenhay, being so solitary a house, formed a *terminus ad quem*, beyond which was nothing but a cluster of cottages, composing the little hamlet of Greenhill; so that any sound of wheels, heard in the winding lane which then connected us with the Rusholme road, carried with it, of necessity, a warning summons to prepare for visitors at Greenhay. No such summons had yet reached us; it was nearly midnight; and, for the last time, it was determined that we should move in a body out of the grounds, on the chance of meeting the traveling party, if, at so late an hour, it could yet be expected to arrive. In fact, to our general surprise, we met it almost immediately, but coming at so slow a pace, that the fall of the horses' feet was not audible until we were close upon them. I mention the case for the sake of the undying impressions which connected themselves with the circumstances. The first notice of the approach was the sudden emerging of horses' heads from the deep gloom of the shady lane; the next was the mass of white pillows against which the dying patient was reclining. The hearse-like pace at which the carriage moved recalled the overwhelming spectacle of the funeral which had so lately formed part in the most memorable event of my life. But these elements of awe, that might at any rate have struck forcibly upon the mind of a child, were for me, in my condition of morbid nervousness, raised into abiding grandeur by the antecedent experiences of that particular summer night. The listening for hours to the sounds from horses' hoofs upon distant roads,

rising and falling, caught and lost, upon the gentle undulation of such light, fitful airs as might be stirring—the peculiar solemnity of the hours succeeding to sunset—the gorgeousness of the dying day—the gorgeousness which, by description, so well I knew of those West Indian islands from which my father was returning—the knowledge that he returned only to die—the almighty pomp in which this great idea of Death appareled itself to my young suffering heart—the corresponding pomp in which the antagonistic idea, not less mysterious, of life, rose, as if on wings, to the heavens, amidst tropic glories and floral pageantries, that seemed even *more* solemn and more pathetic than the vapory plumes and trophies of mortality—all this chorus of restless images, or of suggestive thoughts, gave to my father's return, which else had been fitted only to interpose a transitory illumination or red-letter day in the calendar of a child, the shadowy power of an ineffaceable agency among my dreams. This, indeed, was the one sole memorial which restores my father's image to me as a personal reality. Otherwise, he would have been for me a bare *nominis umbra*. He languished, indeed, for weeks upon a sofa; and, during that interval, it happened naturally, from my meditative habits and corresponding repose of manners, that I was a privileged visitor to him during his waking hours. I was also present at his bed-side in the closing hour of his life, which exhaled quietly, amidst snatches of delirious conversation with some imaginary visitors. From this brief childish experience of his nature and disposition, the chief conclusion which I drew tended to this—that he was the most *benignant* person whom I had met, or was likely to meet, in life. What I have since heard from others, who knew him well, tallied with my own childish impression. His life had been too busy to allow him much time for regular study; but he loved literature with a passionate love; had formed a large and well-selected library; had himself published a book, which I have read, and which really is not a bad one; and carried his reverence for distinguished authors to such a height, that (according to the report of several among his friends) had either Dr. Johnson, or Cowper, the poet—the two contemporary authors whom most he revered—happened to visit Greenhay, he might have been tempted to express his homage through the Pagan fashion of raising altars and burning incense, or of sacrificing, if not an ox, yet, at least, a baron of beef. The latter mode of idolatry Dr. Sam. would have approved, provided always that the *nidor* were irreproachable, and that the condiments of mustard, horse-radish, &c., *more Anglico*, were placed on the altar; but as to Cowper, who was in the habit of tracing Captain Cooke's death at Owyhee to the fact that the misjudging captain had once suffered himself to be worshiped at one of the Society Islands, in all consistency, he must have fled from such a house with sacred horror. Why I have at all gone back to this little parenthesis in my childhood is, from

the singularity that I should remember my father at all, only because I had received all my impressions about him into the very centre of my preconceptions about certain grand objects—about the Tropics, about summer evenings, and about some mysterious glory of the grave. It seems metaphysical to say so, but yet it is true that I knew him, speaking scholastically, through *à priori* ideas—I remember him *transcendenter*—and, were it not for the midsummer night's dream which glorified his return, to me he would have remained forever that absolute stranger, which according to the prosaic interpretation of the case, he really was.

My brother was a stranger from causes quite as little to be foreseen, but seeming quite as natural after they had really occurred. In an early stage of his career, he had been found wholly unmanageable. His genius for mischief amounted to inspiration; it was a divine *afflatus* which drove him in that direction; and such was his capacity for riding in whirlwinds and directing storms, that he made it his trade to create them, as *νεφέληγερέτα Ζεύς* a cloud-compelling Jove, in order that he *might* direct them. For this, and other reasons, he had been sent to the grammar school of Louth, in Lincolnshire—one of those many old classic institutions which form the peculiar* glory of England. To box, and to box under the severest restraint of honorable laws, was in those days a mere necessity of school-boy life at *public* schools; and hence the superior manliness, generosity, and self-control, of those generally who benefited by such discipline—so systematically hostile to all meanness, pusillanimity, or indirectness. Cowper, in his poem on that subject, is far from doing justice to our great public schools. Himself disqualified, by delicacy of temperament, for reaping the benefits from such a warfare, and having suffered too much in his own Westminster experience, he could not judge them from an impartial station; but I, though ill enough adapted to an atmosphere so stormy, yet, having tried both classes of schools, public and private, am compelled in mere conscience to give my vote (and, if I had a thousand votes, to give *all* my votes) for the former.

Fresh from such a training as this, and at a time when his additional five or six years availed nearly to make *his* age the double of mine, my brother very naturally despised me; and, from his exceeding frankness, he took no pains to conceal that he did. Why should he? Who was it that could have a right to feel aggrieved by his contempt? Who, if not myself? But it happened, on the contrary, that I had a perfect

craze for being despised. I doated on being despised; and considered contempt the sincerest sort of luxury, that I was in continual fear of losing. I lived in a panic, lest I should be suspected of shamming contemptibility. But I did *not* sham it. I trusted that I was really entitled to contempt; and, for this, I had some metaphysical-looking reasons, which there may be occasion to explain further on. At present, it is sufficient to give a colorable rationality to my craze, if I say, that the slightest approach to any favorable construction of my intellectual pretensions, any, the least, shadow of esteem expressed for some thought or some logical distinction that I might incautiously have dropped, alarmed me beyond measure, because it pledged me in a manner with the hearer to support this first attempt by a second, by a third, by a fourth—Oh, heavens! there is no saying how far the horrid man might go in his unreasonable demands upon me. I groaned under the weight of his expectations; and, if I laid but the first round of such a staircase, why, then, I saw in vision a vast Jacob's ladder towering upward to the clouds, mile after mile, league after league; the consequence of which would be, that I should be expected to run up and down this ladder, like any fatigue party of Irish hodmen, carrying hods of mortar and bricks to the top of any Babel which my wretched admirer might choose to build. But I put a stop to this villainy. I nipped the abominable system of extortion in the very bud, by refusing to take the first step. The man could have no pretense, you know, for expecting me to climb the third or fourth round, when I had seemed quite unequal to the first. Professing the most absolute bankruptcy from the very beginning, giving the man no sort of hope that I would pay even one farthing in the pound, I never could be made miserable, or kept in hot water, by unknown responsibilities, or by endless anxieties about some bill being presented, which the monster might pretend for one moment that I had indorsed, or in some way had sanctioned his expecting that I would pay.

Still, with all this passion for being despised, which was so essential to my peace of mind, I found at times an altitude—a starry altitude—in the station of contempt for me assumed by my brother that nettled me. Sometimes, indeed, the mere necessities of dispute carried me, before I was aware of my own imprudence, so far up the stair-case of Babel, that my brother was shaken for a moment in the infinity of his contempt: and, before long, when my superiority in some bookish accomplishments displayed itself, by results that could not be entirely dissembled, mere foolish human nature forced me on rare occasions into some trifle of exultation at these retributory triumphs. But more often I was disposed to grieve over them. They tended to shake that solid foundation of utter despicableness upon which I relied so much for my freedom from anxiety; and, therefore, upon the whole, it was satisfactory to my mind that my brother's opinion of me, after any little tran-

* *Peculiar.* viz., as *endowed* foundations, to which those resort who are rich and pay, and those also who, being poor, can not pay, or can not pay so much. This most honorable distinction among the services of England from ancient times to the interests of education—a service absolutely unapproached by any one nation of Christendom—is among the foremost cases of that remarkable class which make England, while often the most aristocratic, yet also, for many noble purposes, the most democratic of lands.

sient oscillation, gravitated determinately back toward that settled contempt which had been the result of his original inquest. The pillars of Hercules, upon which rested the vast edifice of his scorn, were these two—1st, my physics; ne denounced me for effeminacy: 2d, he assumed, and even postulated as a *datum*, which I myself could never have the face to refuse, my general idiocy. Physically, therefore, and intellectually, he looked upon me as below notice; but, *morally*, he assured me that he would give me a written character of the very best description, whenever I chose to apply for it. "You're honest," he said; "you're willing, though lazy; you *would* pull, if you had the strength of a flea; and, though a monstrous coward, you don't run away." My own demurs to these harsh judgments were not many. The idiocy I confessed; because, though positive that I was not uniformly an idiot, I felt inclined to think that, in a majority of cases, I really *was*; and there were more reasons for thinking so than the reader is yet aware of. But, as to the effeminacy, I denied it *in toto*, and with good reason, as will be seen. Neither did my brother pretend to have any experimental proofs of it. The ground he went upon was a mere *à priori* one, viz., that I had always been tied to the apron-string of women or girls; which amounted at most to this: that, by training and the natural tendency of circumstances, I *ought* to be effeminate—that is, there was reason to expect beforehand that I *should* be so; but, then, the more merit in me, if, in spite of such general presumptions, I really were *not*. In fact, my brother soon learned better than any body, and by a daily experience, how entirely he might depend upon me for carrying out the most audacious of his own warlike plans; such plans, it is true, that I abominated; but *that* made no difference in the fidelity with which I tried to fulfill them.

This eldest brother of mine, to pass from my own character to his, was in all respects a remarkable boy. Haughty he was, aspiring, immeasurably active; fertile in resources as Robinson Crusoe; but also full of quarrel as it is possible to imagine; and, in default of any other opponent, he would have fastened a quarrel upon his own shadow for presuming to run before him when going westward in the morning, whereas, in all reason, a shadow, like a dutiful child, ought to keep deferentially in the rear of that majestic substance which is the author of its existence. Books he detested, one and all, excepting only those which he happened to write himself. And they were not a few. On all subjects known to man, from the Thirty-nine Articles of our English Church, down to pyrotechnics, legerdemain, magic, both black and white, thaumaturgy, and necromancy, he favored the world (which world was the nursery where I, on his first coming home, lived among my sisters) with his select opinions. On this last subject especially—of necromancy—he was very great; witness his profound work, though but a

fragment, and, unfortunately, long since departed to the bosom of Cinderella, entitled, "How to raise a ghost; and when you've got him down, how to keep him down." To which work he assured us, that some most learned and enormous man, whose name was six feet long, had promised him an appendix; which appendix treated of the Red Sea and Solomon's signet-ring; with forms of *mittimus* for ghosts that might be mutinous; and probably a riot act, for any *émeute* among ghosts inclined to raise *baricades*; since he often thrilled our young hearts by supposing the case (not at all unlikely, he affirmed), that a federation, a solemn league and conspiracy, might take place among the infinite generations of ghosts against the single generation of men at any one time composing the garrison of earth. The Roman phrase for expressing that a man had died, viz., "*Abiit aa plures*" (He has gone over to the majority), my brother explained to us; and we easily comprehended that any one generation of the living human race, even if combined, and acting in concert, must be in a frightful minority, by comparison with all the incalculable generations that had trod this earth before us. The Parliament of living men, Lords and Commons united, what a miserable array against the Upper and Lower House composing the Parliament of ghosts. Perhaps the Pre-Adamites would constitute one wing in such a ghostly army. My brother, dying in his sixteenth year, was far enough from seeing or foreseeing Waterloo; else he might have illustrated this dreadful duel of the living human race with its ghostly predecessors, by the awful apparition which, at three o'clock in the afternoon, on the 18th of June, 1815, the mighty contest at Waterloo must have assumed to eyes that watched over the trembling interests of man. The English army, about that time in the great agony of its strife, was thrown into squares; and under that arrangement, which condensed and contracted its apparent numbers within a few black geometrical diagrams, how frightfully narrow—how spectral did its slender lines appear at a distance, to any philosophic spectators that knew the amount of human interests confided to that army, and the hopes for Christendom that even then were trembling in the balance! Such a disproportion, it seems, might exist, in the case of a ghostly war between the harvest of possible results and the slender band of reapers that were to gather it in. And there was even a worse peril than any analogous one that has been *proved* to exist at Waterloo. A British surgeon, indeed, in a work of two octavo volumes, has endeavored to show that a conspiracy was traced at Waterloo, between two or three foreign regiments, for kindling a panic in the heat of the battle, by flight, and by a sustained blowing-up of tumbrils, with the miserable purpose of shaking the British firmness. But the evidences are not clear; whereas my brother insisted that the presence of sham men, distributed extensively among the human race, and

meditating treason against us all, had been demonstrated to the satisfaction of all true philosophers. Who were these shams and make-believe men? They were, in fact, people that had been dead for centuries, but that, for reasons best known to themselves, had returned to this upper earth, walked about among us, and were undistinguishable, except by the most learned of necromancers, from authentic men of flesh and blood. I mention this for the sake of illustrating the fact, that the same crazes are everlastingly revolving upon men. Two years ago, during the carnival of universal anarchy equally among doers and thinkers, a closely-printed pamphlet was published with this title: "A New Revelation, or the Communion of the Incarnate Dead with the Unconscious Living. Important Fact, without trifling Fiction, by HIM." I have not the pleasure of knowing HIM; but certainly I must concede to HIM, that he writes like a man of education, and also like a man of extreme sobriety, upon his extravagant theme. He is angry with Swedenborg, as might be expected, for his "absurdities;" but, as to him, there is no chance that he should commit any absurdity, because (p. 6) "he has met with some who have acknowledged the fact of their having come from the dead"—*habes confitentem reum*. Few, however, are endowed with so much candor; and, in particular, for the honor of literature, it grieves me to find, by p. 10, that the largest number of these shams, and perhaps the most uncandid, are to be looked for among "publishers and printers," of whom, it seems, "the great majority" are mere forgeries; a very few speak frankly about the matter, and say they don't care who knows it, which, to my thinking, is impudence; but by far the larger section doggedly deny it, and call a policeman, if you persist in charging them with being shams. Some differences there are between my brother and HIM, but in the great outline of their views they coincide.

This hypothesis, however, like a thousand others, when it happened that they engaged no durable sympathy from his nursery audience, he did not pursue. For some time, he turned his thoughts to philosophy, and read lectures to us every night upon some branch or other of physics. This undertaking arose upon some one of us envying or admiring flies for their power of walking upon the ceiling. "Pooh!" he said, "they are impostors; they pretend to do it, but they can't do it as it ought to be done. Ah! you should see me standing upright on the ceiling, with my head downward, for half-an-hour together, and meditating profoundly." My second sister remarked, that we should all be very glad to see him in that position. "If that's the case," he replied, "it's very well that all is ready, except as to one single strap." Being an excellent skater, he had first imagined that, if held up until he had started, by taking a bold sweep ahead, he might then keep himself in position through the continued impetus of skating. But this he found not to answer, because,

as he observed, "the friction was too retarding from the plaster of Paris, but the case would be very different if the ceiling were coated with ice." As it was *not*, he changed his plan. The true secret, he said, was this: he would consider himself in the light of a humming-top; he would make an apparatus (and he made it) for having himself launched, like a top, upon the ceiling, and regularly spun. Then the vertiginous motion of the human top would overpower the force of gravitation. He should, of course, spin upon his own axis, and sleep upon his axis—perhaps he might even dream upon it; and he laughed at "those scoundrels, the flies," that never improved in their pretended art, nor made any thing of it. The principle was now discovered; "and, of course," he said, "if a man can keep it up for five minutes, what's to hinder him from going on for five months?" "Certainly," my sister replied, whose skepticism, in fact, had not settled upon the five months, but altogether upon the five minutes. The apparatus for spinning him, however, would not work: a fact which was evidently owing to the stupidity of the gardener. On reconsidering the subject, he announced, to the disappointment of some among us, that, although the physical discovery was now complete, he saw a moral difficulty. It was not a *humming-top* that was required, but a *peg-top*; and this, in order to keep up the *vertigo* at full stretch, without which, to a certainty, gravitation would prove too much for him, needed to be whipped incessantly. Now, that was what a gentleman ought not to tolerate: to be scourged unintermittingly on the legs by any grub of a gardener, unless it were Father Adam himself, was a thing that he could not bring his mind to endure. However, as some compensation, he proposed to improve the art of flying, which was, as every body must acknowledge, in a condition quite disgraceful to civilized society. As he had made many a fire balloon, and had succeeded in some attempts at bringing down cats by *parachutes*, it was not very difficult to fly downward from moderate elevations. But, as he was reproached by my sister for never flying back again, which, however, was a far different thing, and not even attempted by the philosopher in "Rasselas" (for

*Revocare gradum et superas evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est*),

he refused, under such poor encouragement, to try his winged *parachutes* any more, either "aloft or alow," till he had thoroughly studied Bishop Wilkins* on the art of translating right

* "Bishop Wilkins:" Dr. W., Bishop of Chester, in the reign of Charles II., notoriously wrote a book on the possibility of a voyage to the moon, which, in a bishop, would be called a translation to the moon; and, perhaps, it was his name that suggested the "Adventures of Peter Wilkins." It is unfair, however, to mention him in connection with that only one of his works which announces an extravagant purpose. He was really a scientific man, and already in the time of Cromwell (about 1657), had projected that Royal Society of London, which was afterward realized and presided over by Isaac Barrow and

reverend gentlemen to the moon; and, in the mean time, he resumed his general lectures on physics. From these, however, he was speedily driven, or one might say shelled out, by a concerted assault of my sister's. He had been in the habit of lowering the pitch of his lectures with ostentatious condescension to the presumed level of our poor understandings. This superciliousness annoyed my sister; and, accordingly, with the help of two young female visitors, and my next younger brother—in subsequent times a little middy on board many a ship of H.M., and the most predestined rebel upon earth against all assumptions, small or great, of superiority—she arranged a mutiny, that had the unexpected effect of suddenly extinguishing the lectures forever. He had happened to say, what was no unusual thing with him, that he flattered himself he had made the point under discussion tolerably clear; “clear,” he added, bowing round the half-circle of us, the audience, “to the meanest of capacities;” and then he repeated, sonorously, “clear to the most exhercisingly mean of capacities.” Upon which a voice, a female one, but whose I had not time to distinguish, retorted: “No, you haven't; it's as dark as sin;” and then, without a moment's interval, a second voice exclaimed, “Dark as night;” then came my young brother's insurrectionary yell, “Dark as midnight;” then another female voice chimed in melodiously, “Dark as pitch;” and so the peal continued to come round like a catch, the whole being so well concerted, and the rolling fire so well sustained, that it was impossible to make head against it; while the abruptness of the interruption gave to it the protecting character of an oral “round robin,” it being impossible to challenge any one in particular as the ring-leader. Burke's phrase of “the swinish multitude,” applied to mobs, was then in every body's mouth; and, accordingly, after my brother had recovered from his first astonishment at this insurrection, he made us several sweeping bows that looked very much like tentative rehearsals of a sweeping *fusillade*, and then addressed us in a very brief speech, of which we could distinguish the words *pearls* and *swinish multitude*, but uttered in a very low key, perhaps out of regard to the two young strangers. We all laughed in chorus at this parting salute: my brother himself condescended at last to join us; but there ended the course of lectures on natural philosophy.

As it was impossible, however, that he should remain quiet, he announced to us, that for the rest of his life he meant to dedicate himself to the intense cultivation of the tragic drama. He got to work instantly; and very soon he had composed the first act of his “Sultan Selim;” but, in defiance of the metre, he soon changed the title to “Sultan Amurath,” considering that

Isaac Newton. He was also a learned man, but still with a vein of romance about him, as may be seen in his most elaborate work—“The Essay toward a Philosophic or Universal Language.”

a much fiercer name, more bewhiskered and beturbaned. It was no part of his intention that we should sit lolling on chairs like ladies and gentlemen that had paid opera prices for private boxes. He expected every one of us, he said, to pull an oar. We were to *act* the tragedy. But, in fact, we had many oars to pull. There were so many characters, that each of us took four, at the least, and the future middy had six. He, this wicked little middy,* caused the greatest affliction to Sultan Amurath, forcing him to order the amputation of his head six several times (that is, once in every one of his six parts), during the first act. In reality, the sultan, though a decent man, was too bloody. What by the bowstring, and what by the scimitar, he had so thinned the population with which he commenced business, that scarcely any of the characters remained alive at the end of act the first. Sultan Amurath found himself in an awkward situation. Large arrears of work remained, and hardly any body to do it but the sultan himself. In composing act the second, the author had to proceed like Deucalion and Pyrrha, and to create an entirely new generation. Apparently, this young generation, that ought to have been so good, took no warning by what had happened to their ancestors in act the first; one must conclude that they were quite as wicked, since the poor sultan had found himself reduced to order them all for execution in the course of this act the second. To the brazen age had succeeded an iron age; and the prospects were becoming sadder and sadder, as the tragedy advanced. But here the author began to hesitate. He felt it hard to resist the instinct of carnage. And was it right to do so? Which of the felons, whom he had cut off prematurely, could pretend that a court of appeal would have reversed his sentence? But the consequences were dreadful. A new set of characters in every act, brought with it the necessity of a new plot: for people could not succeed to the arrears of old actions, or inherit ancient motives, like a landed estate. Five crops, in fact, must be taken off the ground in each separate tragedy, amounting, in short, to five tragedies involved in one.

Such, according to the rapid sketch which at this moment my memory furnishes, was the brother, who now first laid open to me the gates of war. The occasion was this: he had resented, with a shower of stones, an affront offered to us by an individual boy, belonging to a cotton-factory; for more than two years afterward, this became the *teterrima causa* of a skirmish, or a battle, as often as we passed the

* “Middy:” I call him so, simply to avoid confusion, and by way of anticipation; else he was too young at this time to serve in the navy. Afterward, he did so for many years, and saw every variety of service in every class of ships belonging to our navy. At one time, when yet a boy, he was captured by pirates, and compelled to sail with them; and the end of his adventurous career was, that for many a year he has been lying at the bottom of the Atlantic.

factory; and, unfortunately, *that* was twice a day on every day except Sunday. Our situation in respect to the enemy was as follows: Greenhay, a country-house newly built by my father, at that time was a clear mile from the outskirts of Manchester; but, in after years, Manchester, throwing out the *tentacula* of its vast expansions, absolutely enveloped Greenhay; and, for any thing I know, the grounds and gardens which then insulated the house, may have long disappeared. Being a modest mansion, which (including hot walls, offices, and gardener's house) had cost only six thousand pounds, I do not know how it should have risen to the distinction of giving name to a region of that great town; however, it *has* done so;* and, at this time, therefore, after changes so great, it will be difficult for the *habitué* of that region to understand how my brother and myself could have a solitary road to traverse between Greenhay and Princess-street, then the termination, on that side of Manchester. But so it was. Oxford-street, like its namesake in London, was then called the Oxford-road; and, during the currency of our acquaintance with it, arose the first three houses in its neighborhood; of which the third was built for the Rev. S. H., one of our guardians, for whom his friends had also built the church of St. Peter's—not a bowshot from the house. At present, however, he resided in Salford, nearly two miles from Greenhay; and to him we went over daily, for the benefit of his classical instructions. One sole cotton-factory had then risen along the line of Oxford-street; and this was close to a bridge, which also was a new creation; for, previously, all passengers to Manchester went round by Garrat. This factory became the *officina gentium* to us, from which swarmed forth those Goths and Vandals, that continually threatened our steps; and this bridge became the eternal arena of combat, we taking good care to be on the right side of the bridge for retreat, *i. e.*, on the town side, or the country side, according as we were going out in the morning, or returning in the afternoon. Stones were the implements of warfare; and by continual practice we became expert in throwing them.

The origin of the feud it is scarcely requisite to rehearse, since the particular accident which began it was not the true efficient cause of our long warfare, but (as logicians express it) simply the occasion. The cause lay in our aristocratic dress: as children of an opulent family, where all provisions were liberal, and all appointments elegant, we were uniformly well-dressed, and, in particular, we wore trowsers (at that time unheard of, except in maritime places) and Hessian boots—a crime that could not be forgiven in the Lancashire of that day, because it expressed the double offense of being

aristocratic, and being outlandish. We were aristocrats, and it was in vain to deny it; could we deny our boots? while our antagonists, if not absolutely *sans culottes*, were slovenly and forlorn in their dress, often unwashed, with hair totally neglected, and always covered with flakes of cotton. Jacobins they were, not by any sympathy with the French Jacobinism, that then desolated western Europe; for, on the contrary, they detested every thing French, and answered with brotherly signals to the cry of "Church and king," or, "King and constitution." But, for all that, as they were perfectly independent, getting very high wages, and in a mode of industry that was then taking vast strides ahead, they contrived to reconcile this patriotic anti-Jacobinism with a personal Jacobinism of that sort which is native to the heart of man, who is by natural impulse (and not without a root of nobility) impatient of inequality, and submits to it only through a sense of its necessity, or a long experience of its benefits.

It was on an early day of our new *tyrocinium*, or, perhaps, on the very first, that, as we passed the bridge, a boy happening to issue from the factory,* sang out to us, derisively—"Holloa, bucks!" In this the reader may fail to perceive any atrocious insult commensurate to the long war which followed. But the reader is wrong. The word "*dandies*," which was what the villain meant, had not then been born, so that he could not have called us by that name, unless through the spirit of prophecy. *Buck* was the nearest word at hand in his Manchester vocabulary; he gave all he could, and let us dream the rest. But, in the next moment, he discovered our boots, and he completed his crime by saluting us as "Boots! boots!" My brother made a dead stop, surveyed him with intense disdain, and bade him draw near, that he might "give his flesh to the fowls of the air." The boy declined to accept this liberal invitation, and conveyed his answer by a most contemptuous and plebeian gesture, upon which my brother drove him in with a shower of stones.

During this inaugural flourish of hostilities, I, for my part, remained inactive, and, therefore, apparently neutral. But this was the last time that I did so: for the moment, I was taken by surprise. To be called a *buck* by one that had it in his choice to have called me a coward, a thief, or a murderer, struck me as a most pardonable offense; and, as to *boots*, that rested upon a flagrant fact that could not be denied, so that at first I was green enough to regard the boy as very considerate and indulgent. But my brother soon rectified my views or, if any doubts remained, he impressed me, at least, with a *sense* of my paramount duty to himself, which was threefold. First, it seems, I owed military allegiance to *him*, as my commander-in-chief, whenever we "took the field;":

* "*Greenhays*," with a slight variation in the spelling, is the name given to that district, of which Greenhay formed the original nucleus. Probably, it was the solitary situation of the house which (failing any other "grounds of denomination") raised it to this privilege.

* "Factory:" such was the designation technically at that time. At present, I believe that a building of that class would be called a "mill."

secondly, by the law of nations, I being a cadet of my house, owed suit and service to him who was its head; and he assured me, that twice in a year, on *my* birthday, and on *his*, he had a right, strictly speaking, to make me lie down, and to set his foot upon my neck; lastly, by a law not so rigorous, but valid among gentlemen—viz., “by the *comity* of nations,” it seems I owed eternal deference to one so much older than myself, so much wiser, stronger, braver, more beautiful, and more swift of foot. Something like all this in tendency I had already believed, though I had not so minutely investigated the modes and grounds of my duty. As a Pariah, which, by natural temperament I was, and by awful dedication to despondency, I felt resting upon me always too deep and gloomy a sense of obscure duties, that I never *should* be able to fulfill—a burden which I could not carry, and which yet I did not know how to throw off. Glad, therefore, I was to find the whole tremendous weight of obligations—the law and the prophets—all crowded into this one brief command—“Thou shalt obey thy brother as God’s vicar upon earth.” For now, if, by any future stone leveled at him who had called me “a buck,” I should chance to draw blood—perhaps I might not have committed so serious a trespass on any rights which he could plead: but, if I *had* (for, on this subject my convictions were still cloudy), at any rate, the duty I might have violated in regard to this general brother, in right of Adam, was canceled when it came into collision with my paramount duty to this liege brother of my own individual house.

From this day, therefore, I obeyed all my brother’s military commands with the utmost docility; and happy it made me that every sort of distraction, or question, or opening for demur, was swallowed up in the unity of this one papal principle, discovered by my brother, viz., that all rights of casuistry were transferred from me to himself. *His* was the judgment—*his* was the responsibility; and to me belonged only the sublime duty of unconditional faith in *him*. That faith I realized. It is true, that he taxed me at times, in his reports of particular fights, with “horrible cowardice,” and even with “a cowardice that seemed inexplicable, except on the supposition of treachery.” But this was only a *façon de parler* with him: the idea of secret perfidy, that was constantly moving under-ground, gave an interest to the progress of the war, which else tended to the monotonous. It was a dramatic artifice for sustaining the interest, where the incidents might be too slightly diversified. But that he did not believe his own charges was clear, because he never repeated them in his “General History of the Campaigns,” which was a *resumé*, or digest, of his daily reports.

We fought every day; and, generally speaking, *twice* every day; and the result was pretty uniform, viz., that my brother and I terminated the battle by insisting upon our undoubted right

to run away. *Magna Charta*, I should fancy, secures that great right to every man; else surely it is sadly defective. But out of this catastrophe to most of our skirmishes, and to all our pitched battles except one, grew a standing schism between my brother and me. My unlimited obedience had respect to action, but not to opinion. Loyalty to my brother did not rest upon hypocrisy: because I was faithful, it did not follow that I must be false in relation to his capricious opinions. And these opinions sometimes took the shape of acts. Twice, at the least, in every week, but sometimes every night, my brother insisted on singing “*Te Deum*” for supposed victories which he had won; and he insisted also on my bearing a part in these “*Te Deums*.” Now, as I knew of no such victories, but resolutely asserted the truth—viz., that we ran away—a slight jar was thus given to the else triumphal effect of these musical ovations. Once having uttered my protest, however, willingly I gave my aid to the chanting; for I loved unspeakably the grand and varied system of chanting in the Romish and English churches. And, looking back at this day to the ineffable benefits which I derived from the church of my childhood, I account among the very greatest those which reached me through the various chants connected with the “*O, Jubilate*,” the “*Magnificat*,” the “*Te Deum*,” the “*Benedicite*,” &c. Through these chants it was that the sorrow which laid waste my infancy, and the devotion which nature had made a necessity of my being, were profoundly interfused: the sorrow gave reality and depth to the devotion; the devotion gave grandeur and idealization to the sorrow. Neither was my love for chanting altogether without knowledge. A son of my reverend guardian, much older than myself, who possessed a singular faculty of producing a sort of organ accompaniment with one half of his mouth, while he sang with the other half, had given me some instructions in the art of chanting: and, as to my brother, he, the hundred-handed Briareus, could do all things; of course, therefore, he could chant. He *could* chant: he had a *right* to chant: he had a right, perhaps, to chant “*Te Deum*.” For if he ran away every day of his life, what then? Sometimes the enemy mustered in overpowering numbers—seventy, or even ninety strong. Now, if there is a time for every thing in this world, surely that was the time for running away. But in the mean time I must pause, reserving what has to follow for another occasion.

[From Dickens’s Household Words.]

VISIT TO AN ENGLISH DAIRY.

LET the reader accompany us half-a-dozen miles out of town. We pass through Camberwell, through Peckham, and Peckham Rye, and we presently find ourselves in a district that looks uncommonly like “the country,” considering how short a time it is since we left the “old smoke” behind us. We alight

and walk onward, and certainly, if the sight of green fields, and cows, and hedges, and farmyards, denote the country, we are undoubtedly in some region of the kind.

We pass down a winding road, between high hedges of bush and trees, then climb over a gate into a field; cross it, and then over another gate into a field, from which we commence a gradual ascent, field after field, till finally the green slope leads us to a considerable height. We are on the top of Friern Hill.

It is a bright sunny morning in September, and we behold to perfection the most complete panorama that can be found in the suburban vicinities of London. Step down with us to yonder hedge, a little below the spot where we have been standing. We approach the hedge—we get over a gate, and we suddenly find ourselves on the upper part of an enormous green sloping pasture, covered all over with cows. The red cow, the white cow, the brown cow, the brindled cow, the colley cow, the dappled cow, the streaked cow, the spotted cow, the liver-and-white cow, the strawberry cow, the mulberry cow, the chestnut cow, the gray speckled cow, the clouded cow, the black cow,—the short-horned cow, the long-horned cow, the up-curling horn, the down-curling horn, the straight-horned cow, and the cow with the crumpled horn—all are here—between two and three hundred—spread all over the broad, downward sloping pasture, feeding, ruminating, standing, lying, gazing with mild earnestness, reclining in characteristic thoughtfulness, sleeping, or wandering hither and thither. A soft gleam of golden sunshine spreads over the pasture, and falls upon many of the cows with a lovely, picturesque effect.

And what cows they are, as we approach and pass among them! Studies for a Morland, a Gainsborough, a Constable. We had never before thought there were any such cows out of their pictures. That they were highly useful, amiable, estimable creatures, who continually, at the best, appeared to be mumbling grass in a recumbent position, and composing a sonnet, we never doubted; but that they were ever likely to be admired for their beauty, especially when beheld, as many as these were, from a disadvantageous point of view, as to their position, we never for a moment suspected. Such, however, is the case. We have lived to see beauty in the form of a cow—a natural, modern, milch cow, and no descendant from any Ovidian metamorphosis.

We will now descend this broad and populous slope, and pay a visit to Friern Manor Dairy Farm, to which all these acres—some two hundred and fifty—belong, together with all these “horned beauties.” We find them all very docile, and undisturbed by our presence, though their looks evidently denote that they recognize a stranger. But those who are reclining do not rise, and none of them decline to be caressed by the hand, or seem indifferent to the compliments addressed to them. In pass-

ing through the cows we were specially presented to the cow queen, or “master cow,” as she is called. This lady has been recognized during twelve years as the sovereign ruler over all the rest. No one, however large, disputes her supremacy. She is a short-horned, short-legged cow, looking at first sight rather small, but on closer examination you will find that she is sturdily and solidly built, though graceful withal. “She is very sweet-tempered,” observed the head keeper, “but when a new-comer doubts about who is the master, her eye becomes dreadful. Don’t signify how big the other cow is—she must give in to the master cow. It’s not her size, nor strength, bless you, it’s her spirit. As soon as the question is once settled, she’s as mild as a lamb again. Gives us eighteen quarts of milk a day.”

We were surprised to hear of so great a quantity, but this was something abated by a consideration of the rich, varied, and abundant supply of food afforded to these cows, besides the air, attendance, and other favorable circumstances. For their food they have mangold wurtzel, both the long red and the orange globe sorts, parsnips, turnips, and kohlrabi (Jewish cabbage), a curious kind of green turnip, with cabbage leaves sprouting out of the top all round, like the feathery arms of the Prince of Wales. Of this last mentioned vegetable the cows often eat greedily; and sometimes endeavoring to bolt too large a piece, it sticks in their throats and threatens strangulation. On these occasions, one of the watchful keepers rushes to the rescue with a thing called a *pro bang* (in fact a cow’s throat ramrod), with which he rams down the obstructive morsel. But, besides these articles of food, there is the unlimited eating of grass in the pastures, so that the yield of a large quantity of milk seems only a matter of course, though we were not prepared to hear of its averaging from twelve to eighteen and twenty quarts of milk a day, from each of these two or three hundred cows. Four-and-twenty quarts a day is not an unusual occurrence from some of the cows; and one of them, we were assured by several of the keepers, once yielded the enormous quantity of twenty-eight quarts a day during six or seven weeks. The poor cow, however, suffered for this munificence, for she was taken very ill with a fever, and her life was given over by the doctor. Mr. Wright, the proprietor, told us that he sat up two nights with her himself, he had such a respect for the cow; and in the morning of the second night after she was given over, when the butcher came for her, he couldn’t find it in his heart to let him have her. “No, butcher,” said he, “she’s been a good friend to me, and I’ll let her die a quiet, natural death.” She hung her head, and her horns felt very cold, and so she lay for some time longer; but he nursed her, and was rewarded, for she recovered; and there she stands—the strawberry Durham short-horn—and yields him again from sixteen to eighteen quarts of milk a day.

Reverting to the "master cow," we inquired whether her supremacy in the case of newcomers was established "mesmerically" by a glance—or how? The eye, we were assured, had a great deal to do with it. The stranger cow *read* it, and trembled. But, sometimes, there was a contest; and a cow-fight, with such fresh strong creatures as these—all used to their full liberty, and able to run or leap well, was a serious affair. If no keeper was at hand to separate them, and the fight got serious, so that one of them fell wounded, it was a chance but the whole herd would surround the fallen cow, and kill her. This was not out of wickedness, but something in the whole affair that put them beside themselves, and they couldn't bear the horrid sight, and so tried to get rid of their feelings, as well as the unfortunate object, by this wild violence. The effect was the same if the herd did not witness the fight, but came suddenly to the discovery of blood that had been spilled. They would stare at it, and glare at it, and snuff down at it, and sniff up at it, and prowl round it—and get more and more excited, till, at last, the whole herd would begin to rush about the field bellowing and mad, and make nothing at last of leaping clean over hedges, fences, and five-barred gates. But, strange to say—if the blood they found had not been spilt by violence, but only from some cause which the "horned beauties" understood, such as a sister or aunt having been bled by the doctor—then no effect of the sort occurred. They took no notice of it.

We found that besides beauty, cows possessed some imagination, and were, moreover, very susceptible. The above excitement and mad panic sometimes occurs as the effect of other causes.

Once some boys brought a great kite into the field, with a pantomime face painted upon it; and directly this began to rise over the field, and the cows looked up at it, and saw the great glass eyes of the face looking down at them—then, oh! oh! what a bellowing! and away they rushed over each other, quite frantic. On another occasion, some experimental gentlemen of science, brought a fire-balloon near the pasturage one night after dark. It rose. Up started all the cows in a panic, and round and round they rushed, till, finally, the whole herd made a charge at one of the high fences—tore down and overleaped every thing—burst into the lanes—and made their way into the high-road, and seemed to intend to leave their owners for some state of existence where fire-balloons and horrid men of science were alike unknown.

Instead of proceeding directly down the sloping fields toward the Dairy Farm, we made a detour of about half a mile, and passed through a field well inclosed, in which were about a dozen cows, attended by one man, who sat beneath a tree. This was the Quarantine ground. All newly-purchased cows, however healthy they may appear, are first placed in

this field during four or five weeks, and the man who milks or attends upon them is not permitted to touch, nor, indeed, to come near any of the cows in the great pasture. Such is the susceptibility of a cow to the least contamination, that if one who had any slight disease were admitted among the herd, in a very short time the whole of them would be affected. When the proprietor has been to purchase fresh stock, and been much among strange cows, especially at Smithfield, he invariably changes all his clothes, and, generally takes a bath, before he ventures among his own herd.

From what has already been seen, the reader will not be astonished on his arrival with us at the Dairy Farm, to find every arrangement in accordance with the fine condition of the cows, and the enviable (to all other cows) circumstances in which they live. The cow-sheds are divided into fifty stalls, each; and the appearance presented reminded one of the neatness and order of cavalry stables. Each stall is marked with a number; a corresponding number is marked on one horn of the cow to whom it belongs; and, in winter time, or any inclement season (for they all sleep out in fine weather) each cow deliberately finds out, and walks into her own stall. No. 173 once got into the stall of No. 15; but, in a few minutes, No. 15 arrived, and "showed her the difference." In winter, when the cows are kept very much indoors, they are all regularly groomed with currycombs. By the side of one of these sheds there is a cottage where the keepers live—milkers and attendants—each with little iron bedsteads, all in orderly soldier fashion, the foreman's wife acting as the housekeeper.

These men lead a comfortable life, but they work hard. The first "milking" begins at eleven o'clock at night; and the second, at half past one in the morning. It takes a long time, for each cow insists upon being milked in her own pail—*i. e.*, a pail to herself, containing no milk of any other cow—or, if she sees it, she is very likely to kick it over. She will not allow of any mixture. In this there would seem a strange instinct, accordant with her extreme susceptibility to contamination.

The milk is all passed through several strainers, and then placed in great tin cans, barred across the top, and sealed. They are deposited in a van, which starts from the Farm about three in the morning, and arrives at the dairy, in Farringdon-street, between three and four. The seals are then carefully examined, and taken off by a clerk. In come the carriers, commonly called "milkmen," all wearing the badge of Friern Farm Dairy; their tin pails are filled, fastened at top, and sealed as before, and away they go on their early rounds, to be in time for the early-breakfast people. The late-breakfasts are provided by a second set of men.

Such are the facts we have ascertained with regard to one of the largest of the great dairy farms near London.

SAILING IN THE AIR.—HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS.

AERONAUTICS, or the art of sailing in the air, is of very modern date; if, indeed, we are warranted to say that the art has yet been acquired, for we have only got a machine or apparatus capable of sustaining some hundreds of pounds in the air, the means of guiding and propelling it having yet to be discovered. The attention and admiration of men would doubtless be attracted from the beginning to the ease, grace, and velocity with which the feathered race soar aloft, and wing their way in the upper regions; but there is no reason to believe that any of the nations of antiquity—not even Greece and Rome, with all their progress in science and art—ever made the smallest advances toward a discovery of a method of flying, or of aerial navigation.

Archytas of Tarentum, a celebrated Pythagorean philosopher, who flourished about four hundred years before the Christian era, is indeed said to have constructed a wooden flying pigeon; but, from the imperfect accounts transmitted to us of its machinery, there is every probability that its flight was one of the many deceptions of the magic art which the ancients so well understood and so expertly practiced. The attention of man was much earlier, as well as more earnestly and successfully turned to the art of navigating lakes, rivers, and seas. To gratify his curiosity, or to better his condition, he was prompted to emigrate, or to pass from one place to another, and thus he would tax his ingenuity to discover the means by which he might be enabled to accomplish his journey. To make the atmosphere the medium of transit, would, in the early stages of society, hardly strike the mind at all, or, if it did, it would only strike it as a physical impossibility. Nature has not supplied man with wings, as it has done the fowls of heaven, and to find a locomotive means of transportation through the air was in the infancy of all science absolutely hopeless. But advantage would be early taken of the buoyant property of water, particularly of the sea, which must have been known to mankind from the creation. The canoe and the raft would be first constructed, and, in the course of time, experience would teach men to build vessels of a larger size, to fix the rudder to the stern, to erect the mast, and unfurl the sails. Thus would the art of navigating the ocean advance from step to step, while the art navigating the air remained a mystery, practiced, it may be, by flying demons, and flying witches, and the like ethereal beings of a dark mythology, but an achievement to which ordinary mortals could make no pretensions.

Our object in this paper is to give a concise history of aeronautics, commencing at that period when something like an approach was made to the principles upon which the art could be reduced to practice.

The person who is entitled to the honor of

the discovery of the main principle of aeronautics—atmospheric buoyancy—is Roger Bacon, an English monk of the thirteenth century. This eminent man, whose uncommon genius was, in that superstitious and ignorant age, ascribed to his intercourse with the devil, was aware that the air is a material of some consistency, capable, like the ocean, of bearing vessels on its surface; and, in one of his works, he particularly describes the construction of a machine by which he believed it was possible to navigate the air. It is a large, thin, hollow globe of copper, or other suitable metal, which he proposes to fill with “ethereal air or liquid fire,” and then to launch from some elevated point into the atmosphere, when he supposes it will float on its surface, like a vessel on the water. He afterward says, “There may be made some flying instrument, so that a man, sitting in the middle of the instrument, and turning some mechanism, may put in motion some artificial wings, which may beat the air like a flying bird.” But, though Bacon knew the buoyancy of the atmosphere, he was very imperfectly acquainted with its properties. His idea seems to have been, that the boundaries of the atmosphere are at no great height, and that the aerial vessel, in order to its being borne up, must be placed on the surface of the air, just as a ship, in order to its being supported, must be placed on the surface of the water. And, whatever may be meant by his “ethereal air and liquid fire,” there is no evidence that he, or any one living in that age, had any knowledge of the various and distinct gases. Bacon merely reasoned and theorized on the subject; he never attempted to realize these flying projects by actual experiment.

It was not till the year 1782 that the art of aerial navigation was discovered, and the merit of the discovery is due to two brothers, wealthy paper manufacturers, at Annonay, not far from Lyons—Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier. This discovery they did not arrive at from any scientific reasoning founded on the elasticity and weight of the atmosphere, for, though attached to the study of mathematics and chemistry, they do not appear to have particularly turned their attention to aerostatics; but, from observing how clouds and smoke rise and float in the atmosphere, it occurred to Stephen, the younger of the two, that a light paper bag, filled with cloud or smoke, would, from the natural tendency of these substances to ascend, be carried by their force in an upward direction.

About the middle of November, 1782, they made their first experiment in their own chamber at Avignon, with a light paper bag of an oblong shape, which they inflated, by applying burning paper to an orifice in the lower part of the bag, and in a few minutes they had the satisfaction of seeing it ascend to the ceiling of the chamber. Constructing a paper bag of larger dimensions, they made a similar experiment in the open air, with equal success, and, the bag being of a spherical shape, they gave it the name of balloon, from its resemblance to a large,

round, short-necked, chemical vessel so called. Finding, from repeated trials, that the larger the balloon the more successful was the experiment, they proceeded to construct one of linen lined with paper, 35 feet in diameter; and, on the 25th of April, 1783, after being filled with rarified air, it rapidly rose to the height of 1000 feet, and fell to the ground at the distance of three-quarters of a mile from the spot where it ascended. Encouraged by this success, the Montgolfiers came to the resolution of making a public experiment with this last constructed balloon at Annonay, on the 5th of June following. It was inflated with heated air, by the lower orifice being placed over a pit or well, in which were burned chopped straw and wool. Two men were sufficient to fill it; but, when fully inflated, eight men were required to prevent it from ascending. On being released from its fastenings, it rose majestically to the height of six or seven thousand feet, and made its descent at the distance of a mile and a half from the point of its departure.

This novel experiment, which forms an important epoch in the history of the art of aeronautics, attracted universal attention, and Stephen Montgolfier, having soon after arrived in Paris, was requested by the Royal Academy of Sciences, whose sittings, immediately on his arrival, he had been invited to attend, to repeat the experiment at their expense. He gladly availed himself of their proposal, and speedily got prepared a large balloon of an elliptical shape, 72 feet high, and 41 feet in diameter. It was finished in a style of great magnificence, and elegantly decorated on the outer surface with beautiful and appropriate designs. When completed, it weighed 1000 pounds. As a preliminary experiment, it raised eight men from the ground, and, on the 12th of September, 1783, it ascended, in the presence of the Royal Academy, with a load of from 400 to 500 pounds; but, in consequence of an injury it received in rising from a violent gust of wind, it did not present the same interesting spectacle as the public experiment previously made, and, upon its descent, it was found to be so seriously damaged, as to be unfit for future experiments. A new one of nearly the same dimensions was, therefore, ordered to be made, to which was added a basket of wicker-work, for the accommodation of a sheep, a cock, and a duck, which were intended as passengers. It was inflated, in the presence of the king and royal family, at Versailles, and, when loosened from its moorings, it rose, with the three animals we have named—the first living creatures who ever ascended in an aerial machine—to the height of about 1500 feet, an accident similar to what befell the other preventing it from attaining a higher elevation. It, however, descended safely with the animals, at the distance of 10,000 feet from the place of its ascent.

Hazardous as it might be, it was now fully demonstrated, that it was quite practicable for a man to ascend in the atmosphere, and indi-

viduals were soon found sufficiently daring to make the experiment. Another balloon was constructed, 74 feet high, and 48 feet in diameter, and M. Pilatre de Rozier, superintendent of the royal museum, and the Marquis de Arlandes, volunteered to make an aerial voyage. At the bottom, it had an opening of about 15 feet in diameter, around which was a gallery of wicker-work, three feet broad, with a balustrade all around the outer edge, of the same material, three feet high; and, to enable the aeronauts to increase or diminish at pleasure the rarified state of the air within, it was provided with an iron brazier, intended for a fire, which could easily be regulated as necessity required. On the 21st of November, in the same year, the adventurers having taken their places on opposite sides of the gallery, the balloon rose majestically in the sight of an immense multitude of spectators, who witnessed its upward course with mingled sentiments of fear and admiration. The whole machine, with fuel and passengers, weighed 1600 pounds. It rose to the height of at least 3000 feet, and remained in the air from 20 to 25 minutes, visible all the time to the inhabitants of Paris and its environs. At several times it was in imminent danger of taking fire, and the marquis, in terror for his life, would have made a precipitate descent, which, in all probability, would have ended fatally, but M. Pilatre de Rozier, who displayed great coolness and intrepidity, deliberately extinguished the fire with a sponge of water he had provided for the emergency, by which they were enabled to remain in the atmosphere some time longer. They raised and lowered themselves frequently during their excursion, by regulating the fire in the brazier, and finally landed in safety five miles distant from the place where they started, after having sailed over a great portion of Paris. This is the first authentic instance in which man succeeded in putting into practical operation the art of traveling in the air, which had hitherto baffled his ingenuity, though turned to the subject for two thousand years. The news of the novel and adventurous feat rapidly spread over the whole civilized world, and aerial ascents in balloons constructed on the same principle were made in other cities of France, in Italy, and in the United States of America.

The two Montgolfiers soon obtained a high and wide-spread reputation; and the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences of Paris voted a gold medal to Stephen, the younger brother. It was to heated or rarified air that these balloons owed their ascending power; but the Montgolfiers, in the paper in which they communicated their discovery to the Royal Academy, erroneously attributed the ascending power, not to the rarified air in the balloon, but to a peculiar gas they supposed to be evolved by the combustion of chopped straw and wool mixed together, to which the name of Montgolfiers' gas was given, it being believed for a time, even by the members of the Academy, that a new kind of gas

different from hydrogen, and lighter than common air, had been discovered.

Hydrogen gas, or, as it was also called, inflammable air, whose specific gravity was first discovered in 1766, by Henry Cavendish, though the gas itself had been known long before to coal-miners, from its fatal effects, was, from its being the lightest gas known, early taken advantage of for inflating balloons. It indeed occurred to the ingenious Dr. Black of Edinburgh, as soon as he read Mr. Cavendish's paper, which appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1766, that if a sufficiently thin and tight bladder were filled with this gas, the bladder would necessarily ascend in the atmosphere, as it would form a mass lighter than the same bulk of atmospheric air. Not long after, it suggested itself to Tiberius Cavallo, an Italian philosopher, when he first began to study the subject of air, that it was possible to construct a vessel which, when filled with hydrogen gas, would ascend in the atmosphere. In 1782, he actually attempted to perform the experiment, though the only success he had was to let soap balls, filled with that gas, ascend by themselves rapidly in the air, which, says he, were perhaps the first sort of inflammable air balloons ever made; and he read an account of his experiments to the Royal Society at their public meeting on June 20, 1782. But, during the later part of the year 1783, two gentlemen in the city of Philadelphia actually tested the value of hydrogen gas as a means of inflating balloons. The French Academy, guided by the suggestion of Dr. Black, and the experiments of Cavallo, also concluded to make the experiment of raising a balloon inflated with the same gas. To defray the expense of the undertaking, a subscription was opened, and so great was the enthusiasm excited by the design among people of all ranks and classes, that the requisite sum was speedily subscribed for. A silken bag from lute-string silk, about thirteen feet in diameter, and of a globular shape, was constructed by the Messrs. Roberts, under the superintendence of M. Charles, professor of experimental philosophy; and, to render the bag impervious to the gas—a very essential object in balloon manufacture—it was covered with a varnish composed of gum elastic dissolved in spirits of turpentine. It had but one aperture, like the neck of a bottle, into which was fastened the stop-cock for the convenience of introducing and stopping-off the gas. It was constructed and inflated near the Place of Victories, in August, 1783, and after being inflated, which was then no easy task, occupying several days, it was removed on the morning of the 27th of that month, before daylight, to the Camp of Mars (two miles distant), the place appointed for its ascent. About five o'clock in the afternoon, it was released from its fastenings, and rose, in the presence of some hundred thousands of applauding spectators, to a height upward of 3000 feet; and, after remaining in the atmosphere for three-quarters of an hour, de-

scended in a field near Gonesse, a village about fifteen miles distant from the Camp of Mars. This marks another important era in the history of aeronautics. The hydrogen-gas balloon, in the first place, is attended with less risk than the Montgolfiers' balloon, which requires the dangerous presence of a fire to preserve the air in a sufficiently rarified state; and, in the second place, it has a much greater ascending power than rarified air balloons of the same size, in consequence of its superior lightness.

M. Charles and the two Messrs. Roberts now resolved to undertake an aerial excursion in a balloon of this description. With this view, the Messrs. Roberts formed one of silk, varnished with gum elastic, of a spherical shape, 27 feet in diameter, with a car suspended from it by several cords, which were fastened to a net drawn over the upper part of the balloon. To prevent the danger which might arise from the expansion of the gas under a diminished pressure of the atmosphere in the higher regions, the balloon was furnished with a valve, to permit the free discharge of gas, as occasion might require. The hydrogen gas with which it was filled was $5\frac{1}{4}$ lighter than common air, and the filling lasted several days. On December 17, 1783, M. Charles and one of the Roberts made their ascent from the garden of the Tuilleries, and rose to the height of 6000 feet. After a voyage of an hour and three-quarters, they descended at Nesle, a distance of 27 miles from the place of their departure. On their descent, M. Roberts having left the car, which lightened the vessel about 130 pounds, M. Charles re-ascended, and in twenty minutes mounted with great rapidity to the height of 9000 feet. When he left the earth, the thermometer stood at 47 degrees, but, in the space of ten minutes, it fell 21 degrees. On making this great and sudden transition into an atmosphere so intensely cold, he felt as if his blood had been freezing, and experienced a severe pain in the right ear and jaw. He passed through different currents of air, and, in the higher regions, the expansion of the gas was so great, that the balloon must have burst, had he not speedily opened the valve, and allowed part of the gas to escape. After having risen to the height of 10,500 feet, he descended, about three miles from the place where M. Roberts stepped out of the car.

Jean Pierre Blanchard, a Frenchman, who had long exerted his ingenuity, but with little success, in attempting to perfect a mechanical contrivance by which he might be enabled to fly, was the next to prepare a balloon upon the hydrogen-gas principle. It was 27 feet in diameter. He ascended from Paris, March 2d, 1784, accompanied by a Benedictine friar. After rising to the height of 15 feet, the balloon was precipitated to the ground with a violent shock, which so frightened the friar, that he would not again leave *terra firma*. M. Blanchard re-ascended alone, and, in his ascent, he passed through various currents of air, as aeronauts generally do. He rose to the height of 9600

feet, where he suffered from extreme cold, and was oppressed with drowsiness. As a means of directing his course, he had attached to the car an apparatus consisting of a rudder and two wings, but found that they had little or no controlling power over the balloon. He continued his voyage for an hour and a quarter, when he descended in safety.

During the course of the year subsequent to the Montgolfiers' discovery, several experiments on the ascending power of balloons had been made in England; but the first person who there ventured on an aerial voyage was Vincent Lunardi, an Italian, who ascended from London, September 21, 1784. In the succeeding year, he gratified the inhabitants of Glasgow and Edinburgh with the spectacle of an aerial excursion, which they had never witnessed before.

The first aerial voyage across the sea was made by M. Blanchard, in company with Dr. Jeffries, an American physician, who was then residing in England. On the 7th January, 1785, a beautiful frosty winter day, they ascended about one o'clock from the cliff of Dover, with the design of crossing the Channel between England and France, a distance of about twenty-three miles, and, at great personal risk, accomplished their purpose in two hours and a half. The balloon at first rose slowly and majestically in the air, but it soon began to descend, and, before they had crossed the Channel, they were obliged to reduce the weight, by throwing out all their ballast, several books, their apparatus, cords, grapples, bottles, and were even proceeding to cast their clothes into the sea, when the balloon, which had then nearly reached the French coast, began to ascend, and rose to a considerable height, relieving them from the necessity of dispensing with much of their apparel. They landed in safety at the edge of the forest of Guennes, not far beyond Calais, and were treated by the magistrates of that town with the utmost kindness and hospitality. M. Blanchard had the honor of being presented with 12,000 livres by the King of France. Emboldened by this daring feat, Pilatre de Rozier, already mentioned, and M. Romain, prepared to pay back the compliment of M. Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries, by crossing the Channel from France to England. To avoid the difficulty of keeping up the balloon, which had perplexed and endangered Blanchard and his companion during nearly their whole course, Rozier had recourse to the expedient of placing underneath the hydrogen balloon a fire balloon of smaller dimensions, which was intended to regulate the rising and falling of the whole machine. This promised to unite the advantages of both kinds of balloons, but it unhappily terminated in the melancholy death of the two adventurers. They ascended from Boulogne, on the 15th of June, 1785, but scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed from the time of their ascent, when, at the height of 3000 feet, the whole machine was discovered to be in flames. Its scattered fragments, with the mangled bodies of the unfor-

tunate aeronauts, who were probably killed by the explosion of the hydrogen gas, were found near the sea-shore, about four miles from Boulogne. This was the first fatal accident which took place in balloon navigation, though several hundred ascensions had by this time been made.

In the early practice of aerial voyages, the chief danger apprehended was from accidental and rapid descents. To countervail this danger, and enable the adventurer, in cases of alarm, to desert his balloon, and descend to the ground uninjured, Blanchard invented the parachute, or *guard for falling*, as the word signifies in French, an apparatus very much resembling an umbrella, but of much larger dimensions. The design is to break the fall; and, to effect this, it is necessary that the parachute present a surface sufficiently large to experience from the air such resistance as will cause it to descend with a velocity not exceeding that with which a person can fall to the ground unhurt. During an aerial excursion which Blanchard took from Lisle in August, 1785, when he traversed a distance of not less than 300 miles, he dropped a parachute with a basket fastened to it, containing a dog, from a great elevation, and it fell gently through the air, letting down the animal to the ground in safety. The practice and management of the parachute were subsequently carried much farther by other aeronauts, and particularly by M. Garnerin, an ingenious and spirited Frenchman, who, during the course of his numerous ascents, repeatedly descended from the region of the clouds with that very slender machine. On one occasion, however, he suffered considerable injury in his descent. The stays of the parachute having unfortunately given way, its proper balance was disturbed, and, on reaching the ground, it struck against it with such violence, as to throw him on his face, by which he received some severe cuts. To let down a man of ordinary size from any height, a parachute of a hemispherical form, twenty-five feet in diameter, is required. But although the construction of a parachute is very simple, and the resistance it will meet with from the air in its descent, its size and load being given, can be exactly determined on scientific principles, few have ventured to try it; which may be owing partly to ignorance, or inattention to the scientific principles by which it is governed, and partly to a growing opinion among aeronauts, that it is unnecessary, the balloon itself, in case of its bursting, forming a parachute; as Mr. Wise, the celebrated American aeronaut, experienced on two different occasions, as he narrates in his interesting work on Aeronautics, lately published at Philadelphia—a work to which we have been mainly indebted in drawing up this article.

In the early part of the French revolutionary war, the *savants* of France, ambitious of bringing to the aid of the Republic all the resources of science, strongly recommended the introduction of balloons, as an effectual means of reconnoitring the armies of their enemies. From the advantages it seemed to promise, the recom-

mendation was instantly acted on by the government, which established an aeronautic school at Meudon, near Paris. The management of the institution, which was conducted with systematic precision, and concealed with the utmost care from the allied powers, was committed to the most eminent philosophers of Paris. Gyton Morveau, a celebrated French chemist, and M. Contel, superintended the operations. Fifty military students were admitted for training. A practicing balloon of thirty-two feet in diameter was constructed, of the most durable materials, and inflated with hydrogen gas. It was kept constantly full, so as to be at all times ready for exercise; and, to make it stationary at any given altitude, it was attached to windlass machinery. Balloons were speedily prepared by M. Contel for the different branches of the French army; the *Entreprenant* for the army of the north, the *Celeste* for that of the Sambre and Meuse, the *Hercule* for that of Rhine and Moselle, and the *Intrepide* for the memorable army of Egypt. The victory which the French achieved over the Austrians, on the plains of Fleurus, in June, 1794, is ascribed to the observations made by two of their aeronauts. Immediately before the battle, M. Contel and an adjutant-general ascended twice in the war-balloon *Entreprenant*, to reconnoitre the Austrian army, and though, during their second aerial *reconnaissance* they were discovered by the enemy, who sent up after them a brisk cannonade, they quickly rose above the reach of danger, and, on descending, communicated such information to their general, as enabled him to gain a speedy and decisive victory over the Austrians.

The balloon was also at an early period taken advantage of for making scientific experiments in the elevated regions of the atmosphere. With the view of ascertaining the force of magnetic attraction, and of examining the electrical properties and constitution of the atmosphere at great elevations, two young, enthusiastic French philosophers, MM. Biot and Gay Lussac, proposed to make an ascent. These gentlemen, who had studied together at the Polytechnic School of Paris, and the latter of whom had especially devoted himself to the study of chemistry, and its application to the arts, while both were deeply versed in mathematical science, were well qualified for the undertaking; and they were warmly patronized by the government, which immediately placed at their command the *Intrepide*, that had returned with the French army from Egypt to Paris, after the capitulation of Cairo. M. Contel, who had constructed the balloon, was ordered to refit it, under their direction, at the public expense. Having furnished themselves with the philosophical instruments necessary for their experiments—with barometers, thermometers, hygrometers, compasses, dipping needles, metallic wires, an electrophorus, a voltaic pile, and with some frogs, insects, and birds—they ascended, at ten o'clock, on the morning of August 23,

1804, from the garden of the Repository of Models. On rising 6500 English feet, they commenced their observations. The magnetic needle was attracted as usual by iron, but it was impossible for them at this time to determine with accuracy its rate of oscillation, owing to a slow rotary motion with which the balloon was affected. The voltaic pile exhibited all its ordinary effects, giving its peculiar coppery taste, exciting the nervous system, and causing the decomposition of water. At the elevation of 8600 feet, the animals which they carried with them appeared to suffer from the rarity of the air. The philosophers had their pulses much accelerated, but they experienced no difficulty in breathing, nor any inconvenience whatever. Their highest elevation was 13,000 feet; and the result of their experiments at this distance from the earth was, that the force of magnetic attraction had not sensibly diminished, and that there is an increase of electricity in the higher regions of the atmosphere.

In compliance with the request of several philosophers of Paris, who were anxious that the same observations should be repeated at the greatest height that could be reached, Gay Lussac alone made a second ascent, on the morning of September 15, 1804, from the garden of the Repository of Models, and rose, by a gradual ascent, to a great elevation. He continued to take observations at short intervals of the state of the barometer, the thermometer, and the hygrometer, of which he has given a tabular view, but he unfortunately neglected to mark the time at which they were made—a point of material importance, for the results would of course be modified by the progress of the day; and it would have added to their value, had these observations been compared with similar ones made at the same time at the observatory. During the ascent of the balloon, the hygrometer was variable, but obviously marked an increase of dryness; the thermometer indicated a decrease in the heat of the atmosphere, but the decrease is not uniform, the ratio being higher in the elevated regions than in the lower, which are heated from the earth; and it was found, by not fewer than fifteen trials at different altitudes, that the oscillations of a finely-suspended needle varied very little from its oscillations on the surface of the earth. At the height of 21,460 feet, Lussac admitted the air into one of his exhausted flasks, and, at the height of 21,790 feet, he filled the other. He continued to rise, till he was 22,912 feet above Paris, or 23,040 feet—that is upward of four miles and a quarter—above the level of the sea, the utmost limit of his ascent, an elevation not much below the summit of Nevado de Sorato, the highest mountain of America, and the loftiest peak of the Himalaya in Asia, the highest mountains in the world, and far above that to which any mortal had ever soared before. One can not but admire the intrepid coolness with which Lussac performed his experiments at this enormous elevation, conducting his operations

with the same composure and precision as if he had been seated in his own parlor in Paris. Though warmly clad, he now began to suffer from the excessive cold, his pulse was quickened, he was oppressed by difficulty in breathing, and his throat became parched, from inhaling the dry, attenuated air—for the air was now more than twice as thin as ordinary, the barometer having sunk to 12.95 inches—so that he could hardly swallow a morsel of bread. He alighted safely, at a quarter before four o'clock afternoon, near the hamlet of St. Gourgan, about sixteen miles from Rouen. On reaching Paris, he hastened to the laboratory of the Polytechnic School, to analyze the air he had brought down in his flasks from the higher regions; and, by a very delicate analysis, it was found to contain exactly the same proportions as the air on the surface of the earth, every 1000 parts holding 215 of oxygen, confirming the identity of the atmosphere in all situations. The ascents of these two philosophers are memorable, as the first which were made for purely scientific purposes.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Vol. I. Page 797.)

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE BAY OF RATHFRAN."

OUR voyage was very uneventful, but not without anxiety, since, to avoid the English cruisers and the Channel-fleet, we were obliged to hold a southerly course for several days, making a great circuit before we could venture to bear up for the place of our destination. The weather alternated between light winds and a dead calm, which usually came on every day at noon, and lasted till about sunset. As to me, there was an unceasing novelty in every thing about a ship; her mechanism, her discipline, her progress, furnished abundant occupation for all my thoughts, and I never wearied of acquiring knowledge of a theme so deeply interesting. My intercourse with the naval officers, too, impressed me strongly in their favor, in comparison with their comrades of the land service. In the former case, all was zeal, activity, and watchfulness. The look-out never slumbered at his post; and an unceasing anxiety to promote the success of the expedition, manifested itself in all their words and actions. This, of course, was all to be expected in the discharge of the duties peculiarly their own; but I also looked for something which should denote preparation and forethought in the others; yet nothing of the kind was to be seen. The expedition was never discussed even as table-talk; and for any thing that fell from the party in conversation, it would have been impossible to say if our destination were China or Ireland. Not a book nor a map, not a pamphlet nor a paper that bore upon the country whose desti-

nies were about to be committed to us, ever appeared on the tables. A vague and listless doubt how long the voyage might last, was the extent of interest any one condescended to exhibit; but as to what was to follow after—what new chapter of events should open when this first had closed, none vouchsafed to inquire.

Even to this hour I am puzzled whether to attribute this strange conduct to the careless levity of national character, or to a studied and well "got up" affectation. In all probability both influences were at work; while a third, not less powerful, assisted them—this was the gross ignorance and shameless falsehood of many of the Irish leaders of the expedition, whose boastful and absurd histories ended by disgusting every one. To listen to them, Ireland was not only unanimous in her desire for separation, but England was perfectly powerless to prevent it, and the only difficulty was, to determine the future fortune of the liberated land, when once her freedom had been proclaimed. Among the projects discussed at the time, I well remember one, which was often gravely talked over, and the utter absurdity of which certainly struck none among us. This was no less than the intention of demanding the West India Islands from England, as an indemnity for the past woes and bygone misgovernment of Ireland. If this seem barely credible now, I can only repeat my faithful assurance of the fact, and I believe that some of the memoirs of the time will confirm my assertion.

The French officers listened to these and similar speculations with utter indifference; probably to many of them the geographical question was a difficulty that stopped any further inquiry, while others felt no further interest than what a campaign promised. All the enthusiastic narratives, then, of high rewards and splendid trophies that awaited us, fell upon inattentive ears, and at last the word Ireland ceased to be heard among us. Play of various kinds occupied us when not engaged on duty. There was little discipline maintained on board, and none of that strictness which is the habitual rule of a ship-of-war. The lights were suffered to burn during the greater part of the night in the cabins; gambling went on usually till daybreak; and the quarter-deck, that most reverential of spots to every sailor-mind, was often covered by lounging groups, who smoked, chatted, or played at chess, in all the cool apathy of men indifferent to its claim for respect.

Now and then, the appearance of a strange sail afar off, or some dim object in the horizon, would create a momentary degree of excitement and anxiety; but when the "look-out" from the mast-head had proclaimed her a "schooner from Brest," or a "Spanish fruit-vessel," the sense of danger passed away at once, and none ever reverted to the subject of a peril then suggested.

With General Humbert I usually passed the greater part of each forenoon, a distinction. I

must confess, I owed to my skill as a chess-player, a game of which he was particularly fond, and in which I had attained no small proficiency. I was too young and too unpracticed in the world to make my skill subordinate to my chief's, and beat him at every game with as little compunction as though he were only my equal, till, at last, vexed at his want of success, and tired of a contest that offered no vicissitude of fortune, he would frequently cease playing, to chat over the events of the time, and the chances of the expedition.

It was with no slight mixture of surprise and dismay, that I now detected his utter despair of all success, and that he regarded the whole as a complete forlorn-hope. He had merely taken the command to involve the French Government in the cause, and so to compromise the national character that all retreat would be impossible. "We shall be all cut to pieces, or taken prisoners the day after we land," was his constant exclamation, "and then, but not till then, will they think seriously in France of a suitable expedition." There was no heroism, still less was there any affectation of recklessness, in this avowal. By nature, he was a rough, easy, good-tempered fellow, who liked his profession less for its rewards, than for its changeful scenes and moving incidents—his one predominating feeling being that France should give rule to the whole world, and the principles of her Revolution be every where pre-eminent. To promote this consummation, the loss of an army was of little moment. Let the cause but triumph in the end, and the cost was not worth fretting about.

Next to this sentiment was his hatred of England, and all that was English. Treachery, falsehood, pride, avarice, grasping covetousness, and unscrupulous aggression, were the characteristics by which he described the nation; and he made the little knowledge he had gleaned from newspapers and intercourse, so subservient to this theory, that I was an easy convert to his opinion; so that, ere long, my compassion for the wrongs of Ireland was associated with the most profound hatred of her oppressors.

To be sure, I should have liked the notion, that we ourselves were to have some more active share in the liberation of Irishmen than the mere act of heralding another and more successful expedition; but even in this thought there was romantic self-devotion, not unpleasing to the mind of a boy; but, after all, I was the only one who felt it.

The first sight of land to one on sea is always an event of uncommon interest; but how greatly increased is the feeling, when that land is to be the scene of a perilous exploit—the cradle of his ambition, or perhaps his grave! All my speculations about the expedition—all my day-dreams of success, or my anxious hours of dark forebodings—never brought the matter so palpably before me, as the dim outline of a distant headland, which, I was told, was part of the Irish coast.

This was on the 8th of August, but on the following day we stood farther out to sea again, and saw no more of it. The three succeeding ones we continued to beat up slowly to the north'ard, against a head wind and a heavy sea; but on the evening of the 21st the sun went down in mellow splendor, and a light air from the south springing up, the sailors pronounced a most favorable change of weather, a prophecy that a starry night and a calm sea soon confirmed.

The morning of the 22d broke splendidly—a gentle breeze from the sou'west slightly curled the blue waves, and filled the canvas of the three frigates, as in close order they sailed along under the tall cliffs of Ireland. We were about three miles from the shore, on which now every telescope and glass was eagerly directed. As the light and fleeting clouds of early morning passed away, we could descry the outlines of the bold coast, indented with many a bay and creek, while rocky promontories and grassy slopes succeeded each other in endless variety of contrast. Towns, or even villages, we could see none—a few small wretched-looking hovels were dotted over the hills, and here and there a thin wreath of blue smoke bespoke habitation, but, save these signs, there was an air of loneliness and solitude which increased the solemn feelings of the scene.

All these objects of interest, however, soon gave way before another, to the contemplation of which every eye was turned. This was a small fishing-boat, which, with a low mast and ragged piece of canvas was seen standing boldly out for us; a red handkerchief was fastened to a stick in the stern, as if for a signal, and on our shortening sail, to admit of her overtaking us, the ensign was lowered, as though in acknowledgment of our meaning.

The boat was soon alongside, and we now perceived that her crew consisted of a man and a boy, the former of whom, a powerfully-built, loose fellow, of about five-and-forty, dressed in a light-blue frieze jacket and trowsers, adroitly caught at the cast of rope thrown out to him, and having made fast his skiff, clambered up the ship's side at once, gayly, as though he were an old friend coming to welcome us.

"Is he a pilot?" asked the officer of the watch, addressing one of the Irish officers.

"No; he's only a fisherman, but he knows the coast perfectly, and says there is deep water within twenty fathoms of the shore."

An animated conversation in Irish now ensued between the peasant and Captain Madgett, during which a wondering and somewhat impatient group stood around, speedily increased by the presence of General Humbert himself and his staff.

"He tells me, general," said Madgett, "that we are in the Bay of Killala, a good and safe anchorage, and, during the southerly winds, the best on all the coast."

"What news has he from the shore?" asked Humbert, sharply, as if the care of the ship was a very secondary consideration.

"They have been expecting us with the greatest impatience, general; he says the most intense anxiety for our coming is abroad."

"What of the people themselves? Where are the national forces? Have they any head quarters near this? Eh, what says he? What is that? Why does he laugh?" asked Humbert, in impatient rapidity, as he watched the changes in the peasant's face.

"He was laughing at the strange sound of a foreign language, so odd and singular to his ears," said Madgett; but for all his readiness, a slight flushing of the cheek showed that he was ill at ease.

"Well, but what of the Irish forces? Where are they?"

For some minutes the dialogue continued in an animated strain between the two; the vehement tone and gestures of each bespeaking what sounded at least like altercation; and Madgett at last turned half angrily away, saying, "The fellow is too ignorant; he actually knows nothing of what is passing before his eyes."

"Is there no one else on board can speak this 'baragouinage,'" cried Humbert in anger.

"Yes, general, I can interrogate him," cried a young lad named Conolly, who had only joined us the day before we sailed.

And now as the youth addressed the fisherman in a few rapid sentences, the other answered, as quickly, making a gesture with his hands that implied grief, or even despair.

"We can interpret that for ourselves," broke in Humbert; "he is telling you that the game is up."

"Exactly so, general; he says that the insurrection has been completely put down, that the Irish forces are scattered or disbanded, and all the leaders taken."

"The fellow is just as likely to be an English spy," said Madgett, in a whisper; but Humbert's gesture of impatience showed how little trust he reposed in the allegation.

"Ask him what English troops are quartered in this part of the country," said the general.

"A few militia, and two squadrons of dragoons," was the prompt reply.

"No artillery?"

"None."

"Is there any rumor of our coming abroad, or have the frigate been seen?" asked Humbert.

"They were seen last night from the church steeple of Killala, general," said Conolly, translating, "but believed to be English."

"Come; that is the best news he has brought us yet," said Humbert, laughing; "we shall at least surprise them a little. Ask him what men of rank or consequence live in the neighborhood, and how are they affected toward the expedition?"

A few words, and a low, dry laugh, made all the peasant's reply.

"Eh, what says he?" asked Humbert.

"He says, sir, that, except a Protestant bishop, there's nothing of the rank of gentry here."

"I suppose we need scarcely expect his blessing on our efforts," said Humbert, with a hearty laugh. "What is he saying now?—what is he looking at?"

"He says we are now in the very best anchorage of the bay," said Conolly, "and that on the whole coast there's not a safer spot."

A brief consultation now took place between the general and the naval officers, and in a few seconds the word was given to take in all sail, and anchor.

"I wish I could speak to that honest fellow myself," said Humbert, as he stood watching the fisherman, who with a peasant's curiosity had now approached the mast, and was passing his fingers across the blades of the cutlasses, as they stood in the sword rack.

"Sharp enough for the English, eh?" cried Humbert, in French, but with a gesture that seemed at once intelligible. A dry nod of the head gave assent to the remark.

"If I understand him aright," said Humbert, in a half whisper to Conolly, "we are as little expected by our friends as by our enemies; and that there is little or no force in arms among the Irish."

"There are plenty ready to fight, he says, sir, but none accustomed to discipline."

A gesture, half contemptuous, was all Humbert's reply, and he now turned away and walked the deck alone and in silence. Meanwhile the bustle and movements of the crew continued, and soon the great ships, stripped of their white sails, lay tranquilly at anchor in a sea without a ripple.

"A boat is coming out from the shore, general," whispered the lieutenant on duty.

"Ask the fisherman if he knows it."

Conolly drew the peasant's attention to the object, and the man, after looking steadily for a few seconds, became terribly agitated.

"What is it, man—can't you tell who it is?" asked Conolly.

But although so composed before, so ready with all his replies, he seemed now totally unmanned—his frank and easy features being struck with the signs of palpable terror. At last, and with an effort that bespoke all his fears, he muttered—" 'Tis the king's boat is coming, and 'tis the collector's on board of her!"

"Is that all?" cried Conolly, laughing, as he translated the reply to the general.

"Won't you say that I'm a prisoner, sir; won't you tell them that you took me?" said the fisherman, in an accent of fervent entreaty, for already his mind anticipated the casualty of a failure, and what might betide him afterward; but no one now had any care for him or his fortunes—all was in preparation to conceal the national character of the ships. The marines were ordered below, and all others whose uniforms might betray their country, while the English colors floated from every mast-head.

General Humbert, with Serazin and two others, remained on the poop-deck, where they continued to walk, apparently devoid of any

peculiar interest or anxiety in the scene. Madgett alone betrayed agitation at this moment: his pale face was paler than ever, and there seemed to me a kind of studious care in the way he covered himself up with his cloak, so that not a vestige of his uniform could be seen.

The boat now came close under our lee, and Conolly being ordered to challenge her in English, the collector, standing up in the stern, touched his hat, and announced his rank. The gangway-ladder was immediately lowered, and three gentlemen ascended the ship's side and walked aft to the poop. I was standing near the bulwark at the time, watching the scene with intense interest. As General Humbert stood a little in advance of the rest, the collector, probably taking him for the captain, addressed him with some courteous expression of welcome, and was proceeding to speak of the weather, when the general gently stopped him by asking if he spoke French.

I shall never forget the terror of face that question evoked. At first, looking at his two companions, the collector turned his eyes to the gaff, where the English flag was flying; but still unable to utter a word, he stood like one entranced.

"You have been asked if you can speak French, sir?" said Conolly, at a sign from the general.

"No—very little—very badly—not at all; but isn't this—am I not on board of—"

"Can none of them speak French?" said Humbert, shortly.

"Yes, sir," said a young man on the collector's right; "I can make myself intelligible in that language, although no great proficient."

"Who are you, monsieur?—are you a civilian?" asked Humbert.

"Yes, sir. I am the son of the Bishop of Killala, and this young gentleman is my brother?"

"What is the amount of the force in this neighborhood?"

"You will pardon me, sir," said the youth, "if I ask, first, who it is that puts this question, and under what circumstances I am expected to answer it?"

"All frank and open, sir," said Humbert, good-humoredly. "I'm the General Humbert, commanding the advanced guard for the liberation of Ireland—so much for your first question. As to your second one, I believe that if you have any concern for yourself, or those belonging to you, you will find that nothing will serve your interest so much as truth and plain dealing."

"Fortunately, then, for me," said the youth, laughing, "I can not betray my king's cause, for I know nothing, nothing whatever, about the movement of troops. I seldom go ten miles from home, and have not been even at Ballina since last winter."

"Why so cautious about your information, then, sir," broke in Serazin, roughly, "since you have none to give?"

"Because I had some to receive, sir; and was curious to know where I was standing," said the young man, boldly.

While these few sentences were being interchanged, Madgett had learned from the collector, that, except a few companies of militia and fencibles, the country was totally unprovided with troops, but he also picked up, that the people were so crest-fallen and subdued in courage from the late failure of the rebellion, that it was very doubtful whether our coming would arouse them to another effort. This information, particularly the latter part of it, Madgett imparted to Humbert at once, and I thought by his manner, and the eagerness with which he spoke, that he seemed to use all his powers to dissuade the general from a landing; at least I overheard him more than once say, "Had we been further north, sir—"

Humbert quickly stopped him by the words:

"And what prevents us, when we have landed, sir, in extending our line northward? the winds can not surely master us, when we have our feet on the sward. Enough of all this; let these gentlemen be placed in security, and none have access to them without my orders. Make signal for the commanding officers to come on board here. We've had too much of speculation; a little action now will be more profitable."

"So, we are prisoners, it seems!" said the young man who spoke French, as he moved away with the others, who, far more depressed in spirit, hung their heads in silence, as they descended between-decks.

Scarcely was the signal for a council of war seen from the mast-head, when the different boats might be descried stretching across the bay with speed. And now all were assembled in General Humbert's cabin, whose rank and station in the service, entitled them to the honor of being consulted.

To such of us as held inferior grade, the time passed tediously enough as we paced the deck, now turning from the aspect of the silent, and, seemingly, uninhabited cliffs along shore, to listen if no sign betokened the breaking up of the council; nor were we without serious fears that the expedition would be abandoned altogether. This suspicion originated with the Irish themselves, who, however confident of success, and boastful of their country's resources before we sailed, now made no scruple of averring that every thing was the exact reverse of what they had stated: for, that the people were dispirited, the national forces disbanded, neither arms, money, nor organization any where—in fact, that a more hopeless scheme could not be thought of than the attempt, and that its result could not fail to be defeat and ruin to all concerned.

Shall I own that the bleak and lonely aspect of the hills along shore, the dreary character of the landscape, the almost death-like stillness of the scene, aided these gloomy impressions, and made it seem as if we were about to try our

fortune on some desolate spot, without one look of encouragement, or one word of welcome to greet us. The sight of even an enemy's force would have been a relief to this solitude—the stir and movement of a rival army would have given spirit to our daring, and nerved our courage, but there was something inexpressibly sad in this unbroken monotony.

A few tried to jest upon the idea of liberating a land that had no inhabitants—the emancipation of a country without people; but even French flippancy failed to be witty on a theme so linked with all our hopes and fears, and, at last, a dreary silence fell upon all, and we walked the deck without speaking, waiting and watching for the result of that deliberation, which already had lasted above four mortal hours.

Twice was the young man who spoke French summoned to the cabin, but, from the briefness of his stay, apparently with little profit; and now the day began to wane, and the tall cliffs threw their lengthened shadows over the still waters of the bay, and yet nothing was resolved on. To the quiet and respectful silence of expectation, now succeeded a low and half subdued muttering of discontent; groups of five or six together were seen along the deck, talking with eagerness and animation, and it was easy to see that whatever prudential or cautious reasons dictated to the leaders, their arguments found little sympathy with the soldiers of the expedition. I almost began to fear that if a determination to abandon the exploit were come to, a mutiny might break out, when my attention was drawn off by an order to accompany Colonel Charost on shore to “reconnoitre.” This, at least, looked like business, and I jumped into the small boat with alacrity.

With the speed of four oars stoutly plied, we skimmed along the calm surface, and soon saw ourselves close in to the shore. Some little time was spent in looking for a good place to land; for, although not the slightest air of wind was blowing, the long swell of the Atlantic broke upon the rocks with a noise like thunder. At last, we shot into a little creek with a shelving gravelly beach, and completely concealed by the tall rocks on every side; and now we sprang out, and stood upon Irish ground!

CHAPTER XIX.

A “RECONNAISSANCE.”

FROM the little creek where we landed, a small zig-zag path led up the sides of the cliff, the track by which the peasants carried the sea-weed, which they gathered for manure, and up this we now slowly wended our way. Stopping for some time to gaze at the ample bay beneath us, the tall-masted frigates floating so majestically on its glassy surface—it was a scene of tranquil and picturesque beauty, with which it would have been almost impossible to associate the idea of war and invasion. In the

lazy bunting that hung listlessly from peak and mast-head—in the cheerful voices of the sailors, heard afar off in the stillness—in the measured splash of the sea itself, and the fearless daring of the sea-gulls, as they soared slowly above our heads—there seemed something so suggestive of peace and tranquillity, it struck us as profanation to disturb it.

As we gained the top and looked around us, our astonishment became even greater. A long succession of low hills, covered with tall ferns or heath, stretched away on every side; not a house, nor a hovel, nor a living thing to be seen. Had the country been one uninhabited since the creation, it could not have presented an aspect of more thorough desolation! No road-track, nor even a foot-path, led through the dreary waste before us, on which, to all seeming, the foot of man had never fallen. And, as we stood for some moments, uncertain which way to turn, a sense of the ridiculous suddenly burst upon the party, and we all broke into a hearty roar of laughter.

“I little thought,” cried Charost, “that I should ever emulate ‘La Perouse,’ but it strikes me that I am destined to become a great discoverer.”

“How so, colonel?” asked his aid-de-camp.

“Why, it is quite clear, that this same island is uninhabited; and, if it be all like this, I own I’m scarcely surprised at it.”

“Still, there must be a town not far off, and the residence of that bishop we heard of this morning.”

A half incredulous shrug of the shoulders was all his reply, as he sauntered along with his hands behind his back, apparently lost in thought; while we, as if instinctively partaking of his gloom, followed him in total silence.

“Do you know, gentlemen, what I’m thinking of?” said he, stopping suddenly, and facing about. “My notion is, that the best thing to do here, would be to plant our tri-color, proclaim the land a colony of France, and take to our boats again.”

This speech delivered with an air of great gravity, imposed upon us for an instant; but the moment after, the speaker breaking into a hearty laugh, we all joined him, as much amused by the strangeness of our situation, as by any thing in his remark.

“We never could bring our guns through a soil like this, colonel,” said the aid-de-camp, as he struck his heel into the soft and clayey surface.

“If we could ever land them at all!” muttered he, half aloud; then added, “But for what object should we? Believe me, gentlemen, if we are to have a campaign here, bows and arrows are the true weapons.”

“Ah! what do I see yonder?” cried the aid-de-camp; “are not those sheep feeding in that little glen?”

“Yes,” cried I, “and a man herding them, too. See, the fellow has caught sight of us, and he’s off as fast as his legs can carry him.” And so was it, the man had no sooner seen us

than he sprung to his feet, and hurried down the mountain at full speed.

Our first impulse was to follow and give him chase, and even without a word, we all started off in pursuit; but we soon saw how fruitless would be the attempt, for, even independent of the start he had got of us, the peasant's speed was more than the double of our own.

"No matter," said the colonel, "if we have lost the shepherd, we have, at least, gained the sheep, and so I recommend you to secure a mutton for dinner to-morrow."

With this piece of advice, down the hill he darted, as hard as he could. Briolle, the aide-de-camp, and myself following at our best pace. We were reckoning without our host, however, for the animals, after one stupid stare at us, set off in a scamper that soon showed their mountain breeding, keeping all together like a pack of hounds, and, really, not very inferior in the speed they displayed.

A little gorge led between the hills, and through this they rushed madly, and with a clatter like a charge of cavalry. Excited by the chase, and emulous each to outrun the other, the colonel threw off his chako, and Briolle his sword, in the ardor of pursuit. We now gained on them rapidly, and though, from a winding in the glen, they had momentarily got out of sight, we knew that we were close upon them. I was about thirty paces in advance of my comrades, when, on turning an angle of the gorge, I found myself directly in front of a group of mud hovels, in front of which were standing about a dozen ragged, miserable looking men, armed with pitchforks and scythes, while in the rear stood the sheep, blown and panting from the chase.

I came to a dead stop; and although I would have given worlds to have had my comrades at my side, I never once looked back to see if they were coming; but, putting a bold face on the matter, called out the only few words I knew of Irish, "Go de ma ha tu."

The peasants looked at each other; and whether it was my accent, my impudence, or my strange dress and appearance, or all together, I can not say, but, after a few seconds' pause, they burst out into a roar of laughter, in the midst of which my two comrades came up.

"We saw the sheep feeding on the hills, yonder," said I, recovering self-possession, "and guessed that by giving them chase, they'd lead us to some inhabited spot. What is this place called?"

"Shindrennin," said a man who seemed to be the chief of the party; "and, if I might make so bould, who are you, yourselves?"

"French officers; this is my colonel," said I, pointing to Charost, who was wiping his forehead and face after his late exertion.

The information, far from producing the electric effect of pleasure I had anticipated, was received with a coldness, almost amounting to fear, and they spoke eagerly together for some minutes in Irish.

"Our allies evidently don't like the look of us," said Charost, laughing; "and if the truth must be told, I own the disappointment is mutual."

"'Tis too late you come sir," said the peasant, addressing the colonel, while he removed his hat, and assumed an air of respectful deference. "'Tis all over with poor Ireland, this time."

"Tell him," said Charost, to whom I translated the speech, "that it's never too late to assert a good cause: that we have got arms for twenty thousand, if they have but hands and hearts to use them. Tell him that a French army is now lying in that bay yonder, ready and able to accomplish the independence of Ireland."

I delivered my speech as pompously as it was briefed to me; and, although I was listened to in silence, and respectfully, it was plain my words carried little or no conviction with them. Not caring to waste more of our time in such discourse, I now inquired about the country—in what directions lay the high roads, and the relative situations of the towns of Killala, Castlebar, and Ballina, the only places of comparative importance in the neighborhood. I next asked about the landing-places, and learned that a small fishing-harbor existed, not more than half a mile from the spot where we had landed, from which a little country road lay to the village of Palmerstown. As to the means of transporting baggage, guns, and ammunition, there were few horses to be had, but with money we might get all we wanted; indeed, the peasants constantly referred to this means of success, even to asking "what the French would give a man that was to join them?" If I did not translate the demand with fidelity to my colonel, it was really that a sense of shame prevented me. My whole heart was in the cause; and I could not endure the thought of its being degraded in this way. It was growing duskish, and the colonel proposed that the peasant should show us the way to the fishing-harbor he spoke of, while some other of the party might go round to our boat, and direct them to follow us thither. The arrangement was soon made, and we all sauntered down toward the shore, chatting over the state of the country, and the chances of a successful rising. From the specimen before me, I was not disposed to be over sanguine about the peasantry. The man was evidently disaffected toward England. He bore her neither good-will nor love; but his fears were greater than all else. He had never heard of any thing but failure in all attempts against her; and he could not believe in any other result. Even the aid and alliance of France inspired no other feeling than distrust; for he said more than once, "Sure, what can harm *yez*? Haven't ye yer ships, beyant, to take yez away, if things goes bad?"

I was heartily glad that Colonel Charost knew so little English, that the greater part of the peasant's conversation was unintelligible to him.

since, from the first, he had always spoken of the expedition in terms of disparagement; and certainly what we were now to hear was not of a nature to controvert the prediction.

In our ignorance as to the habits and modes of thought of the people, we were much surprised at the greater interest the peasant betrayed when asking us about France and her prospects, than when the conversation concerned his own country. It appeared as though, in the one case, distance gave grandeur and dimensions to all his conceptions, while familiarity with home scenes and native politics had robbed them of all their illusions. He knew well that there were plenty of hardships, abundance of evils, to deplore in Ireland; rents were high, taxes and tithes oppressive, agents were severe, bailiffs were cruel; social wrongs he could discuss for hours, but of political woes, the only one we could be expected to relieve or care for, he really knew nothing. "'Tis true," he repeated, "that what my honor said was all right, Ireland was badly treated," and so on; "liberty was an elegant thing if a body had it," and such like; but there ended his patriotism.

Accustomed for many a day to the habits of a people where all were politicians, where the rights of man, and the grand principles of equality and self-government were everlastingly under discussion, I was, I confess it, sorely disappointed at this worse than apathy.

"Will they fight?—ask him that," said Charost, to whom I had been conveying a rather rose-colored version of my friend's talk.

"Oh, be gorra! we'll fight sure enough!" said he, with a half-dogged scowl beneath his brows.

"What number of them may we reckon on in the neighborhood?" repeated the colonel.

"'Tis mighty hard to say; many of the boys was gone over to England for the harvest; some were away to the counties inland, others were working on the roads; but if they knew, sure they'd be soon back again."

"Might they calculate on a thousand stout, effective men?" asked Charost.

"Ay, twenty, if they were at home," said the peasant, less a liar by intention than from the vague and careless disregard of truth, so common in all their own intercourse with each other.

I must own that the degree of credit we reposed in the worthy man's information was considerably influenced by the state of facts before us, inasmuch as that the "elegant, fine harbor" he had so gloriously described—"the beautiful road"—"the neat little quay" to land upon, and the other advantages of the spot, all turned out to be most grievous disappointments. That the people were not of our own mind on these matters, was plain enough from the looks of astonishment our discontent provoked; and now a lively discussion ensued on the relative merits of various bays, creeks, and inlets along the coast, each of which, with some unpronounceable name or other, was seen to have a special advo-

cate in its favor, till at last the colonel lost all patience, and jumping into the boat, ordered the men to push off for the frigate.

Evidently out of temper at the non-success of his "reconnaissance," and as little pleased with the country as the people, Charost did not speak a word as we rowed back to the ship. Our failure, as it happened, was of little moment, for another party, under the guidance of Madgett, had already discovered a good landing-place at the bottom of the Bay of Rathfran, and arrangements were already in progress to disembark the troops at day-break. We also found that, during our absence, some of the "chiefs" had come off from shore, one of whom, named Neal Kerrigan, was destined to attain considerable celebrity in the rebel army. He was a talkative, vulgar, presumptuous fellow, who, without any knowledge or experience whatever, took upon him to discuss military measures and strategy with all the assurance of an old commander.

Singularly enough, Humbert suffered this man to influence him in a great degree, and yielded opinion to him on points even where his own judgment was directly opposed to the advice he gave.

If Kerrigan's language and bearing were directly the reverse of soldierlike, his tawdry uniform of green and gold, with massive epaulets and a profusion of lace, were no less absurd in our eyes, accustomed as we were to the almost puritan plainness of military costume. His rank, too, seemed as undefined as his information; for while he called himself "General," his companions as often addressed him by the title of "Captain." Upon some points his counsels, indeed, alarmed and astonished us.

"It was of no use whatever," he said, "to attempt to discipline the peasantry, or reduce them to any thing like habits of military obedience. Were the effort to be made, it would prove a total failure; for they would either grow disgusted with the restraint, and desert altogether, or so infect the other troops with their own habits of disorder, that the whole force would become a mere rabble. Arm them well, let them have plenty of ammunition, and free liberty to use it in their own way and their own time, and we should soon see that they would prove a greater terror to the English than double the number of trained and disciplined troops."

In some respects this view was a correct one; but whether it was a wise counsel to have followed, subsequent events gave us ample cause to doubt.

Kerrigan, however, had a specious, reckless, go-ahead way with him that suited well the tone and temper of Humbert's mind. He never looked too far into consequences, but trusted that the eventualities of the morrow would always suggest the best course for the day after; and this alone was so akin to our own general's mode of proceeding, that he speedily won his confidence.

The last evening on board was spent merrily

on all sides. In the general cabin, where the staff and all the "Chefs de brigade" were assembled, gay songs, and toasts, and speeches succeeded each other till nigh morning. The printed proclamations, meant for circulation among the people, were read out, with droll commentaries; and all imaginable quizzing and jesting went on about the new government to be established in Ireland, and the various offices to be bestowed upon each. Had the whole expedition been a joke, the tone of levity could not have been greater. Not a thought was bestowed, not a word wasted upon any of the graver incidents that might ensue. All were, if not hopeful and sanguine, utterly reckless, and thoroughly indifferent to the future.

CHAPTER XX.

KILLALA.

I WILL not weary my reader with an account of our debarkation, less remarkable as it was for the "pomp and circumstance of war" than for incidents and accidents the most absurd and ridiculous—the miserable boats of the peasantry, the still more wretched cattle employed to drag our artillery and train wagons, involving us in innumerable misfortunes and mischances. Never were the heroic illusions of war more thoroughly dissipated than by the scenes which accompanied our landing! Boats and baggage-wagons upset; here, a wild, half savage-looking fellow swimming after a cocked hat—there, a group of ragged wretches scraping sea-weed from a dripping officer of the staff; noise, uproar, and confusion every where; smart aid-de-camps mounted on donkeys; trim field-pieces "horsed" by a promiscuous assemblage of men, women, cows, ponies, and asses. Crowds of idle country-people thronging the little quay and obstructing the passages, gazed upon the whole with eyes of wonderment and surprise, but evidently enjoying all the drollery of the scene with higher relish than they felt interested in its object or success. This trait in them soon attracted all our notice, for they laughed at every thing: not a caisson tumbled into the sea, not a donkey brought his rider to the ground, but one general shout shook the entire assemblage.

If want and privation had impressed themselves by every external sign on this singular people, they seemed to possess inexhaustible resources of good humor and good spirits within. No impatience or rudeness on our part could irritate them; and even to the wildest and least civilized looking fellow around, there was a kind of native courtesy and kindness that could not fail to strike us.

A vague notion prevailed that we were their "friends;" and although many of them did not clearly comprehend why we had come, or what was the origin of the warm attachment between us, they were too lazy and too indifferent to trouble their heads about the matter. They were satisfied that there would be a "shindy"

somewhere, and somebody's bones would get broken, and even that much was a pleasant and reassuring consideration; while others of keener mould reveled in plans of private vengeance against this landlord or that agent—small debts of hatred to be paid off in the day of general reckoning!

From the first moment nothing could exceed the tone of fraternal feeling between our soldiers and the people. Without any means of communicating their thoughts by speech, they seemed to acquire an instinctive knowledge of each other in an instant. If the peasant was poor, there was no limit to his liberality in the little he had. He dug up his half-ripe potatoes, he unroofed his cabin to furnish straw for litter, he gave up his only beast, and was ready to kill his cow, if asked, to welcome us. Much of this was from the native, warm, and impulsive generosity of their nature, and much, doubtless, had its origin in the bright hopes of future recompense inspired by the eloquent appeals of Neal Kerrigan, who, mounted on an old white mare, rode about on every side, addressing the people in Irish, and calling upon them to give all aid and assistance to "the expedition."

The difficulty of the landing was much increased by the small space of level ground which intervened between the cliffs and the sea, and of which now the thickening crowd filled every spot. This and the miserable means of conveyance for our baggage, delayed us greatly, so that, with a comparatively small force, it was late in the afternoon before we had all reached the shore.

We had none of us eaten since morning, and were not sorry, as we crowned the heights, to hear the drums beat for "cooking." In an inconceivably short time fires blazed along the hills, around which, in motley groups, stood soldiers and peasantry mingled together, while the work of cooking and eating went briskly on, amid hearty laughter and all the merriment that mutual mistakes and misconceptions occasioned. It was a new thing for French soldiers to bivouac in a friendly country, and find themselves the welcome guests of a foreign people; and certainly the honors of hospitality, however limited the means; could not have been performed with more of courtesy or good-will. Paddy gave his "all," with a generosity that might have shamed many a richer donor.

While the events I have mentioned were going forward, and a considerable crowd of fishermen and peasants had gathered about us, still it was remarkable that, except immediately on the coast itself, no suspicion of our arrival had gained currency, and even the country people who lived a mile from the shore were ignorant of who we were. The few who, from distant heights and headlands, had seen the ships, mistook them for English, and as all those who were out with fish or vegetables to sell were detained by the frigates, any direct information about us was impossible. So far, therefore, all might be said to have gone most

favorably with us. We had safely escaped the often-menaced dangers of the channel fleet; we had gained a secure and well-sheltered harbor; and we had landed our force not only without opposition, but in perfect secrecy. There were, I will not deny, certain little counterbalancing circumstances on the other side of the account, not exactly so satisfactory. The patriot forces upon which we had calculated had no existence. There were neither money, nor stores, nor means of conveyance to be had; even accurate information as to the strength and position of the English was unattainable; and as to generals and leaders, the effective staff had but a most sorry representative in the person of Neal Kerrigan. This man's influence over our general increased with every hour, and one of the first orders issued after our landing contained his appointment as an extra aid-de-camp on General Humbert's staff.

In one capacity Neal was most useful. All the available sources of pillage for a wide circuit of country he knew by heart, and it was plain, from the accurate character of his information, varying, as it did, from the chattels of the rich landed proprietor to the cocks and hens of the cottier, that he had taken great pains to master his subject. At his suggestion it was decided that we should march that evening on Killala, where little, or, more likely, no resistance would be met with, and General Humbert should take up his quarters in the "Castle," as the palace of the bishop was styled. There, he said, we should not only find ample accommodation for the staff, but good stabling, well filled, and plenty of forage, while the bishop himself might be a most useful hostage to have in our keeping. From thence, too, as a place of some note, general orders and proclamations would issue, with a kind of notoriety and importance necessary at the outset of an undertaking like ours; and truly never was an expedition more loaded with this species of missive than ours—whole cart-loads of printed papers, decrees, placards, and such like, followed us. If our object had been to drive out the English by big type and a flaming letter-press, we could not have gone more vigorously to work. Fifty thousand broad-sheet announcements of Irish independence were backed by as many proud declarations of victory, some dated from Limerick, Cashel, or Dublin itself.

Here, a great placard gave the details of the new Provincial Government of Western Ireland, with the name of the "Prefect" a blank. There was another, containing the police regulations for the "arrondissements" of Connaught, "et ses dependances." Every imaginable step of conquest and occupation was anticipated and provided for in these wise and considerate protocols, from the "enthusiastic welcome of the French on the western coast," to the hour of "General Humbert's triumphal entry into Dublin." Nor was it prose alone, but even poetry, did service in our cause. Songs, not, I own, conspicuous for great metrical beauty,

commemorated our battles and our bravery; so that we entered upon the campaign as deeply pledged to victory as any force I ever heard or read of in history.

Neal, who was, I believe, originally a school-master, had great confidence in this arsenal of "black and white;" and soon persuaded General Humbert that a bold face and a loud tongue would do more in Ireland than in any country under heaven; and indeed, if his own career might be called a success, the theory deserved some consideration. A great part of our afternoon was then spent in distributing these documents to the people, not one in a hundred of whom could read, but who treasured the placards with a reverence nothing diminished by their ignorance. Emissaries, too, were appointed to post them up in conspicuous places through the country, on the doors of the chapels, at the smiths' forges, at cross-roads, every where, in short, where they might attract notice. The most important and business-like of all these, however, was one headed "ARMS! —" "ARMS!" and which went on to say that no man who wished to lift his hand for old Ireland need do so without a weapon; and that a general distribution of guns, swords, and bayonets would take place at noon the following day at the palace of Killala.

Serazin, and, I believe, Madgett, were strongly opposed to this indiscriminate arming of the people; but Neal's counsels were now in the ascendant, and Humbert gave an implicit confidence to all he suggested.

It was four o'clock in the evening when the word to march was given, and our gallant little force began its advance movement. Still attached to Colonel Charost's staff, and being, as chasseurs, in the advance, I had a good opportunity of seeing the line of march from an eminence about half a mile in front. Grandeur and more imposing displays I have indeed often witnessed. As a great military "spectacle" it could not, of course, be compared with those mighty armies I had seen deploying through the defiles of the Black Forest, or spreading like a sea over the wide plain of Germany, but in purely picturesque effect, this scene surpassed all I had ever beheld at the time, nor do I think, that, in after life, I can recall one more striking.

The winding road, which led over hill and valley, now disappearing, now emerging, with the undulations of the soil, was covered by troops marching in a firm compact order; the grenadiers in front, after which came the artillery, and then the regiments of the line. Watching the dark column, occasionally saluting it as it went with a cheer, stood thousands of country people on every hill-top and eminence, while far away, in the distance, the frigates lay at anchor in the bay, the guns at intervals thundering out a solemn "boom" of welcome and encouragement to their comrades.

There was something so heroic in the notion of that little band of warriors throwing them-

selves fearlessly into a strange land to contest its claim for liberty with one of the most powerful nations of the world; there was a character of daring intrepidity in this bold advance, they knew not whither, nor against what force, that gave the whole an air of glorious chivalry.

I must own that distance lent its wonted illusion to the scene, and proximity, like its twin-brother, familiarity, destroyed much of the "prestige" my fancy had conjured up. The line of march, so imposing when seen from afar, was neither regular nor well kept. The peasantry were permitted to mingle with the troops; ponies, mules, and asses, loaded with camp-kettles and cooking vessels, were to be met with every where. The baggage-wagons were crowded with officers, and "sous-officers," who, disappointed in obtaining horses, were too indolent to walk. Even the gun-carriages, and the guns themselves, were similarly loaded, while at the head of the infantry column, in an old rickety gig, the ancient mail conveyance between Ballina and the coast, came General Humbert, Neal Kerrigan capering at his side on the old gray, whose flanks were now tastefully covered by the tri-colored ensign of one of the boats as a saddle-cloth.

This nearer and less enchanting prospect of my gallant comrades I was enabled to obtain, on being dispatched to the rear by Colonel Charost, to say that we were now within less than a mile of the town of Killala, its venerable steeple, and the tall chimneys of the palace, being easily seen above the low hills in front. Neal Kerrigan passed me, as I rode back with my message, galloping to the front with all the speed he could muster; but while I was talking to the general he came back to say that the beating of drums could be heard from the town, and that by the rapid movements here and there of people, it was evident the defense was being prepared. There was a look-out, too, from the steeple, that showed our approach was already known. The general was not slow in adopting his measures, and the word was given for quick march, the artillery to deploy right and left of the road, two companies of grenadiers forming on the flanks. "As for you, sir," said Humbert to me, "take that horse," pointing to a mountain pony, fastened behind the gig, "ride forward to the town and make a reconnaissance. You are to report to me," cried he, as I rode away, and was soon out of hearing.

Quitting the road, I took a foot-track across the fields, and which the pony seemed to know well, and after a sharp canter reached a small, poor suburb of the town, if a few straggling wretched cabins can deserve the name; a group of countrymen stood in the middle of the road, about fifty yards in front of me; and while I was deliberating whether to advance or retire, a joyous cry of "Hurra for the French!" decided me, and I touched my cap in salute, and rode forward.

Other groups saluted me with a similar cheer as I went on; and now windows were

flung open, and glad cries and shouts of welcome rang out from every side. These signs were too encouraging to turn my back upon, so I dashed forward through a narrow street in front, and soon found myself in a kind of square or "Place," the doors and windows of which were all closed, and not a human being to be seen any where. As I hesitated what next to do, I saw a soldier in a red coat rapidly turn the corner. "What do you want here, you spy?" he cried out in a loud voice, and at the same instant his bullet rang past my ear with a whistle. I drove in the spurs at once, and just as he had gained a doorway I clove his head open with my sabre—he fell dead on the spot before me. Wheeling my horse round, I now rode back as I had come, at full speed, the same welcome cries accompanying me as before.

Short as had been my absence, it was sufficient to have brought the advanced guard close up with the town, and just as I emerged from the little suburb, a quick, sharp firing, drew my attention toward the left of the wall, and there I saw our fellows advancing at a trot, while about twenty red-coats were in full flight before them, the wild cries of the country people following them as they went.

I had but time to see thus much, and to remark that two or three English prisoners were taken, when the general came up. He had now abandoned the gig, and was mounted on a large, powerful, black horse, which I afterward learned was one of the bishop's. My tidings were soon told, and, indeed, but indifferently attended to, for it was evident enough that the place was our own.

"This way, general—follow me," cried Kerrigan. "If the light-companies will take the road down to the 'Acres,' they'll catch the yeomen as they retreat by that way, and we have the town our own."

The counsel was speedily adopted; and although the dropping fire, here and there, showed that some slight resistance was still being made, it was plain enough that all real opposition was impossible.

"Forward!" was now the word; and the "chasseurs," with their muskets "in sling," advanced at a trot up the main street. At a little distance the grenadiers followed, and, debouching into the square, were received by an ill-directed volley from a few of the militia, who took to their heels after they fired. Three or four red-coats were killed, but the remainder made their escape through the church-yard, and gaining the open country, scattered and fled as best they could.

Humbert, who had seen war on a very different scale, could not help laughing at the absurdity of the skirmish, and was greatly amused with the want of all discipline and "accord" exhibited by the English troops.

"I foresee, gentlemen," said he, jocularly, "that we may have abundance of success, but gain very little glory, in the same campaign

Now for a blessing upon our labors—where shall we find our friend, the bishop?"

"This way, general," cried Neal, leading down a narrow street, at the end of which stood a high wall, with an iron gate. This was locked, and some efforts at barricading it showed the intention of a defense; but a few strokes of a pioneer's hammer smashed the lock, and we entered a kind of pleasure-ground, neatly and trimly kept. We had not advanced many paces when the bishop, followed by a great number of his clergy—for it happened to be the period of his annual visitation—came forward to meet us.

Humbert dismounted, and removing his chapecau, saluted the dignitary with a most finished courtesy. I could see, too, by his gesture, that he presented General Serazin, the second in command; and, in fact, all his motions were those of a well-bred guest at the moment of being received by his host. Nor was the bishop, on his side, wanting either in ease or dignity; his manner, not without the appearance of deep sorrow, was yet that of a polished gentleman doing the honors of his house to a number of strangers.

As I drew nearer I could hear that the bishop spoke French fluently, but with a strong foreign accent. This facility, however, enabled him to converse with ease on every subject, and to hold intercourse directly with our general, a matter of no small moment to either party. It is probable that the other clergy did not possess this gift, for assuredly their manner toward us, inferiors of the staff, was neither gracious nor conciliating, and as for myself, the few efforts I made to express, in English, my admiration for the coast scenery, or the picturesque beauty of the neighborhood, were met in any rather than a spirit of politeness.

The generals accompanied the bishop into the castle, leaving myself and three or four others on the outside. Colonel Charost soon made his appearance, and a guard was stationed at the entrance gate, with a strong picket in the garden. Two sentries were placed at the hall-door, and the words "*Quartier Général*" written up over the portico. A small garden pavilion was appropriated to the colonel's use, and made the office of the adjutant-general, and in less than half an hour after our arrival eight sous-officiers were hard at work, under the trees, writing away at billets, contribution orders, and forage rations; while I, from my supposed fluency in English, was engaged in carrying messages to and from the staff to the various shopkeepers and tradesmen of the town, numbers of whom now flocked around us with expressions of welcome and rejoicing.

(To be continued.)

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

A LUNATIC ASYLUM IN PALERMO.

SEVERAL years ago Count Pisani, a Sicilian nobleman, while on a tour through Europe, directed his attention to the condition of the re-

ceptacles for lunatics in some of the principal continental cities. Deeply impressed by the injudicious and often cruel treatment to which the unhappy inmates of those establishments were subject, he determined on returning, to convert his beautiful villa near Palermo into a Lunatic Asylum, which received the name of the *Casa dei Matti*; and withdrawing to a more humble place of abode, he devoted his fortune and energies to the purpose of carrying out his philanthropic scheme.

Count Pisani himself offered to conduct me over the establishment. After a short walk we arrived in front of a spacious mansion, the exterior aspect of which presented nothing differing from that of a handsome private residence. The windows, it is true, were grated; but the gratings were so ingeniously contrived that had not my attention been particularly directed to them, I should not have discovered their existence. Some represented vine leaves, tendrils, or bunches of grapes; others were fashioned like the long leaves and blue flowers of the convolvulus. Foliage, fruit, and flowers were all painted in natural colors, and it was only from a very near point of view that the artifice could be detected.

The gate was opened by a man, who, instead of carrying a huge stick or a bunch of keys (the usual insignia of the porter of a mad house), had a fine nosegay stuck in the breast of his coat, and in one hand he held a flute, on which he had apparently been playing when interrupted by our summons at the gate.

We entered the building, and were proceeding along the corridor on the ground-floor, when we met a man whom I took to be a servant or messenger of the establishment, as he was carrying some bundles of fire-wood. On perceiving us, he laid down his burden, and advancing to Count Pisani, respectfully kissed his hand. The count inquired why he was not in the garden enjoying the fresh air and amusing himself with his companions. "Because," replied the man, "winter is fast coming, and I have no time to lose. I shall have enough to do to bring down all the wood from the loft, and stow it away in the cellar." The count commended his forethought, and the man, taking up his fagots, bowed, and went his way.

This man, the count informed me, was the owner of large estates in Castelveleruno; but owing to a natural inactivity of mind, and the absence of any exciting or useful occupation, he sank into a state of mental torpor, which terminated in insanity. When he was brought to the *Casa dei Matti*, Count Pisani drew him aside, under the pretense of having a most important communication to make to him. The count informed him that he had been changed at nurse, that he was not the rightful owner of the wealth he had heretofore enjoyed; and that the fact having become known, he was dispossessed of his wealth, and must therefore work for his maintenance. The madman believed the tale, but showed no disposition to

rouse himself from the state of indolence which had been the primary cause of his mental aberration. He folded his arms, and sat down, doubtless expecting that in due time a servant would enter as usual to inform him that dinner was ready. But in this he was deceived.

Dinner hour arrived, and no servant appeared. He waited patiently for some time; but at length the pangs of hunger roused him from his listlessness, and he began to call out loudly for something to eat. No one answered him; and he passed the whole night in knocking on the walls of his apartment, and ordering his servants to bring him his dinner.

About nine o'clock next morning, one of the keepers entered the apartment of the new patient, who, starting up with more energy than he usually manifested, imperiously ordered his breakfast to be prepared. The keeper offered to go into the town to purchase something for his breakfast, if he would give him the money to pay for it. The hungry man eagerly thrust his hands into his pocket, and to his dismay, having discovered that he had no money, he implored the keeper to go and procure him some breakfast on credit.

"Credit!" exclaimed the keeper, who had received the requisite instructions from Count Pisani. "Credit, indeed! No doubt you might easily have obtained credit to any amount, when you were living at Castelveleruno, and every one believed you to be the rightful lord of those fine domains. But now that the truth has come out, who do you think will give credit to a pauper?"

The lunatic immediately recollected what Count Pisani had told him respecting his altered position in life, and the necessity of working for his daily bread. He remained for a few moments as if absorbed in profound reflection; then, turning to the keeper, he asked whether he would point out to him some mode by which he could earn a little money to save himself from starvation.

The keeper replied that if he would help him to carry up to the loft the fagots of firewood which were in the cellar, he would willingly pay him for his work. The proposal was readily accepted; and after carrying up twelve loads of wood, the laborer received his hire, consisting of a little money just sufficient to purchase a loaf of bread, which he devoured with a keener appetite than he ever remembered to have felt throughout the whole previous course of his life.

He then set to work to earn his dinner as he had earned his breakfast; but instead of twelve, he carried up thirty-six loads of wood. For this he was paid three times as much as he had received in the morning, and his dinner was proportionably better and more abundant than his breakfast.

Thenceforward the business proceeded with the most undeviating regularity; and the patient at last conceived such a liking for his occupation, that when all the wood had been carried

from the cellar to the loft, he began of his own voluntary accord to carry it down from the loft to the cellar, and *vice versa*.

When I saw this lunatic, he had been employed in this manner for about a year. The morbid character of his madness had completely disappeared, and his bodily health, previously bad, was now re-established. Count Pisani informed me that he intended soon to try the experiment of telling him that there was some reason to doubt the accuracy of the statements which had caused him to lose the property he once enjoyed; and that he (the count) was in quest of certain papers which might, perhaps, prove after all, that he was no changeling, but the rightful heir to the estates of which he had been deprived. "But," added the count, when he told me this, "however complete this man's recovery may at any time seem to be, I will not allow him to quit this place unless he gives me a solemn promise that he will every day, wheresoever he may be, carry twelve loads of wood from the cellar to the garret, and twelve loads down from the garret to the cellar. On that condition alone, shall I feel any security against the risk of his relapse. Want of occupation is well known to be one of the most frequent causes of insanity."

Each patient had a separate apartment, and several of these little rooms were furnished and decorated in the most capricious style, according to the claims of their occupants. One, who believed himself to be the son of the Emperor of China, had his walls hung with silk banners, on which were painted dragons and serpents, while all sorts of ornaments cut out in gold paper, lay scattered about the room. This lunatic was good-tempered and cheerful, and Count Pisani had devised a scheme which he hoped might have some effect in mitigating the delusions under which he labored. He proposed to print a copy of a newspaper, and to insert in it a paragraph announcing that the Emperor of China had been dethroned, and had renounced the sovereignty on the part of his son and his descendants. Another patient, whose hallucination consisted in believing himself to be dead, had his room hung with black crape, and his bed constructed in the form of a bier. Whenever he arose from his bed, he was either wrapped in a winding sheet, or in some sort of drapery which he conceived to be the proper costume for a ghost. This appeared to me to be a very desperate case, and I asked Count Pisani whether he thought there was any chance of curing the victim of so extraordinary a delusion. The count shook his head doubtfully, and observed that his only hope rested on a scheme he meant shortly to try; which was to endeavor to persuade the lunatic that the day of judgment had arrived.

As we were quitting this chamber, we heard a loud roaring in another patient's apartment near at hand. The count asked me whether I had any wish to see how he managed raving madmen? "None whatever," I replied, "an

less you guarantee my personal safety!" He assured me there was nothing to fear, and, taking a key from the hand of one of the keepers, he led the way into a padded chamber. In one corner of the room was a bed, and stretched upon it lay a man, wearing a strait-waistcoat, which confined his arms to his sides, and fastened him by the middle of his body to the bed. I was informed that a quarter of an hour previously, this man had been seized with such a frightful fit of raving mania that the keepers were obliged to have recourse to restraint, very rarely resorted to in that establishment. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, was exceedingly handsome; he had fine dark eyes, and features of the antique mould, with the figure of a Hercules. On hearing the door open, he roared out in a voice of thunder, uttering threats and imprecations; but, on looking round, his eyes met those of the count, and his anger softened down into expressions of grief and lamentation. Count Pisani approached the bed, and, in a mild tone of voice, asked the patient what he had been doing to render it necessary to place him under such restraint. "They have taken away my Angelica," replied the maniac; "they have torn her from me, and I am resolved to be avenged on Medora!" The unfortunate man imagined himself to be Orlando Furioso, and, as may readily be supposed, his madness was of the wildest and most extravagant character.

Count Pisani endeavored to soothe his violence by assuring him that Angelica had been carried off by force, and that she would doubtless seize the first opportunity of escaping from the hands of her captors and rejoining her lover. This assurance, repeated earnestly but gently, speedily had the effect of calming the fury of the maniac, who, after a little time, requested that the count would unfasten his strait-waistcoat. This Count Pisani agreed to do, on condition of the patient pledging his word of honor that he would not profit by his liberty to make any attempt to pursue Angelica. This sympathy for imaginary misfortune had a good effect. The patient did not attempt to quit his bed, but merely raised himself up. He had been a year in the establishment, and, notwithstanding the deep grief into which his fancied misfortunes plunged him, he had never been known to shed tears. Count Pisani had several times endeavored to make him weep, but without success. He proposed soon to try the experiment of announcing to him the death of Angelica. He intended to dress up a figure in funeral garments, and to prevail on the heart-broken Orlando to be present at the interment. This scene, it was expected, would have the effect of drawing tears from the eyes of the sufferer; and if so, Count Pisani declared he should not despair of his recovery.

In an apartment facing that of Orlando Furioso, there was another man raving mad. When we entered his room he was swinging in a hammock, in which he was fastened down, for biting his keeper. Through the gratings

of his window he could perceive his comrades strolling about and amusing themselves in the garden. He wished to be among them, but was not allowed to go, because, on a recent occasion, he had made a very violent attack on a poor harmless creature, suffering from melancholy madness. The offender was in consequence condemned to be tied down in his hammock, which is the secondary punishment resorted to in the establishment. The first and most severe penalty being imprisonment; and the third the strait-waistcoat. "What is the matter?" said Count Pisani. "What have you been doing to-day?" The lunatic looked at the count, and then began whining, like a peevish child. "They will not let me go out to play," said he, looking out of the window, where several of his companions were enjoying the air in the garden. "I am tired of lying here;" and he began rocking himself impatiently in his hammock. "Well, I doubt not it is wearisome," said the count; "suppose I release you;" and, with those words, he unfastened the ligatures.

The lunatic joyfully leapt out of his hammock, exclaiming, "Now I may go into the garden!" "Stay," said the count; "suppose before you go you dance the Tarantella." "Oh, yes!" exclaimed the lunatic, in a tone which showed that he received the proposal as the greatest possible indulgence; "I shall be delighted to dance the Tarantella." "Go and fetch Teresa and Gaetano," said the count to one of the keepers; then turning to me, he said, "Teresa is also one of our violent patients, and she sometimes gives us a great deal of trouble. Gaetano was a teacher of the guitar, and some time ago he became deranged. He is the minstrel of our establishment." In a few minutes, Teresa, a pretty looking young woman about twenty years of age, was conducted into the room by two men, who held her by the arms, while she struggled to escape, and endeavored to strike them. Gaetano, with his guitar slung round his neck, followed gravely, but without being held, for his madness was of a perfectly harmless kind.

No sooner did Teresa perceive Count Pisani, than, by a violent effort disengaging herself from the keepers, she flew to him, and, drawing him aside into a corner of the room, she began to tell him a long story about some ill-treatment to which she alleged she had been subjected. "I know it; I have heard of it," said the count; "and, therefore, I think it just to make you some amends. For this reason I have sent for you that you may dance the Tarantella." Teresa was delighted at hearing this, and immediately took her place in front of her intended partner. "Now, Gaetano, *presto! presto!*" said the count, and the musician struck up the air of the Tarantella in very spirited style.

I have frequently witnessed the magical effect which this air never fails to produce on the Sicilians; but I never could conceive any thing

like the change it wrought upon these two lunatics. The musician began to play the air in the time in which it is usually performed; but the dancers urged him to play it more and more quickly, till at length the measure became indescribably rapid. The dancers marked the tune with the most perfect precision by snapping their fingers. After keeping up this rapid movement with surprising energy for a quarter of an hour, they began to show some symptoms of fatigue. The man was the first to give in, and, overcome by the exertion, he threw himself on a bench which stood on one side of the room. Teresa, however, kept up a very animated *pas seul* for several minutes after the loss of her partner; but at length she also found herself compelled to stop. The man was placed on his bed, and the woman was conducted to her apartment. Both were so completely overcome by the violence of their exertions, that Count Pisani observed he would answer for their remaining quiet for twenty-four hours to come. As to the guitarist, he was allowed to go into the garden to play to his companions.

I was next conducted into a large hall, in which the patients walk and amuse themselves, when wet weather prevents them from going out. This place was adorned with a profusion of flowers, growing in pots and vases, and the walls were covered with fresco paintings, representing humorous subjects. The hall contained embroidery frames, spinning-wheels, and even weavers' looms; all presented traces of the work on which the lunatics had been engaged. Having passed through the great hall, I was conducted to the garden, which was tastefully laid out, shaded by large spreading trees and watered by fresh fountains. I was informed that, during the hours allotted to recreation, most of the patients may be seen wandering about the garden separately, and without holding any communication one with another, each following the bent of his or her own particular humor, some noisy and others silent. One of the most decided characteristics of madness is the desire of solitude. It seldom happens that two lunatics enter into conversation with each other; or, if they do so, each merely gives utterance to his own train of thought, without any regard to what is said by his interlocutor. It is different when they converse with the strangers who occasionally visit them. They then attend to any observations addressed to them, and not unfrequently make very rational and shrewd replies.

The first patient we met on entering the garden, was a young man apparently about six or eight-and-twenty years of age. Before he lost his senses, he was one of the most distinguished advocates in Catania. One evening, at the theatre, he got involved in some dispute with a Neapolitan, who, instead of quietly putting into his pocket the card which Lucca (as I shall call him) slipped into his hand, went out and made a complaint to the guard. This guard was composed of Neapolitan soldiers, one of whom

gladly availing himself of the opportunity of exercising authority over a Sicilian, seized him by the collar, whereupon Lucca struck his assailant. The other soldiers came to the aid of their comrade, and a violent struggle ensued, in the course of which Lucca received a blow on the head which felled him on the ground. He was conveyed to prison in a state of insensibility and placed in a cell, where he was left for the night. Next morning, when it was intended to conduct him before the judge for examination, he was found to be perfectly insane.

This young man's madness had taken a very poetic turn. Sometimes he fancied himself to be Tasso; at another time Shakspeare or Chateaubriand. At the time of my visit to the asylum, he was deeply impressed with the delusion of imagining himself to be Dante. When we approached him, he was pacing up and down an alley in the garden, pleasantly shaded by trees. He held in one hand a pencil, and in the other some slips of paper, and he was busily engaged in composing the thirty-third Canto of his *Inferno*. At intervals he rubbed his forehead, as if to collect his scattered thoughts, and then he would note down some lines of the poem.

Profiting by a pause, during which he seemed to emerge from his profound abstraction, I stepped up to him, saying, "I understand, sir, that I have the honor of addressing myself to Dante."

"That is my name," replied Lucca. "What have you to say to me?"

"To assure you how much pleasure I shall feel in making your acquaintance. I proceeded to Florence, in the hope of finding you there, but you had left that city."

"Then," said Lucca, with that sharp, quick sort of utterance often observable in insane persons, "then, it seems, you were not aware of my having been driven from Florence, and that they charged me with having stolen the money of the Republic? Dante accused of robbery, forsooth! I slung my sword at my side, and having collected the first seven Cantos of my poem, I departed."

This strange hallucination excited my interest, and, pursuing the conversation, I said, "I hoped to have overtaken you between Fette and Montefeltro."

"Oh! I staid only a very short time there," said he. "Why did you not go to Ravenna?"

"I did go there, and found only your tomb!"

"But I was not in it," observed he. "Do you know how I escaped?"

I replied in the negative.

"I have discovered a mode of restoring one's life."

"Is it a secret?"

"No; I will tell it you. When I feel that I am dying, I order a grave to be dug—a very deep grave. You are aware that in the centre of the earth there is an immense lake full of red water—and—and—"

Count Pisani, who had overheard the latter part of this conversation, here suddenly interrupt

ed Lucca, saying, "Signor Dante, these people are very anxious to have a dance. Will you indulge them by playing a quadrille?"

He then hurriedly dispatched one of the attendants for a violin, on which instrument he informed me, Lucca was a masterly performer.

The violin being brought, the count handed it to Lucca who began to tune it. Meanwhile, the count, drawing me aside, said, "I interrupted your conversation, just now, somewhat abruptly; because I observed that Lucca was beginning to wander into some of his metaphysical delusions, and I never allow him to talk on such subjects. These metaphysical lunatics are always very difficult to cure.

"But yonder comes one who will never be cured!" pursued the count, shaking his head, sorrowfully, while he directed my notice to a young female who was advancing from another part of the garden, attended by a female servant or nurse. By this time the dancers had begun to range themselves in their places, and the young lady's attendant was drawing her forward, with the view of inducing her to take part in the quadrille.

The young lady, whose dress and general elegance of appearance seemed to denote that she was a person of superior rank, was disinclined to dance; and as the attendant persisted in urging her forward, she struggled to escape, and at length fell into a paroxysm of grief.

"Let her alone! Let her alone!" said Count Pisani to the attendant. "It is useless to contend with her. Poor girl! I fear she will never endure to see dancing, or to hear music, without this violent agitation. Come hither, Costanza," said he, beckoning kindly to her. "Tell me what is the matter?"

"Oh, Albano! Albano!" shrieked the poor maniac. "They are going to kill Albano!"

And then, overcome by her emotion, she sank, exhausted, into the arms of her attendant, who carried her away.

Meanwhile, the sound of the violin had drawn together, from various parts of the garden, a number of patients, male and female, and the quadrille was formed. Among the most conspicuous figures in the group were the son of the Emperor of China, and the man who believed himself to be dead. The former wore on his head a splendid crown, made of gilt paper; and the latter, who was enveloped in a white sheet, stalked about with the grave and solemn air which he conceived to be common to a ghost. A melancholy madman, who evidently shared in the festivity with reluctance and regret, and who was, from time to time, urged on by his keepers, and a woman, who fancied herself to be Saint Catharine, and was subject to strange fits of ecstasy and improvisation, were also conspicuous among the dancers. Lucca, who played the violin with extraordinary spirit, every now and then marked the time by stamping his foot on the ground, while, in a stentorian voice, he called out the figures, to which, however, the dancers paid not the slightest attention. The scene was inde-

scribable, it was like one of those fantastic visions which are sometimes conjured up in a dream.

As we were passing through the court-yard, on our way out, I espied Costanza, the young lady who had so determinedly refused to join in the dance. She was now kneeling down on the edge of a fountain, and intently gazing on her own countenance, which was reflected from the limpid water as from a mirror.

I asked the count what had caused the insanity of this interesting patient. "Alas!" replied he, "it is a melancholy story of romantic *vendetta*, which might almost figure in a work of fiction." Costanza's husband had been murdered on her bridal day by a rival.

When Costanza was first brought to the establishment, her madness was of a very violent character; but, by degrees it had softened down into a placid melancholy. Nevertheless, her case was one which admitted of no hope.

Some time after my visit to Palermo, I met Lucca in Paris. He was then, to all appearance, perfectly himself. He conversed very rationally, and even appeared to recollect having seen and conversed with me before. I inquired after poor Costanza; but he shook his head sorrowfully. The count's prediction was fully verified. Lucca had recovered his senses: but Costanza was still an inmate of the *Casa dei Matti*.

SLOPED FOR TEXAS.—A TALE OF THE WEST.

THIS is an answer given in some of the States of America when a gentleman has decamped from his wife, from his creditors, or from any other responsibility which he finds it troublesome to meet or to support. Among the curious instances of the application of this phrase is an adventure which happened to myself.

It is the boast of the bloods of the town of Rackinsack, in Arkansas, that they are born with skins like alligators, and with strength like bears. They work hard, and they *play* hard. Gaming is the recreation most indulged in, and the gaming-houses of the western part of Arkansas have branded it with an unenviable notoriety.

One dark summer night, I lounged, as a mere spectator, the different rooms, watching the various games of hazard that were being played. Some of the players seemed to have set their very souls upon the stakes; their eyes were bloodshot, and fixed, from beneath their wrinkled brows, on the table, as if their everlasting weal or woe depended there upon the turning of the dice; while others—the finished blacklegs—assumed an indifferent and careless look, though a kind of sardonic smile playing round their lips, but too plainly revealed a sort of habitual desperation. Three of the players looked the very counterparts of each other, not only in face, but expression; both the physical and moral likeness was indeed striking. The other player was a young man, a stranger, whom they call a "green one," in this and many other parts of

the world. His eyes, his nose, his whole physiognomy, seemed to project, and to be capable of growing even still longer.

"Fifty dollars more," he exclaimed, with a deep-drawn breath, as he threw down the stake.

Each of his opponents turned up his cards coolly and confidently; but the long-visaged hero laid his stake before them, and, to the astonishment of the three professionals, won.

"Hurrah! the luck has turned, and I crow?" he cried out in an ecstasy, and pocketed the cash.

The worthy trio smiled at this, and recommenced play. The *green* young man displayed a broad but silent grin at his good fortune, and often took out his money to count it over, and see if each piece was good.

"Here are a hundred dollars more," cried the sylvan youth, "and I crow."

"I take them," said one of the trio. The youth won again, and "crowed" louder this time than he did the first.

On went the game; stakes were lost and won. Gradually the rouleaus of the "crower" dwindled down to a three or four of dollars, or so. It was clear that the gentlemen in black had been luring him on by that best of decoys, success at first.

"Let me see something for my money. Here's a stake of two dollars, and I crow!" But he spoke now in a very faint treble indeed, and looked penitently at the cards.

Again the cards were shuffled, cut, and dealt, and the "plucked pigeon" staked his last dollar upon them.

"The last button on gabe's coat, and I cr—; no, I'll be hamstrung if I do!"

He lost this too, and, with as deep a curse as I ever heard, he rose from the green board.

The apartment was very spacious, and on the ground floor. There was only this one gaming table in it, and not many lookers-on besides myself. Thinking the gaming was over, I turned to go out, but found the door locked, and the key gone. There was evidently something in the wind. At all events, I reflected, in case of need, the windows are not very far to the ground. I returned, and saw the winners dividing the spoil, and the poor shorn "greenhorn," leaning over the back of their chairs, staring intently at the money.

The notes were deliberately spread out one after another. Those which the loser had staked were new, fresh from the press, he said, and they were sorted into a heap distinct from the rest. They were two-dollar, three-dollar, and five-dollar notes, from the Indiana Bank, and the Bank of Columbus, in Ohio.

"I say, Ned, I don't think these notes are good," said one of the winners, and examined them.

"I wish they were'nt, and I'd crow," cried out the loser, very chop-fallen, at his elbow.

This simple speech lulled the suspicions of the counter, and he resumed his counting. At last, as he took up the last note, and eying it

keenly, he exclaimed, in a most emphatic manner, "I'll be hanged if they *are* genuine! They are forged!"

"No, they ain't!" replied the loser, quite as emphatically.

A very opprobrious epithet was now hurled at the latter. He, without more ado, knocked down the speaker at a blow, capsized the table, which put out the lights, and, in the next instant, darted out of the window, while a bullet, fired from a pistol, cracked the pane of glass over his head. He had leaped into the small court-yard, with a wooden paling round it. The winners dashed toward the door, but found that the "green one" had secured it.

When the three worthies were convinced that the door would not yield to their efforts, and when they heard their "*victim*" galloping away, they gave a laugh at the trick played them, and returned to the table.

"Strike a light, Bill, and let's pick up what notes have fallen. I have nearly the whole lot in my pocket."

The light soon made its appearance.

"What! None on the floor? Capital; I think I must have them all in my pocket, then:" saying which, he drew out the notes, and laid them on the table.

"Fire and Furies! These are the forged notes! The rascal has whipped up the other heap!"

While all this was going on, I stepped toward the window, but had not stood there long, before I heard the clanking hoofs of a horse beyond the paling, and a shout wafted into the room—"Sloped for Texas!"

The worst part of the story remains to be told: it was *my* horse on which the rogue was now galloping off.

[From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.]

THE VOLCANO-GIRL.

IT is an axiom among travelers, that the Bay of Naples is the most beautiful place in the whole world. Every one who beholds it repeats the same statement with unvarying uniformity; and if any quaint person were to make a contrary assertion, he would not be argued with, but laughed down. I dislike paradoxes, and therefore shall subscribe to the general opinion, although I never saw a scene so dismal as when I first entered the bay. Dismal, but grand! We had left Civita Vecchia the day before, steaming through a restless, nasty sea, in the midst of as filthy a fog as ever defiled the surface of the Mediterranean during the merry month of May. Sometimes we could see nothing but the dirty-looking short waves; but now and then a dim streak of Roman territory, or two or three ghost-like islands, rewarded the efforts of our winking eyes. The night was boisterous, if not tempestuous; but when morning came the wind had abated, though without driving away the mist, and the sea rolled still in a turbulent and uncivil way.

The *Maria Christina* was undoubtedly the

worst steamer it has ever been my lot to voyage in. There seemed to be not a well hung piece in her whole composition; so that, in addition to the usual sea-sounds, there was a perpetual slamming of doors and creaking of timbers. The villainous little craft appeared to be in constant hesitation whether it would go to pieces or not; and I believe has since taken that freak into its head. The captain, as seamanlike a fellow as ever crossed my eyes, kept up our confidence, however, even in the most ugly moments; although it could not be denied that our expedition was something like a visit to the northern seas in a Margate boat.

We crawled on at the rate of some three or four knots an hour, until, after passing San Stefano, we began to distinguish dimly the base of Ischia; for the summit was plunged in a mass of black clouds. Then a doubtful outline of rocks struggled through the vapor to the left; and at length we got into the pass, guessed at the form of the promontory, obtained a vague glimpse of Procida, and fairly entered the famous bay. All the elements of its beauty showed faintly through a moving vapor that thickened aloft into driving clouds. Capri looked like a cone of dark mist lingering to the south: the island we had passed dimmed away in our rear. Bays and creeks innumerable ran in, to the left, between a strange mixture of rocks and vegetation. This was all we could see at first; but the lower half of Vesuvius soon showed itself; and presently the curtain of mist was drawn hastily aside, just to give us a glimpse, as it were, of the giant peak, faintly penciled against the leaden sky, into which its wreath of smoke faded away, and of the reaper of Castel à Mare, and the craggy promontory of Sorrento. Then all was covered again; and a thin driving shower filled the air. Not a single gleam of sunshine gilded the scene; but I once distinguished the orb, "shorn of its beams," poised over the depths of the bay.

First impressions are every thing. Whenever I try to recall the all-famous site, it always begins by presenting itself under this aspect—not without its grandeur, it is true—but far inferior to the bright and sunny scenes I witnessed, when, proceeding farther under more favorable auspices, I made acquaintance with the coasts of Calabria, and the immortal Straits of Messina. With a little patience, however, I can figure to myself the Bay of Naples in all the loveliness which it afterward displayed; and when the operation is complete, the contrast becomes interesting.

I shall say nothing about the castles of St. Elmo and Del Ovo; nor of the useless fuss about granting *pratique*; nor of an attempt made to entrap us into smuggling by a worthy who had some silks to land; nor of the annoyances of the custom-house. It is not my intention to take the bread out of the mouths of the tourists. These are their legitimate topics. I have to relate a little incident which does not happen to every one who visits Naples; and I

can not therefore be accused of trespassing upon any body's ground. What I say about scenery and manners must merely be considered as a setting to the diamond. I am willing to concede superiority in this respect to any one who may claim it.

We lodged in the Hôtel de la Belle Venise, situated half-way up a steep street—name not mentioned in my journal—leading from the lower end of the Strada Toledo. We were bent on traveling cheaply, and did not think four *carlines* a day too dear for a room. This hint is not intended as information to any who may follow in our footsteps; but it illustrates our character and position, and explains why in the course of our wanderings we were always meeting with strange adventures. A man may travel from Dan to Beersheba in first-class carriages of railways, coupés of diligences, saloons of steamers; he may put up at the best hotels, and hire the cleverest guides, and he will see nothing, learn nothing, feel nothing, but what has been seen, learned, and felt by his predecessors. But we defy even the shyest Englishman to undertake the tour of Europe on economical principles, unless he be positively determined to keep his eyes and heart as close shut as his pocket, without bringing back something to remember to the end of his days—something to make his eyes grow dim when he meditates on it, his lips tremble when he speaks of it, his hand falter when he writes of it. For in this system of traveling he is forced, while in a mood of mind highly susceptible of impressions, into contact with all sorts of characters and incidents; and if he has a spark of nature in him, it must be struck out.

We dined the first evening at the Trattoria dell' Errole, and took an ice at the Caffé di Europa. But our heads were in a disagreeable whirl, and we enjoyed nothing. We missed the creaking and the groaning of the Maria Christina; for which the rumbling of a few carriages, and the buzz of voices on the promenade, seemed—such is the force of habit—an insignificant compensation. Lines of well-lit shops, crowds of well-dressed people, balconies filled with ladies, colonnades of churches, and façades of palaces, danced dimly before our eyes, instead of the accustomed cordages, the naked masts, the smutty sail, the breast-high bulwarks, and that horrid squat funnel, with its cascade of black smoke tinged, as it rolled forth, with a dull red glow. When I retired to rest, I caught myself holding on to the bed as I prepared to get into it; and I dreamed of nothing all night but of trampling of feet overhead, whistling of wind through rigging, shifting of the anchor-chain, and all sorts of abominable noises. These physical reminiscences, however, disappeared next day, and I was prepared to enjoy Naples.

I did enjoy it; and I hope all my readers may live to enjoy it too. I know this is wishing a tremendously long life to some of them; but such a wish will offend nobody. During one of my strolls—this time I was alone—I came to

the foot of that vast flight of steps shaded by trees which leads up toward the castle of St. Elmo. It was just past mid-day; and I suppose every body was beginning the siesta; for not a single living soul could I see in any direction. I sat down on one of the steps, under the shadow of a huge elm, and looked upward toward the sky along the broken avenue of trees that led aloft. There was something singularly beautiful to me in the scene. The trees here and there met, and huddled their heads together, and threw down a thick black shadow: beyond was a bright patch of sunshine; and then some thinly-sprinkled branches bent across, and fluttered their green and gold leaves between me and the patch of blue sky that glanced at the top, seeming to be the only destination of this lofty staircase.

I was gazing upward, as if in expectation, but in reality admiring this curious effect, when a small dark form intercepted my view of the sky. I had almost imagined myself at the foot of Jacob's ladder; but the spell was at once broken, and I was about to rise and go away, when the singular motions of the person who had disturbed me drew my attention. It was evidently a girl with naked feet, but neat garments; her head was laden with flowers; and she skipped down with all the lightness of the gazelle for some space; then came to a halt, possibly on seeing a stranger; then continued her progress—now showing brightly in the sun, now dimly in the shade, until she came, and, after a sidelong glance at me, sat down on the opposite end of the same step, where there was no protection from the heat. I now noticed that she carried a basket in her hand, from which she produced a variety of objects, evidently manufactured from lava. These she arranged by her side, and examined with care, every now and then casting an impatient look toward me. There was a wildness in her eye, and a quaintness in her whole demeanor that pleased me, especially as her features were almost without a fault. So I remained where I was, studying her movements; and the idea suddenly struck me that I was occupying her usual place, and that shyness prevented her from coming nearer. So I arose and went a little higher up, when she at once crossed over, I thought, with a grateful smile. A little while afterward she called to me, and asked if I would buy some of her curiosities.

There was evidently no sordid motive in this; for when I came near, she made no allusion to a bargain, but said I had chosen a place where there was not sufficient shade. I asked her a few questions about the lava, but got only vague answers. What conversation passed was a random kind of talk about the difference of Italy and foreign countries. It was evident that in the girl's eyes "Napoli"—which she pronounced with magnificent emphasis—was the only place in the world worth admiring. She had seen no other. The people, however, were bad—very bad. I thought, upon this

observation, that something like a story was coming; but the throat and face of the girl only darkened with a rush of blood, and she grew utterly silent. Suddenly she arranged her lava hastily in her basket, started up, leaving a piece which I had been holding in my hand, and had not paid for, and ran away down the street. I naturally ran after her to pay for what I had bought; but she turned round with flushed cheek and flashing eyes; and while I was indulging in the hope of being able to explain my intentions, I felt a blow on my breast from a stone lanced with no weak hand; and before I had time to recover from my surprise, the girl had disappeared.

A curious termination to an interview which I had begun to persuade myself had something of a romantic character! I rubbed my thorax, tried to laugh at the little slut's vivacity, but could not get rid of the uneasy annoyance peculiar to misunderstood people. Perhaps I had been taken for a robber—perhaps something I had said in my broken Italian had been thought insulting. I grew quite morose; thought of nothing else all the afternoon; was set down as an ill-tempered fellow at dinner; and on retiring to bed, could not help perpetually stating this question—"Why should that pretty girl, toward whom my heart had expanded, have left me in so abrupt a manner; and on my endeavoring to restore her property, have made a target of me?" All night, as I slept, I felt as if a hot coal were lying on my breast; and the place, indeed, *was* black and blue in the morning.

An excursion had been proposed to Vesuvius, and we started at three in the afternoon—myself, four Americans, with Mr. Jenkins and his wife—all crowded into what, I believe, is called a *corricolo*. The sea, along the brink of which we went, was still stormy, and the waves washed with a slushing noise up into the very street. The drive was beautiful to Portici, the white houses and vine-wreathed porticoes of which I noticed with pleasure. At Portici, after some wrangling in the house of the guide, we were transferred to horses and donkeys; and off we went, first up a hot lane between stone walls, and then along a fine paved road. The party was merry, and not unpicturesque, but out of character with the scene. Not one of us was subdued by the tranquil beauty of the little landscapes, the bright green nooks that opened here and there. Our temperaments were still too northern. We were not yet soothed down by the sunny sky and balmy air of Italy; and got stared at in consequence with contemptuous curiosity by the languid peasants in the fields.

At length a zig-zag road commenced, and up we went, turning round ever and anon to view the expanding bay, softened down into apparent calm by distance. Green gullies and ravines of lava began to be intermingled; but tranquil observation was soon interrupted by tremendous gusts of wind that came roaring down the sides of the mountain, and enveloped

as in whirlwinds of dust, sometimes mingled with pebbles, at every turn of the road. It was hard work to get on; and we were glad enough to reach the Hermitage and Observatory, where we tossed off a glass of *Lachryma Christi* to restore us.

The rest of the road was along a narrow ridge leading to the foot of the great black cone. On either side were gullies of green, and beyond great red fields of lava. It was not remarkably safe riding, and by no means commodious. Sometimes one's nose touched the horse's or ass's neck; sometimes the back of one's head was whisked by the tail. It was a sort of rocking-horse motion. But we arrived safe at the dismounting-place; and, I must confess, looked rather dismayed at the desperately steep cone up which we were bound to scramble. But in traveling, "on, on," is the word; so on we went, stumbling up through the triturated and block lava, as if Fame, or something else equally valuable, had been at the summit. Mrs. Jenkins was in an open palanquin, borne by eight men, who grunted, staggered, crawled up or slid back, shouted, laughed, and belabored one another with their climbing-poles, while the undaunted lady sat as coolly as in her drawing-room at home, making observations on the scenery, which we could scarcely hear, and were too breathless to answer.

In about an hour we neared the summit, and got under a vast canopy of sulphurous smoke, which, blown by the furious wind, rolled grim and black over the serrated edge, stretched its impenetrable mass between us and the sky, and then swooped down toward the bay, and dispersed in a vast mist. Most parts of the plain, too, were covered with a low ground-fog. It was a grand sight as we paused and looked back before the last effort. The whole sweep of the bay was visible from Sorrento to Baia, together with the islands, scattered like giant sentinels at the mouth; but all looked strange and fantastic through the sulphurous vapor. The sun was setting in a bath of blood and gold, just behind a straight line of ebony clouds with a sharp rim, like a wall of black marble. The white houses on the slopes of Castel à Mare were already looking ghastly in the twilight.

Our temples throbbed with fatigue; but the guide cried "Forward," and we soon came to the most disagreeable part of the business. The smoke was forced by the wind in a kind of cascade some fifty yards down the declivity, and as soon as we got into it an awful sense of suffocation came on. The guide swore, and some of us talked of retreating. But the majority were for persevering; and, panting and coughing, we dashed upward, reached the summit, got into the midst of a fearful torrent of black smoke, like that which is vomited by a steamer's funnel, and staggered giddily about seeking which way to go. At this moment a slight form glanced toward us, said a few words to the guide, and presently we were running to

the left along black and dizzy precipices, until suddenly we emerged from the volcanic vapor, and were in full view at the same time of the plain and the sea, and of all the wonders of Vesuvius.

The girl whose acquaintance I had made in so strange a manner had come to the assistance of the guide, and told him what direction to take in order soonest to escape from the smoke. I spoke to her; but although she recognized me, I think, she did not, or would not remember our former interview. The idea suggested itself that she was touched in her intellect, so I made no farther allusion to the subject. It was evident the guide knew her, and had confidence in her. He asked her advice about the path which it would be advisable to follow; and obeyed her directions implicitly. "Who is that?" I whispered. "It is Ghita, the Volcano-girl," he replied in English, before repeating the Italian name, which might be translated, the "Daughter of the Volcano." I had no time for further inquiries. We were once more in motion, and had enough to do to keep our footing on the rough lava in the teeth of as furious a blast as ever I remember encountering. It would have been dangerous to stand even near a precipice.

It was a marvelous scene that vast black valley with its lake of fire at the bottom—its cone of fire on one hand. The discharges were constant, and had something appalling in their sound. We were almost too much excited for observation. Now we looked at the cone of green and gold that sank and rose, faded and brightened, smoked or flamed; then at the seething lake; then at the strong mountains of lava; then at the burning fissures that yawned around. There were yet some remnants of day—a gloomy twilight at least revealed the jagged rim of the valley. Down we went—down, down to the very edge of the boiling caldron of melted lava, that rolled its huge waves toward the black shore, waves whose foam and spray were fire and flame! An eruption evidently was preparing; and soon indeed took place. We missed the sight; but what we now saw was grand enough. A troop of heavy black clouds was hurrying athwart the sky, showing the stars ever and anon between "like a swarm of golden bees." The wind roared and bellowed among the lava-gullies, while the cone discharged its blocks of burning lava, or its showers of red sparks, with a boom like that of a park of artillery.

A thousand travelers may witness and describe the scene, but it can never be hackneyed or vulgar. The volcano-girl, evidently familiar with every changing aspect, crept to my side, as I stood apart wrapt in silent admiration and wonder, and I caught her examining the expression of my face as it was revealed by the dismal glare of the burning lake. "E bellissima!" she whispered in a husky voice, pressing close to my side, and trembling like a leaf, not with present fear, but manifestly in memory of

some dreadful event. We were friends from that moment, and she constituted herself my especial guide, running before me to choose the surest paths, giving me her delicate little hand, and showing, in fact, all possible willingness to make up our little quarrel, if she retained any remembrance of it.

We returned toward the cone, and approached within dangerous proximity to it. The volcano-girl often pulled my arm to induce me to keep back; but when she saw I was determined to look down into the horrid flaming gulf of fire that yawned near the cone, she followed me, murmuring a low pensive song. On reaching the edge, which was uncertain and trembling, I halted and gazed; and while the guide and my companions shouted to me to come back, enjoyed a moment of fearful joy. I was standing on the brink of a vast chasm of fire, in which no flame was, but only a dreadful glow, that thickened by distance into substance. The wind shrieked around, the volcano roared above, the tremendous cloud of black smoke swayed and wavered as it rolled, beaten down by the wind to the outer edge of the crater, like a vast snake, or, when the blast for a moment ceased, towered aloft like an evil genius, and dispersed amid the clouds.

"Come back! come back!" cried Ghita, as the smoky pile of cinders trembled beneath us, and we both, panic-stricken, rushed to a surer footing, while the point we had occupied slid into the gulf of fire! I never shall forget that moment. The very memory of it makes my hair stand on end, and a cold perspiration burst out over my whole body. The girl clasped my hand convulsively as we ran, and when we stood again on the hot solid lava, uttered a low, "Dio grazia!" All this was unlike folly, and, together with our companionship in danger, heightened the interest I felt in my wild-looking, beautiful guide.

We all returned toward the edge of the crater, and collected in a lava-cave to light torches for our journey back. Here we met two or three men armed with guns, who professed to be guards, and might have been brigands. One of them spoke rather roughly to the volcano-girl, who took refuge by my side, and would not quit it. We started again by the light of great flaring torches, and soon began the descent down a dusty decline. It was a strange, rapid piece of work. The whole party ran, rushed, tumbled, slid, rolled down in one confused crowd, the torches glaring, flakes of burning pitch scattering here and there, the palanquin bobbing up and down, the mountain sloping up to the clouds behind, and down into darkness before. We descended this time into the old crater—a great plain of dust and pumice-stone. All was gloomy around; but the lights of Naples and Portici could be distinguished in the distance.

Our horses and donkeys were waiting for us where we had left them; and we rode rapidly back *via* the Hermitage, but over the plain of lava, instead of by the zig-zag road, toward Portici. Ghita ran all the way by my side, but

rarely spoke, except to tell me when we approached a steep declivity. I should have felt jealous had she attended to any one else; but was quite angry at hearing her jestingly spoken of as "my conquest." A single vulgar remark sometimes throws cold water on the most delicate sentiment.

At Portici she left us. The guides were paid, and every body forgot the volcano-girl who had been of such signal service to us. I looked for her, and saw her standing in the court-yard with the back of her little hand to her mouth in a pensive attitude. "Ghita," said I, approaching, "I must give you something"—she started slightly—"that you may buy a remembrance with it of our visit to the volcano." In such a form, the present—I did not write the amount down among my disbursements—was accepted frankly and freely. The poor girl was evidently in a state of great emotion: a few kind words from me had struck upon a chord ever ready to vibrate; the truth is, she sobbed, and could not answer. But when the tongue falters, and the lip trembles in the South, there is an eloquent substitute for language. She took my hand, and kissed it fervently, and a shower of warm tear-drops fell upon it. "Ghita," I murmured, trying to be firm, but bending over her with the tenderest affection—I can not help it; I have an instinctive love for the sorrowful—"Ghita, you are unhappy? Can I do any thing for you?" "No," was her answer, as she again pressed my hand, and, gliding away, disappeared like a shadow in the street.

We were at Naples an hour after midnight; but I found it impossible to sleep. I could think of nothing save the story of the volcano-girl; for the substance of her story was evident—the material details alone were wanting. I afterward learned the whole truth. A volume might be filled with them: a line will be sufficient. She had been betrothed to a young man, a guide, who had perished during a visit to the volcano: she had gone mad in consequence—of a gentle, harmless madness in general; but as a few brutal people insulted her, she was sometimes suspicious of strangers. She gained her living by selling ornaments of polished lava, or by guiding travelers. This was all; but it was enough. I have kept a place in my memory for Ghita, whose acquaintance I cultivated on other occasions. I saw her once among the ruins of Pompeii, where she greeted me with a friendly nod, but without referring at all to our previous meetings—I mean in words; for at parting she gave me a handful of wild-flowers, and then ran away without waiting for a recompense.

PUBLIC OPINION AND THE PUBLIC PRESS.

PERHAPS there is no better guarantee of peace and progress to this country than the freedom of the Press. Opinion is King of England and Victoria is Queen. Every phase of opinion speaks through some book or journal

and is repeated widely in proportion to the hold it takes upon the public. Government is the representative of whatever opinions prevail; if it prove too perverse it falls—ministers change, without a revolution. Then too, when every man's tongue is free, we are accustomed to hear all manner of wild suggestions. Fresh paint does not soon dazzle us; we are like children lavishly supplied with toys, who receive new gifts tranquilly enough.

Is King Opinion an honest ruler? Yes. For the English people speak unreservedly their thoughts on public matters, and are open, though it be with honorable slowness, to all new convictions. We must add, however, as a drawback, that the uneducated class amounts to a distressing number in this country in proportion to the whole. It forms, as long as it is ignorant, a source of profit to designing speculators. Nonsense is put into the mouths of men who mean no evil, but who sincerely desire their own improvement. Truth is murdered, and her dress is worn by knaves who burlesque sympathy with working-men for selfish purposes. The poor man's sincere advocate, at last, can not speak truth without incurring the suspicion of some treasonable purpose against honesty or common sense. The very language necessary to be used in advocating just rights sometimes becomes as a pure stream befouled by those who have misused it.

Therefore, in England, the uneducated classes arrive slowly at the privileges which they must acquire. They are impeded by false friends; but, even false friends are not able to delude them beyond a certain point. Among us, for example, even the most ignorant well know that there is no field for a vulgar revolution against such a monarch as Opinion makes. Arguments must be used for barricades, and we must knock our neighbors on the head with facts; we must fire newspaper articles instead of cannon-balls, and use colloquial banter for our small shot. In all disputes an English citizen has, for his last and sole appeal, Opinion; as a citizen of Rome had Cæsar.

The Government which puts its hand upon a nation's mouth and thinks to stifle what it has to say, will be inevitably kicked and bitten. The nation will, some day, get liberty and make amends for every minute of restraint with lusty shouting. Among the continental states which suffered from the Revolutions of 1848, were some in which the people had less of social evil to complain of than we have in England; but they were fretted by political restrictions, by a system of espial which tabooed all conversation upon public matters before any stranger, and they were glad enough to get their tongues at liberty. Adam, the old traditions say, was made of eight pounds: a pound of earth, his flesh; a pound of fire, his blood; a pound of cloud, his instability; a pound of grace (how that was weighed the legend saith not) his stature; a pound of blossom, his eyes; a pound

of dew, his sweat; a pound of salt, his tears; and, finally, a pound of wind, his breath. Now Governments which don't allow each man his pound of wind, get themselves, sooner or later, into certain trouble; for, when the wind does come at last (which it is sure to do), it comes in a storm.

The freedom and the power of Opinion in England, have given an importance to the press which is attached to it, as a direct agent in producing social reforms, in no other European country. The journalist lays every day a mass of facts before all people capable of thought; the adult, who has learnt only to write and read, acquires his remaining education—often not despicable in amount—from his weekly paper. Jeremy Bentham, speaking of those old superstitious rites by which it was intended to exorcise evil spirits, says very truly, "In our days, and in our country, the same object is obtained, and beyond comparison more effectually, by so cheap an instrument as a common newspaper. Before this talisman, not only devils but ghosts, vampires, witches, and all their kindred tribes, are driven out of the land, never to return again! The touch of Holy Water is not so intolerable to them as the bare smell of Printer's Ink."

What can a man learn by skimming the newspapers and journals of the day? Why, in the northern seas there floats a very little film of oil, where whales or seals have been. So thin a film, no bird could separate from any wave, yet there are birds who become grossly fat on no other nourishment. The storm petrel, or, in the Faroese phrase, Mother Carey's chicken, skims the surface of the troubled water, till the feathers of its breast are charged with oil; and then feeds heartily on the provision so collected. A vast number of her Majesty's subjects dart over the debater and the discussor of the newspaper, like storm petrels, and thrive upon what skimmings they retain.

Since the press in England has been actually free (and many of us can remember when it was not so), one fact has become every year more prominent amidst the din of parties. We have begun to see that, however much we are convinced of any one thing, those are not all and always fools who think the opposite. We get a strong suspicion of our individual fallibility, new facts come out, and display old opinions in an unexpected light. We respect our opponents, when they deserve respect, and on the whole are teachable.

Of course, our views in politics are often guided by our sense of private interest, but there is nothing very wonderful in that; nature intends man to cry out, when a shoe pinches him. But, there is now abroad, concerning social questions, a desire to hear all that can be said about them; to tolerate, if not to respect, conclusions that oppose our own; a readiness to seek for the right course and a desire to follow it.—*Household Words.*

THE DUMB CHILD.

SHE is my only girl :
 I ask'd for her as some most precious thing,
 For all unfinish'd was Love's jewel'd ring,
 Till set with this soft pearl ;
 The shade that Time brought forth I could not
 see ;
 How pure, how perfect seem'd the gift to me !

Oh, many a soft old tune
 I used to sing unto that deaden'd ear,
 And suffer'd not the lightest footstep near,
 Lest she might wake too soon ;
 And hush'd her brothers' laughter while she lay—
 Ah, needless care ! I might have let them play !

'Twas long ere I believ'd
 That this one daughter might not speak to me ;
 Waited and watched God knows how patiently !
 How willingly deceived :
 Vain Love was long the untiring nurse of Faith,
 And tended Hope until it starved to death.

" Oh ! if she could but hear
 For one short hour, till I her tongue might teach
 To call me *mother*, in the broken speech
 That thrills the mother's ear !
 Alas ! those seal'd lips never may be stirr'd
 To the deep music of that lovely word.

My heart it sorely tries
 To see her kneel, with such a reverent air,
 Beside her brothers at their evening prayer ;
 Or lift those earnest eyes
 To watch our lips, as though our words she
 knew—
 Then moves her own, as she were speaking too.

I've watch'd her looking up
 To the bright wonder of a sunset sky,
 With such a depth of meaning in her eye,
 That I could almost hope
 The struggling soul *would* burst its binding cords,
 And the long pent-up thoughts flow forth in
 words.

The song of bird and bee,
 The chorus of the breezes, streams, and groves,
 All the grand music to which Nature moves,
 Are wasted melody
 To her ; the world of sound a tuneless void ;
 While even *Silence* hath its charm destroyed.

Her face is very fair ;
 Her blue eye beautiful ; of finest mould
 The soft white brow, o'er which, in waves of
 gold,
 Ripples her shining hair.
 Alas ! this lovely temple closed must be,
 For He who made it keeps the master-key.

Wills He the mind within
 Should from earth's Babel-clamor be kept free,
 E'en that *His* still small voice and step might be
 Heard at its inner shrine,

Through that deep hush of soul, with clearer
 thrill ?

Then should I grieve ?—O murmuring heart be
 still !

She seems to have a sense
 Of quiet gladness in her noiseless play.
 She hath a pleasant smile, a gentle way,
 Whose voiceless eloquence
 Touches all hearts, though I had once the fear
 That even *her father* would not care for her.

Thank God it is not so !
 And when his sons are playing merrily,
 She comes and leans her head upon his knee.
 Oh ! at such times I know—
 By his full eye and tones subdued and mild—
 How his heart yearns over his silent child.

Not of *all* gifts bereft,
 Even now. How could I say she did not speak ?
 What real language lights her eye and cheek,
 And renders thanks to Him who left
 Unto her soul yet open avenues
 For joy to enter, and for love to use.

And God in love doth give
 To her defect a beauty of its own.
 And we a deeper tenderness have known
 Through that for which we grieve.
 Yet shall the seal be melted from her ear,
 Yea, and *my* voice shall fill it—but *not here*.

When that new sense is given,
 What rapture will its first experience be,
 That never woke to meaner melody,
 Than the rich songs of heaven—
 To *hear* the full-toned anthem swelling round,
 While angels teach the ecstasies of sound !"

CURIOSITIES OF RAILWAY TRAV-
ELING.

THERE are some peculiarities about railway
 traveling which we do not remember to
 have seen noticed, however commonplace the
 mode of transit itself may have become. There
 is a singular optical illusion, for instance, in
 going through a tunnel, which nearly every
 one must have observed, and yet which nobody,
 so far as we can learn, has thought it worth
 while to explain : no sooner have you plunged
 into complete darkness, and the great brassy
 monster at the head of the train is tearing and
 wheezing, and panting away with you through
 the gloom, at the rate possibly of twenty miles
 to the hour, than, if you happen to fix your eye
 on the faintly illuminated brickwork which you
 are so rapidly dashing past, the apparent move-
 ment of the engine will be in a reverse direction
 to the real ; and the general effect will be that
 of retrogression at a furious pace, instead of the
 progression which is taking place in reality.
 This is altogether different from the trite illus-
 tration of the astronomical lecturer, who re-
 minds us of the apparent movement of the

shore when observed from the deck of a steam-boat; for in this case it is the damp side of the tunnel that appears to be stationary, and the framework of the window through which the prospect is presented that seems to be receding; of course, the uniformity of the objects visible, and the faint light in which they are beheld, materially assist this ocular deception; but the hint thus thrown out may serve as a convenient peg on which passengers may hang a theory of their own, and thus beguile the tedium of their journey in default of more exciting topics of discussion.

Not but that the observant eye may find ample scope for employment in the ever-changing variety of landscape, which even on the least picturesque lines will be found constantly coming into view. The most ordinary objects have then a fresh interest imparted to them. You catch a distant glimpse perhaps of a haystack on the brow of an eminence miles away before you. As you proceed, a farm-house, with its out-buildings and granaries to follow, marches right out of the haystack, and takes up its position at the side. Then the angles all change as the line of vision is altered. The farm-house expands, shuts up again, turns itself completely round, a window winks at you for an instant under one of the gables, and then disappears; presently the farm-house itself vanishes, and a rough, half-shaved corn-field, with sturdy sheaves of wheat staggering about its back, comes running up out of a coppice to overtake the farm. Then, as we hear the pulse of the engine throbbing quicker and quicker, and the telegraph posts seem to have started off into a frantic gallopade along the line, we plunge into a plantation. Long vistas of straggling trees—and leaf-strewn pathways winding in among them—give way to scattered clumps of firs and tangled masses of fern and brushwood, while broken fences come dancing up between, and then shrink down again behind rising knolls covered with a sudden growth of gorse and heather. A pit yawns into a pond; the pond squeezes itself longways into a thin ditch, which turns off sharply at a corner, and leaves a dreamy-looking cow occupying its place. Then a gate flies out of a thicket; a man leaning over with folded arms grows out of the gate, which spins round into a lodge, and then strides off altogether; while the trees slink away after it, and a momentary glimpse is caught of a fine mansion perched upon rising ground at the back, and which has become suddenly disentangled from the woods surrounding it. You have hardly time to hazard a guess concerning the architecture, before a sloping bank comes sliding in between, and you find yourself in a deep cutting, with the soft snowy steam curling up the sides in ample folds, and rolling its billows of white vapor over the bright green grass, that seems all the fresher for the welcome moisture. Then comes the open country again—a purple outline of distant hills, with a cloud or two resting lazily upon them; a long-drawn

shriek from the valve-whistle, a few moments of slackened speed, and a gradual panoramic movement of sheds, hoardings, cattle-trucks, and piled-up packages, and we emerge upon a station, with a bustling company of anxious passengers ranged along the platform eager for our arrival.

To us, at least, familiarity with the many phases of railroad traveling has not engendered the proverbial consequence. The refreshment station at Wolverton is always impressed upon our mind as a perpetual marvel. To witness those well-stocked tables, one moment displaying the prodigal richness of a lord mayor's feast, and the next to behold this scene of gastronomical fertility laid bare, as the simoom of a hundred voracious appetites sweeps across the tempting viands, and leaves all blank behind it, is a theme of exhaustless wonderment. We involuntarily think of the 182,500 Banbury cakes that are here annually consumed by pastry-loving passengers, and of the 70,080 bottles of stout that are uncorked every year to quench the thirst of these fleeting customers. We look with a proper veneration upon every one of the eighty-five pigs here maintained, and who, after being from their birth most kindly treated and most luxuriously fed, are annually promoted by seniority, one after another, into an indefinite number of pork pies, the vacancies caused by the retirement of these veterans being constantly supplied by the acquisition of fresh recruits. The returns of the railway company show that upward of seven millions of passengers are annually draughted through Wolverton on their way northward. Making a fair deduction for those who, from lack of means or inclination, do not avail themselves of the good things here provided, there is yet a startling number of customers to be supplied. Fancy the three million mouths that, on the lowest average, annually demand at these tables the satisfaction of their appetite, craving at one time their accustomed sustenance in one vast aggregate of hunger. It is like having to undertake the feeding of the entire population of London. The mouth of Gargantua is but a faint type of even one day's voracity; and all this is devoured in a spot which hardly twenty years ago was unmarked upon the map, a mere streak of pasture-land on the banks of the Grand Junction canal. Surely this is not one of the least astonishing feats wrought by railway magic.

THE ROBBERS' REVENGE.—FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

LEVASSEUR and his confederates* sailed for the penal settlements in the ill-fated convict-ship, the *Amphytrion*, the total wreck of which on the coast of France, and consequent drowning of the crew and prisoners, excited so painful a sensation in England. A feeling of regret for the untimely fate of Le Breton, whom I regarded rather as a weak dupe than a pur-

* See New Monthly Magazine for November.

posed rascal, passed over my mind as I read the announcement in the newspapers; but newer events had almost jostled the incidents connected with his name from my remembrance, when a terrible adventure vividly recalled them, and taught me how fierce and untamable are the instincts of hate and revenge in a certain class of minds.

A robbery of plate had been committed in Portman-square, with an ingenuity and boldness which left no doubt that it had been effected by clever and practiced hands. The detective officers first employed having failed to discover the offenders, the threads of the imperfect and broken clew were placed in my hands, to see if my somewhat renowned dexterity, or luck, as many of my brother officers preferred calling it, would enable me to piece them out to a satisfactory conclusion. By the description obtained of a man who had been seen lurking about the house a few days previous to the burglary, it had been concluded by my predecessors in the investigation that one Martin, a fellow with half-a-dozen *aliases*, and a well-known traveler on the road to the hulks, was concerned in the affair; and by their advice a reward of fifty pounds had been offered for his apprehension and conviction. I prosecuted the inquiry with my usual energy and watchfulness, without alighting upon any new fact or intimation of importance. I could not discover that a single article of the missing property had been either pawned or offered for sale, and little doubt remained that the crucible had fatally diminished the chances of detection. The only hope was, that an increased reward might induce one of the gang to betray his confederates; and as the property was of large value, this was done, and one hundred guineas was promised for the required information. I had been to the printer's to order the placards announcing the increased recompense; and after indulging in a long gossip with the foreman of the establishment, whom I knew well, was passing at about a quarter past ten o'clock through Ryder's-court, Newport-market, where a tall man met and passed me swiftly, holding a handkerchief to his face. There was nothing remarkable in that, as the weather was bitterly cold and sleety; and I walked unheedingly on. I was just in the act of passing out of the court toward Leicester-square, when swift steps sounded suddenly behind me. I instinctively turned; and as I did so, received a violent blow on the left shoulder—intended, I doubted not, for the nape of my neck—from the tall individual who had passed me a minute previously. As he still held the handkerchief to his face, I did not catch even a momentary glance at his features, and he ran off with surprising speed. The blow, sudden, jarring, and inflicted with a sharp instrument—by a strong knife or a dagger—caused a sensation of faintness; and before I recovered from it all chance of successful pursuit was at an end. The wound, which was not at all serious, I had dressed at a chemist's

shop in the Haymarket; and as proclaiming the attack would do nothing toward detecting the perpetrator of it, I said little about it to any one, and managed to conceal it entirely from my wife, to whom it would have suggested a thousand painful apprehensions whenever I happened to be unexpectedly detained from home. The brief glimpse I had of the balked assassin afforded no reasonable indication of his identity. To be sure he ran at an amazing and unusual pace, but this was a qualification possessed by so many of the light-legged as well as light-fingered gentry of my professional acquaintance, that it could not justify even a random suspicion; and I determined to forget the unpleasant incident as soon as possible.

The third evening after this occurrence I was again passing along Leicester-square at a somewhat late hour, but this time with all my eyes about me. Snow, which the wind blew sharply in one's face, was falling fast, and the cold was intense. Except myself, and a tallish, snow-wreathed figure—a woman apparently—not a living being was to be seen. This figure, which was standing still at the further side of the square, appeared to be awaiting me, and as I drew near it, threw back the hood of a cloak, and to my great surprise disclosed the features of a Madame Jaubert. This lady, some years before, had carried on, not very far from the spot where she now stood, a respectable millinery business. She was a widow with one child, a daughter of about seven years of age. Marie-Louise, as she was named, was one unfortunate day sent to Coventry-street on an errand with some money in her hand, and never returned. The inquiries set on foot proved utterly without effect: not the slightest intelligence of the fate of the child was obtained—and the grief and distraction of the bereaved mother resulted in temporary insanity. She was confined in a lunatic asylum for seven or eight months, and when pronounced convalescent, found herself homeless, and almost penniless, in the world. This sad story I had heard from one of the keepers of the asylum during her sojourn there. It was a subject she herself never, I was aware, touched upon; and she had no reason to suspect that I was in the slightest degree informed of this melancholy passage in her life. She, why, I know not, changed her name from that of Duquesne to the one she now bore—Jaubert; and for the last two or three years had supported a precarious existence by plausible begging-letters addressed to persons of credulous benevolence; for which offense she had frequently visited the police courts at the instance of the secretary of the Mendicity Society, and it was there I had consequently made her acquaintance.

"Madame Jaubert!" I exclaimed, with unfeigned surprise, "why, what on earth can you be waiting here for on such a night as this?"

"To see you!" was her curt reply.

"To see me! Depend upon it, then, you are knocking at the wrong door for not the first

time in your life. The very little faith I ever had in professional widows, with twelve small children, all down in the measles, has long since vanished, and—"

"Nay," she interrupted—she spoke English, by the way, like a native—"I'm not such a fool as to be trying the whimpering dodge upon you. It is a matter of business. You want to find Jem Martin?"

"Ay, truly; but what can *you* know of him? Surely you are not *yet* fallen so low as to be the associate or accomplice of burglars?"

"Neither yet, nor likely to be so," replied the woman; "still I could tell you where to place your hands on James Martin, if I were but sure of the reward."

"There can be no doubt about that," I answered.

"Then follow me, and before ten minutes are past, you will have secured your man."

I did so—cautiously, suspiciously; for my adventure three evenings before, had rendered me unusually circumspect and watchful. She led the way to the most crowded quarter of St. Giles's, and when she had reached the entrance of a dark blind alley, called Hine's-court, turned into it, and beckoned me to follow.

"Nay, nay, Madame Jaubert," I exclaimed, "that won't do. You mean fairly, I dare say; but I don't enter that respectable alley alone at this time of night."

She stopped, silent and embarrassed. Presently she said, with a sneer, "You are afraid, I suppose?"

"Yes, I am."

"What is to be done, then?" she added, after a few moments' consideration. "He is alone, I assure you."

"That is possible; still I do not enter that *cul-de-sac* to-night unaccompanied save by you."

"You suspect me of some evil design, Mr. Waters?" said the woman, with an accent of reproach. "I thought you might, and yet nothing can be further from the truth. My sole object is to obtain the reward, and escape from this life of misery and degradation to my own country; and, if possible, begin the world respectably again. Why should you doubt me?"

"How came you acquainted with this robber's haunts?"

"The explanation is easy, but this is not the time for it. Stay—can't you get assistance?"

"Easily—in less than ten minutes; and, if you are here when I return, and your information proves correct, I will ask pardon for my suspicions."

"Be it so," she said, joyfully; "and be quick, for this weather is terrible."

Ten minutes had not passed when I returned with half-a-dozen officers, and found Madame Jaubert still at her post. We followed her up the court, caught Martin sure enough asleep upon a wretched pallet of straw in one of the alley hovels, and walked him off, terribly scared and surprised, to the nearest station-house, where he passed the remainder of the night.

The next day Martin proved an *alibi* of the distinctest, most undeniable kind. He had been an inmate of Clerkenwell prison for the last three months, with the exception of just six days previous to our capture of him; and he was, of course, at once discharged. The reward was payable only upon conviction of the offender, and the disappointment of poor Madame Jaubert was extreme. She wept bitterly at the thought of being compelled to continue her present disreputable mode of life, when a thousand francs—a sum she believed Martin's capture would have assured her—besides sufficient for her traveling expenses and decent outfit, would, she said, purchase a partnership in a small but respectable millinery shop in Paris. "Well," I remarked to her, "there is no reason for despair. You have not only proved your sincerity and good faith, but that you possess a knowledge—how acquired you best know—of the haunts and hiding-places of burglars. The reward, as you may have seen by the new placards, has been doubled; and I have a strong opinion, from something that has reached me this morning, that if you could light upon one Armstrong, *alias* Rowden, it would be as certainly yours as if already in your pocket."

"Armstrong—Rowden!" repeated the woman, with anxious simplicity; "I never heard either of these names. What sort of a person is he?"

I described him minutely; but Madame Jaubert appeared to entertain little or no hope of discovering his whereabouts; and, ultimately, went away in a very disconsolate mood, after, however, arranging to meet me the next evening.

I met her as agreed. She could obtain, she said, no intelligence of any reliable worth; and she pressed me for further particulars. Was Armstrong a drinking, a gaming, or a play-going man? I told her all I knew of his habits, and a gleam of hope glanced across her face as one or two indications were mentioned. I was to see her again on the morrow. It came; she was as far off as ever; and I advised her to waste no further time in the pursuit, but to at once endeavor to regain a position of respectability by the exercise of industry in the trade or business in which she was reputedly well skilled. Madame Jaubert laughed scornfully; and a gleam, it seemed to me, of her never entirely subdued insanity shot out from her deep-set, flashing eyes. It was finally settled, that I should meet her once more, at the same place, at about eight o'clock the next evening.

I arrived somewhat late at the appointed rendezvous, and found Madame Jaubert in a state of manifest excitement and impatience. She had, she was pretty sure, discovered Armstrong, and knew that he was at that moment in a house in Greek-street, Soho.

"Greek-street, Soho! Is he alone?"

"Yes; with the exception of a woman who is minding the premises, and of whom he is av

acquaintance under another name. You will be able to secure him without the least risk or difficulty, but not an instant must be lost."

Madame Jaubert perceived my half-hesitation. "Surely," she exclaimed, you are not afraid of one man! It's useless affecting to suspect *me* after what has occurred."

"True," I replied. "Lead on."

The house at which we stopped in Greek-street, appeared to be an empty one, from the printed bills in the windows announcing it to be let or sold. Madame Jaubert knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was presently opened by a woman. "Is Mr. Brown still within?" Madame Jaubert asked, in a low voice.

"Yes: what do you want with him?"

"I have brought a gentleman who will most likely be a purchaser of some of the goods he has to dispose of."

"Walk in, then, if you please," was the answer. We did so; and found ourselves, as the door closed, in pitch darkness. "This way," said the woman; "you shall have a light in half a minute."

"Let me guide you," said Madame Jaubert, as I groped onward by the wall, and at the same time seizing my right hand. Instantly as she did so, I heard a rustle just behind me—two quick and violent blows descended on the back of my head, there was a flash before my eyes, a suppressed shout of exultation rang in my ears, and I fell insensible to the ground.

It was some time, on partially recovering my senses, before I could realize either what had occurred or the situation in which I found myself. Gradually, however, the incidents attending the artfully-prepared treachery of Madame Jaubert grew into distinctness, and I pretty well comprehended my present position. I was lying at the bottom of a cart, blindfolded, gagged, handcuffed, and covered over by what, from their smell, seemed to be empty corn sacks. The vehicle was moving at a pretty rapid rate, and judging from the roar and tumult without, through one of the busiest thoroughfares of London. It was Saturday evening; and I thought, from the character of the noises, and the tone of a clock just chiming ten, that we were in Tottenham-court-road. I endeavored to rise, but found, as I might have expected, that it was impossible to do so; my captors having secured me to the floor of the cart by strong cords. There was nothing for it, therefore, but patience and resignation; words easily pronounced, but difficult, under such circumstances, to realize in practice. My thoughts, doubtless in consequence of the blows I had received, soon became hurried and incoherent. A tumultuous throng of images swept confusedly past, of which the most constant and frequent were the faces of my wife and youngest child, whom I had kissed in his sleep just previous to leaving home. Madame Jaubert and James Martin were also there; and ever and anon the menacing countenance of Levasseur

stooped over me with a hideous expression, and I felt as if clutched in the fiery grasp of a demon. I have no doubt that the voice which sounded in my ear at the moment I was felled to the ground must have suggested the idea of the Swiss—faintly and imperfectly as I caught it. This tumult of brain only gradually subsided as the discordant uproar of the streets—which no doubt added to the excitement I was suffering under by suggesting the exasperating nearness of abundant help which could not be appealed to—died gradually away into a silence only broken by the rumble of the cart-wheels, and the subdued talk of the driver and his companions, of whom there appeared to be two or three. At length the cart stopped, I heard a door unlocked and thrown open, and a few moments afterward I was dragged from under the corn-sacks, carried up three flights of stairs, and dropped brutally upon the floor till a light could be procured. Directly one was brought, I was raised to my feet, placed upright against a wooden partition, and staples having been driven into the paneling, securely fastened in that position, with cords passed through them, and round my armpits. This effected, an authoritative voice—the now distinct recognition of which thrilled me with dismay—ordered that I should be unblinded. It was done; and when my eyes became somewhat accustomed to the suddenly dazzling light and glare, I saw Levasseur and the clerk Dubarle standing directly in front of me, their faces kindled into flame by fiendish triumph and delight. The report that they had been drowned was then a mistake, and they had incurred the peril of returning to this country for the purpose of avenging themselves upon me; and how could it be doubted that an opportunity, achieved at such fearful risk, would be effectually, remorselessly used? A pang of mortal terror shot through me, and then I strove to awaken in my heart a stern endurance, and resolute contempt of death, with, I may now confess, very indifferent success. The woman Jaubert was, I also saw, present; and a man, whom I afterward ascertained to be Martin, was standing near the doorway, with his back toward me. These two, at a brief intimation from Levasseur, went down stairs; and then the fierce exultation of the two escaped convicts—of Levasseur especially—broke forth with wolfish rage and ferocity. "Ha—ha—ha!" shouted the Swiss, at the same time striking me over the face with his open hand, 'you find, then, that others can plot as well as you can—dog, traitor, scoundrel that you are! 'Au revoir—alors!' was it, eh? Well, here we are, and I wish you joy of the meeting. Ha—ha! How dismal the rascal looks, Dubarle!" —(Again the coward struck me)—"He is hardly grateful to me, it seems, for having kept my word. I always do, my fine fellow," he added with a savage chuckle; "and never neglect to pay my debts of honor. Yours especially," he continued, drawing a pistol from his pocket, "shall be prompt payment, and with

interest too, scélérat!" He held the muzzle of the pistol to within a yard of my forehead, and placed his finger on the trigger. I instinctively closed my eyes, and tasted in that fearful moment the full bitterness of death; but my hour was not yet come. Instead of the flash and report which I expected would herald me into eternity, a taunting laugh from Levasseur at the terror he excited rang through the room.

"Come—come," said Dubarle, over whose face a gleam of commiseration, almost of repentance, had once or twice passed; "you will alarm that fellow down stairs with your noise. We must, you know, wait till he is gone, and he appears to be in no hurry. In the meantime let us have a game of piquet for the first shot at the traitor's carcase."

"Excellent—capital!" shouted Levasseur with savage glee. "A game of piquet; the stake your life, Waters! A glorious game! and mind you see fair-play. In the mean time here's your health, and better luck next time, if you should chance to live to see it." He swallowed a draught of wine which Dubarle, after helping himself, had poured out for him; and then approaching me, with the silver cup he had drained in his hand, said, "Look at the crest! Do you recognize it—fool, idiot that you are!"

I did so readily enough: it was a portion of the plunder carried off from Portman-square.

"Come," again interposed Dubarle, "let us have our game."

The play began, and— But I will dwell no longer upon this terrible passage in my police experience. Frequently even now the incidents of that night revisit me in dreams, and I awake with a start and cry of terror. In addition to the mental torture I endured, I was suffering under an agonizing thirst, caused by the fever of my blood, and the pressure of the absorbing gag, which still remained in my mouth. It was wonderful I did not lose my senses. At last the game was over; the Swiss won, and sprang to his feet with the roar of a wild beast.

At this moment Madame Jaubert entered the apartment somewhat hastily. "This man below," she said, "is getting insolent. He has taken it into his tipsy head that you mean to kill your prisoner, and he won't, he says, be involved in a murder, which would be sure to be found out. I told him he was talking absurdly; but he is still not satisfied, so you had better go down and speak to him yourself."

I afterward found, it may be as well to mention here, that Madame Jaubert and Martin had been induced to assist in entrapping me, in order that I might be out of the way when a friend of Levasseur's, who had been committed to Newgate on a serious charge, came to be tried, I being the chief witness against him; and they were both assured that I had nothing more serious to apprehend than a few days' detention. In addition to a considerable money-present, Levasseur had, moreover, promised Madame

Jaubert to pay her expenses to Paris, and assist in placing her in business there.

Levasseur muttered a savage imprecation on hearing the woman's message, and then said, "Come with me, Dubarle; if we can not convince the fellow, we can at least silence him! Marie Duquesne, you will remain here."

As soon as they were gone, the woman eyed me with a compassionate expression, and approaching close to me, said in a low voice, "Do not be alarmed at their tricks and menaces. After Thursday you will be sure to be released."

I shook my head, and as distinctly as I could made a gesture with my fettered arms toward the table on which the wine was standing. She understood me. "If," said she, "you will promise not to call out, I will relieve you of the gag."

I eagerly nodded compliance. The gag was removed, and she held a cup of wine to my fevered lips. It was a draught from the waters of paradise, and hope, energy, life, were renewed within me as I drank.

"You are deceived," I said, in a guarded voice, the instant my burning thirst was satisfied. "They intend to murder me, and you will be involved as an accomplice."

"Nonsense," she replied. "They have been frightening you, that's all."

"I again repeat you are deceived. Release me from these fetters and cords, give me but a chance of at least selling my life as dearly as I can, and the money you told me you stood in need of shall be yours."

"Hark!" she exclaimed. "They are coming!"

"Bring down a couple of bottles of wine," said Levasseur, from the bottom of the stairs. Madame Jaubert obeyed the order and in a few minutes returned.

I renewed my supplications to be released, and was of course extremely liberal of promises.

"It is vain talking," said the woman. "I do not believe they will harm you; but even if it were as you say, it is too late now to retrace my steps. You can not escape. That fool below is already three parts intoxicated: they are both armed, and would hesitate at nothing if they but suspected treachery."

It was vain to urge her. She grew sullen and menacing; and was insisting that the gag should be replaced in my mouth, when a thought struck me.

"Levasseur called you Marie Duquesne just now; but surely your name is Jaubert—is it not?"

"Do not trouble yourself about my name," she replied; "that is my affair, not yours."

"Because if you *are* the Marie Duquesne who once kept a shop in Cranbourne-alley, and lost a child called Marie-Louise, I could tell you something."

A wild light broke from her dark eyes, and a suppressed scream from her lips. "I am that Marie Duquesne!" she said, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"Then I have to inform you that the child so long supposed to be lost I discovered nearly three weeks ago."

The woman fairly leapt toward me, clasped me fiercely by the arms, and peering in my face with eyes on fire with insane excitement, hissed out, "You lie—you lie, you dog! You are striving to deceive me! She is in heaven: the angels told me so long since."

I do not know, by the way, whether the falsehood I was endeavoring to palm off upon the woman was strictly justifiable or not; but I am fain to believe that there are few moralists that would not, under the circumstances, have acted pretty much as I did.

"If your child was lost when going on an errand to Coventry-street, and her name is Marie-Louise Duquesne, I tell you she is found. How should I otherwise have become acquainted with these particulars?"

"True—true," she muttered: "how else should he know? Where is she?" added the woman, in tones of agonized entreaty, as she sank down and clasped my knees. "Tell me—tell me, as you hope for life or mercy, where I may find my child?"

"Release me, give me a chance of escape, and to-morrow your child shall be in your arms. Refuse, and the secret dies with me."

She sprang quickly to her feet, unclasped the handcuffs, snatched a knife from the table, and cut the cords which bound me with eager haste. "Another draught of wine," she said, still in the same hurried, almost insane manner. "You have work to do! Now, while I secure the door, do you rub and chafe your stiffened joints." The door was soon fastened, and then she assisted in restoring the circulation to my partially benumbed limbs. This was at last accomplished, and Marie Duquesne drew me toward a window, which she softly opened. "It is useless," she whispered, "to attempt a struggle with the men below. You must descend by this," and she placed her hand upon a lead water-pipe, which reached from the roof to within a few feet of the ground.

"And you," I said; "how are you to escape?"

"I will tell you. Do you hasten on toward Hampstead, from which we are distant in a northerly direction about a mile. There is a house at about half the distance. Procure help, and return as quickly as possible. The doorfastenings will resist some time, even should your flight be discovered. You will not fail me?"

"Be assured I will not." The descent was a difficult and somewhat perilous one, but it was safely accomplished, and I set off at the top of my speed toward Hampstead.

I had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile, when the distant sound of a horse's feet, coming at a slow trot toward me, caught my ear. I paused, to make sure I was not deceived, and as I did so, a wild scream from the direction I had left, followed by another and another, broke upon the stillness of the night. The scoundrels had no

doubt discovered my escape, and were about to wreak their vengeance upon the unfortunate creature in their power. The trot of the horse which I had heard was, simultaneously with the breaking out of those wild outcries, increased to a rapid gallop. "Hollo!" exclaimed the horseman, as he came swiftly up. "Do you know where these screams come from?" It was the horse-patrol who thus providentially came up! I briefly stated that the life of a woman was at the mercy of two escaped convicts. "Then for God's sake jump up behind me!" exclaimed the patrol. "We shall be there in a couple of minutes." I did so: the horse—a powerful animal, and not entirely unused to carry double—started off, as if it comprehended the necessity for speed, and in a very brief space of time we were at the door of the house from which I had so lately escaped. Marie Duquesne, with her body half out of the window, was still wildly screaming as we rushed into the room below. There was no one there, and we swiftly ascended the stairs, at the top of which we could hear Levasseur and Dubarle thundering at the door, which they had unexpectedly found fastened, and hurling a storm of imprecations at the woman within, the noise of which enabled us to approach them pretty nearly before we were heard or perceived. Martin saw us first, and his sudden exclamation alarmed the others. Dubarle and Martin made a desperate rush to pass us, by which I was momentarily thrown on one side against the wall; and very fortunately, as the bullet leveled at me from a pistol Levasseur held in his hand would probably have finished me. Martin escaped, which I was not very sorry for; but the patrol pinned Dubarle safely, and I gripped Levasseur with a strength and ferocity against which he was powerless as an infant. Our victory was complete; and two hours afterward, the recaptured convicts were safely lodged in a station-house.

I caused Madame Duquesne to be as gently undeceived the next morning as possible with respect to her child; but the reaction and disappointment proved too much for her wavering intellect. She relapsed into positive insanity, and was placed in Bedlam, where she remained two years. At the end of that period she was pronounced convalescent. A sufficient sum of money was raised by myself and others, not only to send her to Paris, but to enable her to set up as a milliner in a small but respectable way. As lately as last May, when I saw her there, she was in health both of mind and body, and doing comfortably.

With the concurrence of the police authorities, very little was said publicly respecting my entrapment. It might perhaps have excited a monomania among liberated convicts—colored and exaggerated as every incident would have been for the amusement of the public—to attempt similar exploits. I was also anxious to conceal the peril I had encountered from my wife; and it was not till I had left the police force that she was informed of it. Levasseur

and Dubarle were convicted of returning from transportation before the term for which they had been sentenced had expired, and were this time sent across the seas for life. The reporters of the morning papers, or rather the reporter for the "Times," "Herald," "Chronicle," "Post," and "Advertiser," gave precisely the same account, even to the misspelling of Levasseur's name, dismissing the brief trial in the following paragraph, under the head of "Old Bailey Sessions:"—"Alphonse Dubarle (24), and Sebastian Levasson (49), were identified as unlawfully-returned convicts, and sentenced to transportation for life. The prisoners, it was understood, were connected with the late plate-robbery in Portman-square; but as a conviction could not have increased their punishment, the indictment was not pressed."

Levasseur, I had almost forgotten to state, admitted that it was he who wounded me in Ryder's-court, Leicester-square.

WORDSWORTH AND CARLYLE.

FOR well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS. an unfinished poem of very high pretensions, and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late—is he to be the last?—poet-laureate of Britain. At the tidings, Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a powerful calculus to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyricizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously-mingled emotions—mingled, because although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius, and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relic—imperfect and magnificent—newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The "Prelude" is the first *regular versified* autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropped over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all the revelation made has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematic and slowly-consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the 'Prelude' at once with Sartor Resartus—although the latter wants the poetic form—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exist.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon, Wordsworth

the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is, "Give, give!" Wordsworth's "I have found it, I have found it!" Sartor can not, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be utterly idle; while 'o Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satisfactory work. To Sartor, Nature is a divine tormentor—her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease, Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have a "demon," but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs—Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy—the other has passed it with Faithful, by daylight. Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have had part at least of his sad experiences, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart: his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother man in fury and fever—Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun than ours. We love and fear Sartor with almost equal intensity—Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies. Sartor's is brief and abrupt as a confession; the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his woe—Wordsworth lingers over his past self, like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a reminiscence of Prometheus—the "Prelude" an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but can not find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see is to believe with him. The lives of both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shut his so abruptly, because he dare not disclose all his struggles; and Wordsworth, because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To use Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, "Here lies a man who did what he intended;" while over Sartor's, disappointed ages may say, "Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and his powers gigantic, but who from lack of proper correspondence between them did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story."

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH.

THE points of resemblance between Milton and Wordsworth are numerous—both were proud in spirit, and pure in life—both were in-

tensely self-conscious—both essayed the loftiest things in poetry—both looked with considerable contempt on their contemporaries, and appealed to the coming age—both preferred fame to reputation—both during their life-time met with obloquy, which crushed them not—both combined intellect with imagination, in equal proportions—both were persevering and elaborate artists, as well as inspired men—both were unwieldy in their treatment of commonplace subjects. Neither possessed a particle of humor; nor much, if any, genuine wit. Both were friends of liberty and of religion—their genius was “baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.”

But there were differences and disparities as manifold. Milton was a scholar of the first magnitude; Wordsworth no more than respectable in point of learning; Milton may be called a glorious book-worm; Wordsworth an insect feeding on trees; Milton was London born and London bred; Wordsworth from the provinces; Milton had a world more sympathy with chivalry and arms—with the power and the glory of this earth—with human and female beauty—with man and with woman, than Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved inanimate nature better than Milton, or at least, he was more intimately conversant with her features; and has depicted them with more minute accuracy, and careful finish. Milton's love for liberty was a wiser and firmer passion, and underwent little change; Wordsworth's veered and fluctuated; Milton's creed was more definite and fixed than Wordsworth's, and, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart; Wordsworth shaded away into a vague mistiness, in which the Cross at times was lost; Milton had more devotion in his absence from church than Wordsworth in his presence there; Wordsworth was an “idler in the land;” Milton an incessant and heroic struggler.

As writers, while Wordsworth attains to lofty heights, with an appearance of effort; Milton is great inevitably, and inhales with pleasure the proud and rare atmosphere of the sublime; Wordsworth *comes up* to the great—Milton *descends* on it; Wordsworth has little ratiocinative, or rhetorical power; Milton discovers much of both—besides being able to grind his adversaries to powder by the hoof of invective, or to toss them into the air on the tusks of a terrible scorn; Wordsworth has produced many sublime lines, but no character approaching the sublime; Milton has reared up Satan to the sky—the most magnificent structure in the intellectual world; Wordsworth's philosophic vein is more subtle, and Milton's more masculine and strong; Wordsworth has written much in the shape of poetry that is despicably mean; mistaking it all the while for the excellent; Milton trifles seldom, and knows full well when he is trifling; Wordsworth has sometimes entangled himself with a poetic system; Milton no more than Samson will permit withes, however green, or a cart-rope, however new, to imprison his giant arms. Wordsworth has borrowed nothing, but timidly and

jealously saved himself from the left by flight; Milton has maintained his originality, even while he borrows—he has dared to snatch the Urim and Thummim from the high-priest's breast, and inserted them among his own native ornaments, where they shine in keeping—unbedimming and unbedimmed; Wordsworth's prose is but a feeble counterpoise to his poetry; whereas Milton's were itself sufficient to perpetuate his name; Wordsworth's sonnets are, perhaps, equal to Milton's, some of his “Minor Poems” may approach “Lycidas,” and “Il Peneroso,” but where a whole like “Paradise Lost?”

Thus while Wordsworth has left a name, the memory of a character and many works, which shall illustrate the age when he lived, and exalt him, on the whole, above all Britain's bards of that period, Milton is identified with the glory, not of an age, but of all ages; with the progress of liberty in the world—with the truth and grandeur of the Christian faith and with the honor and dignity of the human species itself. Wordsworth burns like the bright star Arcturus, outshining the fainter orbs of the constellation to which it belongs. Milton is one of those solitary oceans of flame, which seem to own but a dim and far-off relationship to aught else but the Great Being, who called them into existence. So truly did the one appreciate the other when he sung

“Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.”

RATS AND RAT-KILLERS IN ENGLAND

A rat! a rat! dead for a ducat.—*Hamlet*.

THERE is nothing like being in earnest when one begins a good work. So, evidently, thinks the author of a blue-covered pamphlet just issued, with a title page headed by three words and nine notes of exclamation—Rat!!! Rat!!! Rat!!! The object of the writer is no less than to alarm the whole nation by showing what we lose every year by the animals against whom he has made such a dead set. Not content with dilating on this fact in the body of his work, he puts what he calls “a startling fact,” upon the blue wrapper. “One pair of rats,” he says, “with their progeny, will produce in three years no less a number than six hundred and forty-six thousand eight hundred and eight rats! which will consume, day by day, as much food as sixty-four thousand six hundred and eighty men; leaving eight rats to starve.” This, it must be admitted, is startling enough, but any one who has a cellar, or a corn-bin, will be inclined to believe almost any tale, however strong, or to applaud any abuse, however severe, which may be heaped upon that convicted thief, Rat. Midnight burglaries, undetected by the new police, sink into insignificance compared with the ravages of rats of the London sewers, which steal and destroy more in one week, than the value of all the robberies of plate that blaze away in the newspapers from year's end to year's end. And yet the plunderers go on almost unmolested. They are too knowing for traps, and

arsenic seems to be more fatal to human, than to quadrupedal victims. The French journals, the other day, described a grand battue in the sewers of Paris, when thousands of rats were captured and killed, and we heard of large sums cleared by the sale of their skins—for these thieves go about like swell mobsmen—very well clad. But the example of our French brethren was not imitated in the modern Babylon. We neither spill blood on barricades above ground, nor in sewers beneath it. So Mr. Rat still carries on his plunder with impunity, to the great horror and indignation of good housewives in general, and of the writer we have just referred to in particular. Protection is with him no explanation of national distress. *He* says it is all owing to rats: "The farmers have been eaten out of house and home; bread kept up to a starvation price, to the misery, poverty, and crime of our manufacturing and agricultural population. Men seldom think of rats, because they seldom see them; but are they less destructive because they carry on their ravages in the dark? Certainly not."

In another place he declares "there is not a farmer in the British dominions but would, if he at present had all the rats have deprived him of within the last ten years, this moment declare himself a wealthy man." If the real truth could be found out, it would be a safe speculation to back the statements of the rat-hater against the statistics of the Protectionists.

The question then suggests itself, what should be done to save this waste—to stop the plunder—to banish the thieves? and we turn to the little blue book for information. The naturalists are said to give a very clear notion of what the rat is, but what he *does* they describe very imperfectly. Rats are modest creatures; they live and labor in the dark; they shun the approach of man. Go into a barn or granary, where hundreds are living, and you shall not see one; go to a rick that may be one living mass within (a thing very common, adds our writer), and there shall not be one visible; or dive into a cellar, that may be perfectly infested with them, rats you shall not see, so much as a tip of a tail, unless it be that of a stray one "popping across for a more safe retreat." As men seldom see them, they seldom think of them. "But this I say," goes on our author, "that if rats could by any means be made to live on the surface of the earth, instead of holes and corners, and feed and run about the streets and fields in the open day, like dogs and sheep, the whole nation would be horror-stricken, and, ultimately, there would not be a man, woman, or child able to brandish a stick, but would have a dog, stick, or gun for their destruction wherever they met with them. And are we to suppose, because they carry on their ravages in the dark, that they are less destructive? Certainly not; and my object in making this appeal to the nation, and supplying it with calculations from the most experienced individuals and naturalists, is for the purpose of rousing it

up to one universal warfare against these midnight marauders and common enemies of man kind, inasmuch as they devour the food, to the starvation of our fellow-creatures." He does not altogether ignore the argument of the friends of the rat—for even the rat has found friends among naturalists, ready to argue in his favor, and in print, too—that these vermin destroy, in the sewers, much matter that would otherwise give out poisonous gases. Sewer rats, he admits, are not the very worst of the race, but even they should be slain wherever they may be caught. But the rats of the cellar, the warehouse, the barn, the rick-yard, the granary, and the corn-field, are the grand destroyers against whom war to the terrier, the trap, and the ferret, is proclaimed.

Do not let any reader suppose that the *Ratsbane*, put forth in the guise of a blue pamphlet, is a mere tasteless dose of useful knowledge on the rat genus. It is no such thing. The author gives a passage or two of politics, and then a page or so of rats. He is an honest hater, such as Dr. Johnson would have admired; nor is his hatred confined to four-legged adversaries. He evidently dislikes Communists and Socialists, as sincerely as he does rats. "Communism, Socialism, and Ratism," he says, "are terms synonymous;" but this is not the part of his book we have to deal with, so let us pass on from what he hates to what he admires. "Now," he says, "for the prolific disposition of rats;" and here takes an opportunity of saying the best word he can for his friends, the rat-catchers—the rat-killers—the Napoleons of the vermin war—the exterminators of the catchable rats—the Nimrods of the hunting-grounds to be found in sewers and cellars, and under barn floors. The passage looks very like an advertisement; but since it is characteristic, and as the statements are curious, and really not without importance, they shall be here quoted:

"Now for their prolific disposition! In this respect I have been most ably assisted by the renowned James Shaw, of rat-killing celebrity, landlord of the Blue Anchor Tavern, Bunhill-row, St. Luke's, and of whom I can not speak too highly, for the civil, straightforward, and animated way in which he communicated every information I desired. Curiosity prompted me to make inquiries respecting him, and I find him to be a man universally respected for his manly bearing and refined sentiments of honor, consequently, a man whose testimony can be relied upon. I have also been supplied with similar information from Mr. Sabin, of rat-killing renown, residing in Broad-street, St. Giles's. These men destroy between eight and nine thousand each annually, averaging seventeen thousand between them. We will now proceed with the calculations. In the first place, my informants tell me that rats will have six, seven, and eight nests of young in the year, and that for three and four years together; secondly, that they will have from twelve to twenty-

three at a litter, and that the young ones will breed at three months old; thirdly, that there are more females than males, at an average of about ten to six. Now, I propose to lay down my calculations at something less than one half. In the first place, I say four litters in the year, beginning and ending with a litter, so making thirteen litters in three years; secondly, to have eight young ones at a birth, half male, and half female; thirdly, the young ones to have a litter at six months old. At this calculation, I will take one pair of rats; and, at the expiration of three years, what do you suppose will be the amount of living rats? Why, no less a number than SIX HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIX THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND EIGHT! Mr. Shaw's little dog 'Tiny,' under six pounds weight, has destroyed TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE pairs of rats, which, had they been permitted to live, would, at the same calculation, and in the same time, have produced ONE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTY-THREE MILLIONS, ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED, living rats! And the rats destroyed by Messrs. Shaw and Sabin in two years, amounting to SEVENTEEN THOUSAND pairs, would, had they been permitted to live, have produced, at the above calculation, and in the same time, no less a number than TEN THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND NINETY-FIVE MILLIONS, SEVEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND, living rats! Now, let us calculate the amount of human food that they would destroy. In the first place, my informants tell me, that six rats will consume day by day, as much food as a man; secondly, that the thing has been tested, and that the estimate given was, that eight rats would consume more than an ordinary man. Now, I—to place the thing beyond the smallest shadow of a doubt—will set down ten rats to eat as much as a man, not a child; nor will I say any thing about what rats waste. And what shall we find to be the alarming result? Why, that the first pair of rats, with their three years' progeny, would consume in the night more food than SIXTY-FOUR THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY men the year round, and leaving eight rats to spare! And the rats destroyed by the little wonder 'Tiny,' had they been permitted to live, would, at the same calculation, with their three years' progeny, have consumed as much food as ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY THREE MILLIONS, THREE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN THOUSAND AND TWENTY men: above two-thirds of the population of Europe!!

Here we come to the great glory of our author's thoughts. After its master, the rat-catcher of "manly bearing and refined sentiments of honor," "Tiny" is his true hero. Eclipse might lord it at Epsom or Newmarket; Tom Thumb might trot to renown at sixteen miles an hour, but what was that compared with the triumphs of Tiny? the killer of rats who might have had a family capable of eating (if they had found it) as much victuals or more

than one hundred and sixty millions of men? Our writer proposes a solid gold collar testimonial for the "good" dog Tiny, to be raised by public subscription. But that would be a paltry return for such great services. Tiny's renown lifts him above such mercenary rewards.

More wonders are in store:

"Now for the vermin destroyed by Messrs Shaw and Sabin. Taken at the same calculation, with their three years' progeny—can you believe it?—they would consume more food than the whole population of the earth. Yes, if Omnipotence would raise up ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-NINE MILLIONS FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED MORE people, these rats would consume as much food as they all!! You may wonder, but I will prove it to you."

A calculation—like that which has made Tiny immortal—is given, and then the reflection succeeds, "Is it not a most appalling thing to think that there are at the present time in the British empire, thousands, nay millions, in a state of starvation, while rats are consuming that which would place them and their families in a state of affluence and comfort? I ask this simple question" (emphatically continues our Rat Hater), "Has not Parliament, ere now, been summoned upon matters of far less importance to the Empire? *I think it has.*"

A fine opening this for an oratorical patriot, whose themes are worn out. An agitation for protection against rats would inevitably secure the hearty support of the agricultural interest.

Enough has surely been said to show the great importance of rats, but it would be wrong to leave the little book which has suggested this article, without gleanings from it a few rat-catching statistics, and without pointing out the moral of the whole, by giving the writer's proposition for relieving us from the scourge he describes. It seems that one rat-catcher has frequently from one thousand five hundred to two thousand rats in his cages at one time—it is not stated, but we suppose—ready to be killed by "Tiny." It is averred that these are all brought up from the country—all "fair barn rats"—and that "it would not pay to breed them"—a question probably open to doubt. The natural enemies of the rat are thus mustered, the ferret, polecat, stoat, weasel, cat, dog, and man. The ferret's powers of destruction are estimated very lightly; the polecats are very rare, prefer game when it can be had, and do little against the rat; the weasel also prefers a chicken or a duckling "to fighting with a rat for a meal." Hence the farmers destroy them, and they do little against the rats. Cats, as a rule, prefer hearth-rugs; and traps, *unless quite new*, and consequently sweet and free from the smell of rats are useless. No! There is nothing in Nature capable of saving the nation from rats, but "Tinies."

"I do not know of any quadruped equal to a well-bred London terrier for sagacity, courage, fidelity, color, symmetry, general beauty, and

economy : in a word, he seems in every respect formed by nature for man's companion and protector."

With a fine burst of eloquence, the author asks, "Are rats a calamity to be deplored, or are they not? The voices of religion and patriotism cry, with stentorian lungs, 'Yes!' the voice of philanthropy cries, 'Down with them! down with every barrier, and annihilate them!' the fainting stomachs of thousands of our starving fellow-creatures at home and in the sister country, with the agonized bowels of their withered offspring writhing beneath the ruthless fangs of hunger, shriek forth, with horrid yells, for their extermination!!"

Our friend then takes a higher flight, and discusses, with equal fervor and more notes of admiration, the question whether—on theological grounds—man has a right to kill these creatures, even though they be rats. But he soars into such altitudes of rhetorical theology, that we dare not follow him. He dismisses, in the same paragraph, several remedies for rats, with a brevity almost savoring of contempt; gliding gracefully from theology to arsenic and other poisons, he returns, with a gush of enthusiasm, to his old refrain, "Tiny."

The breed of small terriers of the Tiny breed must be increased. "I do not mean," he says, "the little pigmy dwarf terrier; they are tantamount to useless, even where they are well-bred, not having strength enough for hunting. A dog, to be of sound service, ought to be from six to sixteen pounds weight; I would not recommend them over that, as they become too large and unwieldy for the purpose, and too expensive keeping: besides, little dogs will kill mice as well as rats, and that is a great recommendation. I would also recommend, above all others, the London rat-killing terrier; he is as hard as steel, courageous as a lion, and as handsome as a racehorse: the village dogs, on the other hand, are, generally speaking, too large, too coarse, and too soft. You ought to be as particular about breeding terriers as they are with racehorses."

The writer suggests the abolition of the duty upon rat-catching terriers of the "Tiny" family; that associations should be encouraged in the rural parts of England for the promotion of rat-catching in all its branches; that the bodies of the vermin be sold for manure; and lastly, that rewards be given to the greatest killers.

Literature has, from first to last, been strengthened by recruits from nearly every class; but till now we know of no volunteer who has enlisted under her banner from the ranks of rat-catching. We know not if the publication that has afforded a text for this article will effectually augment the exterminators of the rat-tribe; but this is certain, that, rat-killer though its writer be, he has produced between forty and fifty pages, in which, though there may be much comical exaggeration, there are, nevertheless, many curious facts and suggestions for abating one of the greatest animal nuisances

that have infested our homes and fields, since the days when an English king levied tribute of wolves' heads upon our brethren of Wales.

THE BROKEN HEART; OR, THE WELL OF PEN-MORFA.

A WELSH TALE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

OF a hundred travelers who spend a night at Trê-Madoc, in North Wales, there is not one, perhaps, who goes to the neighboring village of Pen-Morfa. The new town, built by Mr. Maddocks, Shelley's friend, has taken away all the importance of the ancient village—formerly, as its name imports, "the head of the marsh;" that marsh which Mr. Maddocks drained and dyked, and reclaimed from the Traeth Mawr, till Pen-Morfa, against the walls of whose cottages the winter tides lashed in former days, has come to stand high and dry, three miles from the sea, on a disused road to Caernarvon. I do not think there has been a new cottage built in Pen-Morfa this hundred years; and many an old one has dates in some obscure corner which tell of the fifteenth century. The joists of timber, where they meet overhead, are blackened with the smoke of centuries. There is one large room, round which the beds are built like cupboards, with wooden doors to open and shut; somewhat in the old Scotch fashion, I imagine; and below the bed (at least, in one instance I can testify that this was the case, and I was told it was not uncommon), is a great wide wooden drawer, which contained the oat-cake baked for some months' consumption by the family. They call the promontory of Llyn (the point at the end of Caernarvonshire), *Welsh* Wales; I think they might call Pen-Morfa a *Welsh* village; it is so national in its ways, and buildings, and inhabitants, and so different from the towns and hamlets into which the English throng in summer. How these said inhabitants of Pen-Morfa ever are distinguished by their names, I, uninitiated, can not tell. I only know for a fact, that in a family there with which I am acquainted, the eldest son's name is John Jones, because his father's was John Thomas; that the second son is called David Williams, because his grandfather was William Wynn, and that the girls are called indiscriminately by the names of Thomas and Jones. I have heard some of the Welsh chuckle over the way in which they have baffled the barristers at Caernarvon Assizes, denying the name under which they had been subpoenaed to give evidence, if they were unwilling witnesses. I could tell you of a great deal which is peculiar and wild in these true Welsh people, who are what I suppose we English were a century ago; but I must hasten on to my tale.

I have received great, true, beautiful kindness from one of the members of the family of whom I just now spoke as living at Pen-Morfa; and when I found that they wished me to drink tea with them, I gladly did so, though my friend

was the only one in the house, who could speak English at all fluently. After tea, I went with them to see some of their friends; and it was then I saw the interiors of the houses of which I have spoken. It was an autumn evening; we left mellow sunset-light in the open air when we entered the houses, in which all seemed dark save in the ruddy sphere of the firelight, for the windows were very small, and deep set in the thick walls. Here were an old couple, who welcomed me in Welsh, and brought forth milk and oat-cake with patriarchal hospitality. Sons and daughters had married away from them; they lived alone; he was blind, or nearly so; and they sat one on each side of the fire, so old and so still (till we went in and broke the silence), that they seemed to be listening for Death. At another house, lived a woman stern and severe-looking. She was busy hiving a swarm of bees, alone and unassisted. I do not think my companion would have chosen to speak to her, but seeing her out in her hill-side garden, she made some inquiry in Welsh, which was answered in the most mournful tone I ever heard in my life; a voice of which the freshness and "timbre" had been choked up by tears long years ago. I asked who she was. I dare say the story is common enough, but the sight of the woman, and her few words had impressed me. She had been the beauty of Pen-Morfa; had been in service; had been taken to London by the family whom she served; had come down in a year or so, back to Pen-Morfa; her beauty gone into that sad, wild, despairing look which I saw; and she about to become a mother. Her father had died during her absence, and left her a very little money; and after her child was born she took the little cottage where I saw her, and made a scanty living by the produce of her bees. She associated with no one. One event had made her savage and distrustful to her kind. She kept so much aloof that it was some time before it became known that her child was deformed, and had lost the use of its lower limbs. Poor thing! when I saw the mother, it had been for fifteen years bedridden; but go past when you would, in the night, you saw a light burning; it was often that of the watching mother, solitary and friendless, soothing the moaning child; or you might hear her crooning some old Welsh air, in hopes to still the pain with the loud, monotonous music. Her sorrow was so dignified, and her mute endurance and her patient love won her such respect, that the neighbors would fain have been friends; but she kept alone and solitary. This is a most true story. I hope that woman and her child are dead now, and their souls above.

Another story which I heard of these old primitive dwellings I mean to tell at somewhat greater length:

There are rocks high above Pen-Morfa; they are the same that hang over Trê-Madoc, but near Pen-Morfa they sweep away, and are lost in the plain. Every where they are beautiful. The great sharp ledges which would otherwise

look hard and cold, are adorned with the brightest-colored moss, and the golden lichen. Close to, you see the scarlet leaves of the crane's-bill, and the tufts of purple heather, which fill up every cleft and cranny; but in the distance you see only the general effect of infinite richness of color, broken here and there by great masses of ivy. At the foot of these rocks come a rich verdant meadow or two; and then you are at Pen-Morfa. The village well is sharp down under the rocks. There are one or two large sloping pieces of stone in that last field, on the road leading to the well, which are always slippery; slippery in the summer's heat, almost as much as in the frost of winter, when some little glassy stream that runs over them is turned into a thin sheet of ice. Many, many years back—a lifetime ago—there lived in Pen-Morfa a widow and her daughter. Very little is required in those out-of-the-way Welsh villages. The wants of the people are very simple. Shelter, fire, a little oat-cake and buttermilk, and garden produce; perhaps some pork and bacon from the pig in winter; clothing, which is principally of home manufacture, and of the most enduring kind: these take very little money to purchase, especially in a district into which the large capitalists have not yet come, to buy up two or three acres of the peasants; and nearly every man about Pen-Morfa owned, at the time of which I speak, his dwelling and some land besides.

Eleanor Gwynn inherited the cottage (by the road-side, on the left hand as you go from Trê-Madoc to Pen-Morfa), in which she and her husband had lived all their married life, and a small garden sloping southward, in which her bees lingered before winging their way to the more distant heather. She took rank among her neighbors as the possessor of a moderate independence—not rich, and not poor. But the young men of Pen-Morfa thought her very rich in the possession of a most lovely daughter. Most of us know how very pretty Welsh women are; but from all accounts, Nest Gwynn (Nest, or Nesta, is the Welsh for Agnes) was more regularly beautiful than any one for miles around. The Welsh are still fond of triads, and "as beautiful as a summer's morning at sun-rise, as a white sea-gull on the green seawave, and as Nest Gwynn," is yet a saying in that district. Nest knew she was beautiful, and delighted in it. Her mother sometimes checked her in her happy pride, and sometimes reminded her that beauty was a great gift of God (for the Welsh are a very pious people), but when she began her little homily, Nest came dancing to her, and knelt down before her and put her face up to be kissed, and so with a sweet interruption she stopped her mother's lips. Her high spirits made some few shake their heads, and some called her a flirt and a coquette; for she could not help trying to please all, both old and young, both men and women. A very little from Nest sufficed for this, a sweet glittering smile, a word of kindness, a merry glance, or a little sympathy, all these

pleased and attracted; she was like the fairy-gifted child, and dropped inestimable gifts. But some, who had interpreted her smiles and kind words rather as their wishes led them than as they were really warranted, found that the beautiful, beaming Nest could be decided and saucy enough, and so they revenged themselves by calling her a flirt. Her mother heard it and sighed; but Nest only laughed.

It was her work to fetch water for the day's use from the well I told you about. Old people say it was the prettiest sight in the world to see her come stepping lightly and gingerly over the stones, with the pail of water balanced on her head; she was too adroit to need to steady it with her hand. They say, now that they can afford to be charitable and speak the truth, that in all her changes to other people, there never was a better daughter to a widowed mother than Nest. There is a picturesque old farmhouse under Moel Gwynn, on the road from Trê-Madoc to Criccaeth, called by some Welsh name which I now forget; but its meaning in English is "The End of Time;" a strange, boding, ominous name. Perhaps the builder meant his work to endure till the end of time. I do not know; but there the old house stands, and will stand for many a year. When Nest was young, it belonged to one Edward Williams; his mother was dead, and people said he was on the look-out for a wife. They told Nest so, but she tossed her head and reddened, and said she thought he might look long before he got one; so it was not strange that one morning when she went to the well, one autumn morning when the dew lay heavy upon the grass, and the thrushes were busy among the mountain-ash berries, Edward Williams happened to be there on his way to the coursing match near, and somehow his grayhounds threw her pail of water over in their romping play, and she was very long in filling it again; and when she came home she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and in a passion of joyous tears told her that Edward Williams of The End of Time, had asked her to marry him, and that she had said "Yes."

Eleanor Gwynn shed her tears too; but they fell quietly when she was alone. She was thankful Nest had found a protector—one suitable in age and apparent character, and above her in fortune; but she knew she should miss her sweet daughter in a thousand household ways; miss her in the evenings by the fire-side; miss her when at night she wakened up with a start from a dream of her youth, and saw her fair face lying calm in the moonlight, pillowed by her side. Then she forgot her dream, and blessed her child, and slept again. But who could be so selfish as to be sad when Nest was so supremely happy? She danced and sang more than ever; and then sat silent, and smiled to herself: if spoken to, she started and came back to the present with a scarlet blush, which told what she had been thinking of.

That was a sunny, happy, enchanted autumn.

But the winter was nigh at hand; and with it came sorrow. One fine frosty morning, Nest went out with her lover—she to the well, he to some farming business, which was to be transacted at the little inn of Pen-Morfa. He was late for his appointment; so he left her at the entrance of the village, and hastened to the inn; and she, in her best cloak and new hat (put on against her mother's advice; but they were a recent purchase, and very becoming), went through the Dol Mawr, radiant with love and happiness. One who lived until lately, met her going down toward the well, that morning; and said he turned round to look after her, she seemed unusually lovely. He wondered at the time at her wearing her Sunday clothes; for the pretty, hooded blue-cloth cloak is kept among the Welsh women as a church and market garment, and not commonly used even on the coldest days of winter for such household errands as fetching water from the well. However, as he said, "It was not possible to look in her face, and 'fault' any thing she wore." Down the sloping-stones the girl went blithely with her pail. She filled it at the well; and then she took off her hat, tied the strings together, and slung it over her arm; she lifted the heavy pail and balanced it on her head. But alas! in going up the smooth, slippery, treacherous rock, the encumbrance of her cloak—it might be such a trifle as her slung hat—something at any rate, took away her evenness of poise; the freshet had frozen on the slanting stone, and was one coat of ice; poor Nest fell, and put out her hip. No more flushing rosy color on that sweet face—no more look of beaming innocent happiness;—instead, there was deadly pallor, and filmy eyes, over which dark shades seemed to chase each other as the shoots of agony grew more and more intense. She screamed once or twice; but the exertion (involuntary, and forced out of her by excessive pain) overcame her, and she fainted. A child coming an hour or so afterward on the same errand, saw her lying there, ice-glued to the stone, and thought she was dead. It flew crying back.

"Nest Gwynn is dead! Nest Gwynn is dead!" and, crazy with fear, it did not stop until it had hid its head in its mother's lap. The village was alarmed, and all who were able went in haste toward the well. Poor Nest had often thought she was dying in that dreary hour; had taken fainting for death, and struggled against it; and prayed that God would keep her alive till she could see her lover's face once more; and when she did see it, white with terror, bending over her, she gave a feeble smile and let herself faint away into unconsciousness.

Many a month she lay on her bed unable to move. Sometimes she was delirious, sometimes worn-out into the deepest depression. Through all, her mother watched her with tenderest care. The neighbors would come and offer help. They would bring presents of country dainties; and I do not suppose that there was a better dinner than ordinary cooked in any household in Pen-

Morfa parish, but a portion of it was sent to Eleanor Gwynn, if not for her sick daughter, to try and tempt her herself to eat and be strengthened; for to no one would she delegate the duty of watching over her child. Edward Williams was for a long time most assiduous in his inquiries and attentions; but by-and-by (ah! you see the dark fate of poor Nest now), he slackened, so little at first that Eleanor blamed herself for her jealousy on her daughter's behalf, and chid her suspicious heart. But as spring ripened into summer, and Nest was still bed-ridden, Edward's coolness was visible to more than the poor mother. The neighbors would have spoken to her about it, but she shrunk from the subject as if they were probing a wound. "At any rate," thought she, "Nest shall be strong before she is told about it. I will tell lies—I shall be forgiven—but I must save my child; and when she is stronger perhaps I may be able to comfort her. Oh! I wish she would not speak to him so tenderly and trustfully, when she is delirious. I could curse him when she does." And then Nest would call for her mother, and Eleanor would go, and invent some strange story about the summonses Edward had had to Caernarvon assizes, or to Harlech cattle market. But at last she was driven to her wits' end; it was three weeks since he had even stopped at the door to inquire, and Eleanor, mad with anxiety about her child, who was silently pining off to death for want of tidings of her lover, put on her cloak, when she had lulled her daughter to sleep one fine June evening, and set off to "The End of Time." The great plain which stretches out like an amphitheatre, in the half-circle of hills formed by the ranges of Moel Gwynn and the Trê-Madoc Rocks, were all golden-green in the mellow light of sunset. To Eleanor it might have been black with winter frost, she never noticed outward thing till she reached The End of Time; and there, in the little farm-yard, she was brought to a sense of her present hour and errand by seeing Edward. He was examining some hay, newly stacked; the air was scented by its fragrance, and by the lingering sweetness of the breath of the cows. When Edward turned round at the footstep and saw Eleanor, he colored and looked confused; however, he came forward to meet her in a cordial manner enough.

"It's a fine evening," said he. "How is Nest? But, indeed, you're being here is a sign she is better. Won't you come in and sit down?" He spoke hurriedly, as if affecting a welcome which he did not feel.

"Thank you. I'll just take this milking-stool and sit down here. The open air is like balm after being shut up so long."

"It is a long time," he replied, "more than five months."

Mrs. Gwynn was trembling at heart. She felt an anger which she did not wish to show; for, if by any manifestations of temper or resentment she lessened or broke the waning thread of attachment which bound him to her daughter,

she felt she should never forgive herself. She kept inwardly saying, "Patience, patience! he may be true and love her yet;" but her indignant convictions gave her words the lie.

"It's a long time, Edward Williams, since you've been near us to ask after Nest;" said she. "She may be better, or she may be worse, for aught you know." She looked up at him, reproachfully, but spoke in a gentle quiet tone.

"I—you see the hay has been a long piece of work. The weather has been fractious—and a master's eye is needed. Besides," said he, as if he had found the reason for which he sought to account for his absence, "I have heard of her from Rowland Jones. I was at the surgery for some horse-medicine—he told me about her;" and a shade came over his face, as he remembered what the doctor had said. Did he think that shade would escape the mother's eye?

"You saw Rowland Jones! Oh, man-alive, tell me what he said of my girl! He'll say nothing to me, but just hems and haws the more I pray him. But you will tell me. You *must* tell me." She stood up and spoke in a tone of command, which his feeling of independence, weakened just then by an accusing conscience, did not enable him to resist. He strove to evade the question, however.

"It was an unlucky day that ever she went to the well!"

"Tell me what the doctor said of my child," repeated Mrs. Gwynn. "Will she live, or will she die?" He did not dare to disobey the imperious tone in which this question was put.

"Oh, she will live, don't be afraid. The doctor said she would live." He did not mean to lay any particular emphasis on the word "live," but somehow he did, and she, whose every nerve vibrated with anxiety, caught the word.

"She will live!" repeated she. "But there is something behind. Tell me, for I will know. If you won't say, I'll go to Rowland Jones to-night and make him tell me what he has said to you."

There had passed something in this conversation between himself and the doctor, which Edward did not wish to have known; and Mrs. Gwynn's threat had the desired effect. But he looked vexed and irritated.

"You have such impatient ways with you, Mrs. Gwynn," he remonstrated.

"I am a mother asking news of my sick child," said she. "Go on. What did he say? She'll live—" as if giving the clew.

"She'll live, he has no doubt of that. But he thinks—now don't clench your hands so—I can't tell you if you look in that way; you are enough to frighten a man."

"I'm not speaking," said she in a low husky tone. "Never mind my looks: she'll live—"

"But she'll be a cripple for life. There! you would have it out," said he, sulkily.

"A cripple for life," repeated she, slowly. "And I'm one-and-twenty years older than she is!" She sighed heavily.

"And, as we're about it, I'll just tell you what is in my mind," said he, hurried and confused. "I've a deal of cattle; and the farm makes heavy work, as much as an able, healthy woman can do. So you see—" He stopped, wishing her to understand his meaning without words. But she would not. She fixed her dark eyes on him, as if reading his soul, till he flinched under her gaze.

"Well," said she, at length, "say on. Remember I've a deal of work in me yet, and what strength is mine is my daughter's."

"You're very good. But, altogether, you must be aware, Nest will never be the same as she was."

"And you've not yet sworn in the face of God to take her for better, for worse; and, as she is worse"—she looked in his face, caught her breath, and went on—"as she is worse, why, you cast her off, not being church-tied to her. Though her body may be crippled, her poor heart is the same—alas!—and full of love for you. Edward, you don't mean to break it off because of our sorrows. You're only trying me, I know," said she, as if begging him to assure her that her fears were false. "But, you see, I'm a foolish woman—a poor foolish woman—and ready to take fright at a few words." She smiled up in his face; but it was a forced, doubting smile, and his face still retained its sullen, dogged aspect.

"Nay, Mrs. Gwynn," said he, "you spoke truth at first. Your own good sense told you Nest would never be fit to be any man's wife—unless, indeed, she could catch Mr. Griffiths of Tynwntrybwlch; he might keep her a carriage, may be." Edward really did not mean to be unfeeling; but he was obtuse, and wished to carry off his embarrassment by a kind of friendly joke, which he had no idea would sting the poor mother as it did. He was startled at her manner.

"Put it in words like a man. Whatever you mean by my child, say it for yourself, and don't speak as if my good sense had told me any thing. I stand here, doubting my own thoughts, cursing my own fears. Don't be a coward. I ask you whether you and Nest are troth-plight?"

"I am not a coward. Since you ask me, I answer, Nest and I *were* troth-plight; but we *are* not. I can not—no one would expect me to wed a cripple. It's your own doing I've told you now; I had made up my mind, but I should have waited a bit before telling you."

"Very well," said she, and she turned to go away; but her wrath burst the flood-gates, and swept away discretion and forethought. She moved and stood in the gateway. Her lips parted, but no sound came; with an hysterical motion she threw her arms suddenly up to heaven, as if bringing down lightning toward the gray old house to which she pointed as they fell, and then she spoke:

"The widow's child is unfriended. As surely as the Saviour brought the son of a widow from death to life, for her tears and cries, so surely

will God and His angels watch over my Nest, and avenge her cruel wrongs." She turned away, weeping, and wringing her hands.

Edward went in-doors; he had no more desire to reckon his stores; he sat by the fire, looking gloomily at the red ashes. He might have been there half an hour or more, when some one knocked at the door. He would not speak. He wanted no one's company. Another knock, sharp and loud. He did not speak. Then the visitor opened the door; and, to his surprise—almost to his affright—Eleanor Gwynn came in.

"I knew you were here. I knew you could not go out into the clear, holy night, as if nothing had happened. Oh! did I curse you? If I did, I beg you to forgive me; and I will try and ask the Almighty to bless you, if you will but have a little mercy—a very little. It will kill my Nest if she knows the truth now—she is so very weak. Why, she can not feed herself, she is so low and feeble. You would not wish to kill her, I think, Edward!" She looked at him as if expecting an answer; but he did not speak. She went down on her knees on the flags by him.

"You will give me a little time, Edward, to get her strong, won't you, now? I ask it on my bended knees! Perhaps, if I promise never to curse you again, you will come sometimes to see her, till she is well enough to know how all is over, and her heart's hopes crushed. Only say you'll come for a month, or so, as if you still loved her—the poor cripple—forlorn of the world. I'll get her strong, and not tax you long." Her tears fell too fast for her to go on.

"Get up, Mrs. Gwynn," Edward said. "Don't kneel to me. I have no objection to come and see Nest, now and then, so that all is clear between you and me. Poor thing! I'm sorry, as it happens, she's so taken up with the thought of me."

"It was likely, was not it? and you to have been her husband before this time, if—Oh, miserable me! to let my child go and dim her bright life! But you'll forgive me, and come sometimes, just for a little quarter of an hour, once or twice a week. Perhaps she'll be asleep sometimes when you call, and then, you know, you need not come in. If she were not so ill, I'd never ask you."

So low and humble was the poor widow brought, through her exceeding love for her daughter.

CHAPTER II.

Nest revived during the warm summer weather. Edward came to see her, and staid the allotted quarter of an hour; but he dared not look her in the face. She was indeed a cripple: one leg was much shorter than the other, and she halted on a crutch. Her face, formerly so brilliant in color, was wan and pale with suffering: the bright roses were gone, never to return. Her large eyes were sunk deep down in their hollow, cavernous sockets; but the light was in them still, when Edward came

Her mother dreaded her returning strength—dreaded, yet desired it; for the heavy burden of her secret was most oppressive at times, and she thought Edward was beginning to weary of his enforced attentions. One October evening she told her the truth. She even compelled her rebellious heart to take the cold, reasoning side of the question; and she told her child that her disabled frame was a disqualification for ever becoming a farmer's wife. She spoke hardly, because her inner agony and sympathy was such, she dared not trust herself to express the feelings that were rending her. But Nest turned away from cold reason; she revolted from her mother; she revolted from the world. She bound her sorrow tight up in her breast, to corrode and fester there.

Night after night, her mother heard her cries and moans—more pitiful, by far, than those wrung from her by bodily pain a year before; and, night after night, if her mother spoke to soothe, she proudly denied the existence of any pain but what was physical, and consequent upon her accident.

"If she would but open her sore heart to me—to me, her mother," Eleanor wailed forth in prayer to God, "I would be content. Once it was enough to have my Nest all my own. Then came love, and I knew it would never be as before; and then I thought the grief I felt, when Edward spoke to me, was as sharp a sorrow as could be; but this present grief, Oh Lord, my God, is worst of all; and Thou only, Thou canst help!"

When Nest grew as strong as she was ever likely to be on earth, she was anxious to have as much labor as she could bear. She would not allow her mother to spare her any thing. Hard work—bodily fatigue—she seemed to crave. She was glad when she was stunned by exhaustion into a dull insensibility of feeling. She was almost fierce when her mother, in those first months of convalescence, performed the household tasks which had formerly been hers; but she shrank from going out of doors. Her mother thought that she was unwilling to expose her changed appearance to the neighbors' remarks; but Nest was not afraid of that: she was afraid of their pity, as being one deserted and cast off. If Eleanor gave way before her daughter's imperiousness, and sat by while Nest "tore" about her work with the vehemence of a bitter heart, Eleanor could have cried, but she durst not; tears, or any mark of commiseration, irritated the crippled girl so much, she even drew away from caresses. Every thing was to go on as it had been before she had known Edward; and so it did, outwardly; but they trod carefully, as if the ground on which they moved was hollow—deceptive. There was no more careless ease; every word was guarded, and every action planned. It was a dreary life to both. Once, Eleanor brought in a little baby, a neighbor's child, to try and tempt Nest out of herself, by her old love of children. Nest's pale face flushed as she saw the innocent child in her

mother's arms; and, for a moment, she made as if she would have taken it; but then, she turned away, and hid her face behind her apron, and murmured, "I shall never have a child to lie in my breast, and call me mother!" In a minute she arose, with compressed and tightened lips, and went about her household works, without her noticing the cooing baby again, till Mrs. Gwynn, heart-sick at the failure of her little plan, took it back to its parents.

One day the news ran through Pen-Morfa that Edward Williams was about to be married. Eleanor had long expected this intelligence. It came upon her like no new thing; but it was the filling-up of her cup of woe. She could not tell Nest. She sat listlessly in the house, and dreaded that each neighbor who came in would speak about the village news. At last, some one did. Nest looked round from her employment, and talked of the event with a kind of cheerful curiosity as to the particulars, which made her informant go away, and tell others that Nest had quite left off caring for Edward Williams. But when the door was shut, and Eleanor and she were left alone, Nest came and stood before her weeping mother like a stern accuser.

"Mother, why did not you let me die? Why did you keep me alive for this?" Eleanor could not speak, but she put her arms out toward her girl. Nest turned away, and Eleanor cried aloud in her soreness of spirit. Nest came again.

"Mother, I was wrong. You did your best. I don't know how it is I am so hard and cold. I wish I had died when I was a girl, and had a feeling heart."

"Don't speak so, my child. God has afflicted you sore, and your hardness of heart is but for a time. Wait a little. Don't reproach yourself, my poor Nest. I understand your ways. I don't mind them, love. The feeling heart will come back to you in time. Any ways, don't think you're grieving me, because, love, that may sting you when I'm gone; and I'm not grieved, my darling. Most times we're very cheerful, I think."

After this, mother and child were drawn more together. But Eleanor had received her death from these sorrowful, hurrying events. She did not conceal the truth from herself; nor did she pray to live, as some months ago she had done, for her child's sake; she had found out that she had no power to console the poor wounded heart. It seemed to her as if her prayers had been of no avail; and then she blamed herself for this thought.

There are many Methodist preachers in this part of Wales. There was a certain old man, named David Hughes, who was held in peculiar reverence because he had known the great John Wesley. He had been captain of a Caernarvon slate-vessel; he had traded in the Mediterranean, and had seen strange sights. In those early days (to use his own expression) he had lived without God in the world; but he went to mock John Wesley, and was converted by the white-

haired patriarch, and remained to pray. Afterward he became one of the earnest, self-denying, much-abused band of itinerant preachers, who went forth under Wesley's direction to spread abroad a more earnest and practical spirit of religion. His rambles and travels were of use to him. They extended his knowledge of the circumstances in which men are sometimes placed, and enlarged his sympathy with the tried and tempted. His sympathy, combined with the thoughtful experience of four-score years, made him cognizant of many of the strange secrets of humanity; and when younger preachers upbraided the hard hearts they met with, and despaired of the sinners, he "suffered long and was kind."

When Eleanor Gwynn lay low on her death-bed, David Hughes came to Pen-Morfa. He knew her history, and sought her out. To him she imparted the feelings I have described.

"I have lost my faith, David. The tempter has come, and I have yielded. I doubt if my prayers have been heard. Day and night have I prayed that I might comfort my child in her great sorrow; but God has not heard me. She has turned away from me, and refused my poor love. I wish to die now; but I have lost my faith, and have no more pleasure in the thought of going to God. What must I do, David?"

She hung upon his answer; and it was long in coming.

"I am weary of earth," said she, mournfully, "and can I find rest in death even, leaving my child desolate and broken-hearted?"

"Eleanor," said David, "where you go, all things will be made clear; and you will learn to thank God for the end of what now seems grievous and heavy to be borne. Do you think your agony has been greater than the awful agony in the Garden—or your prayers more earnest than that which He prayed in that hour when the great drops of blood ran down his face like sweat? We know that God heard Him, although no answer came to Him through the dread silence of that night. God's times are not our times. I have lived eighty-and-one years, and never yet have I known an earnest prayer fall to the ground unheeded. In an unknown way, and when no one looked for it, may be, the answer came; a fuller, more satisfying answer than heart could conceive of, although it might be different to what was expected. Sister, you are going where in His light you will see light; you will learn there that in very faithfulness He has afflicted you!"

"Go on—you strengthen me," said she.

After David Hughes left that day, Eleanor was calm as one already dead, and past mortal strife. Nest was awed by the change. No more passionate weeping—no more sorrow in the voice; though it was low and weak, it sounded with a sweet composure. Her last look was a smile; her last word a blessing.

Nest, tearless, streaked the poor worn body. She laid a plate with salt upon it on the breast, and lighted candles for the head and feet. It

was an old Welsh custom; but when David Hughes came in, the sight carried him back to the time when he had seen the chapels in some old Catholic cathedral. Nest sat gazing on the dead with dry, hot eyes.

"She is dead," said David, solemnly; "she died in Christ. Let us bless God, my child. He giveth and He taketh away!"

"She is dead," said Nest, "my mother is dead. No one loves me now."

She spoke as if she were thinking aloud, for she did not look at David, or ask him to be seated.

"No one loves you now? No human creature, you mean. You are not yet fit to be spoken to concerning God's infinite love. I, like you, will speak of love for human creatures. I tell you, if no one loves you, it is time for you to begin to love." He spoke almost severely (if David Hughes ever did); for, to tell the truth, he was repelled by her hard rejection of her mother's tenderness, about which the neighbors had told him.

"Begin to love!" said she, her eyes flashing. "Have I not loved? Old man, you are dim and worn-out. You do not remember what love is." She spoke with a scornful kind of pitying endurance. "I will tell you how I have loved, by telling you the change it has wrought in me. I was once the beautiful Nest Gwynn; I am now a cripple, a poor, wan-faced cripple, old before my time. That is a change; at least people think so." She paused, and then spoke lower. "I tell you, David Hughes, that outward change is as nothing compared to the change in my nature caused by the love I have felt—and have had rejected. I was gentle once, and if you spoke a tender word, my heart came toward you as natural as a little child goes to its mammy. I never spoke roughly, even to the dumb creatures, for I had a kind feeling for all. Of late (since I loved, old man), I have been cruel in my thoughts to every one. I have turned away from tenderness with bitter indifference. Listen!" she spoke in a hoarse whisper. "I will own it. I have spoken hardly to her," pointing toward the corpse. "Her who was ever patient, and full of love for me. She did not know," she muttered, "she is gone to the grave without knowing how I loved her—I had such strange, mad, stubborn pride in me."

"Come back, mother! Come back," said she, crying wildly to the still, solemn corpse; "come back as a spirit or a ghost—only come back, that I may tell you how I have loved you."

But the dead never come back.

The passionate adjuration ended in tears—the first she had shed. When they ceased, or were absorbed into long quivering sobs, David knelt down. Nest did not kneel, but bowed her head. He prayed, while his own tears fell fast. He rose up. They were both calm.

"Nest," said he, "your love has been the love of youth; passionate, wild, natural to youth. Henceforward you must love like Christ; with

out thought of self, or wish for return. You must take the sick and the weary to your heart and love them. That love will lift you up above the storms of the world into God's own peace. The very vehemence of your nature proves that you are capable of this. I do not pity you. You do not require pity. You are powerful enough to trample down your own sorrows into a blessing for others; and to others you will be a blessing; I see it before you; I see in it the answer to your mother's prayer."

The old man's dim eyes glittered as if they saw a vision; the fire-light sprang up and glinted on his long white hair. Nest was awed as if she saw a prophet, and a prophet he was to her.

When next David Hughes came to Pen-Morfa, he asked about Nest Gwynn, with a hovering doubt as to the answer. The inn-folk told him she was living still in the cottage, which was now her own.

"But would you believe it, David," said Mrs. Thomas, "she has gone and taken Mary Williams to live with her? You remember Mary Williams, I'm sure."

No! David Hughes remembered no Mary Williams at Pen-Morfa.

"You must have seen her, for I know you've called at Thomas Griffiths's where the parish boarded her?"

"You don't mean the half-witted woman—the poor crazy creature!"

"But I do!" said Mrs. Thomas.

"I have seen her sure enough, but I never thought of learning her name. And Nest Gwynn has taken her to live with her."

"Yes! I thought I should surprise you. She might have had many a decent girl for companion. My own niece, her that is an orphan, would have gone and been thankful. Besides, Mary Williams is a regular savage at times; John Griffiths says there were days when he used to beat her till she howled again, and yet she would not do as he told her. Nay, once, he says, if he had not seen her eyes glare like a wild beast, from under the shadow of the table where she had taken shelter, and got pretty quickly out of her way, she would have flown upon him and throttled him. He gave Nest fair warning of what she must expect, and he thinks some day she will be found murdered."

David Hughes thought awhile. "How came Nest to take her to live with her?" asked he.

"Well! Folk say John Griffiths did not give her enough to eat. Half-wits, they tell me, take more to feed them than others, and Eleanor Gwynn had given her oat-cake and porridge a time or two, and most likely spoken kindly to her (you know Eleanor spoke kind to all), so some months ago, when John Griffiths had been beating her, and keeping her without food to try and tame her, she ran away and came to Nest's cottage in the dead of night, all shivering and starved, for she did not know Eleanor was dead, and thought to meet with kindness from her. I've no doubt and Nest remembered how

her mother used to feed and comfort the poor idiot, and made her some gruel, and wrapped her up by the fire. And in the morning when John Griffiths came in search of Mary, he found her with Nest, and Mary wailed so piteously at the sight of him, that Nest went to the parish officers and offered to take her to board with her for the same money they gave to him. John says he was right glad to be off his bargain."

David Hughes knew there was a kind of remorse which sought relief in the performance of the most difficult and repugnant tasks. He thought he could understand how, in her bitter repentance for her conduct toward her mother, Nest had taken in the first helpless creature that came seeking shelter in her name. It was not what he would have chosen, but he knew it was God that had sent the poor wandering idiot there.

He went to see Nest the next morning. As he drew near the cottage—it was summer time, and the doors and windows were all open—he heard an angry, passionate kind of sound that was scarcely human. That sound prevented his approach from being heard; and standing at the threshold, he saw poor Mary Williams pacing backward and forward in some wild mood. Nest, cripple as she was, was walking with her, speaking low, soothing words, till the pace was slackened, and time and breathing was given to put her arm around the crazy woman's neck, and soothe her by this tender caress into the quiet luxury of tears; tears which give the hot brain relief. Then David Hughes came in. His first words, as he took off his hat, standing on the lintel, were—"The peace of God be upon this house." Neither he nor Nest recurred to the past; though solemn recollections filled their minds. Before he went, all three knelt and prayed; for, as Nest told him, some mysterious influence of peace came over the poor half-wit's mind when she heard the holy words of prayer; and often when she felt a paroxysm coming on, she would kneel and repeat a homily rapidly over, as if it were a charm to scare away the Demon in possession; sometimes, indeed, the control over herself requisite for this effort was enough to dispel the fluttering burst. When David rose up to go, he drew Nest to the door.

"You are not afraid, my child?" asked he.

"No," she replied. "She is often very good and quiet. When she is not, I can bear it."

"I shall see your face on earth no more;" said he. "God bless you!" He went on his way. Not many weeks after, David Hughes was borne to his grave.

The doors of Nest's heart were opened—opened wide by the love she grew to feel for crazy Mary, so helpless, so friendless, so dependent upon her. Mary loved her back again, as a dumb animal loves its blind master. It was happiness enough to be near her. In general she was only too glad to do what she was bidden by Nest. But there were times when Mary was overpowered by the glooms and fan-

cies of her poor disordered brain. Fearful times! No one knew how fearful. On those days, Nest warned the little children who loved to come and play around her, that they must not visit the house. The signal was a piece of white linen hung out of a side window. On those days the sorrowful and sick waited in vain for the sound of Nest's lame approach. But what she had to endure was only known to God, for she never complained. If she had given up the charge of Mary, or if the neighbors had risen, out of love and care for her life, to compel such a step, she knew not what hard curses and blows—what starvation and misery, would await the poor creature.

She told of Mary's docility, and her affection, and her innocent little sayings; but she never told the details of the occasional days of wild disorder, and driving insanity.

Nest grew old before her time, in consequence of her accident. She knew that she was as old at fifty as many are at seventy. She knew it partly by the vividness with which the remembrance of the days of her youth came back to her mind, while the events of yesterday were dim and forgotten. She dreamt of her girlhood and youth. In sleep she was once more the beautiful Nest Gwynn, the admired of all beholders, the light-hearted girl, beloved by her mother. Little circumstances connected with those early days, forgotten since the very time when they occurred, came back to her mind in her waking hours. She had a scar on the palm of her left hand, occasioned by the fall of a branch of a tree, when she was a child; it had not pained her since the first two days after the accident; but now it began to hurt her slightly; and clear in her ears was the crackling sound of the treacherous, rending wood; distinct before her rose the presence of her mother tenderly binding up the wound. With these remembrances came a longing desire to see the beautiful fatal well, once more before her death. She had never gone so far since the day when, by her fall there, she lost love, and hope, and her bright, glad youth. She yearned to look upon its waters once again. This desire waxed as her life waxed. She told it to poor crazy Mary.

"Mary!" said she, "I want to go to the Rock Well. If you will help me, I can manage it. There used to be many a stone in the Dol Mawr on which I could sit and rest. We will go to-morrow morning before folks are astir."

Mary answered briskly, "Up, up! To the Rock Well! Mary will go. Mary will go." All day long she kept muttering to herself, "Mary will go."

Nest had the happiest dream that night. Her mother stood beside her—not in the flesh, but in the bright glory of a blessed spirit. And Nest was no longer young—neither was she old—"they reckon not by days, nor years where she was gone to dwell;" and her mother stretched out her arms to her with a calm, glad look of welcome. She awoke; the woodlark

was singing in the near copse—the little birds were astir, and rustling in their leafy nests. Nest arose, and called Mary. The two set out through the quiet lane. They went along slowly and silently. With many a pause they crossed the broad Dol Mawr; and carefully descended the sloping stones, on which no trace remained of the hundreds of feet that had passed over them since Nest was last there. The clear water sparkled and quivered in the early sun-light, the shadows of the birch-leaves were stirred on the ground; the ferns—Nest could have believed that they were the very same ferns which she had seen thirty years before, hung wet and dripping where the water overflowed—a thrush chanted matins from a holly bush near—and the running stream made a low, soft, sweet accompaniment. All was the same; Nature was as fresh and young as ever. It might have been yesterday that Edward Williams had overtaken her, and told her his love—the thought of his words—his handsome looks—he was a **gray**, hard-featured man by this time), and then **she** recalled the fatal wintry morning when joy and youth had fled; and as she remembered that faintness of pain, a new, a real faintness—no echo of the memory—came over her. She leant her back against a rock, without a moan or sigh, and died! She found immortality by the well side, instead of her fragile, perishing youth. She was so calm and placid that Mary (who had been dipping her fingers in the well, to see the waters drop off in the gleaming sun-light), thought she was asleep, and for some time continued her amusement in silence. At last she turned, and said,

"Mary is tired. Mary wants to go home." Nest did not speak, though the idiot repeated her plaintive words. She stood and looked till a strange terror came over her—a terror too mysterious to be borne.

"Mistress, wake! Mistress, wake!" she said, wildly, shaking the form.

But Nest did not awake. And the first person who came to the well that morning found crazy Mary sitting, awe-struck, by the poor dead Nest. They had to get the poor creature away by force, before they could remove the body.

Mary is in Trê-Madoc workhouse; they treat her pretty kindly, and in general she is good and tractable. Occasionally the old paroxysms come on; and for a time she is unmanageable. But some one thought of speaking to her about Nest. She stood arrested at the name; and since then, it is astonishing to see what efforts she makes to curb her insanity; and when the dread time is past, she creeps up to the matron, and says, "Mary has tried to be good. Will God let her go to Nest now?"

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELOR.

GENERAL CONDUCT.

MOVE with the multitude in the common walks of life, and you will be unnoticed in the throng; but break from them, pursue a dif

ferent path, and every eye, perhaps with reproach, will be turned toward you. What is the rule to be observed in general conduct? Conform to every innocent custom as our social nature requires, but refuse compliance with whatever is inconsistent with propriety, decency, and the moral duties; and dare to be singular in honor and virtue.

In conversation, truth does not require you to utter all your thoughts, yet it forbids you to speak in opposition to them. To open the mind to unreserved communication, is imbecility; to cover it with a veil, to dis sever its internal workings from its external manifestations, is dissimulation and falsehood. The concordance of the thoughts, words, and deeds, is the essence of truth, and the ornament of character.

A man who has an opportunity to ruin a rival, with whom he is at enmity, without public dishonor, and yet generously forbears, nay, converts the opportunity into a disinterested benefit, evinces a noble instance of virtuous magnanimity. He conquers his own enmity, the most glorious of all conquests, and overcomes the enmity of a rival by the most heroic and praiseworthy mode of retaliation.

As to an evil report of a neighbor, the opinion of the frivolous is lightly regarded, the calumny of the known slanderer is discredited by all who venerate truth, and the character of the known liar is a sufficient antidote to falsehood. A respectable man, in his good name, offers a guarantee for his veracity; and, impressed with the benevolent affections and the love of justice, he is scrupulous to believe an evil report, and still more so to repeat it.

As a rill from a fountain increases as it flows, rises into a stream, swells into a river, so symbolically are the origin and course of a good name. At first, its beginning is small: it takes its rise from home, its natural source, extends to the neighborhood, stretches through the community, and finally takes a range proportioned to the qualities by which it is supported—its talents, virtue, and usefulness, the surest basis of an honorable reputation.

The relatives and kindred of a young man, by a natural process, communicate his amiable and opening character to a wider circle than that of home. His associates and friends extend the circle, and thus it widens till its circumference embraces a portion more or less of society, and his character places him in the class of respectable men. With good principles and conduct, neither envy nor malice can intercept the result of this progressive series; without good principles and conduct, no art or dissimulation can realize the noblest aim of a social being—a well-founded reputation.

A person commits an error, and he has sufficient address to conceal it, or sufficient ingenuity to palliate it, but he does neither; instead of availing himself of concealment and palliation, with the candor of a great mind, he confesses his error, and makes all the apology or atonement which the occasion requires. None has a title

to true honor but he who can say with moral elevation, when truth demands the acknowledgment, I have done wrong.

The events of life are not fortunate or calamitous so much in themselves, as they are in their effect on our feelings. An event which is met by one with equanimity or indifference, will fret another with vexation, or overwhelm him with sorrow. Misfortunes encountered with a composed and firm resolution, almost cease to be evils; it is, therefore, less our wisdom to endeavor to control external events, than to regulate the habitual temper of our minds to endurance and resignation.

The emotions of the mind are displayed in the movements of the body, the expression of the features and the tones of the voice. It is more difficult to disguise the tones of the voice, than any other external manifestation of internal feeling. The changing accents of the voice of those with whom we have long lived in intimate intercourse, in the communication of sentiment, are less equivocal and more impressive than even language itself.

The vocal sounds of speech, expressive of thought and feeling, are too much neglected by us in our individual and personal education. Could we analyze the opinion which we form of people on a first acquaintance, we should certainly find that it is greatly influenced by the tones of the voice. Study, then, agreeable sounds of speech, but seek not rules to guide you from etiquette—from artificial politeness; descend into the heart, there cherish the kind and moral sympathies, and speech will be modulated by the sincere and endearing tone of benevolence.

With your commiseration for distress, join firmness of mind. Interest yourself in general happiness, feel for all that is human, but suffer not your peace to be disturbed by what is beyond the sphere of your influence, and beyond your power to remedy.

A medical man has all the humane feelings, but they are merged into the art of healing. When he sees a patient suffering, he feels no perturbation; he feels only the desire, by means of his art, to relieve the sufferer: thus should all our humane and social sympathies be regulated, divested of their morbid sensibility, and reduced to active and practical principles.

Some, when they move from the common routine of life, and especially on any emergency, are embarrassed, perplexed, and know not how to resolve with decision, and act with promptitude. Presence of mind is a valuable quality, and essential to active life; it is the effect of habit, and the formation of habit is facilitated by rule.

Command your feelings, for strong feelings disconcert the mind, and produce confusion of ideas. On every occasion that requires attention, learn to concentrate your thoughts with quickness and comprehension. These two rules reduced into habits, if steadily practiced, will induce decision of resolve and promptitude of action.

Precipitation spoils the best concerted plan; perseverance brings the most difficult, when it is practicable, to a successful result. The flutter of haste is characteristic of a weak mind that has not the command of its thoughts; a strong mind, master of itself, possesses the clearness and prescience of reflection.

In learning, concentrate the energy of the mind principally on one study. The attention divided among many studies, is weakened by the division; besides, it is not granted to an individual to excel in many things. But, while one study claims your main attention, make occasional excursions into the fields of literature and science, and collect materials for the improvement of your mind, and the advancement of your favorite pursuit.

Excellence in a profession, and success in business, can be attained only by persevering industry. None who thinks himself above his vocation can succeed in it, for we can not give our attention to what our self-importance despises. None can be eminent in his vocation who devotes his mental energy to a pursuit foreign to it, for, in such a case, success in what we love is failure in what we neglect.

Among men, you must either speak what is agreeable to their humor, or what is consistent with truth and good morals. Make it a general rule of conduct neither to flatter virtue nor exasperate folly: by flattering virtue, you can not confirm it; by exasperating folly, you can not reform it. Submit, however, to no compromise with truth, but, when it allows, accommodate yourself with honest courtesy to the prepossessions of others.

In your whole behavior to mankind, conduct yourself with fairness and integrity. If an action is well received, you will have the credit it deserves; if it is not well received, you will have the approval of your own mind. The approval of a good conscience is preferable to the applause of the world.

Form no resolution, and engage in no undertaking, which you can not invoke Heaven to sanction. A good man prays the Almighty to be propitious to his virtuous plans: if his petition is denied, he knows it is denied in mercy, and he is resigned; if it is granted, he is grateful, and enjoys the blessings with moderation. A wicked man, in his iniquitous plans, either fails or succeeds: if he fails, disappointment is embittered by self-reproach; if he succeeds, success is without pleasure, for, when he looks around, he sees no smile of congratulation.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

TALLEYRAND.*

"CELEBRATED people," said Napoleon, when speaking of Necker, "lose on a close view:" a remark not substantially different from that of the Duke of Marlborough, that "no

man was a hero to his *valet de chambre*." Proximity, like familiarity, "breeds contempt;" and the proper cure for the illusions of distance is nearness. Few objects in nature, whether living or dead, can stand the application of that test, which is as fatal to the pretensions of men as of mountains: while it is notorious that the judgments of history are seldom in accordance with the decisions of contemporaries or friends. Human greatness resembles physical magnitude in this, that its proportions are more or less affected by surrounding influences, which must be removed before its real dimensions can be ascertained. It is, in fact, one of the fluctuating quantities of social arithmetic, and to fix its precise amount is now, and ever has been, one of the most difficult enterprises in which a public writer can engage. It is apt, also, to be confounded with mere celebrity. Obscurity is not one of its accidents, but fame is; and there is something like an irresistible tendency on the part of mankind at large, to believe in the claims to distinction of the man who has been *vulgatus per orbem*. Humility does very well for poets—your Horaces and Grays, for instance—who can find Agamemnons and Hampdens on every village green, to whom the opportunity only of acquiring renown has been denied by envious fate; but the prose of life discards it as an unsuitable and troublesome adjunct, and refuses to extend its reverence to what is not appreciable. A famous man is, therefore, always presumed to be a great man, and he may be so in so far as popular reputation is concerned, though he need not be so otherwise. To which of these classes did Talleyrand belong? That he was celebrated is beyond doubt. Was he great? That is a different question, and could be answered satisfactorily only by a much more elaborate inquiry into his history than it is possible for us to institute. Forty years must elapse from his death, which took place in 1838, before those memoirs, which he is known to have compiled, shall be given to the world; and whoever tries will find it to be no easy task to anticipate those revelations which are reserved for the eyes and ears of the generation of 1878. Let us, then, be contented with a humbler effort, and endeavor to make the most of the materials which are accessible to us, scanty though they be. There are spurious lives of Talleyrand by the dozen. He repudiated these scandalous and gossiping chronicles in his life-time, and it is no part of our business to resuscitate them. M. Colmache's volume is of another stamp, however, and bears unexceptionable internal evidence of the honesty of the writer, whether we agree in his conclusions or not. As secretary to the prince he had superior facilities for acquiring a knowledge of, at least, the domestic habits of the *man*, but beyond this he has accomplished little; for though his work be well, and even powerfully written, and though it contain numerous fragments of strong dramatic interest which illustrate in a very remarkable manner Talleyrand's moral idiosyncrasy, as well

* *Revelations of the Life of Prince Talleyrand*. Edited from the Papers of the late M. Colmache, Private Secretary to the Prince. Second Edition. One Volume. London, 1850. H. Colburn.

as the usages of the age and country in which he lived—it would be absurd to suppose that the most reserved man in Europe, who had drilled his passions into a state of repose, and disciplined his tongue into the obedient slave of his own secret purposes, had given his confidence to a servant, in the full knowledge that every word which he uttered, and every opinion which he expressed, would be noted down, and published to the world when the grave had closed upon his remains. A less astute person, occupying the same conspicuous position in life, would have been guilty of no such folly as this: and though M. Colmache may have thought otherwise, he was obviously trusted with no more than it was perfectly safe for his master's posthumous reputation that he should be allowed to know. Moreover, we must remember, that though the French pride themselves on their skill in conversation—*l'art de causer*, as they term it—it is a wholly different thing from what would pass by that name in Britain. Men do not meet together in France (or, rather, they *did not*, for it is impossible to tell what they do now, and it would be unprofitable to inquire), freely to exchange their thoughts upon questions of importance, to discuss philosophy, religion, literature, or even politics; but to chat, to trifle with time, and to dispel weariness. Every thing that is serious is interdicted as an offense against good taste; and a French talker would rather run the risk of being considered a fool than a bore. The tyranny of fashion has been always cheerfully submitted to on this point; and to be brilliant, startling, and epigrammatic, are the passports to conversational reputation: not to be weighty, solid, or wise. To judge by M. Colmache's book, Talleyrand did not converse. It was no part of his social economy to intercommune with any one. His thoughts were his own, and he kept them to himself: hence, after we have perused this book, abounding as it does in curious sketches and narratives, we know nothing more of Talleyrand's sentiments on men and things than we did before. There was, no doubt, the usual lingual intercourse among his guests at the Château Vallengay, but the great man took no part in it. His rôle was lofty, mysterious, and grand. When he spoke all were silent, all attentive, all obsequious: but there was no conversation, in our sense of the word, and no dialogue, for there were no interlocutors. It was a monologue, in fact, and an interesting one—for his memory was deeply impressed with the recollections of the past, and he delighted to call them up, and to astonish his auditors by the freshness and vigor of his coloring: but, so far as we can discover, he never allowed himself to indulge in unnecessary commentaries or disclosures, and, with all his diligence, M. Colmache was unable to extract out of the wily diplomatist a single idea which it was his desire to conceal. Let there be no mistake, then, about the character of these *Revelations*. They are always amusing, sometimes highly interesting, and at

others instructive: but they furnish exceedingly little toward a life of Talleyrand; and what his own countrymen are unable to give, foreigners can not supply. In what follows, therefore, we must be both abrupt and irregular.

Charles Maurice Talleyrand-Périgord, eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand-Périgord, was born at Paris in the year 1754; and died in that city in the year 1838, at the advanced age of eighty-four. His father was by position a member of the ancient *noblesse*, and by profession, a soldier: his mother a woman of fashion, and attached to the court. According to M. Colmache, he came into the world "without spot or blemish," and we are led to infer that his lameness—the cause of so much suffering and injustice to him in after-life—was not congenital, as has been generally believed, but the result of want of care in his childhood; for, as it was not the custom in those days for women of rank to nurse their own offspring, or even to rear them in their own houses, the future diplomatist was removed to a distant part of the country a few days after his birth, and consigned to the care of a hired nurse, Mère Rigaut, in whose cottage, wild, neglected, and forgotten, he dwelt for twelve years. He was at length recalled from his involuntary exile by the Bailli Talleyrand, his uncle—the youngest brother of his father, a naval officer, and a knight of Malta; who, with the warmth of feeling proper to men of his profession, was enraged, upon his return home, to find the poor boy condemned to banishment and obscurity, and determined to free him from both. He accordingly brought him to Paris, but was sadly mortified to find that his intention of making him a sailor was marred by his infirmity; and leaving him at the hôtel Talleyrand in charge of the parties whom his mother had instructed to receive him—for she was not there to perform that maternal duty herself—the honest Bailli set out for Toulon, where he rejoined his ship, and was drowned at sea a few months afterward. Young Talleyrand was now placed at the College of Louis le Grand, and under the immediate direction of the Père Langlois, Professor of Rhetoric in that institution; a kind and benevolent-minded man, as it would seem, to whom his pupil remained attached throughout his whole life, and who, unchanged and unchangeable, wore, in 1828, the academic costume which had prevailed before the Revolution—a long-skirted, collarless black coat, buttoned to the chin; black knee breeches and silk stockings; large shoes with silver-plated buckles; well powdered hair, with *ailles de pigeon* and a queue of portentous dimensions; and that indispensable companion of a *savant crasseux* of the middle of the eighteenth century, a huge flat snuff-box, which lay concealed in the deep recesses in his ample pockets. Talleyrand remained at this school for three years, and would appear to have made a respectable figure as a student, considering the disadvantages under which he labored from the want of preliminary training. It is probable

that a sense of this deficiency on the part of a lively lad, joined to the stimulus of competition, quickened his diligence, and he was rewarded with praise and prizes. He was also addicted to active sports, for "he was strong and hardy in spite of his lameness;" and we are told that his temper was mild and tractable at this period, and that, when attacked, his defensive weapon was his tongue, not his hands—so true is it, that "the boy is father to the man." His sharp, quick speech, we are assured, was the terror of his comrades—*i. e.* when a bolder youth would have boxed his antagonist's ears, Talleyrand scolded, and doubtlessly provoked him; but as there must be a philosophical reason for whatever concerns the nonage of a celebrated person, it is added, that "even then (between twelve and fifteen, observe) he had learned that the art of governing others consisted merely in self-command." During his residence at college he saw nothing of his father, and little of his mother; and when the latter did visit him, she was always attended by an eminent surgeon, whose duty it was to torture the unfortunate boy's leg, and to try, by bandages, cauteries, and other appliances, to make that long and straight which neglect had made short and crooked. These visits of *madame mère* were anticipated with horror, and ever afterward spoken of with disgust; nor could they have increased that love for the author of his being which is so natural to youth, and which an incident that occurred about this time would seem to have utterly extinguished.

At the close of his third year at college, his father died from the effects of an old wound received in battle. This event must have happened when his son had attained to the fifteenth year of his age, and, consequently, in the year 1769. By the laws of nature and of feudal succession, that son was now the head of his house, a peer of France, the inheritor of those peculiar privileges which then belonged to his order, the owner of large territorial possessions, and the Comte Talleyrand-Périgord: of all which rights, immunities, titles, and dignities, he was arbitrarily deprived by the cruel decision of a family council, of which his mother was the author and promoter, and his birthrights handed over to his younger brother, who, in his infancy, had been companion of his exile. Why this act of iniquity was committed, and how, we shall allow M. Colmache to tell:

"It was at this time that his father died, and Charles Maurice was now the Comte de Talleyrand, and head of that branch of the family to which he belonged. Meanwhile the younger son, Archambaut, had likewise returned from his nursing; but he had the better chance—his limbs were sound and well developed, as God had made them. No dire accident, the consequence of foul neglect, had marred his shape, or tarnished his comeliness. So, one fine day, and as a natural consequence, mark you, of this fortunate circumstance, when Charles Maurice, the eldest son, had finished his course of study

at Louis le Grand, having passed through his classes with great *éclat*, there came a tall, sallow, black-robed priest, and took him away from the midst of his friends to the grim old *séminaire* of St. Sulpice, and it was there that he received the astounding intimation, from the lips of the superior himself, that, by the decision of a *conseil de famille*, from which there was no appeal, his birthright had been taken from him, and transferred to his younger brother.

"Why so?" faltered the boy, unable to conceal his emotion.

"He is not cripple," was the stern and cruel answer.

"It must have been that hour—nay, that very instant—the echo of those heartless words, which made the Prince de Talleyrand what he is even to this very day. Who shall tell the bitter throes of that bold, strong-hearted youth, as he heard the unjust sentence? Was it defiance and despair, the gift of hell, or resignation, the blessed boon of heaven, which caused him to suffer the coarse black robe to be thrown at once above his college uniform, without a cry, without a murmur? None will ever be able to divine what his feelings were, for this one incident is always passed over by the prince. He never refers to it, even when in familiar conversation with his most loved intimates. It is certain, therefore, that the single hour of which I speak bore with it a whole life of bitterness and agony. (P. 106, 107.)"

Let us pause for a moment to consider the probable effects of such nurture and treatment on a nature like Talleyrand's. He was fifteen years of age; imperfectly educated for his station in life; lame, from the neglect of the guardians of his infancy; disinherited by those who should have watched with the most jealous care over his interests; cruelly punished for a physical defect chargeable to the carelessness of others; a stranger to hope, love, and fear; the victim of a domestic conspiracy; and the novitiate of a profession which he loathed, and to which, in his subsequent years, he did dishonor. His father he had never known, his mother he knew only as his tormentor and oppressor: no tie seems to have bound him to his brother, and up to this hour he had never yet slept one night under the paternal roof. These were no ordinary trials; and if the youth who was subjected to them became in after-life a cynic, is it to be wondered at? Indeed, a hasty view of this remarkable man's character might lead to the conclusion of M. Colmache, that the untoward accidents of his infancy and boyhood afforded an explanation of all his adult peculiarities; but we can not allow ourselves to accept this inference, natural as it would seem to be, for it appears to us, upon a closer inspection, that though these incidents might deepen the force of his mental inequalities, they could not have created them, and that the difference between the Bishop of Autun and the ancient noble, had he succeeded to his inheritance, would have amounted to little more than the difference be-

tween a proscribed ecclesiastic and a proscribed aristocrat. No doubt, if the generous affections expand and blossom under genial culture, they as certainly contract and wither under neglect and harshness; nor should we, in ordinary cases, have any hesitation in giving the benefit of this elementary rule to the subject of an ordinary biography: but Talleyrand's is not such. There is no evidence in this book or elsewhere, for instance, that the sensitive part of his nature was acute, or that he was easily moved by strong emotions of any kind; and it is exceedingly difficult for us to comprehend how so singular a moral and intellectual organization as he unquestionably possessed could have been the result of any imaginable series of occurrences in early life, of whatever description they might happen to be. The power of intense concentration by which he was so remarkably distinguished was, assuredly, a gift from Nature (whether good or bad we say not), and not a circumstantial accident; and it is all but incredible that a man of vivid sensibilities could have succeeded by a mere effort of the will in suppressing every manifestation of their existence during a life prolonged far beyond the ordinary term, and in the midst of the most terrible convulsions that had agitated the world since the establishment of society in Western Europe. The cause appears to us to be unequal to the effect; and we are obliged to conclude that the cold, sarcastic, and selfish man, who believed in nothing and nobody, and who rejected even the common impulses of humanity, was no casual product of events, but precisely what he had been designed to be from the cradle, and what he would have shown himself to have been—though, perhaps, in a different way—had he never known what paternal neglect and maternal cruelty were.

We have no account in this volume of the progressive steps of his clerical education, beyond the intimation that it was wearisome and distasteful. Talleyrand disliked references to his ecclesiastical career. It had not been a respectable one; and if M. Colmache really got from him the stories which he tells in his book, we need not be surprised that there is nothing in them about either the Abbé or the Bishop. We know from other sources that, notwithstanding his constitutional timidity, he accepted the Revolution eagerly; and that he did his best, by precept and example, to consummate the destruction of the old order of things. He was the bosom friend of Mirabeau, so far as his suspicious nature would allow him to be the bosom-friend of any one; and his account (or what M. Colmache says was his) of the last days of that able, but profligate person's troubled life is one of the most striking things in this volume. Another extraordinary being likewise appears here, of whom less is generally known than of the other two, viz., the Abbé Cerutti, an Italian Jesuit, who had been in the service of the Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., and who, like so many others,

threw his religion and his allegiance behind his back when they could no longer subserve his personal ends, and who was, moreover, with Mirabeau and Talleyrand, one of the most active promoters of the popular cause. This trio, in conjunction with Condorcet, started, in 1789, the first democratical journal known in Paris. It was called the *Feuille Villageoise*, and was designed for circulation among the rural populations of the provinces. It has been accused of having provoked many of the atrocities of the Revolution; but this, it would seem, was a mistake. It only fanned the flames after they had broken out, but did not excite them: and it was remarkable for "burning columns" from Mirabeau, the ex-noble; for "cold, bitter irony," from Cerutti, the ex-Jesuit; and for recommendations of the "divisions of church property, &c." from Talleyrand, the ex-bishop. Such pastimes could have done no harm, according to M. Colmache; and were obviously inadequate to the production of a revolution—and such a revolution! Let us acquit these patriots, then, of treason against society, and let us believe that they were actuated by the purest motives, when they used every effort within their reach to rouse to madness an ignorant and excitable multitude, and stimulated by every possible means, the cupidity of the poor by suggestions to plunder the rich and to despoil the Church. It may be difficult to do this, but there is no help for it; and with such undeniable proofs of the wisdom, virtue, and moderation of this celebrated junta, as M. Colmache has been pleased to furnish, we may let the matter drop.

Talleyrand was consumed by a burning hatred of England, even before the Revolution broke out, and, in conjunction with a friend, gave a practical illustration of his hostility by fitting out a privateer at Brest, which was designed to intercept British ships trading to the West Indies; and as we do not remember to have seen this strange incident in his life mentioned elsewhere, we shall give the short account of it which M. Colmache has furnished:

"The sudden change from the frivolous *pillotage* of the *ancien régime* to the sombre enthusiasm which broke out at the epoch of the American war, made but little impression on M. Talleyrand. He was evidently prepared; and at once declared his opinion, not by pamphlets or inflammatory speeches, but by an argument far more forcible than either. Conjointly with his friend, the Count Choiseul Gouffier, he equipped a privateer, which he called the Holy Cause, and which left the harbor of Brest in the month of May, 1779. The Duc de Castries, then Minister of Marine, furnished the guns. This single fact would almost serve to paint the time. A vessel of war armed and equipped by the *agent général du clergé de France*, aided by a *savant* of the *haute noblesse*, and countenanced by one of the ministers, exhibits at once the utter confusion of ideas which must have existed just then. I have heard that

the privateer, which, placed under command of a runaway scion of nobility, was to have carried death and destruction among the English¹ merchant-ships trading from the West Indies, never more made its appearance on the French coast. Be this as it may, I know that the prince does not like to talk of this little episode in his life; and the other day, when questioned rather closely on the subject, he answered, '*Laissons cela, c'est un de mes péchés de jeunesse.*'" (P. 232.)

The temper of mind indicated by this passage was itself one of the forerunners of the Revolution, for at that time France had become delirious on the subject of the American struggle; and her soldiers and nobles who were aiding the revolted provincialists, were busily employed in gathering the fruits of that harvest of republicanism which they were so soon to transport to their own country, where they were destined to produce extraordinary results. At the time this event happened, Talleyrand was twenty-five years of age, and in holy orders; and we are to presume that the Anglo-mania, which overtook his countrymen ten years later, and was the rage in '89, had not yet set in. The anecdote is curious, but it strikes us as being illustrative rather of the character of the age and people than of the individual man, for whom in his natural mood, it was *trop prononcé*.

As the Revolution advanced Talleyrand's safety was endangered, and like most French patriots, ancient and modern, that was a thing which he looked carefully to. Some papers were found, after the sack of the Tuilleries, which compromised him; and in '92 he fled to the United States of America, taking up his abode in the city of New York. He was accompanied in his flight by a friend of the name of Beaumetz, and in concert with whom he resolved to enter into trade. A small ship was freighted with goods for Calcutta, whither the two exiles had resolved to proceed in search of fortune; and all that was wanted to enable them to put their scheme in execution was a fair wind, which, however, the elements refused. In the interval caused by this detention Talleyrand had one of what he called his "presentiments;" and to its occult warnings, as he afterward declared, he owed the immediate preservation of his life, salvation from shipwreck, and that change in his "destiny" which led to all the future incidents of his eventful career. Disappointment and vexation preying upon an irritable temper drove his partner mad. He saw insanity in his look and gestures, and suffering himself to be led by the lunatic to the heights of Brooklyn, which overlook the harbor, he fixed his eyes sternly upon him, exclaiming, at the same time, "Beaumetz, you mean to murder me; you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can!" Thus apostrophized, the unhappy and conscience-stricken maniac quailed beneath the intensity and sternness of his gaze; confessed that such was his design, the thought, "like a flash from the lurid fire of hell," having haunted

him day and night; implored forgiveness, flung himself upon the neck of his meditated victim, and burst into tears. The paroxysm had passed off, and tottering reason had resumed her sway. Beaumetz was conveyed home and placed under medical treatment, speedily recovered, proceeded on his voyage alone, and was never more heard of. "My Fate," said Talleyrand, when speaking of this incident in after life, "was at work."

From the way in which this anecdote is introduced we learn that Talleyrand had some strong leaning to the Celtic superstition known as the second sight, which, in the adust imagination of a Frenchman, is closely allied to fatalism, and which, we fear, loses its interest, as it certainly does its virtue, when transported into sunnier regions from "the land of the mountain and the flood." In ancient times Augustus Cæsar,* and in modern Samuel Johnson, Napoleon, and Walter Scott, were all, more or less, and after the manner of their several idiosyncracies, the victims of this imaginary belief; and if we knew the apocalyptic tendencies of obscure, as well as we do those of celebrated individuals, we should probably, discover that this weakness was much more prevalent than is generally supposed. We have no great difficulty in understanding how a fanciful notion of this kind should attach itself to minds of a certain conformation, or be even generated by them, and that it should exercise a considerable, though unseen influence over the secret convictions of men of ability, and of women of vivid religious emotions; but we do not so readily comprehend how such persons as Napoleon and Talleyrand should have embraced a delusion which was utterly irreconcilable with their skeptical natures, and which necessarily presupposed an immaterial state of existence, and the providential superintendence of human affairs by a benevolent order of beings, whose powers must have been deputed to them by a superior and overruling Intelligence. It was the part of an ancient Roman, like Augustus, to believe in portents and omens, however insignificant; it might even require some philosophy to despise them; and among ourselves in modern times it will be found, if we mistake not, that strong poetical sensibilities, or a peculiarly impressible temperament, is the foundation of what can be regarded in no other light than an hallucination. The world of spirits, with all its shadowy tenants and imaginary impulses, might be a reality to Scott, whose demonology never for one moment obscured the lucid perceptions of a singularly clear and masculine intellect; while the Rosicrucianism of so vigorously-minded a man as Samuel Johnson was the plain result of that constitutional melancholy under which he labored—fortified, it may be, by theological tenets which bordered on the mystical: but what could Napoleon mean by Fate, or Talleyrand by Destiny? They were both of them unbelievers in spiritualism of any kind; and whence could

* Suetonius, in Vita, cap. 92.

those intimations come of which Talleyrand, at least, conceived himself to be the recipient? He was obviously possessed by the idea that numerous premonitions had been vouchsafed to him; and what chiefly moved in him a desire to visit Scotland was, not its scenery, its lakes, its mountains, or its people, but a wish to inquire into the (as he supposed) natural faculty of divination. The dream may be of Jove*—Homer is a sound heathen authority upon this point; but Talleyrand was no dreamer. His "presentiments" (for so he loved to call them), were, apparently, sudden intuitions, which he was wholly unable to explain, but in which he placed so much confidence that he acted upon them to the letter—so says M. Colmache—and never, it would seem, in vain. They directed him rightly; and when, in old age, he had gathered around him at Vallençay all that remained of the wit, genius, and talent of French society in its better forms, he delighted to recount the instances in which this supernatural influence, like Socrates' *dæmon*, had befriended him. He believed in the reality of this power when he believed in nothing else, and that is the puzzle.

Having once returned to France, Talleyrand never again quitted it—at least, as an exile; but continued for the next forty years of his eventful life to cultivate the art of advancement, and to study carefully the means of acquiring a fortune: and he succeeded in both. The First Consul found in his extraordinary abilities precisely what he wanted and he in the First Consul that social support which he required, and upon which he found he could rely. There was no mutual esteem, however, between these remarkable men, whom interest alone bound together; and Bonaparte has left upon record his opinion of his Minister for Foreign Affairs, delivered at a time when he had nothing to expect from the favors of men or the caprices of Fortune. "Talleyrand," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "is a corrupt man, who has betrayed all parties and persons. Wary and circumspect, always a traitor, but always in conspiracy with Fortune, Talleyrand treats his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends, and his friends as if they were to become his enemies. He is a man of unquestionable talent, but venial in every thing. Nothing could be done with him but by means of bribery."† This is not complimentary; and it would be curious to compare such a sentence of condemnation with the judgment of Talleyrand on Napoleon which is contained in his memoirs, for that there is one we need not doubt.

Talleyrand's department as a minister of state was that of Foreign Affairs, and the future historian of his diplomatic career will have to review his connection with all the great incidents which occurred in Europe from the year 1797 to his death, in 1838. That he was supple, unscrupulous, and able, is the conclusion of mankind at large; and, we presume, the correct one.

Passion never disturbed him, and feeling (except for himself) seldom. A revolutionary education superinduced upon a cold nature a distrust of all men—ay, and of women, too; and he seems to have entertained just so much respect for political stability of any kind as circumstances warranted, and no more. He was no believer in the reality of virtue—itsself a quality of which he had but an inadequate conception, and to the active operation of which he would have held it to be mere simplicity and folly to trust. We may infer, therefore, that what he did not look for he did not find; and that, as generally happens to those who are wise beyond what is written, he denied the existence of a property, with the use of which, could it have been discovered, he was wholly unacquainted. He served the emperor so long as it was consistent with his interests to do so, and he deserted him when he saw that there was more peril in fidelity than in apostasy. The Restoration was, in a great measure, the work of his hands, though he hated Louis XVIII. mortally; and the grounds of that hatred were, apparently, personal, resting partly on those antipathies which dissimilarity in habits and taste is apt to generate in all ranks of life, and partly on disappointed ambition. Louis was fat; Talleyrand was thin. Louis liked good eating (most men do, by the way, be they kings or not); Talleyrand cared little for it, and ate but once a day. Louis had, rightly or wrongly, an idea that he was an independent monarch, to whose volitions some regard was due, and the legitimate sovereign of one of the greatest kingdoms in Europe; Talleyrand saw in him only a political stop-gap and glutton, to whose wishes little deference was owing, and whose intellect he despised: but he took care not to refuse the bounties or the honors bestowed upon him by his royal master—nor can we repress a smile when we find such a man gravely rebuking that prince for utter heartlessness and selfishness. It might be, and probably was so, but assuredly Talleyrand was not the person to make the charge.

The erection of the throne of the Barricades was also Talleyrand's work, if we may believe M. Colmache; and many of the incidents connected with the expulsion of Charles X., and the elevation of the Duke of Orleans, which are given in this volume, possess at this moment an instructive and melancholy interest, when we consider where the aspirant for that perilous honor is now, and what a dark cloud has settled down upon the stormy evening of his ambitious life.* Had we space, we would give some of these details; but we have not, and must be contented to refer to the book for them. The object of the writer, however, is, to construct an exculpation, and to vindicate (vain task!) the memory of Talleyrand from the reproach of ingratitude; but it is abundantly evident, even from the narrative itself, that if not one of the most active,

* Οὐδὲν ἐκ τούτων εἶπεν.

† Voice from St. Helena.

* The reader will perceive that this was written before the death of Louis Philippe, which took place at Claremont on the 26th day of August last.

ne was, at least, one of the most *zealous*, promoters of the Revolution of 1830. There was little sympathy between Charles and Talleyrand, though he preferred him much to his brother Louis. He even admitted—which, for him, was going far—that Charles was distinguished in private life by many excellent qualities; that he had “a feeling and a generous nature, and was a faithful and grateful friend;” but for many, and some of them obvious enough reasons, he disliked “the devout monarch,” and we are told that Charles “returned tenfold in hatred and suspicion all the pity and contempt which the wily diplomatist sought to cast upon his government.” The conclusion is, of course, plain. Talleyrand saw that every thing was going wrong, as did every body else after the event. He, therefore, withdrew from Paris in the winter of 1829–30; and, under the pretense of consulting his health, retired to Rochecotte, in Touraine, the seat of his niece, the Duchess de Dino. He had no political object in view, and was only driven “by the force of circumstances,” into that vortex which was whirling *tout le monde* in the capital round about; but, somehow or other, the leaders of the movement gathered around him in his retreat, and, unfortunately for the theory of neutrality, it is stated that “it was at Rochecotte, during the month of May, which Thiers spent there with M. de Talleyrand, that he (*i.e.*, Thiers) conceived the plan of those terrific articles in the *National*, which, every morning, like the battering-rams of ancient warfare, laid in ruins the wretched bulwarks, behind which the tottering monarchy thought itself secure.” (P. 32.)

All this was, no doubt, purely accidental; and, as the editor of the *National* was a person of no social consideration whatever, it would be absurd to suppose that the Prince of Benevento had any secondary purpose to achieve by patronizing so obscure an adventurer. It turns out, indeed, that “M. Thiers was, in the eyes of M. Talleyrand, nothing more than a young writer, full of vigor and talent, whom the old seigneur loved to protect, and to initiate into the manners and customs of good society, without a knowledge of which (he would often say) there can be no good taste in literature. But he was the last person in the world who, at that time, would have looked upon Thiers as a conspirator, of whom he was making himself, by such protection, the vile associate.” (P. 33.)

This should settle the point, and yet it does nothing of the kind; for, as if it were necessary that a mystery should involve all the actions of this man's life, and even comprehend his friends, we find in this very volume, and in immediate succession to the energetic disclaimer we have just quoted, the most elaborate proofs of his “complicity” in that “conspiracy,” which ended by dethroning one monarch and elevating another. A single passage will set this matter at rest forever, and here it is:

“It has been to this day a matter of speculation whether the Duke of Orleans had anticipated

being called to the throne, or whether it was the force of circumstances which had brought him to it. These are the facts: Although the Duke of Orleans had for a long time looked upon the event of a change in the dynasty as *possible*, and was most certainly *prepared** to place the crown upon his own head in case of such an event, yet even so late as the 30th of July he hesitated to grasp it, and resisted the arguments and persuasions of Thiers. It is a known fact that the duke was concealed in the environs of Neuilly in fear of a popular outbreak, when a secret message from M. de Talleyrand, which he received on the evening of that day, caused him to decide at length upon re-entering Paris, and proclaiming himself Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom—the head of the new power. The new king soon forgot, however, this proof of attachment (attachment!!) on the part of his old friend; and M. de Talleyrand, who knew that kings, even when chosen by the will of the people, are, for the most part, compelled to be *il-lustres ingrats*, never, during the years which followed these events, alluded to the circumstances which brought about the *avènement* of Louis Philippe.” (P. 35.)

And again:

“Now came the time when the high intelligence and marvelous sagacity of the prince were brought into action, and I hesitate not to repeat, saved the country. M. de Talleyrand dispatched to Neuilly, with all possible speed, a little billet written with his own hand. The bearer was a person of high courage and great integrity, and was charged, should he fall into danger, to destroy the billet. He could not in honor read its contents, but saw that there were but few words traced upon the paper. They were addressed to the king's sister, Madame Adelaide. This messenger was commissioned to place the billet himself in the hands of the princess, and to tell her that the Prince de Talleyrand conjured her to warn the Duke of Orleans that not a moment was to be lost; that the duke might reckon upon his aid, and that he must appear immediately; that he must come at once to Paris, to place himself at the head of the movement, or all would be lost without recall. Above all, he was only to take the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, which Charles had conferred upon him before leaving St. Cloud. He implored him not to manifest any other intention. In this advice the old diplomatist was reserving for himself a back door to creep out at in case Charles should march on Paris.” (P. 39.)

There follows this conclusive revelation an account of Madame Adelaide's astuteness (*astuce*)—her anxiety not to commit herself in writing; her transmission to Prince Talleyrand of a verbal message; and of the climax of the whole intrigue in the arrival in Paris that same night of Louis Philippe, and of his proclamation in his capacity of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. The transition from this to royalty was

* The italics are not ours.

easy, for it had been pre-arranged. It was M. de Talleyrand, we are assured, who overcame the "faint scruples" of the Duke of Orleans, and it was his advice that "decided the king to go at once to the Hôtel de Ville, there to receive publicly the sceptre of France, and to swear allegiance to the charter."

After such statements as these, what useful purpose can it serve to declaim about conspiracies, reservations, and the like, when they so conspicuously testify to the fact, that one of the most energetic agents—after his own peculiar way—in bringing about a change of dynasty in France, was the very man whose memory his secretary is so anxious to relieve from this reproach? It is mere folly and blundering to do so, the more especially when we are told that the Orleans party comprehended all the leading members of the "Opposition" in both Chambers; that M. de Talleyrand was its head; and that, without declaring himself in favor of the new *régime*, he regulated all its movements, and was in constant and direct communication with the individual in whose behalf the Revolution of 1830 was got up. It is idle to quarrel about words; but if this was not "conspiracy," it was something so exceedingly like it, that it would require a very nice eye, indeed, to detect wherein the difference lay. The simple truth is this—that Talleyrand and his associates did in 1829–30, what Odillon Barrot and his accomplices (including the ubiquitous Thiers) did in 1847–48, but more successfully; for there can be no comparison between the government established under Louis Philippe and that inaugurated in the person of Louis Napoleon, and still less between the prospect of happiness which France enjoyed in 1830, and that which lies before her in 1850. The experiment has been closely copied by M. de Talleyrand's pupils, though the result has not been analogous; but this does not depend so much upon the men as upon the circumstances. Such a substitute for legitimate authority as the Duke of Orleans was, can not be found twice in the same age and country; and one of the most mournful spectacles of our time is, the fate of the man and his family, for whom all these violent, and we must add, tortuous exertions, were made twenty years ago. Talleyrand's share in these transactions can not be gainsaid. Though a revolutionist, in so far as the elder branch of the Bourbons was concerned, he was not, however, a Republican in 1830; and had, probably, never been honestly so at any period of his life. The feeling of the ancient seigneur was strong in him to the last; and his constitutional timidity made him shrink with instinctive aversion from all contact with the mob: hence his terror during the "three glorious days of July" was agonizing: and when he discovered that, in the bloody triumph of the populace, no superiority of rank, talent, or fortune, was regarded, he trembled for his own safety—"for he knew that the people loved him not."

Talleyrand survived this, his last great po-

litical exploit, nearly eight years, having expired tranquilly at his hôtel in Paris, in May, 1838. His ex-secretary has a copious and rambling commentary upon his death, in which there is the usual amount of complaint and vindication. His patron had become reconciled to the church, and had submitted to its formalities immediately before his decease; and, considering his past hostility to it as a social institution, his renunciation of his sacred vows, and his ostentatious rejection of the Christian religion, such a step naturally caused some talk, and requires explanation—though none is given by M. Colmache, beyond the barren and somewhat commonplace intimation, that "he was influenced in this, as in many other instances, wherein he has drawn down the blame of the sticklers for consistency, by the desire to spare pain and trouble to his family; for he knew that his relatives would suffer much inconvenience by his resistance on his death-bed to the execution of certain religious formalities to which, in his own mind, he attached not the slightest importance." (P. 34.)

It is rather a delicate matter to scrutinize motives, however great the temptation to do so may be: fortunately, however, all call for the performance of so ungracious a duty on the present occasion is removed by M. Colmache, who tells us frankly what the reason was which induced M. de Talleyrand to enact something like a solemn farce in his dying moments. It was not religious compunction, nor any affectation of it, but a regard for the convenience and the material interests of his successors; "for it can not be denied," said he, "that he had ever held in view the elevation and aggrandizement of his family." (P. 42.)

Certainly not. Nobody will be bold enough to do so. What prompted Voltaire to attend his parish church regularly to the last hour of his life, and even to take the communion; what led Franklin to mingle in the throngs which crowded around Whitefield in America; and what induced Gibbon to visit temples of religion when he had nothing else to do, and to record his impressions of the sermons he was condemned to listen to, must forever remain among the minor mysteries of humanity; but about M. de Talleyrand's "retraction," as it has been called, strange to say, there is no mystery at all. It was a mere exemplification of "the ruling passion strong in death." He could no longer care for himself, which had been the chief business of his life; but he could do what was next thing to it—he could care for his relations whom he was leaving behind him, and he did so.

The querulous part of this statement relates to Louis Philippe. The monarch, as is well known, visited his aged servant on his death-bed, and, we have not a doubt, behaved both gracefully and kindly. M. Colmache, however, does not think so, and all but abuses the king for an act which, being spontaneous, has the look, if it had not the reality, of benevolence. His man-

ner was, it seems, constrained, the task itself was irksome, and his "bearing," as compared with that of the dying statesman, *tant soit peu bourgeois*. "Despite the old faded dressing-gown of the one, and the snuff-colored coat, stiff neckcloth, and polished boots of the other, the veriest barbarian could have told at a glance which was the 'last of the nobles,' and which the 'First Citizen' of the Empire." (P. 343.)

This would be severe were it not sheer gossip, and gossip dictated by a feeling of intense hostility to Louis Philippe, who committed the unpardonable blunder of not bestowing any particular regard upon the prince's secretary, though, with others, he had been specially introduced to him. In that case, and if M. Colmache really was, as he says, present in the chamber when this interview took place, we can only express our surprise that his account of it is so meagre; for it is impossible to believe that the last conversation between two men so distinguished, and so closely united by the ties of mutual obligation, should have been confined to a formal inquiry and a formal reply, which is all we find in this volume. We are at a loss to know, also, why the king should have been less of a gentleman and more of a tradesman in his manners and appearance than M. de Talleyrand; for, if that has any thing to do with the matter, he was as certainly *one* of the "last of the nobles," as his minister; and as we find nothing in M. Colmache's book respecting this valédictory visit, which the journals had not promulgated at the time of its occurrence, we are not only led to doubt the fact of his having been present, but likewise to withhold all confidence from his relation of its details. One reflection, however, he does make, which, as read in 1850, is curious: "I had looked," he says, "upon this visit as the farewell of the safely-landed voyager (landed, too, amid storm and tempest), to the wise and careful pilot who had steered him skillfully through rock and breaker, and now pushed off alone amid the darkness, to be seen no more!" (P. 344.)

Alas for human wisdom in its most imposing forms! where is now the "skillful pilot?" Dead, and his skill buried with him. And the "voyager" whom he "steered" into a secure haven amid "storm and tempest?" A fugitive and an exile, driven from the rickety throne which Talleyrand's necromancy had conjured up by a wave of his wand, and which his sagacious biographer obviously considered to be as stable as the globe itself:

Fato profugus . . .

Multum ille et terris jactatus, et alto,

The share which Talleyrand is alleged to have had in the murder of the Duc d'Enghein, and which the Duke of Rovigo positively declared to have been, from first to last, a contrivance of his,* we must pass over in comparative silence; as the subject is one which it is impossible to elucidate, and which we could not hope

to discuss with any profit in the short space which remains to us. If noticed at all in this volume, we have unfortunately mislaid the reference to it; and in a work which is without an index, and which has been compiled with a total disregard to chronological arrangement, we have not been able to recover it. All the parties to that infamous transaction were anxious in after times to shift the culpability from off their own shoulders; and amidst the criminations and recriminations of the future dukes and princes of the Empire, there is little positive knowledge of any kind to be gained. It might be, as Fouché said, "worse than a crime—a blunder;" but there was certainly nothing about the act itself from which a man of Talleyrand's lax morality would have shrunk; and our present impression is, that he was privy to this odious and useless tragedy, if the whole scheme of the violation of a neutral territory, the arrest, the mock trial, and the execution, did not originate with him. Even Napoleon regretted the occurrence, though he was too inflexible in his character to throw the blame on others when the deed was done, and at St. Helena he took the whole responsibility of it upon himself. "The Duc d'Enghein," said he, "died, because I willed it." This is the style imperial, but it is not the expression of a fact; and the Duke of Rovigo, with great probability, attributes this language to the desire which he latterly manifested to impress upon others a lofty idea of his absolute power as a sovereign. He was at the time only First Consul, and he has himself stated that, to use a familiar phrase, he was *worried* into it by those about him. "I did not rightly know," says he, "who the Duc d'Enghein was. The Revolution had come upon me when I was very young, and I had never been at court. *All these points* were explained to me. If it be so, I said, he must be seized, and the necessary orders were given in consequence. Every thing had been provided beforehand. The papers were prepared, and there was nothing to do but to sign them, and the fate of the prince was already decided."* This, if accepted as true—and we see no reason why it should not be—is conclusive; and if Bonaparte may be believed, a letter addressed to him from Strasburgh by the duke was kept by Talleyrand, and not delivered up till after the execution. He likewise committed the gross outrage upon public decency of giving a masked ball to the diplomatic body on the night of the unfortunate prince's death; and, all the circumstances taken into account, we fear there can be no doubt of his active participation (to say no more) in one of the foulest political enormities of modern times. His motive for allowing himself to be involved in so perilous an enterprise was, as usual, altogether personal. He dreaded lest a successful conspiracy formed beyond the Rhine might lead (a vain apprehension) to the restoration of the Bourbons; and he would seem to have taken this dark mode of preventing it, for he had of-

* See Caulincourt's *Recollections*, &c. vol. ii. Appendix.

* Caulincourt, vol. ii. p. 274. 5.

fended too deeply to expect forgiveness. But let us proceed to another theme—his marriage.

It is well known that Napoleon obtained from the fears of the Pope, Pius VII., a brief of secularization for his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and that Talleyrand subsequently married Madame Grand, or, as she is called in this book, Grandt, a lady who had lived with him as his mistress, and who, in consequence of this transformation, became no less a personage than the Princesse de Benevento of the Imperial Court. Much has been written about this woman, whose history was long a mystery; and of whose ignorance, *étourderies*, and arrogance, every body has heard something. In this volume her introduction to Talleyrand is related in the usual melo-dramatic style of French writers, and her beauty described with that fullness of detail which approaches to voluptuousness. The meeting was accidental, at least on Talleyrand's part. Returning at an early hour of the morning from a gambling visit to the Chevalier Fénélon, the particulars of which are hideous, he found his study occupied by a female, who had waited for *five* hours alone in the chamber; and who was now fast asleep in an arm-chair by the fire, the upper part of her body enveloped in a fashionable mantle, and the lower part displaying the gilded finery of a ball-dress. The diplomatist was stupefied by the fair vision, which he gazed upon with admiration, and having tried in vain to awaken her by coughing, and other innocent devices, he took up a letter addressed to himself which lay upon the table, and which he found to be from a friend, requesting him to give madame the benefit of his advice in a difficulty in which no one else could assist her. The servant slams the door—the lady awakes—a scene of mutual confusion ensues, which tries to the utmost M. Colmache's powers of description, but which ends in M. de Talleyrand giving to the lovely applicant the document she required, and in the commencement of a *liaison* which ultimately terminated in matrimony. It was, of course, a trick or practical joke, which had been played off by certain wags, male and female, at Madame Hamelin's assembly on the unsuspecting and guileless Madame Grand, according to M. Colmache; but to any one else it will seem plain enough that it was no more than the step of a daring and clever *intrigante*, who knew perfectly well what she was about, and who had resolved to conquer where Madame Tallien and Madame Beauharnais had failed—and she did conquer.

Who, then, was this bold lady who contrived so cunningly to ensnare in her toils the wariest man in France? "I have heard," says M. Colmache, "that she was of English origin. This is not true. Her maiden name was Dayot, and she was born at L'Orient; but her connection with India, where a great part of her family resided, and the peculiar character of her beauty, would seem to have been the groundwork of the supposition." (P. 298). We can

not clear up this riddle altogether, but we can do something toward its partial solution.

Her family name we are unacquainted with, but she was a native of Scotland, and her *first* husband was a British officer; though we are likewise ignorant of his name. Her marriage most likely took place in India, and at an early age: for after her husband's death she became the wife of a M. Grand, a French gentleman, who obtained a divorce from her in India in consequence of an improper intimacy with Mr., afterward the celebrated Sir Philip Francis. How long she lived with Mr. Francis we know not, but she subsequently passed under the protection of a Mr. William Macintosh, a British merchant, with whom she returned to Europe in 1781. Mr. Macintosh's private affairs calling him to France, Madame Grand accompanied him; but her protector was an unfortunate man, whose claims upon the French Government were dissipated by the Revolution, and we lose sight of his friend altogether till her reappearance on the theatre of the great world, after that event, as the companion of Madame Beauharnais, and other celebrated women of that day. There is thus a blank in her personal history of twenty-one years which we are quite unable to fill up, and which we must leave to be supplied by others. Mr. Macintosh died at Eisenach, in Saxony, in 1809, at an advanced age; but his name is no longer associated with that of Madame Grand. He left a daughter, who became afterward the Countess de Colville; but whether Madame Grand was her mother, or whether he had married after his separation from that lady, are points on which we can throw no light.*

Such, then, was the much-talked-of Madame de Talleyrand, Princesse de Benevento. The date of her death is not given, but she certainly predeceased her *last* husband by several years. This marriage was not productive of happiness. There was not only much difference of habits, temper, and bearing, between the parties, to say nothing of the antecedents of both, but it appears that madame was jealous "of every member of her husband's family," to whom he showed affection. A separation was the consequence, and this loving coupled welt in distinct establishments till the end of their lives.

It is a remarkable, and not uninteresting fact, that the revolution could not extinguish the cultivated instincts of this extraordinary man; and one of the most interesting things in this volume, is the glimpses which we occasionally get of his impressions of the new order of things. Harsh, and even cruel, as the old society had been to him, it had a profound hold upon his affections; and when the solitude and satiety of age invited reflection, he was compelled "to doubt whether the good which had been gained could ever compensate for that which had been

* These particulars have been gleaned from a few scanty notices contained in an unpublished volume by the late George Macintosh, Esq., the nephew of the Mr. Wm. Macintosh spoken of above, entitled, *Biographical Memoir of the late Charles Macintosh, Esq., F.R.S. &c. &c.* Glasgow, 1847.

forfeited" (p. 258). He lived on the memory of the past, and drew his best inspirations from it. "Where," said he, "is the wit of your *salons*, the independence of your writers, the charm and influence of your women? What have you received in exchange for all these, which have fled forever? I would not give the remembrance of these times for all the novelty, and what you call *improvements* of the social system of to-day, even with the youth and spirit necessary to enjoyment. 'Tis true, there were abuse and exaggeration in many of our institutions, but where is the system in which these do not exist? If our people were devoured with misery and taxes, yours is wasting to the core with *envy* and discontent. Our *noblesse* was corrupt and prodigal; yours is *bourgeoise* and miserly—greater evils still for the prosperity of the nation. If our king had many mistresses, yours has many masters. Has he gained by the exchange? Thus you see it clearly demonstrated, that not one of the three orders has advanced in happiness by these wonderful *improvements* which you so much admire."* This is a strange testimony to the blessings of revolution on a grand scale, and from one, too, who had been in the midst of it as a prominent actor; but we suspect it is what most others, in like circumstances, would give were they candid, and what, after all, is simply true. Let any man of sound understanding look at France now, and say what she has gained, or the world through her, from the last outburst of popular fury; which has not only left her the prey of charlatanism, but made her the victim of the grossest passions. Talleyrand was, undoubtedly, right in his retrospect, but his healthy convictions came too late to be of any use.

Of Talleyrand's literary habits little is known that can be relied upon, but M. Colmache tells us, that "he could neither write nor dictate with ease" (p. 177); and that the most trifling productions of his pen caused him as much trouble as the most elaborate dispatch. This may have proceeded from fastidiousness in the choice of language, but was, most probably, attributable to the defects of his education, and to the want of early practice in composition. We are not told what kind of reading pleased him, nor whether he was addicted to books; but he was a great admirer of Voltaire, with whom he had conversed in early life, and whose style, of its class, is perfect. He always deplored the scantiness of his classical attainments, and, particularly, his ignorance of the Greek tongue; and, so far as this volume teaches us, he would not appear to have been what it is customary to call a learned man. M. Colmache gives us certain "*maxims* for seasoning conversation," which, he says, were Talleyrand's, but which convey to the mind the idea of a lively and acute, rather than that of a profound thinker. If they want the bitterness of Rochefoucauld, they have not the point and

pith of Bacon, nor the gravity of Locke. Three of these may suffice as specimens, and as favorable ones:

"Both erudition and agriculture ought to be encouraged by government; wit and manufactures will come of themselves.

"Metaphysics always remind me of the caravanseras in the desert. They stand solitary and unsupported, and are always ready to crumble into ruin.

"A great capitalist is like a vast lake, upon whose bosom ships can navigate; but which is useless to the country, because no stream issues therefrom to fertilize the land."

M. Colmache professes to give two fragments of the *Memoirs*, but he does not state how he came by them, and we doubt the fact of their being genuine. They are gracefully written, however, and that on the death of Mr. Fox particularly so. In his "*Maxims*" he speaks of women disrespectfully—a consequence, no doubt, of his disregard for the domestic virtues, and of the dissolute manners which prevailed in the higher ranks of French society in his time—and of the priesthood contemptuously. No hatred is so intense, or so durable, as that which is begotten of apostasy; and a renegade clerk, or a renegade politician, may be always expected to rail fiercely against his original creed. In his personal habits, the Prince of the Empire would seem to have adhered closely to the manners of the *ancien régime*, in the bosom of which he had been nurtured. He was courtly, formal, and somewhat exclusive; but his rigid temperance, and his regularity were proper to the man, and neither to the past nor present age. Of his *bons mots* we have a sprinkling, and but a sprinkling, in this volume; but the celebrated one about language is not there, though others of less piquancy are. Did M. Colmache consider it of apocryphal authenticity? We suspect so.

To sum up, then, What was the character of M. de Talleyrand? Of his extraordinary abilities there is no question, since men of every variety of feeling and position have borne testimony to them; but, was he great, great as we esteem any of the models of our own, or other countries? We think not. Celebrated he might be, but great he was not. No intensely selfish man like Talleyrand can ever become so. Where there is so much individual concentration, there is no room left for that expansion of the faculties of the soul upon which true renown rests, and out of which it springs. The region in which the mind acts is, necessarily, circumscribed by the constant pressure of a never-absent egotism; and when this mental constitution happens to be united to timidity, distrust, and temperamental coldness, greatness ceases to be a possible achievement. Moreover, he wanted principle, which is the natural foundation of public virtue; and he had no higher an idea of morality than its convenience. His sense of propriety, which, in some cases, was high, was merely a conventional instinct

* P. 210. The italics are in the original.

but it was derived from no anterior obligation, and recognized no source more elevated than the canons of society. Of *duty* (that sacred word!) in its English sense, he had not the faintest conception; and provided that his person was protected, and his fortunes advanced, it was a matter of absolute indifference to him what master he served, or in what cause he enlisted. The first revolution, the empire, the restoration, and the throne of the barricades, all found in him a willing and an able instrument, and yet he proved faithless to all; for, though we have not circumstantial proof of this as to the last, his growing discontent with Louis Philippe shows clearly, that the political weathercock was again veering. Even when we make allowance for the very peculiar circumstances by which he was surrounded from his entry into life until his exit from it, it is impossible to doubt that this versatility was a consequence of a particular mental organization, and that, if rigorously analyzed, its causes would be found to resolve themselves into habits of reasoning upon men and things from which courage, generosity, and masculine disinterestedness, were carefully excluded. Patriotism may be pleaded in justification—it is a ready argument, and a common defense; but, ample as its proportions are, it will not cover every thing: besides that, in Talleyrand's case it was a non-existence, for of that holy love of country which the word is designed to convey, and which is the fruitful mother of moral heroism, he had not one particle. He might be, and no doubt was, the clever minister of a system, whatever that system chanced to be, and we know that he carried out the views of his immediate employers *à toute outrance*, and without the slightest regard to their future social or political consequences; but of any grand conceptions resting upon the rights, or contemplating the happiness of mankind, and discriminated from the claims of an existing dynasty, be it democratic or monarchical, he was utterly incapable. *Carpe diem* was his motto, and he was faithful to it; but however proper that Epicurean maxim might have been in the mouth of a Roman poet, or however truly it might depict the philosophy of a Roman courtesan, it is the deadly antagonist of greatness, which it blights in the bud. Out of such a nature as this—a nature unequal to the slightest sacrifice for the benefit of others, conservative of itself, and indifferent to all the world besides, it is impossible to make a great, though it may be easy enough to make a celebrated man—and such we take M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Benevento, to have been.

THE DANGERS OF DOING WRONG. A TALE OF THE SEA-SIDE.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

“AND so you will not join our party to Dunwich fair to-morrow, Elizabeth?” said Margaret Blackbourne to the pretty daughter of the Vicar of Southwold, with whom she was

returning from a long ramble along the broken cliffs toward Eastern Baven, one lovely July evening in the year 1616.

Southwold, be it known to such of my readers as may happen to be unacquainted with its *locale*, is a pretty retired bathing town on the coast of Suffolk, remarkable for its picturesque scenery and salubrious air. At the time when the events on which my tale is founded took place, Southwold, though it boasted none of the pretty marine villas which now grace the Gunhill and centre cliffs, was a place of greater wealth and importance than with all its modern improvements it is at present. It was then one of the most flourishing sea-ports in Suffolk, and occasionally sheltered in its ample bay the stateliest ships in the British navy. And, in addition to the little corn-brigs and colliers, whose light-sails alone vary the blue expanse of waters, a mighty fleet of vessels of war might not unfrequently be seen stretching in majestic order along the undulating coast between Eastenness and Dunwich, and the more remote promontory of Orford-Ness. Dunwich, too, that Tyre of the East Angles, sat not then so wholly desolate on her crumbling cliff as now overlooking, in dust and ashes, the devouring waves of the German ocean in which her former glory lies buried two centuries ago. Dunwich, however changed and fallen from what she was in olden time, still retained the rank of a city; and, instead of the miserable horde of smugglers' and fishermen's huts we now behold, with the roofless remains of one lonely church, there were busy and populous streets, with shops, and some appearances of maritime enterprise and mercantile prosperity. The annual fair, which still takes place there on St. James's-day, was at that time considered as a most attractive holiday by the denizens of all the scattered towns and villages along that picturesque coast. Many a well-manned yawl and light sailing-vessel would, in those days, put off from Southwold, Lowestoft, or Aldborough, freighted with a pleasure-loving crew, eager to enjoy a summer voyage and a merry day at old Dunwich.

A great revolution has taken place in public opinion since then, with respect to fairs, which, so far from being exclusively the saturnalia of the vulgar and dissolute, were then used as marts for the sale of various articles of domestic produce; and regarded by all classes of society as seasons of social glee, where all met together, from the highest to the lowest, in gala array, with smiles on their faces, and good-will in their hearts, to participate in cheerful sports and harmless mirth, in which good order and decency were observed out of respect for the presence of ladies and gentlemen.

Christopher Younges, Elizabeth's father, was, however, a man of stern notions; and looking on the dark side of the picture, the abuse of such assemblages, he absolutely condemned them as affording fatal opportunities for the idle, the extravagant, and the dissipated to in

dulge in sinful excesses, and to seduce the weak and unstable to follow bad example. He had never, on any occasion, permitted his pretty daughter Elizabeth, then in the opening bloom of eighteen, to display her youthful charms and gay attire even at the annual fair held in their own town; and she knew, as she told her gay companion, Margaret, "that it would be in vain to ask his permission to join the festive party on the morrow."

"For my part," rejoined Margaret, "I would as lief be a nun, and live shut up between four stone walls, as be subjected to such restraints! My father is the worshipful bailiff of this town, but he never stands in the way of a little harmless pleasure."

"Very true, Margaret; but my father, being a minister of the Gospel, understands these things better, you know."

"What! better than a magistrate? the chief magistrate of the borough and corporation of Southwold, Bessy Younges? No, no, my dear; you won't persuade me to that. Your father is a very good kind of man, and has a deal of book knowledge; but my father says, 'he knows very little of the world, and is far too stiff in his notions for his congregation,'" exclaimed Margaret.

"It may be so," observed Elizabeth, "but as I am bound to pay double attention to my father's advice, both as my parent and my pastor, I beg to hear no more on the subject."

"As you please, Elizabeth;—but have you seen Arthur yet?"

"Arthur! I thought he was at sea."

"He landed this morning at seven."

"And you not to tell me of it before!"

"I thought you had seen him; but I dare say he has called at the Vicarage while we have been out walking."

"How very provoking!"

"Never mind; you will have enough of his company to-morrow, if you go to Dunwich fair with us."

"But I am *not* going to Dunwich fair!" cried Elizabeth, pettishly; "and if Arthur Blackbourne goes without me I will never speak to him again."

"And if *you* do not there are plenty in this town who will be ready to pull caps for him, I can tell you. There is Joan Bates will be only too happy to sit by him in the boat, and she says—"

"Something vastly impertinent, I dare say; but I don't want to hear any of her cross speeches second-hand: I beg you will save yourself the trouble of repeating them, Margaret. It is getting late, and I must hasten home."

Time had, indeed, stolen a march on the vicar's fair daughter, while she had been discussing this interesting subject with her youthful friend and gossip, the sister of her sailor lover; for the full-orbed moon had already reared her bright face over the swelling waves, and was pouring a flood of radiance through the

bay, and illuminating the high-arched windows of All-Saints' church on the distant dark promontory of Dunwich cat-cliff.

Elizabeth turned resolutely about to pursue a homeward path; but, at the little turnstile leading to the vicarage, which then with its neat garden and paddock adjoined the western boundary of the church-yard, she encountered Arthur Blackbourne and her brother Edward.

"Where have you been cruising out of your course, girls, for the last age?" cried Arthur: "here have I been giving chase to you both in all directions, till I have hardly a leg to stand on!"

"We have only been for a walk to Easton Broad," said Elizabeth.

"A walk to Easton Broad, the very evening of my return, and without me!"

"How should I know you were home?"

"There were other girls in the town who contrived to find it out;—ay, and pretty girls too—but they took the trouble of keeping a look-out for the Jolly Nicholas," rejoined Arthur, reproachfully.

"So did Bessy, I am sure!" exclaimed the boy Edward, with great vivacity; "why, she wholly crazed us about the Jolly Nicholas, and sent me a dozen times a day to ask our old pilots at the station, whether she were in sight, till they were so sick of the Jolly Nicholas and me, that they got as savage as so many sea-bears, and gave me the name of 'Old Nick' for my pains."

"Joan Bates was on the beach to welcome me on shore when I landed," pursued Arthur.

"Just like her; she is always so forward," retorted Elizabeth.

"It would be well if some people thought as much of me as Joan Bates," continued Arthur.

"And if you have nothing more agreeable to say to me, Arthur Blackbourne, I will wish you good night," said Elizabeth. "Come, Edward."

"You are in a mighty hurry, I think; when you have not seen me for six months, and I have thought of you, sleeping and waking, all that time, and now you won't speak one kind word to a poor fellow!" said the young sailor.

"I have spoken quite as many as you deserve," retorted Elizabeth; "if you want flattery, you may go to Joan Bates."

"And so I will, if you are not more lovingly disposed the next time we meet," said Arthur; "but you will be better tempered, I hope, at Dunwich fair to-morrow."

"I am not going to Dunwich fair."

"Not going to Dunwich fair, Bessy! a pretty joke, if faith, when the Royal Anne is new painted and rigged with her best flags and canvas all ready to take us; and we have the prospect of a glorious day to-morrow."

"No matter; I shall not go."

"How very perverse;—just to vex me, I suppose!"

"You know my father does not approve of fairs."

"Fiddle-de-dee! there will be plenty of people as good as Parson Younges at Dunwich fair, and some a little wiser, mayhap."

"I am sure there is no harm in going to a fair," said the boy Edward; "and, oh, dear! how I should like to go to-morrow."

"So you shall, my hearty, if you can persuade Bessy to go with us."

"Pray, sister, let us go! there will be such fine doings;—a pair of dancing bears, and three jack-an-apes dressed like soldiers, a mountebank with an Andrew and a Master Merriman, and such lots of booths with toys, and beads, and ribbons; more cakes and sweetmeats than I could eat in a year; besides a merry-go-round and two flying ships. Then, there will be wrestling and cudgel-playing, foot-ball, jumping in sacks, and dancing on the church-green to the pipe and tabor, and you dance so well."

"And we should dance together," whispered the handsome mate of the Jolly Nicholas.

"It is all very fine talking; but my father will never consent."

"Tut, tut; you have not asked him yet."

"It would be useless if I did."

"That is more than I know; for no ship is always in the same tack. Men change their minds as often as girls; and if you coax the old boy handsomely, when you bid him good-night, my compass to your distaff, he'll let you both go."

"Oh, do try, dear sister Bessy!" cried Edward, hanging on her arm.

"Well, I suppose I must; and if my father consents I will join you on the beach with Edward at six to-morrow morning."

"We shall wait for you, remember," said the sailor, "so come and let us know, at all events; for time and tide tarry for no one," and so they parted.

Elizabeth, when she preferred her suit to her father that evening, met with a positive denial, accompanied with a stern rebuke for her late return from her evening ramble. She retired to her own chamber in tears, and cried herself to sleep. She dreamed of the forbidden pleasure; and that she was seated in the gayly painted Queen Anne, at the helm by the side of her long-absent sailor love, listening to his whispered endearments, as the boat glided rapidly toward the scene of festive enjoyment, to which the merry pealing of bells seemed to invite her. At five she was awakened by a light tap at her chamber door, from her little brother, who whispered, "Oh, sister Bessy, it is such a lovely morning, let us go and see the boats push off for Dunwich fair!"

"To what purpose?" cried the mortified girl, "the sight of them will only increase my vexation."

"Oh, but you promised to let Arthur and Margaret know; and they will take it unkindly if you do not keep your word," said Edward.

Far wiser would it have been for the brother and sister if they had kept out of the way of temptation; but mutually compounding with

their consciences, that there could be no harm in going to see the boat off, since they did not mean to sail with her crew, they left the paternal roof together, and tripped hand-in-hand toward the spot where the Queen Anne, with her new crimson pennon, lay in readiness for the launch, surrounded by a gayly-dressed group of females, young and old, in their holiday attire, jovial seamen, and blithe young bachelors of the town, among whom, but superior to them all, stood Arthur Blackbourne, in his sable fur cap with a bullion cordon and tassels. His nautical dress differed little in fashion from that of the rowers of the yawl, only that his doublet was of a smarter cut and finer material, and surmounted with a full ruff of Flanders lace, a piece of foppery in which the handsome mate of the Jolly Nicholas imitated the fashion of the court of James I., and was enabled, by his trading voyages to Antwerp and Hamburg, to indulge without any great extravagance. He had brought home half-a-dozen yards of this costly adornment and a damasked gown for the vicar's fair daughter, and he communicated the fact to her in a loving whisper, when, after springing half-way up the cliff at three bounds to meet her, he had fondly encircled her waist with his arm, to aid her in the descent to the beach. "And the damask is white damask," pursued he, "on purpose for your wedding gown; and I have a pocket full of silver and gold besides, to treat you with any thing you may fancy at Dunwich fair, my sweeting."

"Dear Arthur, it is of no use talking of it; father was very angry with me for asking his leave to go, and so I can not go. I told you how it would be!" said Elizabeth, with mingled wrath and sorrow in her tones.

The mate of the Jolly Nicholas looked troubled for a moment, and then said, "Never mind, my darling girl, you shall go to Dunwich fair for all that, and so shall little Teddy."

"Oh, dear Arthur, I am so glad! Hurrah for Dunwich fair!" shouted the boy.

"Be quiet, foolish child, we can not go without my father's leave," said Elizabeth.

"Yes, yes, you can; it is but for once, and I will take all the blame upon myself," cried Arthur Blackbourne.

"Goodness, Arthur! I never disobeyed my father in my life."

"Then you have been a very good girl, Bessy, and he can not reasonably rate you for a first fault; and if he does—there is the white damask ready bought for the wedding gown, and I am ready to take you for better or worse to-morrow," continued Arthur, drawing the half-resisting, but more than half-willing girl, nearer and nearer to the boat at every word; while Teddy, hanging on her arm, continued to wheedle and implore her to go.

"It is only for once, sister Bessy; only for once: father can't kill us if we do take this one day's pastime. Oh, dear, oh, dear; I shall die if I don't go to Dunwich fair!"

"Arthur Blackbourne, we shall lose the tide

if you stand palavering there," shouted half-a-dozen of the crew of the *Queen Anne*.

"Arthur Blackbourne, you are to take charge of my niece, Joan Bates, if Bessy Younges doesn't go with us," screamed the shrill voice of the widow Robson, one of the busiest bodies in the busy borough corporate of Southwold two centuries ago.

"Oh gracious, aunt! you must not interfere between sweethearts;" expostulated Joan, with a giggle of affected simplicity. "I am sure I don't wish to take Arthur Blackbourne from Mistress Elizabeth Younges, if he prefers her company to mine, and it is her intention to go to Dunwich fair with us; but I think she does not go to fairs. Parson Younges always preaches against them, does not he, aunt?" said Joan.

"Why, to be sure he does," cried the widow Robson; "so of course his daughter can not be seen at such a place."

Elizabeth turned pale with vexation at these observations, the drift of which she perfectly understood. Margaret Blackbourne stepped back, and whispered in her ear, "All that is said to keep you from going to Dunwich fair with Arthur."

"I shall not ask their leave if I choose to go," returned Elizabeth.

"Then pray make up your mind at once," said the widow Robson, "or we shall none go, I fancy, as Arthur Blackbourne is the steersman of the *Queen Anne*."

"I am coming," cried Arthur, drawing Elizabeth toward the boat. All the female voyagers had now scrambled in, save Joan Bates, who was exercising her coquettish skill in parrying the advances of Bennet Allen, the town-clerk's brother, with the evident design of securing the attentions of the handsome Arthur Blackbourne for the voyage.

Four stout seamen, aided by a bare-foot, ragged rout of auxiliaries, such as are always loitering on Southwold beach in readiness to volunteer their services on such occasions, now began to impel the boat through the breakers with the usual chorus of, "Yeo ho—steady—yeo ho!" and Edward, following the example of some of the juvenile passengers, sprang into the boat with the agility of a squirrel, and a wild cry of delight.

"Edward, Edward, you must not go," exclaimed his sister.

"Hurrah for Dunwich fair!" shouted the willful urchin, tossing up his cap.

"Arthur, help me!" cried Elizabeth.

"Ay, ay, by all means," rejoined the mate of the *Jolly Nicholas*, taking her about the waist, and swinging her into the boat. The next moment he was seated by her side, and the *Queen Anne* was gayly dashing through the waves. Her canvas was hoisted amidst bursts of mirth, and snatches of nautical songs, and it was said that so gallant and fair a company and crew never before left Southwold beach. Elizabeth Younges was perhaps the only one who looked back with boding glances toward the town, and

in so doing recognized her father's tall, bending figure on the centre cliff, holding up his hand in an authoritative manner, as if to interdict her voyage. It was her first act of willful disobedience, and her heart sank within her; and though she had triumphed over her bold rival, by securing the company and attentions of Arthur Blackbourne for the day, she felt more dejected than if she had been left alone on the beach. One black cloud, the only one in the silver and azure sky, now floated across the horizon, and appeared to hover darkly and ominously over her forsaken home, as the shores of Southwold receded in the distance.

"Arthur," whispered she to her lover, "I do not like to go to Dunwich fair so entirely against my father's prohibition. Do make the boat tack, and set the boy Edward and me ashore."

"Dear heart! it is folly to think of such a thing; we are opposite Dingle now."

"It will be only a pleasant walk back to Southwold for us."

"Very pleasant for you, perhaps; but recollect, there are twenty people besides yourself in the boat, and I really do not see why they should be put to inconvenience for your whims."

"But, Arthur, you know you put me into the boat against my will."

"The more fool I," retorted the offended lover. Elizabeth made an angry rejoinder, but instead of persisting in her purpose, she sat silent and sullen during the rest of the voyage. The merry pealing of bells from the three churches then remaining in Dunwich, sounded a jocund welcome over the waves—the old city was adorned with flags and green boughs in honor of her chartered fair, and the tall cliffs were lined with gayly-dressed groups, rejoicing in their holiday; but these things gave no pleasure to Elizabeth. The uproarious glee of her brother Edward annoyed her, and finding Arthur appeared in no haste to offer her his arm, to assist her in ascending the lofty cliffs of Dunwich, after they had landed, she took that of the reluctant boy and walked proudly on, without deigning to direct a glance toward her lover.

"I wish you would walk with your own man, sister Bess," said Edward. "I want to have some fun with the other boys."

"You are very unkind, Edward, to wish to desert me, when Arthur has treated me so ill. If it had not been for your perversity in jumping into the boat, and refusing to leave it, I should not have disobeyed my father by coming here," said Elizabeth.

"It is of no use thinking of that now," rejoined Edward; "as we are here, we had better enjoy ourselves."

Elizabeth never felt so little in the humor for any thing of the kind called pleasure. The want of sympathy, too, in her little brother, added to the bitterness of her feelings. She directed a furtive glance toward the party behind, and perceived Arthur engaged in what in these days would be called an active flirtation with her rival, Joan Bates: under these circumstances

she determined not to relinquish her brother's arm; but that perverse urchin, whom she had so entirely loved and petted from his cradle, with the usual ingratitude of a spoiled child, took the earliest opportunity of breaking from her, and joining a boisterous company of boys of his own age. Bennet Allen then approached, and offered his arm to Elizabeth, with the mortifying observation, "that as they both appeared to be forsaken and forlorn, the best thing they could do would be to walk together."

The proud heart of Elizabeth was ready to burst at this remark, and had it been any where else, she would have rejected the proffered attentions of young Allen with scorn; but she felt the impropriety of walking alone in a fair, and silently accepted the arm of her rival's discarded lover, and at the same time affected a gayety of manner she was far from feeling, in the hope of piquing Arthur Blackbourne. Nothing is, however, so wearisome to both mind and body as an outward show of mirth when the heart is sorrowful. Elizabeth Younges relapsed into long fits of gloom and silence, and when addressed by her companion, made short and ungracious answers.

"What a disagreeable thing a fair is," said she, at last; "I no longer wonder at my father saying it was not a suitable place for me—how I wish I were at home!"

But many weary hours of noise and pleasureless excitement had to be worn away, ere the party with whom Elizabeth came to Dunwich would agree to return. Elizabeth's remonstrances, entreaties, and anger were alike unheeded by the companions of her voyage. She had haughtily rejected every overture on the part of Arthur toward a reconciliation, and declined to receive fairings or attentions of any kind from him, to manifest her indignant sense of the slight she had experienced from him in the early part of the day; and Arthur had retorted by paying his court very ostentatiously to Joan Bates. Elizabeth, neglected and alone, strayed from her party, and sought a solitary nook among the ivied ruins of a monastic pile, whose rifted arches overhung the verge of the lofty cliff, where she indulged in floods of tears, casting from time to time her wistful glances toward Southwold, whose verdant cliffs looked so calm and peaceful in the mellow lights of a glowing sunset; but it was not till those cliffs were silvered by the rising moon that the tide served for the return of the boats. At length, Elizabeth heard her name vociferated by many individuals of her party, and felt sorely mortified at the publicity thus given to the fact of her being at a forbidden place. Ashamed to raise her voice in reply, yet painfully anxious to return to her deserted home, she hastened from her retreat among the ruins, and ran eagerly toward the steep narrow path that led to the beach. On the way she encountered Arthur Blackbourne, evidently the worse for his revels.

"Where have you been wandering about by

yourself?" cried he, seizing her roughly by the arm.

"You have used me very ill to-day, Arthur," said she, bursting into tears.

"You are jealous and out of temper," was the reply.

"Where is my brother Edward?" sobbed Elizabeth, for she could not trust her voice with a rejoinder to this taunt.

"In the boat, and if you do not make haste, we shall lose the tide."

"I have suffered enough for my disobedience to my father as it is," said Elizabeth; "and oh, what will he say to me on my return from this disgraceful expedition!"

"There is no time to think of that now," rejoined Arthur, as they proceeded to the boat in mutual displeasure with each other. Elizabeth perceived with alarm, that boatmen and passengers alike were in the same state of inebriation which was only too evident in Arthur.

The beach was now a scene of tumultuous bustle; a crowd of boats were putting off for Southwold, Walberswick, and all the other places along the coast for which the wind and tide served."

"Young woman," said an experienced Dunwich mariner who had been regarding Elizabeth with much interest, "which boat are you going in."

"The Queen Anne of Southwold," was the reply.

"Take an old man's counsel and go not in her to-night. She is too full of riotous headstrong people, and those who ought to be the most cool and considerate there are the worst."

"Oh, but I must go; I dare not remain longer, for I came without my father's leave."

"So much the worse, young girl, for you; no good can come of such doings," said the ancient mariner.

"Oh, if I but reach my home in safety, I will never, never so transgress again!" sobbed Elizabeth as she took her seat among the reckless crew of the Queen Anne, and rested her aching head against the dewy canvas which was now unfurled to the gay breeze that came dancing over the summer waves.

It was a night of intense beauty, and the contemplation of the starry heavens above, with that glorious moon shining in such cloudless splendor over the mighty expanse of heaving blue waters, might have drawn the minds of the midnight voyagers to far different themes than those which were so clamorously discussed by them as they glided through the murmuring waves. The Queen Anne had shot ahead of the swarm of sailing boats with which she left Dunwich strand, and her thoughtless crew, with wild excitement, continued to accelerate her perilous speed by hoisting a press of canvas as they neared the shores of Southwold.

A dispute now occurred among them, whether they should land at the haven or opposite the town. None of the parties were in a state to form a very correct judgment as to which would

be the best and safest point to bring the boat to shore. The importunities of Joan Bates and others of the female passengers, who had suffered severely from sea-sickness during the homeward voyage, prevailed on Arthur Blackbourne and a majority of the party to attempt a landing at the haven, and four of the boatmen scrambling through the surf proceeded to fix their rope and grapples, to bring the boat to shore. They were resisted by such of the men as were for landing opposite the town, and with reason, for the tide was rushing with great force into the river Blythe. Arthur Blackbourne had seized one of the oars to assist in effecting a landing on that perilous spot. Elizabeth Younges, who perceived a cable lying athwart the haven, started up in an agony of terror, caught him by the arm, and entreated him to desist. Arthur, attributing her opposition to angry excitement of temper, rudely shook off her hold and exerted a double portion of energy to accomplish his object, and just at the fatal moment when the men carelessly let go the rope, impelled the boat into immediate contact with the obstacle of which Elizabeth was about to warn him. The next instant all were struggling with the roaring tide. The slumbering village of Walberswick was startled with the death-shrieks of that devoted company. The anxious watchers on Southwold cliff, the parents, relatives, and friends of the hapless voyagers, echoed back their cries in hopeless despair. Then there was the impulsive rush of men, women, and children toward the spot where they had seen the boat capsized. In less than ten minutes the swift-footed neared it, but ere then, the dread gulf which divides time from eternity had already been passed by each and all, save one, of those who sailed so gayly from the town that morn. Lovers and rivals, passengers and crew, were united in a watery grave. The solitary survivor was Arthur Blackbourne.

The register of Southwold for the year 1616 contains the record of this tragedy of domestic life, penned with mournful minuteness by the faithful hand of the bereaved parent of two of the victims, Christopher Younges, the Vicar of Southwold: we copy it verbatim from the tear-stained page.

"The names of those who were drowned and found again. They were drowned in the haven coming from *Donwicks fayer*, on St. James's day in a *bote*, by reason of one cable lying *overwharf* the haven, for by reason the men that brought them down was so negligent, that when they were *redie* to come ashore the *bote* broke *lose*, and so the force of the tide carried the *bote* against the cable and so overwhelmed. The number of them were xxii, but they were not all found. The widow Robson, John Bates, Mary Yewell, Susan Frost, Margaret Blackbourne and the widow Taylor, were all buried on the 26th day of July, being all cast away, coming from *Donwicks fayer*, on St. James's daye.

"Widow Foster was buried the 27th day of Julye. Bennett Allen was buried the 30th

daie, Goodie Kerrison same daie. Edward and Elizabeth Younges, daughter and son to me, C. Younges, vicar and minister, was buried the 31st *Dae of Julie*.

"All these were found again in this towne and buried."—*Southwold Register* A.D. 1616.

ANECDOTES OF NAPOLEON.

BY THE LATE LORD HOLLAND.*

HIS EARLY PURSUITS.

NAPOLEON was born at Ajaccio in 1769. It was affirmed by many that he was at least a year older, and concealed his real age from an unwillingness to acknowledge his birth in Corsica, at a period when that island formed no part of the French dominions. The story is an idle one. A yet more idle one was circulated that he had been baptized by the name of Nicholas, but from apprehension of ridicule converted it, when he rose to celebrity, into Napoleon. The printed exercises of the military school of Brienne, of the years 1780, 1781, 1783, preserved in the Bibliothèque at Paris, represent him as proficient in history, algebra, geography, and dancing, under the name of Buona-Parte de l'Isle de Corse; sometimes d'Ajaccio en Corse. Many traits of his aspiring and ambitious character, even in early youth, have been related, and Pozzo di Borgo quoted (1826) a conversation with him when 18 years of age, in which, after inquiring and learning the state of Italy, he exclaimed, "Then I have not been deceived, and with two thousand soldiers a man might make himself king (Principe) of that country." The ascendancy he acquired over his family and companions, long before his great talents had emerged from obscurity, were formerly described to me by Cardinal Fesch and Louis Bonaparte, and have been confirmed since by the uniform testimony of such as knew him during his residence in Corsica, or before his acquaintance with Barras, the Director. When at home he was extremely studious, ardent in some pursuit, either literary or scientific, which he communicated to no one. At his meals, which he devoured rapidly, he was silent, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Yet he was generally consulted on all questions affecting the interests of any branch of his family, and on all such occasions was attentive, friendly, decisive, and judicious. He wrote at a very early period of his life, a History of Corsica, and sent the manuscript to the Abbé Raynal, with a flourishing letter, soliciting the honor of his acquaintance, and requesting his opinion of the work. The abbé acknowledged the letter, and praised the performance, but Napoleon never printed it. Persons who have dined with him at taverns and coffee-houses when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me, that though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained, without exacting

* From a volume of Foreign Reminiscences, by Henry Richard Lord Holland, edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland,—in the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, and soon to be published.

it, a sort of deference or even submission from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions, and of other necessary articles, and, in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters, was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts.

HIS ATTENTION TO DETAILS.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household both as consul and emperor was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum comparatively inconsiderable of fifteen millions of francs a year, are marvelous, and expose his successors, and indeed all European princes to the reproach of negligence or incapacity. In this branch of his government, he owed much to Duroc. It is said, that they often visited the markets of Paris (les halles) dressed in plain clothes and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience with a notion that the master's eye was every where. For instance, when the Tuilleries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some minister, who was with him, how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost? "J'ignore," was the answer. "Eh bien! nous verrons," said he, and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that it was done at his express command, because on *inspection*, he had himself discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant. When afterward, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen, with the Empress Maria Louisa, and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend, M. Mechin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical tables of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produce, and com-

merce of the department. "C'est bon," said he, when he received them the evening of his arrival, "vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil." Accordingly, he astonished all the leading proprietors of the department at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the department. Even the royalist gentry were impressed with a respect for his person, which gratitude for the restitution of their lands had failed to inspire, and which, it must be acknowledged, the first faint hope of vengeance against their enemies entirely obliterated in almost every member of that intolerant faction.

Other princes have shown an equal fondness for minute details with Napoleon, but here is the difference. The use they made of their knowledge was to torment their inferiors and weary their company: the purpose to which Napoleon applied it was to confine the expenses of the state to the objects and interests of the community.

NAPOLEON'S POWERS OF MEMORY.

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had, when emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could, at any time, repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvelous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "Mais le bataillon n'était pas là," said he, "il y a erreur." The minister, recollecting that the emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch

of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection. His knowledge, in other matters, was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys from the insignificant Republic of San Marino, were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814 that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing to him over-night, in order to assist his deliberations.

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF NAVAL AFFAIRS.

Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the *Undaunted* to Elba, in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commissioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed much on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of 160 ships-of-the-line. He asked Captain Usher if he did not think it would have been practicable; and Usher answered, that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship, which he enumerated; and he mentioned among them the keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that Captain Usher assured me he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred, from such an exposition, that the person making it had received a naval education, and was a practical seaman. Yet how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long, as well as recently, employed!

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a harbor of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity; and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa (which he named, but I have forgotten); upon hearing which Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described; but Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance many years afterward to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruised in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For" (said he), "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience."

HIS INDUSTRY AND CURIOSITY.

Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in retaining, and his quickness in applying it, his labor both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most inured to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve, or fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister, or to the common routine of business. This and other instances of his diligence are more wonderful than praiseworthy. He had established an office with twelve clerks, and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract, translate, abridge, and arrange under heads the contents of our English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or virulent; no charge, however injurious or malignant. As, however, he did not specify the empress, Mounier, who reluctantly complied with his orders, ventured to suppress, or, at least, to soften any phrases about her; but Napoleon questioned others on the contents of the English papers; detected Mounier and his committee in their mutilations of the articles, and

forbade them to withhold any intelligence or any censure they met with in the publications which they were appointed to examine. Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged, that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice* before his elevation, and such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters, that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine, and others, well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, or request. He liked to know every thing; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to their favor. His childish eagerness about cases led, in one instance, to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel† to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her imperial majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle.

HIS LITERARY TASTE AND ACQUIREMENTS.

Among his projects were many connected with the arts and with literature. They were all, perhaps, subservient to political purposes, generally gigantic, abruptly prepared, and, in all likelihood, as suddenly conceived. Many were topics of conversation and subjects for speculation, not serious, practical, or digested designs. Though not insensible to the arts or to literature, he was suspected latterly of considering them rather as political engines or embellishments, than as sources of enjoyment. M. de Talleyrand, and several artists concurred in saying, that "*il avait le sentiment du grand, mais non pas celui du beau.*" He had written "*bon sujet d'un tableau,*" opposite to some passage in Letourneur's translation of Ossian, and he had certainly a passion for that poem.

* Denon, Mechin, and others.

† Mechin.

His censure on David, for choosing the battle at the straits of Thermopylæ as a subject for a picture, was that of a general rather than connoisseur: it smelt, if I may say so, of his shop; though, perhaps, the real motive for it was dislike to the republican artist, and distaste to an act of national resistance against a great military invader. "A bad subject," said he; "after all, Leonidas was turned." He had the littleness to expect to be prominent in every picture of national victories of his time, and was displeased at a painting of an action in Egypt for Madame Murat, in which her wounded husband was the principal figure. Power made him impatient of contradiction,* even in trifles; and, latterly, he did not like his taste in music, for which he had no turn, to be disputed. His proficiency in literature has been variously stated. He had read much, but had written little. In the mechanical part he was certainly no adept; his handwriting was nearly illegible. Some would fain persuade me that that fault was intentional, and merely an artifice to conceal his bad spelling; that he could form his letters well if he chose, but was unwilling to let his readers know too exactly the use he made of them. His orthography was certainly not correct; that of few Frenchmen, not professed authors, was so thirty years ago: but his brothers Lucien and Louis, both literary men, and both correct in their orthography, write a similar hand, and nearly as bad a one as he did, probably for the same reason; viz., that they can not write a better without great pains and loss of time.

Napoleon, when consul and emperor, seldom wrote, but he dictated much. It was difficult to follow him, and he often objected to any revision of what he had dictated.

HIS RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS.

Whatever were the religious sentiments of this extraordinary man, such companions were likely neither to fix nor to shake, to sway nor to alter them. I have been at some pains to ascertain the little that can be known of his thoughts on such subjects; and though it is not very satisfactory, it appears to me worth recording.

In the early periods of the revolution, he, in common with many of his countrymen, conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters, both in conversation and action, with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed half in jest and half in earnest a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and reproved infidelity,

* He was not so, however, either in deliberation or discussion, at least when the matter was invited by himself. He allowed his ministers to comment upon, and even to object to measures in contemplation (provided they acquiesced in them when adopted) in free and even strong terms, and he liked those he questioned on facts or opinions to answer without compliment or reserve.

but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befall himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance—he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He grounded that feeling, not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, on the possibility of our being prevailed upon to admit and even to devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed that there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character, a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet a persuasion, or at least an apprehension that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorize the revival of La Trappe and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm and speculative discussion and in moments of strong emotion (such as occurred at Fontainebleau in 1814), he implied a belief both in fatality and providence.

In the programme of his coronation, a part of the ceremony was to consist in his taking the communion. But when the plan was submitted to him, he, to the surprise of those who had drawn it, was absolutely indignant at the suggestion. "No man," he said, "had the means of knowing, or had the right to say, when or where he would take the Sacrament, or whether he would or not." On this occasion, he added that he would not,* nor did he!

There is some mystery about his conduct in similar respects at St. Helena, and during the last days of his life. He certainly had mass celebrated in his chapel while he was well, and in his bedroom when ill. But though I have reason to believe that the last Sacraments were actually administered to him privately, a few days before his death, and probably after confession, yet Count Montholon, from whom I derive indirectly my information, also stated that he received Napoleon's earnest and distinct directions to conceal all the preliminary preparations for that melancholy ceremony from all his other companions, and even to enjoin the priest, if questioned, to say he acted by Count Montholon's orders, but had no knowledge of the Emperor's wishes.

It seems as if he had some desire for such assurance as the church could give, but yet was ashamed to own it. He knew that some at St. Helena, and more in France, would deem his recourse to such consolation, infirmity; perhaps he deemed it so himself. Religion may sing

her triumph, Philosophy exclaim, "pauvre humanité," more impartial skepticism despair of discovering the motive, but truth and history must, I believe, acknowledge the fact. M. de Talleyrand, who, on hearing of his death, spoke of his mental endowments, added the following remarks:

"His career is the most extraordinary that has occurred for one thousand years. He committed three capital faults, and to them his fall, scarce less extraordinary than his elevation, is to be ascribed—Spain, Russia, and the Pope. I say the Pope; for his coronation, the acknowledgment by the spiritual head of Christendom that he, a little lieutenant of Corsica, was the chief sovereign of Europe, from whatever motive it proceeded, was the most striking consummation of glory that could happen to an individual. After adopting that mode of displaying his greatness and crowning his achievements, he should never, for objects comparatively insignificant, have stooped to vex and persecute the same Pontiff. He thereby outraged the feelings of the very persons whose enmity had been softened, and whose imagination had been dazzled by that brilliant event. Such were his capital errors. Those three apart, he committed few others in policy, wonderfully few, considering the multiplicity of interests he had to manage, and the extent, importance, and rapidity of the events in which he was engaged. He was certainly a great, an extraordinary man, nearly as extraordinary in his qualities as in his career; at least, so upon reflection I, who have seen him near and much, am disposed to consider him. He was clearly the most extraordinary man I ever saw, and I believe the most extraordinary man that has lived in our age, or for many ages."

A CRISIS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MR. JOHN BULL.

AS RELATED BY MRS. BULL TO THE CHILDREN

MRS. BULL and her rising family were seated round the fire, one November evening at dusk, when all was mud, mist, and darkness, out of doors, and a good deal of fog had even got into the family parlor. To say the truth, the parlor was on no occasion fog-proof, and had, at divers notable times, been so misty as to cause the whole Bull family to grope about, in a most confused manner, and make the strangest mistakes. But, there was an excellent ventilator over the family fire-place (not one of Dr. Arnott's, though it was of the same class, being an excellent invention, called Common Sense), and hence, though the fog was apt to get into the parlor through a variety of chinks, it soon got out again, and left the Bulls at liberty to see what o'clock it was, by the solid, steady-going, family time-piece: which went remarkably well in the long run, though it was apt, at times, to be a trifle too slow.

Mr. Bull was dozing in his easy chair, with his pocket-handkerchief drawn over his head.

* Some attributed this repugnance to conform, to his fear of the army, others to a secret and conscientious aversion to what he deemed in his heart a profanation.

Mrs. Bull, always industrious, was hard at work, knitting. The children were grouped in various attitudes around the blazing fire. Master C. J. London (called after his God-father), who had been rather late at his exercise, sat with his chin resting, in something of a thoughtful and penitential manner, on his slate resting on his knees. Young Jonathan—a cousin of the little Bulls, and a noisy, overgrown lad—was making a tremendous uproar across the yard, with a new plaything. Occasionally, when his noise reached the ears of Mr. Bull, the good gentleman moved impatiently in his chair, and muttered "Con—found that boy in the stripes, I wish he wouldn't make such a fool of himself!"

"He'll quarrel with his new toy soon, I know," observed the discreet Mrs. Bull, "and then he'll begin to knock it about. But we mustn't expect to find old heads on young shoulders."

"That can't be, ma," said Master C. J. London, who was a sleek, shining-faced boy.

"And why, then, did you expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders?" retorted Mrs. Bull, turning quickly on him.

"I didn't expect to find an old head on Young England's shoulders!" cried Master C. J. London, putting his left-hand knuckles to his right eye.

"You didn't expect it, you naughty boy?" said Mrs. Bull.

"No!" whimpered Master C. J. London, "I am sure I never did. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Don't go on in that way, don't!" said Mrs. Bull, "but behave better in future. What did you mean by playing with Young England at all?"

"I didn't mean any harm!" cried Master C. J. London, applying, in his increased distress, the knuckles of his right hand to his right eye, and the knuckles of his left hand to his left eye.

"I dare say you didn't!" returned Mrs. Bull. "Haden't you had warning enough, about playing with candles and candlesticks? How often had you been told that your poor father's house, long before you were born, was in danger of being reduced to ashes by candles and candlesticks? And when Young England and his companions began to put their shirts on, over their clothes, and to play all sorts of fantastic tricks in them, why didn't you come and tell your poor father and me, like a dutiful C. J. London?"

"Because the Rubric—" Master C. J. London was beginning, when Mrs. Bull took him up short.

"Don't talk to me about the Rubric, or you'll make it worse!" said Mrs. Bull, shaking her head at him. "Just exactly what the Rubric meant then, it means now; and just exactly what it didn't mean then, it don't mean now. You are taught to act, according to the spirit, not the letter; and you know what its spirit must be, or *you* wouldn't be. No, C. J. Lon-

don!" said Mrs. Bull, emphatically. "If there were any candles or candlesticks in the spirit of your lesson-book, Master Wiseman would have been my boy, and not you!"

Here, Master C. J. London fell a-crying more grievously than before, sobbing, "Oh, ma! Master Wiseman with his red legs, your boy! Oh, oh, oh!"

"Will you be quiet," returned Mrs. Bull, "and let your poor father rest? I am ashamed of you. *You* to go and play with a parcel of sentimental girls, and dandy boys! Is *that* your bringing up?"

"I didn't know they were fond of Master Wiseman," protested Master C. J. London, still crying.

"You didn't know, sir!" retorted Mrs. Bull. "Don't tell me! Then you ought to have known. Other people knew. You were told often enough, at the time, what it would come to. You didn't want a ghost, I suppose, to warn you that when they got to candlesticks, they'd get to candles; and that when they got to candles, they'd get to lighting 'em; and that when they began to put their shirts on outside, and to play at monks and friars, it was as natural that Master Wiseman should be encouraged to put on a pair of red-stockings, and a red hat, and to commit I don't know what other Tom-fooleries and make a perfect Guy Fawkes of himself in more ways than one. Is it because you are a Bull, that you are not to be roused till they shake scarlet close to your very eyes?" said Mrs. Bull indignantly.

Master C. J. London still repeating "Oh, oh, oh!" in a very plaintive manner, screwed his knuckles into his eyes until there appeared considerable danger of his screwing his eyes out of his head. But, little John (who though of a spare figure was a very spirited boy), started up from the little bench on which he sat; gave Master C. J. London a hearty pat on the back (accompanied, however, with a slight poke in the ribs); and told him that if Master Wiseman, or Young England, or any of those fellows, wanted anything for himself, he (little John) was the boy to give it him. Hereupon, Mrs. Bull, who was always proud of the child, and always had been, since his measure was first taken for an entirely new suit of clothes to wear in Commons, could not refrain from catching him up on her knee and kissing him with great affection, while the whole family expressed their delight in various significant ways.

"You are a noble boy, little John," said Mrs. Bull, with a mother's pride, "and that's the fact, after every thing is said and done!"

"I don't know about that, ma;" quoth little John, whose blood was evidently up; "but if these chaps and their backers, the Bulls of Rome—"

Here Mr. Bull, who was only half asleep, kicked out in such an alarming manner, that for some seconds, his boots gyrated fitfully all over the family hearth, filling the whole circle with consternation. For, when Mr Bull *did* kick,

his kick was tremendous. And he always kicked, when the Bulls of Rome were mentioned.

Mrs. Bull holding up her finger as an injunction to the children to keep quiet, sagely observed Mr. Bull from the opposite side of the fire-place, until he calmly dozed again, when she recalled the scattered family to their former positions, and spoke in a low tone.

"You must be very careful," said the worthy lady, "how you mention that name; for, your poor father has so many unpleasant experiences of those Bulls of Rome—Bless the man! he'll do somebody a mischief."

Mr. Bull, lashing out again more violently than before, upset the fender, knocked down the fire-irons, kicked over the brass footman, and, whisking his silk handkerchief off his head, chased the Pussy on the rug clean out of the room into the passage, and so out of the street-door into the night; the Pussy having (as was well known to the children in general), originally strayed from the Bulls of Rome into Mr. Bull's assembled family. After the achievement of this crowning feat, Mr. Bull came back, and in a highly excited state performed a sort of war-dance in his top-boots, all over the parlor. Finally, he sank into his arm-chair, and covered himself up again.

Master C. J. London, who was by no means sure that Mr. Bull in his heat would not come down upon him for the lateness of his exercise, took refuge behind his slate and behind little John, who was a perfect game-cock. But, Mr. Bull having concluded his war-dance without injury to any one, the boy crept out, with the rest of the family, to the knees of Mrs. Bull, who thus addressed them, taking little John into her lap before she began:

"The B.'s of R.," said Mrs. Bull, getting, by this prudent device, over the obnoxious words, "caused your poor father a world of trouble, before any one of you were born. They pretended to be related to us, and to have some influence in our family; but it can't be allowed for a single moment—nothing will ever induce your poor father to hear of it; let them disguise or constrain themselves now and then, as they will, they are, by nature, an insolent, audacious, oppressive, intolerable race."

Here little John doubled his fists, and began squaring at the Bulls of Rome, as he saw those pretenders with his mind's eye. Master C. J. London, after some considerable reflection, made a show of squaring, likewise.

"In the days of your great, great, great, great, grandfather," said Mrs. Bull, dropping her voice still lower, as she glanced at Mr. Bull in his repose, "the Bulls of Rome were not so utterly hateful to our family as they are at present. We didn't know them so well, and our family were very ignorant and low in the world. But, we have gone on advancing in every generation since then; and now we are taught, by all our family history and experience, and by the most limited exercise of our rational faculties, That our knowledge, lib-

erty, progress, social welfare and happiness, are wholly irreconcilable and inconsistent with them. That the Bulls of Rome are not only the enemies of our family, but of the whole human race. That wherever they go, they perpetuate misery, oppression, darkness, and ignorance. That they are easily made the tools of the worst of men for the worst of purposes; and that they *can not* be endured by your poor father, or by any man, woman, or child, of common sense, who has the least connection with us."

Little John, who had gradually left off squaring, looked hard at his aunt, Miss Eringobragh, Mr. Bull's sister, who was groveling on the ground, with her head in the ashes. This unfortunate lady had been, for a length of time, in a horrible condition of mind and body, and presented a most lamentable spectacle of disease, dirt, rags, superstition, and degradation.

Mrs. Bull, observing the direction of the child's glance, smoothed little John's hair, and directed her next observations to him.

"Ah! You may well look at the poor thing, John!" said Mrs. Bull; "for the Bulls of Rome have had far too much to do with her present state. There have been many other causes at work to destroy the strength of her constitution, but the Bulls of Rome have been at the bottom of it; and, depend upon it, wherever you see a condition at all resembling hers, you will find, on inquiry, that the sufferer has allowed herself to be dealt with by the Bulls of Rome. The cases of squalor and ignorance, in all the world most like your aunt's, are to be found in their own household; on the steps of their doors; in the heart of their homes. In Switzerland, you may cross a line no broader than a bridge or a hedge, and know, in an instant, where the Bulls of Rome have been received, by the condition of the family. Wherever the Bulls of Rome have the most influence, the family is sure to be the most abject. Put your trust in those Bulls, John, and it's the inevitable order and sequence of things, that you must come to be something like your aunt, sooner or later."

"I thought the Bulls of Rome had got into difficulties and run away, ma?" said little John, looking up into his mother's face inquiringly.

"Why, so they did get into difficulties, to be sure, John," returned Mrs. Bull, "and so they did run away, but, even the Italians, who had got thoroughly used to them, found them out, and they were obliged to go and hide in a cupboard, where they still talked big through the key-hole, and presented one of the most contemptible and ridiculous exhibitions that ever were seen on earth. However, they were taken out of the cupboard by some friends of theirs—friends, in deed! who care as much about them as I do for the sea-serpent; but who happened, at the moment, to find it necessary to play at soldiers, to amuse their fretful children, who didn't know what they wanted, and, what was worse, would have it—and so the Bulls got back to Rome. And at Rome they are any thing but safe to

stay, as you'll find, my dear, one of these odd mornings."

"Then, if they are so unsafe, and so found out, ma," said Master C. J. London, "how come they to interfere with us, now?"

"Oh, C. J. London!" returned Mrs. Bull, "what a sleepy child you must be to put such a question! Don't you know that the more they are found out, and the weaker they are, the more important it must be to them to impose upon the ignorant people near them, by pretending to be closely connected with a person so much looked up to as your poor father?"

"Why, of course!" cried little John to his brother. "Oh, you stupid!"

"And I am ashamed to have to repeat, C. J. London," said Mrs. Bull, "that, but for your friend, Young England, and the encouragement you gave to that mewling little Pussy, when it strayed here—don't say you didn't, you naughty boy, for you did!"

"You know you did!" said little John.

Master C. J. London began to cry again.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Bull, sharply, "but be a better boy in future! I say, I am ashamed to have to repeat, that, but for that, the Bulls of Rome would never have had the audacity to call their connection, Master Wiseman, your poor father's child, and to appoint him, with his red hat and stockings, and his mummery and flummery, to a portion of your father's estates—though, for the matter of that, there is nothing to prevent their appointing him to the Moon, except the difficulty of getting him there! And so, your poor father's affairs have been brought to this crisis: that he has to deal with an insult which is perfectly absurd, and yet which he must, for the sake of his family in all time to come, decisively and seriously deal with, in order to detach himself, once and forever, from those Bulls of Rome; and show how impotent they are. There's difficulty and vexation, you have helped to bring upon your father, you bad child!"

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Master C. J. London.

"Oh, I never went to do it. Oh, oh, oh!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Mrs. Bull, "and do a good exercise! Now that your father has turned that Pussy out of doors, go on with your exercise, like a man; and let us have no more playing with any one connected with those Bulls of Rome; between whom and you there is a great gulf fixed, as you ought to have known in the beginning. Take your fingers out of your eyes, sir, and do your exercise!"

"Or I'll come and pinch you!" said little John.

"John," said Mrs. Bull, "you leave him alone. Keep your eye upon him, and, if you find him relapsing, tell your father."

"Oh, won't I neither!" cried little John.

"Don't be vulgar," said Mrs. Bull. "Now, John, I can trust you. Whatever you do, I know you won't wake your father unnecessarily. You are a bold, brave child, and I highly approve of your erecting yourself against Master Wiseman

and all that bad set. But, be wary, John; and, as you have, and deserve to have, great influence with your father, I am sure you will be careful how you wake him. If he was to make a wild rush, and begin to dance about, on the Platform in the Hall, I don't know where he'd stop."

Little John, getting on his legs, began buttoning his jacket with great firmness and vigor, preparatory to action. Master C. J. London, with a dejected aspect and an occasional sob, went on with his exercise.

WAITING FOR THE POST.—INTERESTING ANECDOTES.

IN the village in which we were at one time residing, there dwelt, in a small cottage commanded by our windows, a lieutenant in the navy on half-pay. We were a child at the time, and one of our amusements was to watch from our play-room the bees that worked in that cottage-garden, and the "old gentleman"—as we styled him, because his hair was gray—pace with his quick, quarter-deck step the little path that divided the flower-beds. It was a neat though very small dwelling, almost shut from view by lilacs and evergreens; the garden was gay with sweet flowers, which might almost be called *domestic* in this age of new buds and blossoms; and it was carefully tended by a young girl—his only daughter—and an old female servant. We noticed every morning that the lieutenant, who was a tall figure, and would have been a handsome and commanding-looking man but for his very great paleness and his stooping, walked briskly to the gate, and holding himself a little more erect than usual, glanced first at the vane, noticing with a sailor's instinct the quarter in which the wind sat; and then turning, gazed anxiously up the village in the direction of the postman's approach, till that functionary appeared in sight. Then he would lay his hand nervously on the top of the little garden-gate, half open it, close it again, and finally, as the letter-carrier advanced, hail him with the inquiry, "Any letter for me to-day, Roger?" If the answer were a "No," and such was the ordinary reply, he would turn away with a sigh, and walk slowly back to the house, bending more than ever, and coughing painfully—he had a distressing cough at times: but his daughter would meet him at the door, and pass her arm through his, and lead him in, with a gentle affection in the action that was quite intelligible; and though we could not hear her words, we knew she was consoling him. We also were sorry for his disappointment. Sometimes a letter came, and he would take it eagerly, but look at it with a changed countenance, for most frequently it was only one of those large wafered epistles we have since learned to recognize as bills—even then we could be sure it was not the letter which he looked for.

And thus he watched daily for something that never came, all through the bright summer and autumn, and even when the snow lay thick upon

the ground, and the cold morning and evening breeze must have been injurious to one in feeble health. At last we missed him from his usual post, and the arrival of the village doctor at the cottage confirmed our fears that he was ill. We never saw him again. A fire glimmered from an upper room, the chamber in which he slept; and at times his daughter's figure passed the window as she moved across it, in her gentle and noiseless task of nursing the dying officer. One morning we did not see the usual blaze from the casement; but the old woman came out and shut the shutters close, and drew down the blinds, and we saw as she re-entered the house that she was weeping. That very morning the postman, Roger, stopped at the little wicket, and rang the bell. He held in his hand a very large, long letter, with words printed outside. The woman-servant answered him, and took the letter, putting her apron to her eyes as he spoke. It was the long-hoped-for, long-expected letter from the Admiralty appointing the old officer to a ship. Alas, it came too late! He who had so long waited in restless anxiety—who had so sickened with disappointed hope—was gone to a world where the weary rest, and man's toil and worth are neither neglected nor forgotten. We heard afterward all his sad history, of which there are so many lamentable counterparts. He had gone to sea while yet a child, had toiled, suffered, and fought at the period when the very existence of his country depended on the valor of the navy; but then came the peace, and with many another brave man he had found himself on half-pay, alike unrewarded and forgotten. Mr. St. Quentin—our gentleman who waited for the post—was a widower with one only child, who was his idol. To educate and provide for her had been his great anxiety. How could this be done on his half-pay? It was impossible. True he read hard to become himself her teacher, but there was much he could not impart to her; and with heroic self-denial he placed her at an expensive school, and went himself almost without the common necessities of life to keep her there. Still the heavy burden thus laid on his slender means obliged him to contract debts, and it was agony to his just and upright spirit when he found it impossible to defray them.

He had used great energy in his endeavors to get employed again, and just before we made his acquaintance, "waiting for the post," had received a promise that his services should be remembered. Both promise and fulfillment came too late! The one awoke hopes which, daily deferred, had preyed on the very springs of life, and taxed too sorely a constitution much tried by toil and suffering in youth; the other came when the heart it would have cheered had ceased to feel the joy or sorrow of mortality. His orphan daughter, a pretty gentle creature of seventeen, was left totally destitute—almost friendless. If they had relatives, all communion with them had long ceased; and the utterly desolate and isolated situation of Mary St. Quen-

tin was nearly unparalleled. My family, who were of her father's profession, were much affected by it, and took a warm interest in her fortunes. They procured for her the small pension accorded to the orphans of naval or military men, with contributions from several similar funds; and finally received her into our house, until she could hear of a situation as governess, for which her dearly-purchased education admirably fitted her.

I remember well the evening she first came among us. How sad and pale she looked in her solemn black dress, and how low and mournful her voice sounded! Poor girl! a rough world was before her; a fiercer and more terrible conflict for her timid nature than contending with the storms and battles in which her father had borne a part. We pitied her greatly, and strove to soothe and cheer her with all our little skill; though we certainly did not adopt the most likely means to achieve our object, when some days afterward we told her how we had watched her poor father as he waited for the post. Then for the first time since her coming among us we saw her weep; and she murmured, "If he could have seen the letter!"

After a time the exertions of her friends procured her a situation, and she left us. How anxiously we then watched for the letter that was to tell us that our dear new friend was safe, and well, and comfortable; and it did not tarry! Mary wrote gratefully, and even cheerfully. She had been kindly received; the home in which her lot was cast was a splendid chateau, in which all the comforts and luxuries of life abounded. Moreover, the family treated her as a gentlewoman, and her pupils were clever and well-trained. She was very thankful for the career of toil and seclusion to which circumstances condemned her—very willing to do her duty gladly in that state of life in which it had pleased God to place her. She remained with this family four or five years, passing her occasional holidays with us; and we learned to love her as a sister, and to look up to her for advice, which was ever as wise as it was gentle and affectionate. She was a very sweet creature—so quietly gay, so unselfish, so contented, and so modestly intelligent, that I can not remember that I have ever met with so perfect a woman. The last holiday she spent with us we saw a change in her, however; and it must have been a *great* mental change to be perceptible in one so self-possessed and patient. She had grown less attentive to our often exacting wishes; she had become absent and thoughtful—nay, at times a slight irritation was observable in her manner; but that which struck us most was the habit she really appeared to have inherited from her father—of watching for the postman. We remarked how eagerly she listened for his knock—how tremulously she asked for whom the letters were directed—and the painfully-repressed sigh and darkened countenance with which she turned away when there was none for her! As she had finally

quitted the family with whom she had so long resided, and was waiting for a new engagement, we thought at first that it was an epistle from some of the quarters in which she had applied for one she was expecting; but that could not be the case, for when she had made a re-engagement, and it was fixed that she was to proceed to the south of France with her future pupils' family, her watching for the post became more evident and more anxious: nay, to us who observed it, absolutely painful. What letter could she expect so nervously? Why was she daily so sadly disappointed? The solution came at last. It was the very morning fixed for her departure for London, where she was to meet her future charge. Her boxes, corded and directed, were in the hall; she stood at the window, dressed for her journey, weeping bitterly—for she loved us all, and still timidly shrank from strangers—and we were holding each a cold, trembling hand, when the servant entered with the letters—"One for Miss St. Quentin."

She glanced at it, suppressed a faint exclamation, and taking it, her hand trembled so violently that she could scarcely break the seal. But when it *was* open, and her eye had glanced over the contents, what a sudden change took place in her countenance! She blushed deeply, her lip trembled, and then smiled, and breaking from among us, she sought our mother, and asked to speak to her alone. That letter had changed her destiny. It was a proposal of marriage from a man of good position and fortune, who had won her affections by a thousand acts of attention and tenderness, but had left her uncertain whether he intended to fulfill an only implied promise or not. True he had said something of writing to her, and therefore she had waited for the post with such anxiety, and for so long a time in vain; but there had been good and sufficient reasons for his prolonged silence, and the lady was only too ready to forgive it.

She went to town, accompanied by my father, arranged to remain in England (finding a substitute as governess for her disappointed employers), and two months afterward was married in our little village church to one who has made her as happy as it is possible to be in a world of trial and sorrow.

A very singular and painful *waiting for the post* occurred at Malta, some years since: it was related to us by a person concerned in the affair, and we offer the reader the tale as it was told to us:

It was St. John's day, a festival highly venerated by the Maltese, who claim the beloved disciple as their patron saint. The English troops quartered in the island were to be reviewed on it, and as is usual, in compliment to the faith of the islanders, the artillery was ordered to fire a salute in honor of the day. It was a yearly custom; but the two officers whose duty it was at this time to see it fulfilled thought it savored of idolatry, and in the pres-

ence of the general and his staff refused to order their men to fire. They were of course put under an arrest for disobedience; but, the circumstances of the case considered, the general in command hesitated how to proceed with them, and at his request the governor of the island wrote to the commander-in-chief at home for instructions in the matter, as it was a case of "tender conscience." Some delay of course necessarily occurred in getting a reply, and the anxiety with which the puzzled general and rebellious officers awaited it may be imagined. Day after day did the eyes of the former traverse the bright blue sea, across which must come the decision of England, and day after day he waited for the post in vain. Foul winds, bad weather, all sorts of causes, stayed the course of the packet—there was no steam conveyance in those days—and before she actually entered Valetta harbor he to whom the letter had been written, the noble governor, was dead. It was judged expedient that the general should, however, open the commander-in-chief's answer, to prevent further unpleasant delay. Alas, it had been intended for the eye of Lord H—— only! The commander-in-chief blamed the general, "who ought," he said, "to have tried and broke the officers on the spot—*nothing* in a military man could excuse disobedience to orders;" adding with reference to the general (of course without intending that any one but Lord H—— should learn his private sentiments), "*but I never had much opinion of that officer!*"

Poor General P—— loved and revered his military chief, as all soldiers must. Those words so singularly presented to his eyes, wounded him deeply. He was at the time suffering from low fever; they completed its work, making an impression on his mind no arguments could remove. He obeyed the orders given; held a court-martial; tried the offenders; dismissed them from the service; and then, taking to his bed, sank rapidly, and died before the next post from England could reach the island. He never waited for another!

And now I approach another reminiscence of this common human anxiety, of which I can not think without deep emotion. We had a young cousin, a fine lad full of spirit and ardor, a midshipman in the royal navy, who was our especial pride and delight. We had no brother, but he supplied the want to us, being, as a child, our constant playmate—as a youth, our merriest and best-loved correspondent. How full of fun, quaint humor, and droll adventures were his letters, and how we used to long for them, especially for that which proclaimed his arrival in the English seas! The period for receiving such an announcement had arrived, for his ship had entered Plymouth harbor; and I can never forget how eagerly I used to wait for the postman, how restlessly I watched him at an opposite door, and how I hated the servant for delaying him by a tardy attention to his knock! No letter came, however; day after day, hour after hour passed, and disappointment became

uneasiness, and alarm so terrible, that even the sad certainty was at last a relief.

He never wrote again. He had perished in Tampier Bay, and his death had been one of many instances of unrecorded but undoubted heroism. The weather was stormy, but it was necessary to send a boat on shore, and Charles had good-naturedly offered to take the duty of being its officer in the stead of a young and delicate messmate who had been ordered on the service. It upset in the surf: two men and our poor cousin clung to its keel for some minutes; at length it became apparent that one must let go his hold, or all would perish. Both the seamen were married men, and uttered their natural regret at leaving their children fatherless. The gallant youth (as they afterward reported when picked up) observed, "Then my life is less precious than yours. My poor mother, God bless you!" and, quitting his hold, perished in the ocean, which by a strange fatality has been the grave of nearly all his family.

Waiting for the post upon the mountains of Western India is recalled by this anecdote to my recollection. I well remember the last time I stood on the heights of Bella Vista, as our ghaut was called, watching the fleet approach of the *tapaul*, or postman. It was near sunset—a glorious hour in all lands, but especially so in the East. A gorgeous canopy of colored light was above us; beneath the "everlasting hills;" their tops—for we looked down on the first ranges of ghauts—tipped with gold and crimson, and regal purple, or with blended colors, as if they had caught and detained a portion of the rainbow itself. Here and there bits of jungle were perceptible, from one of which issued the running courier, whose speed was no bad commentary or explanation of Job's comparison—"My days are swift as a post." He was a tall, light figure, gayly dressed, and holding a lance with a little glittering flag at the top. He brought letters from the presidency; and some native correspondence was also transmitted through his means. These running posts are occasionally picked off by a tiger in their passage through the jungle; but the journey to our (then) abode was so frequently made, that the wild animals seldom appeared in the route, ceding it tacitly to the lords of creation, and permitting us to receive our letters safely. What joy it was to open one from England! it is really worth a journey to the East to feel this pleasure. The native letters destined for the official personages of the family are singular-looking affairs. They have for envelope a bag of king-cob cloth—a costly fabric of blended silk and gold thread; this is tied carefully with a gold cord, to which is appended a huge seal, as large and thick as a five-shilling piece. Once during our residence in India the homeward post was delayed by the loss of the steamer which bore our dispatches to England; they must have been vainly expected for two months, doubtless to the great alarm and anxiety of the public.

Some of the mail boxes were, however, recovered from the sunken wreck by means of divers; and our epistles, after visiting the depths of the Red Sea, were safely conveyed to England. Once before, we were told, a similar catastrophe had occurred, but the boxes became so saturated with sea-water, that the addresses of the letters were illegible. It was judged expedient, therefore, to publish as much of their contents as was decipherable, in the Indian papers—under the idea that those to whom they were addressed would recognize their own missives from the context; and a most absurdly-mischievous experiment it proved. Never was such a breach of confidence. All sorts of disagreeable secrets were made out by the gentle public of the presidency. Intimate friends learned how they laughed at, or hated one another; matrimonial schemes were betrayed; the scandal, gossip, and confidential disclosures of the Indian letter-bag making as strange and unpleasant a confusion as if the peninsula had suddenly been converted into Madame de Genlis's "Palace of Truth." There was no little alarm when our steamer was lost, lest a similar disclosure should be made; but the world had grown wiser; and those epistles which were illegibly addressed were, we believe, destroyed, unless when relating to commercial interests, and other business.

We hope we have not wearied our gentle reader with this subject, for we have yet another little incident for his ear relative to it, which was told us as a fact by a French lady who knew the person concerned. Some friends of hers residing in the provinces had an only daughter, an heiress, and consequently a desirable match. Her hand was eagerly sought by many suitors, and was at last yielded by her parents to a gentleman of some property who had recently purchased a chateau in the neighborhood. His apparent wealth, his high connections, and very elegant manners, had won their favor; and in great delight at the excellent match her daughter was about to make, Madame L—— wrote to her friends and relatives to inform them of the approaching happy event. Among these was a lady residing at Marseilles, to whom she described, with all a Frenchwoman's vivacity, the person, manners, &c., of the bridegroom elect. Answers of congratulation and good wishes poured in of course; and Madame L——, who had a secret persuasion that she was an unknown and unhonored Madame de Sevigné, became so pleased with her increased correspondence, that she made a point of never leaving the house till after the delivery of the post. The Marseilles correspondent was the only one of the number with whom she had communicated who had not replied to her letter. This answer was therefore desired with great eagerness; and Madame L—— remembered afterward, though at the time it awoke no suspicion in her mind, that the lover always appeared uneasy when she expressed her anxiety on the subject, or her desire to hear from her friend.

The wedding-day arrived; and the bride

groom, manifesting a most flattering impatience for the performance of the ceremony, came early to the house of his affianced, to accompany the family party to the magistrates, where the contract was to be drawn up. But even on that momentous day Madame L—— adhered to her custom of waiting for the post, to the evident rage and even agonized impatience of her destined son-in-law, who urged her with passionate eagerness to proceed at once to the magistrates. The delay proved most serviceable. The post came in due time, and brought a letter from Marseilles. The writer, struck by some slight personal peculiarities which her friend had described, had fancied it possible that the *promesso sposo* was no other than an *escaped galley-slave*, with whom, before his condemnation for a heinous crime, her family had been intimate. She had therefore, in some alarm, caused her husband to make inquiries into the matter, and a sufficient mass of evidence had been collected to justify her suspicion, and cause her to urge inquiry and delay on the part of M. and Madame L——. She suggested, moreover, that the truth might be easily discovered by a personal examination of the gentleman, who, if the same individual, had been branded on the right shoulder. The surprise, horror, and alarm of Madame L—— may be imagined. The contents of the letter were of course instantly communicated by her to her husband, and by him privately to the bridegroom, whom he requested to satisfy his wife's fears by showing him his right shoulder. The request was indignantly refused as an insult to his honor; and convinced of the fact by the agitation and dismay of the culprit, as well as by this refusal, the gentleman gave him at once into the hands of the police, who had no difficulty in finding the fatal mark of infamy. He was, indeed, an escaped convict, and the wealth with which he had dazzled the good provincials was the spoil of a recent robbery, undertaken by himself and some Parisian accomplices, and so cleverly managed as to have set at naught hitherto the best efforts of the police for its discovery.

We may be sure Madame L—— congratulated herself highly on having, as if by a providential instinct, "waited for the post."

CHEERFUL VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.

BY THE KING OF THE HEARTH.

"DO thee go on, Phil," said a miner, one of sixteen who sat about a tap-room fire, "Do thee go on, Phil Spruce; and, Mrs. Pittis, fetch us in some beer."

"And pipes," added a boy.

Mr. Spruce contemplated his young friend with a grim smile. "Well," said he, "it's a story profitable to be heard, and so—"

"Ay, so it be," said a lame man, who made himself a little more than quits with Nature, by working with his sound leg on the floor incessantly. "So it be," said Timothy Drum, "Phil's a philosopher."

"It always strucked me," said a dirty little man, that Phil has had a sort of nater in him ever since that night we lost old Tony Barker."

"What happened then?" inquired the squire's new gamekeeper.

"Did ever you see down the shaft of a pit?" asked Phil.

"No; and I'd rather not."

"A deep, deep well. Whatever they may do in other parts, we sing hymns, when we are pulled up, and if so be any of our butties at such times says a wicked word, he gets cursed finely when we be safe up at the top. We gon up and down different ways. In some old pits they have ladders, one under another, which reminds me—"

"Always the way with Phil."

"Mr. Spruce gazed sternly in the direction of the whisperer, and drank some beer. "Which reminds me that once—"

We must here announce the fact concerning Mr. Philip Spruce, that his method of telling a story ("Which reminds me," always meant a story with him) is very discursive. He may be said to resemble Jeremy Bentham, who, according to Hazlitt's criticism, fills his sentence with a row of pegs, and hangs a garment upon each of them. Let us omit some portion of his tediousness, and allow him to go on with his tale.

"It was in the year one thousand, eight, four, four; by token it was the same month, November, in which the block fell upon Tim Drum's leg, I was invited to a Christmas dinner by old Jabez Wilson. You are aware, gentlemen, that hereabouts there are a great number of deserted pits. The entrances to these are mostly covered with a board or two. There aren't many stiles in our pit-country, so we are drove to using these for firewood. The old pit mouths being left uncovered, and sometimes hidden in brushwood, it is a very common thing for sheep to tumble in, and if gentlemen go shooting thereabouts, they may chance to return home without a dog—your good health, Timothy. As I was saying, I love to ponder upon causes and compare effects. I pondered as I walked—"

"And the effect was, that you tumbled into a pit, Phil Spruce."

"The truth has been told, gentlemen, but it has been told too soon. And now I've forgotten where I was. Ay, pondering," here Phil hung up a long shred of philosophy on one of his pegs; and after the first ten minutes of his harangue, which was chiefly occupied in abusing human nature, a fierce-looking individual said,

"Go on, sir; you've brought things to that pass where they won't bear aggravation. The company expects you to fall down the pit directly."

"In the middle of my reflections—my natural Christmas thoughts," continued Phil, "I felt a severe bump on the back and a singular freedom about my legs, followed by a crash against the hinder part of my head—"

"To the bottom at once," said the fierce-looking man.

"I was at the bottom of a pit in two seconds. By what means my life was preserved I can not tell; certain it is that I sustained at that time no serious injury. Of course I was much stunned, and lay for a long time, I suppose, insensible. When I opened my eyes there was nothing to be seen more than a faint glimmer from the daylight far above, and a great many dancing stars which seemed like a swarm of gnats, ready to settle on my body. I now pondered how I should obtain rescue from my dangerous position, when an odd circumstance arrested my attention. I was evidently, unless my ears deceived me, not alone in my misfortune; for I heard, as distinctly as I now hear Mr. Drum's leg upon the fender, I heard a loud voice. It proceeded from a distant gallery. 'Who did you say?' inquired the voice in a hoarse tone; a softer voice replied, 'Phil Spruce, I think.' 'Very well,' answered the big sound; 'I'll come to him directly.'

"Here was a state of things. A gentleman resided here and was aware of my intrusion. Moreover, I was known. Was the acquaintance mutual? Well, gentlemen, that question was soon to be decided, for presently I heard a rustling and a crackling noise, like the approaching of a lady in a very stiff silk dress. But that gruff voice! I trembled. As the sound approached, a light gleamed over the dark, dirty walls, and glittered in the puddle upon which I was reposing. 'He or she has brought a candle, that is wise.' So I looked round. Mother of Miracles! He, she, or it. What do you think approached? A mass of cinder, glowing hot, shaped into head, body, arms, and legs; black coal on the crown of its head, red glow on the cheeks, and all the rest white hot, with here and there a little eruption of black bubbles, spirting out lighted gas. It was the shape of a huge man, who walked up with a most friendly expression in his face, evidently intending to give me a warm reception.

"And so he did, as I will tell you presently. It needed not the aid of his natural qualities to throw me into a great and sudden heat; his supernatural appearance was enough for that. Then I was seized with a great fear lest, in his friendliness, he should expect me to shake hands. That was as if I should have thrust my fingers into this tap-room grate. Well, ma'am (your good health, Mrs. Pittis), the strange thing came up to me quite pleasant, with a beaming face, and said, in something of a voice like a hoarse blast pipe, 'Glad to see you, Mr. Spruce. How did you come here?' 'O,' said I, 'Sir,' not liking to be behind-hand in civility, 'I only just dropped in.' 'Cold, up above, Mr. Spruce? Will you walk in and take a little something warm?' A little something warm! What's that? thought I. 'O yes,' I said, 'with all my heart, sir.' 'Come along, then; you seem stiff in the bones, Mr. Spruce, allow me to help you up.' 'O Lord!' I cried, forgetting my manners. 'No, thank you, sir. Spruce is my name,

and spruce my nature. I can get up quite nimble.' And so I did, with a leap; although it made my joints ache, I can tell you. The thing bowed and seemed to be quite glowing double with delight to see me. Take a little something warm, I thought again. O, but I won't though! However, I must not seem eager to get away just yet; the beast seems to think I came down on purpose to see him. 'After you, sir!' said I, bowing and pulling my forelock. 'If you will be so good as to lead, I'll follow.' 'This way, then, Philip.'

"So we went along a gallery, and came to a vault which was lighted by the bodies of a great number of imps, all made of brisk live coal, like my conductor. 'I dare say you find the room close,' said the king—for I found afterward he was a real king, though he was so familiar. 'What will you take to drink?' I calculated there was nothing weaker than vitriol in his cellar, so I begged to be excused. 'It is not my habit, sir, to drink early mornings; and indeed I must not let my wife wait dinner. We will have a little gossip, if you please, and then you will let one of your servants light me out, perhaps. I merely dropped in, as you are aware, my dear sir,' 'Quite aware of that, my dear Phil. And very glad I am to get your company. Of course you are anxious to be up above in good time; and if you can stop here an hour, I shall be happy to accompany you.' Indeed, thought I to myself, Polly will stare. 'Most happy,' I replied. 'I fear you will take harm from that nasty puddle at my door,' observed the king. 'Wouldn't you wish to lie down and rest a bit, before we start out together.' I thought that a safe way of getting through the time. 'You are very good,' said I. 'Get a bed ready, Coffin and Purse!' Two bright little imps darted away, and the Thing turning round to me with a sulphurous yawn, said, 'I don't mind, Phil, if I lie down with you.' Surely he's roasting me, I thought.

"True as sorrow, Mr. Timothy, Coffin and Purse came back in no time to say the bed was ready; and I followed the king with as good courage as a Smithfield martyr. But I did not, I did *not* expect what followed. We went into a small vault, of which half the floor was covered by a blazing fire: all the coals had been raked level, and that was Coffin and Purse's bed-making. 'Well, I'll get in at once,' said the king; 'you see we've a nice light mattress.' 'Light, sir! why it's in vivid blazes. You don't suppose I can lie down on that.' 'Why not, Phil? You see I do. Here I am, snug and comfortable.' 'Yes, my dear sir, but you forget the difference there is between us?' 'And yes again, Mr. Spruce; but please to remember this is Christmas Day, a day on which all differences should be ended.'

"'And now,' said the monster, sitting up suddenly upon a corner of the bed, 'and now, Phil, I will urge you to nothing. You are a reasoning man, and count for a philosopher. Let's argue a bit, Mr. Spruce.' 'I'm favorable

to free discussion,' I replied; 'but I decide on principles of common sense.' 'Let common sense decide,' replied the king, crossing his knees and looking conversational. 'The point at issue is, whether with your views it would be better for you to remain a man or to become a cinder. What were your thoughts this morning, Philip Spruce?' 'This morning I was thinking about human nature, sir.' 'And how did you decide upon it, Philip?' 'Humbly asking pardon, sir, and meaning no offense, may I inquire whether in present company it is permitted to speak disrespectfully of the Devil?' 'I wouldn't have said that, Phil, to a man of his appearance.'

"Lord bless you, Tim Drum, he looked so mild disposed, and 'No offense,' he says; 'speak out without reserve.' 'Then, sir,' said I, 'this is what I think of human nature. I believe that it was full of every sort of goodness, and that men were naturally well disposed to one another, till the Devil got that great idea of his. Men are born to worship their Creator, and to supply the wants of their neighbors, but then comes in the deceiving fiery monster, with a pocketful of money, and says, quite disinterested, 'Gentlemen and Ladies, it's of no use asking you to renerate me; you don't do it, and you oughtn't to; but the most convenient and proper thing is for every individual to worship only just his self. You see the result of this,' says the old sinner; 'by paying sacrifice to your own images, you just change things from the right-hand pocket to the left, or if you go abroad, as you must do, in search of offerings, all the fish comes to your own net, and all the fat into your own belly. You smoke your own incense, and if you chance to be remiss in your devotions, you may make peace and atonement any way you please. Then,' says the great brimstone beast—I beg your pardon, sir, excuse my liberty of speech—if any body remark you are my servants, you can laugh, and tell them you are no such fools. As for any formulary of religion, follow in that the fashion of your country—'

"The cinder gentleman, Mrs. Pitts, my dear, rolled about in the fire, quite at his ease, and said, 'Very good, Phil. And what else have you to say of human nature?' by which you will see that he had discrimination enough to perceive the value of my observations. 'The result is, sir,' I says to him then, 'that the whole human race is a-dancing and a-trumpeting in corners, every man singing hymns in honor of his self. And the old enemy capers up and down the country and the town, rejoicing at the outcry which he hears from every lip in his honor. A friend is rarer than a phoenix; for no man can serve two images, and each sticks firmly by his own.'

"Have you no charity yourself this Christmas, Mr. Spruce?" inquired the king, after he had called to his two imps that they should put fresh coals upon the bed, and rake it up. 'When I was a young man, sir,' said I, 'no one could have started in the world with a

stronger faith in human goodness. But I've seen my error. All the ways of human nature are humbug, sir; as for my fellow-creatures, I've been very much deceived in 'em. That's all I know in answer to your question.'

"I understand you, Phil,' the king said, lounging back upon the bed, and kindling the new coals into a blaze around him by the mere contact of his body. 'You are a philosopher out at elbows, and therefore a little out of temper with the world. You would like best to make your observations upon human nature without being jostled. You'd rather see the play from a snug little box, than be an actor in it, kicked about and worried.' 'Ah, sir,' said I, 'and where is such a seat provided?' 'Phil-iph, I can answer that question,' said the king; 'and what is more, I can give you free admission to a snug private box.' 'How so, sir?' said I, quite eagerly. 'The coal-box, Phil,' replied the king. 'I'm puzzled, sir,' said I. 'In what way is my condition to be improved by the act of sitting in a coal-box?' 'That, my dear Phil, I will make as clear to you as a fire on a frosty night. Know, then, that I am King among the Coals.' I bowed, and was upon the point of kissing his extended hand, but drew back my nose suddenly. 'The cinder which I now have on I wear—because it is large and easy—in the manner of a dressing-gown, when here at home. I am, however, a spirit, and ruler over many other spirits similarly formed. Now, Phil, the business and amusement of myself and subjects is to transfer ourselves at will into the tenancy of any coal we please. The scuttles of the whole kingdom are our meeting-houses. Every coal cast upon the fire, Phil, is, by our means, animated with a living spirit. It is our amusement, then, to have a merry sport among ourselves; and it is our privilege to watch the scenes enacted round the hearths which we enliven. When the cinder becomes cold, the spirit is again set free, and flies, whither it pleases, to a new abode.'

"Isn't that the doctrine of metempsychosis?" asked the boy (a national scholar) tapping the ashes from his pipe-bowl.

"It's a thing I never heerd on," said the gamekeeper. Mr. Spruce went on:

"Did you never," continued his majesty, 'when gazing into the fire, see a grotesque face glow before you? That face, Phil, has been mine. You have, then, seen the King among the Coals. If you become a cinder, Mr. Spruce, you may consider yourself made a judge.'

"Well, sir," says I, 'your reverence. it's firstly requisite to judge whether I will or won't sit down upon the fire. 'It's my opinion I won't. I'd like a little more discussion.' 'Talk away, Phil,' said the king. 'Well, sir,' says I, 'since you're always a-looking—leastways in winter—through the bars of grates, it's possible you've seen a bit yourself of human nature. Don't it fidget you?' 'Why,' says

he, 'Phil,' a-stretching out his arms for a great yawn so suddenly as very nigh to set my coat on fire with his red fingers, 'I have been tolerably patient, haven't I?' 'If it's sarcasm you mean,' says I, a little nettled, 'I must say, it's a figure of speech I don't approve of.'

"I beg your pardon, sir," he says, 'and here's an answer to your question. It's my opinion, Mr. Spruce, that as a cinder you will be agreeably surprised. I do see people sitting around me, now and then, whom I can't altogether get my coals to blaze for cheerfully. They sit and talk disparagement about all manner of folks their neighbors; they have a cupboard in their hearts for hoarding up the grievances they spend their lives in searching for; they hate the world, and could make scandal out of millstones, but if one hints that they are erring, they are up in arms, and don't approve of sarcasm.' 'Sir,' says I, 'you are personal.' 'By no means, Mr. Spruce; you, and a number like you, are good people in the main, and deeply to be pitied for your foolish blunder. You're a philosopher, Phil,' he says, 'and did you never hear that your "I" is the only thing certainly existent, and that the world without may be a shadow or mere part of you, or, if external, of no certain form or tint, having the color of the medium through which you view it—your own nature.' Here I saw occasion for a joke. 'Sir,' I says, 'if my own "I" is the only thing certainly existing, then the external world is all my eye, which proves what I propounded.' His flames went dead all of a sudden, and he looked black from top to toe. 'I am sure I beg your pardon, sir,' says I, 'excuse my liberty.'

"He took no verbal notice of what I had said, but gave a tremendous shiver, and his flames began to play again. 'I'm of a warm and cheerful turn of mind,' says he, 'and I must say, that whenever I look out upon the men and women in the world, I see them warm and cheerful.' 'That's nothing wonderful,' said I; 'it's just because you see them sitting round your blaze.' 'Well,' says he, 'Mr. Spruce, I'm very glad you own so much; for my opinion is, that if you had shone out cheerfully when you were in the world, and warmed the folks that came within your influence—if you had put a little kindly glow into your countenance, you would have been surrounded always as I generally am.' 'You're young,' says I, 'and you have had no experience; leastways, your experience has not been human. You get stirred when you're low, and people tend you for their own sakes—you ain't preyed upon by disappointments.'

"Young!" said he; 'disappointments!' And, to my horror, he stood bolt upright, to be impressive. 'Look you, Mr. Spruce, the youngest is the wisest; the child remembers throughout years a happy day, and can forget his tears as fast as they evaporate. He grows up, and his budding youth imagines love. Two or three fancies commonly precede his love.

As each of these decays, he, in his inexperience, is eloquent about his blighted hopes, his dead first love, and so on. In the first blossom of his manhood, winds are keen to him—at his first plunge into the stream of active life, he finds the water cold. Who shall condemn his shiver? But if he is to be a healthy man, he will strike out right soon, and glow with cheerful exercise in buffeting the stream. Youth, Mr. Spruce, may be allowed to call the water of the world too cold, but so long only as its plunge is recent. It is a libel on maturity and age to say that we live longer to love less. Preyed upon by disappointments—'

"Yes," says I, 'preyed upon.'

"Say, rather, blessed with trial. Who'd care to swim in a cork jacket! Trouble is a privilege, believe me, friend, to those who know from whose hand, for what purpose, it is sent. I do not mean the trouble people cut out for themselves by curdling all the milk of kindness in their neighbors. But when a man will be a man, will labor with Truth, Charity, and Self-Reliance—always frank and open in his dealings—always giving credit to his neighbors for their good deeds, and humbly abstaining from a judgment of what looks like evil in their conduct—when he knows, under God, no helper but his own brave heart, and his own untiring hand—there is no disappointment in repulse. He learns the lesson Heaven teaches him, his Faith, and Hope, and Charity, by constant active effort became strong—gloriously strong—just as the blacksmith's right arm becomes mighty by the constant wielding of his hammer. Disappointment—let the coward pluck up courage—disappointment is a sheet-and-pumpkin phantom to the bold. Let him who has battled side by side with Trouble, say whether it was not an angel sent to be his help. Find a true-hearted man whose energies have brought him safe through years of difficulty; ask him whether he found the crowd to be base-natured through which he was called upon to force his way? Believe me, he will tell you "No." Having said this, his majesty broke out into a blaze, and lay down in his bed again. 'Well,' he said, 'Phil, will you come to bed with me?'

"Why, sir," said I, 'to say the best of it, you're under a misconception; but if it's in the nature of a coal to take such cheerful views of things as you appear to do, I'd rather be a coal than what I am. It's cold work living in the flesh, such as I find it—you seem jolly as a hot cinder, and for the matter of that, what am I now but dust and ashes? Coke is preferable.'

"Coffin and Purse, you're wanted," cried the king. And, indeed, Mrs. Pittis, and, indeed, gentlemen, I must turn aside one minute to remark the singularity of this king's body-guard, Coffin and Purse. 'Cash and Mortality,' said the king to me, 'make up, according to your theory, the aim and end of man. So with a couple of cinders you can twit him with his degradation. Sometimes Coffin, sometimes Purse, leaps out into his lap when he is cogita-

ting.' 'Yes,' said I, 'that will be extremely humorous. But, sc please your majesty, I still have one objection to joining your honorable body.' 'What is that, Phil?' 'I suppose, if I sits down in them there flames, they'll burn me.' 'To be sure,' said the king, kicking up his heels, and scraping a furnace load of live coal over his body, just as you might pull up the blanket when you're in bed to-night, Mrs. Pittis. 'Well, your highness,' said I, 'how about the pain?' 'Pah!' says the king, 'where's your philosophy? Did you never see a fly jump into a lamp-flame?' 'Yes, sure,' I answered. 'And what happened then? A moment's crackle, and an end of it. You've no time to feel pain.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'if your majesty will make a hole for me as near the middle as is convenient to yourself, I will jump into the bed straightway.' The king made a great spatter among the coals, and in I jumped. You know, ma'am, that a great part of our bodies is composed of water.'

"'I don't know that of any gentleman in this room,' replied the landlady. 'But I do believe that you are two parts built out of strong beer.'

"There was a burst—a flash, gentlemen; the liquid part of me went off in instantaneous steam. I cried out with a sharp burn in my foot. The pot was boiling over furiously that contained our bit of dinner; and as I sat close in to the fire, I got considerably scalded. How I got back in the steam to my own fireside, I never rightly comprehended. Fill the can now, Mrs. Pittis."

"'Yes,' said the landlady, 'but let me tell you, Mr. Spruce, that king of the hearth is a gentleman, and if you really had gone with the coals and got acquainted with fire-sides, it would have done you a great deal of good. You'd have owned then that there is a mighty deal more love than hatred in the world. You'd have heard round almost any hearth you chose to play eavesdropper to, household words, any thing but hard or bitter. Some people do not pay their scores with me, but, on the whole, I live. Some of our human natures may run termagant; but, on the whole, we men and women love. Among the worst are those who won't bear quietly their share of work, who can't learn self-reliance, but run to and fro, squealing for help, and talking sentiment against their neighbors, who won't carry their burdens for them. It's all very well for a musty, discontented old bachelor to say there's no love in the world, but it's a falsehood. I know better.'

"'My pipe's out,' said the boy. 'Be smart there with the 'bacey.'"

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE MYSTERIES OF A TEA-KETTLE.

AT one of Mr. Bagges's small scientific tea-parties, Mr. Harry Wilkinson delivered to the worthy gentleman a lecture, based principally on reminiscences of the Royal Institution, and of a series of lectures delivered there by Professor Faraday, addressed to children and

young people. For it is not the least of the merits of that famous chemist and great man, Professor Faraday, that he delights to make the mightiest subject clear to the simplest capacity, and that he shows his mastery of Nature in nothing more than in being thoroughly imbued with the spirit of her goodness and simplicity.

This particular lecture was on Natural Philosophy in its bearings on a kettle. The entertainment of a "Night with Mr. Bagges" was usually extemporaneous. It was so on this occasion. The footman brought in the tea-kettle "Does it boil?" demanded Mr. Bagges.

"It have biled, sir," answered the domestic.

"Have biled, sir!" repeated Mr. Bagges. "Have biled! And what if it has 'biled,' or boiled, as I desire you will say in future? What is that to the purpose? Water may be frozen, you simpleton, notwithstanding it *has* boiled. Was it boiling, sir, eh? when you took it off the fire? That is the question, sir."

"Yes, sir, that was what I mean to say, sir," replied Thomas.

"Mean to say, sir! Then why didn't you say it, sir? Eh? There—no, don't put it on, sir; hold it still. Harry, reach me the thermometer," said Mr. Bagges, putting on his spectacles. "Let me see. The boiling point of water is two hundred and—what?"

"Two hundred and twelve, Fahrenheit," answered Master Wilkinson, "if commonly pure, and boiled in a metallic vessel, and under a pressure of the atmosphere amounting to fifteen pounds on every square inch of surface, or when the barometer stands at thirty inches."

"Gracious, what a memory that boy has!" exclaimed his uncle. "Well; now this water in the kettle—eh?—why, this is not above one hundred and fifty degrees. There, sir, now set it on the fire, and don't bring me up cold water to make tea with again; or else," added Mr. Bagges, making a vague attempt at a joke, "or else—eh?—you will get yourself into hot water."

Mr. Thomas was seized with a convulsion in the chest, which he checked by suddenly applying his open hand to his mouth, the effort distending his cheeks, and causing his eyes to protrude in a very ridiculous manner, while Mr. Bagges disguised his enjoyment of the effects of his wit in a cough.

"Now let me see," said the old gentleman, musingly contemplating the vessel simmering on the fire; "how is it, eh, Harry, you said the other day that a kettle boils?"

"La!" interrupted Mrs. Wilkinson, who was of the party, "why, of course, by the heat of the coals, and by blowing the fire, if it is not hot enough."

"Aha!" cried her brother, "that's not the way *we* account for things, Harry, my boy, eh? Now, convince your mother; explain the boiling of a kettle to her: come."

"A kettle boils," said Harry, "by means of the action of currents."

"What are you talking about? Boiling a

plum-pudding in a tea-kettle!" exclaimed the mystified mamma.

"Currents of heated particles—of particles of hot water," Harry explained. "Suppose you put your fire on your kettle—on the lid of it—instead of your kettle on your fire—what then?"

"You would be a goose," said his mother.

"Exactly so—or a gosling"—rejoined her son; "the kettle would not boil. Water is a bad conductor of heat. Heat passes through the substance of water with very great difficulty. Therefore, it would have a hard matter to get from the top of a kettle of water to the bottom. Then how does it so easily get from the bottom to the top?"

"Ah!" sighed Mr. Bagges. "In my young days we should have said, because the heat rises, but that won't do now. What is all that about the—eh—what—law of ex—what?—pansion—eh?"

"The law of expansion of fluids and gases by heat. This makes the currents that I spoke of just now, mamma; and I should have spelt the word to explain to you that I didn't mean plums. You know what a draught is?"

"I am sorry to say I do," Mr. Bagges declared with much seriousness, instinctively carrying his hand to the region of the human body from the Latin for which is derived the term, Lumbago.

"Well," pursued Harry, "a draught is a current of air. Such currents are now passing up the chimney, and simply owing to that trifling circumstance, we are able to sit here now without being stifled and poisoned."

"Goodness!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkinson.

"To be sure. The fire, in burning, turns into gases, which are rank poison—carbonic acid, for one; sulphurous acid, for another. Hold your nose over a shovelful of hot cinders if you doubt the fact. The gases produced by the fire expand; they increase in bulk without getting heavier, so much so that they become lighter in proportion than the air, and then they rise, and this rising of hot air is what is meant by heat going upward. The currents of hot air that go up the chimney in this way have currents of cold air rushing after them to supply their place. When you heat water, currents are formed just as when you heat gas or air. The heated portion of water rises, and some colder water comes down in its place; and these movements of the water keep going on till the whole bulk of it is equally hot throughout."

"Well, now," interrupted Mr. Bagges, "I dare say this is all very true, but how do you prove it?"

"Prove that water is heated by the rising and falling of hot currents? Get a long, slender glass jar. Put a little water, colored with indigo, or any thing you like, into the bottom of it. Pour clear water upon the colored, gently, so as not to mix the two, and yet nearly to fill the jar. Float a little spirit of wine on the top of the water, and set fire to it. Let it blaze away as long as you like; the colored

water will remain steady at the bottom of the jar. But hold the flame of a spirit-lamp under the jar, and the colored water will rise and mix with the clear, in very little time longer than it would take you to say Harry Wilkinson."

"Ah! So the water gets colored throughout for the same reason that it gets heated throughout," Mr. Bagges observed, "and when it gets thoroughly hot—what then?"

"Then it boils. And what is boiling?"

"Bubbling," suggested the young philosopher's mamma.

"Yes; but ginger-beer bubbles," said Harry, "but you wouldn't exactly call that boiling. Boiling is the escaping of steam. That causes the bubbling; so the bubbling of water over the fire is only the sign that the water boils. But what occasions the escape of the steam?"

"The heat, of course—the—what is the right word?—the caloric," answered Mr. Bagges.

"True; but what heat? Why, the excess of heat over two hundred and twelve degrees—taking that as the average boiling point of water. You can heat water up to that point, and it remains water; but every degree of heat you cause to pass into it above that, turns a quantity of the water into steam; and flies off in the steam, unless the steam is hindered from escaping by extraordinary pressure. Blow the fire under that kettle as much as you will, and you will make the water boil faster, but you won't make it a bit hotter than two hundred and twelve degrees."

"Well, to be sure!" Mrs. Wilkinson exclaimed.

"If water," continued Harry, "could keep on getting hotter and hotter above the boiling point, why, we might have our potatoes charred in the pot, or our mutton boiled to a cinder. When water is confined in a strong vessel—and strong it must be to prevent a tremendous blow-up—confined, I say, so that no steam can escape, it may be heated almost red-hot; and there is a vessel made for heating water under pressure, called Papin's Digestor, which will digest almost any thing."

"What an enviable apparatus!" exclaimed Mr. Bagges.

"Well," resumed Harry; "so the boiling point of water depends on the degree of force which the air, or what-not, is pressing on its surface with. The higher the spot on which you boil your water, the lower the point it boils at. Therefore, water boiling at the top of a mountain is not so hot as water boiling at the mountain's base. The boiling point of water on the summit of Mont Blanc, is as low as one hundred and eighty-four degrees. So, if water must be at two hundred and twelve degrees, to make good tea, don't choose too high a hill to build a temperance hall on. The heavier, also, the air is, from the quantity of moisture in it, the hotter water becomes before it boils. If the atmosphere were carbonic acid gas, water would get much hotter without boiling than it can under—"

"Present arrangements," interposed Mr. Bagges

"Consisting of a mixture of nitrogen and oxygen," continued Harry. "Water requires only a very low heat to make it boil in an exhausted receiver, out of which the air has been pumped, so as to leave none to press upon its surface. Owing to boiling depending upon pressure, you can actually make water boil by means of cold."

"What next?" sighed Mrs. Wilkinson.

"You can, indeed. Put a little boiling water in a salad-oil flask; so that the flask may be a quarter full, say. Cork the flask tightly. The boiling stops; and the upper three-fourths of the flask are full of vapor. Squirt a jet of ice-cold water upon the flask, above where the water is, and the water below will instantly begin to boil. The reason why, is this. The vapor in the flask presses on the surface of the hot water. The cold condenses the vapor—turns it back to water. That takes off the pressure for the time; and then the hot water directly flies into vapor, and boils, and so on, till it cools down too low to boil any longer. What reduces the boiling point of water on a hill or a mountain is, that the pressure of the atmosphere decreases as you ascend. A rise of five hundred and thirty feet in height above the level of the sea, makes a difference of one degree; so, give me a kettle of water and a thermometer, and I'll tell you exactly how near the moon we are."

"I shouldn't think one could make good hot mixed punch up in a balloon, now," observed Mr. Bagges, reflectively.

"Then," Harry proceeded, "it requires more heat to make water boil in a glass vessel than it does in a metal one. A metal vessel's inner surface is made up of very small points and dents. Scratching the inside of the glass so as to give it a roughness something like what the metal has, makes the boiling point lower; and a few iron filings thrown into water boiling in glass at two hundred and fourteen degrees, will bring it down to two hundred and twelve. The filings, and the roughness of the glass, are so many more points for the heat to pass into the water from, and form steam, and the water does not cling to them so hard as it clings to a smooth surface. Throw a lot of hay into a pan of hot water, and it makes a quantity of steam rise directly; and I have heard a doctor say that some poor people are in the habit of giving themselves cheap steam-baths by this means."

"A very good thing for rheumatic pains, I should think; certainly a much more rational remedy than patent medicines or Government poison," Mr. Bagges remarked.

"There are some salts," continued Harry, "which, if dissolved in water, will prevent it from boiling till it is heated to two hundred and sixty-four degrees, as if they held the water back from flying into steam. So, then, the boiling of water may be hindered, more or less,

by pressure from without, and attraction from within. The boiling point of water depends on another important fact which the kettle always mentions before it boils, although we don't all of us understand the kettle's language. The singing of the kettle tells us—"

"That the water is going to boil," interrupted mamma.

"Yes, and that water contains air. The singing of the kettle is the noise made by the escape of the air, which is driven off by the heat. The air sticks and hangs in the water, till the heat expands it and makes it rise. Put a glass of water under the receiver of an air-pump, and exhaust the receiver. As you pump, the water begins to bubble, as if it were boiling; but the bubbles are the air contained in the water, being pumped out. The air-bubbles act like wedges between the little invisible drops that make up the whole water. If it were not for them, the water would be a mass which would hold together so hard that it would not go into steam, or boil, till it was heated to two hundred and seventy degrees, as may be proved by boiling some water quite deprived of air. And not only that, but when it did boil, it would boil all at once, and blow up with a tremendous explosion; which would be a still greater inconvenience in boiling a kettle."

"A pretty kettle of fish, indeed!" Mr. Bagges observed.

"So," said Harry, "strictly pure water would not be quite so great a blessing to us as you might think. Of course, you know, uncle, I don't mean to say that there is any advantage in the impurity of such water as the Thames, except when used for the purpose of fertilizing the earth. I am speaking of water so pure as to contain no air. Water of such severe purity would be very unmanageable stuff. No fishes could live in it, for one thing. I have already given you one good reason why it would be unsuitable to our kettle; and another is, that it would not be good to drink. Then water, as we find it in the world, has a very useful and accommodating disposition to find its own level. Pump all the air out of water, however, and it loses this obliging character in a great measure. Suppose I take a bent glass-tube, and fill one arm of it with airless water. Then I turn the tube mouth upward, and if the water were common water, it would instantly run from one arm into the other, and stand at the same level in both. But if the water has been exhausted of its air, it remains, most of it, in the one arm, and won't run till I give the table a smart rap, and shake it. So, but for the air contained in water, we could not make the water run up and down hill as we do. If water were deprived of air, London would be almost deprived of water."

"And water," observed Mr. Bagges, "would be robbed of a very valuable property."

"Good again, uncle. Now, if we could see through the kettle, we should be able to observe the water boiling in it which is a curious

sight when looked into. To examine water boiling, we must boil the water in a glass vessel—a long tube is the best—heated with a spirit lamp. Then first you see the water in motion, and the air-bubbles being driven off by the heat. As the water gets hotter, other bubbles appear, rising from the bottom of the tube. They go up for a little way, and then they shrink, and by the time they get to the top of the water, you can hardly distinguish them. These are bubbles of steam, and they get smaller as they rise, because at first the water is colder above than below, in proportion to the distance from the flame, and the cold gradually condenses the bubbles. But when the water gets thoroughly hot, the bubbles grow larger and rise quicker, and go of the same size right up to the top of the water, and there escape—if you choose to let them. And steam was allowed to escape so for many, many ages, wasn't it, uncle, before it was set to work to spin cotton for the world, and take us to America within a fortnight, and whirl us over the ground as the crow flies, and almost at a crow's pace?"

"For all which," remarked Mr. Bagges, "we have principally to thank what's his name."

"Watt was his name, I believe, uncle. Well; heat turns water into steam, and I dare say I need not tell you that a quantity of water becoming steam, fills an immense deal more space than it did as mere water. Cold turns the steam back into water, and the water fills the same space as it did before. Water, in swelling into steam and shrinking back into water again, moves, of course, twice, and mighty motions these are, and mighty uses are made of them, I should rather think."

"I believe you, my boy," said Mr. Bagges.

"And now," asked Harry, "have you any idea of what a deal of heat there is in steam?"

"It is hot enough to scald you," answered his mamma; "I know that."

"Yes; and hot enough, too, to cook potatoes. But there is much more heat in it than that comes to. Take a kettle of cold water. See at what degree the thermometer stands in the water. Put the kettle on the fire, and observe how long it takes to boil. It will boil at two hundred and twelve degrees; and therefore, during the time it has taken to boil, there has gone into it the difference of heat between two hundred and twelve degrees and the degree it stood at when first put on the fire. Keep up the same strength of fire, so that the heat may continue to go into the water at the same rate. Let the water boil quite away, and note how long it is in doing so. You can then calculate how much heat has gone into the water while the water has been boiling away. You will find that quantity of heat great enough to have made the water red-hot, if all the water, and all the heat, had remained in the kettle. But the water in your kettle will have continued at two hundred and twelve degrees to the last drop, and all the steam that it has turned into will not have been hotter—according to

the thermometer—than two hundred and twelve degrees; whereas a red heat is one thousand degrees. The difference between two hundred and twelve degrees and one thousand degrees, is seven hundred and eighty-eight degrees; and what has become of all this heat? Why, it is entirely contained in the steam, though it does not make the steam hotter. It lies hid in the steam, and therefore it is called latent heat. When the steam is condensed, all that latent heat comes out of it, and can be felt, and the quantity of it can be measured by a thermometer. The warmth that issues from steam-pipes used to warm a house, is the latent heat of the steam that escapes as the steam turns back to water."

"Latent heat! latent heat!" repeated Mr. Bagges, scratching his head. "Eh? Now, that latent heat always puzzles me. Latent, lying hid. But how can you hide heat? When the zany in the pantomime hides the red-hot poker in his pocket, he cauterizes his person. How—eh?—how can heat be latent?"

"Why, the word heat has two meanings, uncle. In the first place, it means hotness. Hotness can not be latent, as the clown finds when he pockets the poker. In the second place, heat means a something the nature of which we don't know, which is the cause of hotness, and also the cause of another effect. While it is causing that other effect, it does not cause hotness. That other effect which heat causes in the instance of steam, is keeping water in the form of steam. The heat that there is in steam, over and above two hundred and twelve degrees, is employed in this way. It is wholly occupied in preserving the water in an expanded state, and can't cause the mercury in the thermometer to expand and rise as well. For the same reason, it could give you no feeling of hotness above what boiling water would—if you had the nerve to test it. While it is making steam continue to be steam, it is latent. When the steam becomes water again, it has no longer that work to do, and is set free. Free heat is what is commonly understood by heat. This is the heat which cooks our victuals, the heat we feel, the heat that sings Mr. Merriman. Latent heat is heat that doesn't warm, singe, or cook, because it is otherwise engaged. If you press gas suddenly into a fluid, the latent heat of the gas is set free. You seem to squeeze it out. Indeed, the same thing happens, if you violently force any substance into a closer form all at once. Every thing appears to have more or less latent heat in it, between its little particles, keeping them at certain distances from each other. Compress the particles within a smaller compass, and a part of the latent heat escapes, as if it were no longer wanted. When a substance in a compressed state expands on a sudden, it draws in heat, on the other hand. When a lady bathes her forehead with eau-de-Cologne to cure a headache, the heat of the head enters the eau-de-Cologne, and becomes latent in it while it evaporates.

If you make steam under high pressure, you can heat it much above two hundred and twelve degrees. Suppose you let off steam, so compressed and heated, by a wide hole, from the boiler, and put your hand into it as it rushes out—?”

“What? Why, you’d scald your hand off!” cried Mr. Bagges.

“No, you wouldn’t. The steam rushes out tremendously hot, but it expands instantly so very much, that the heat in it directly becomes latent in a great measure; which cools it down sufficiently to allow you to hold your hand in it without its hurting you. But then you would have to mind where you held your hand; because where the steam began to condense again, it would be boiling hot.”

“I had rather take your word for the experiment than try it, young gentleman,” Mr. Bagges observed.

“Another very curious thing,” proceeded “Harry, “in regard to boiling, has been discovered lately. A kettle might be too hot to boil water in. Take a little bar of silver, heated very highly; dip it into water. At first, you have no boiling, and you don’t have any at all till the silver has cooled some degrees. Put a drop of water into a platinum dish, heated in the same way, and it will run about without boiling till the heat diminishes; and then it bursts into steam. M. Boutigny, the French chemist, made this discovery. Vapor forms between the drop of water and the red-hot metal, and, being a bad conductor of heat, keeps the heat of the metal for some time from flowing into the water. Owing to this, water, and mercury even, may be frozen in a red-hot vessel if the experiment is managed cleverly. A little more than a couple of centuries ago, this would have been thought witchcraft.”

“And the philosopher,” added Mr. Bagges, “would have been fried instead of his water-drop. Let me see—eh? what do they call this singular state of water?”

“The spheroidal state,” answered Harry. “However, that is a state that water does not get into in a kettle, because kettles are not allowed to become red hot, except when they are put carelessly on the fire with no water in them, or suffered to remain there after the water has boiled quite away!”

“Which is ruination to kettles,” Mrs. Wilkinson observed.

“Of course it is, mamma, because at a red heat iron begins to unite with oxygen, or to rust. Another thing that injures kettles is the fur that collects in them. All water in common use contains more or less of earthy and other salts. In boiling, these things separate from the water, and gradually form a fur or crust inside the kettle or boiler.”

“And a nice job it is to get rid of it,” said his mamma.

“Well; chemistry has lessened that difficulty,” replied Harry. “The fur is mostly carbonate of lime. In that case, all you have to do is

to boil some sal-ammoniac—otherwise muriate, or more properly hydrochlorate of ammonia—in the furred vessel. The hydrochloric acid unites with the lime, and the carbonic acid goes to the ammonia. Both the compounds formed in this way dissolve and wash away; and so you may clean the foulest boiler or kettle. This is a rather important discovery; for the effect of fur in a kettle is to oppose the passage of heat, and therefore to occasion the more fuel to be required to boil water in it, which is a serious waste and expense when you have a large steam-boiler to deal with. Dr. Faraday mentions the case of a Government steamer that went to Trieste, and during the voyage had so much fur formed in her boiler as to oblige all her coal to be consumed, and then the engineers were forced to burn spars, rigging, bulkheads, and even chopped cables, and to use up every shaving of spare timber in the ship. Soot underneath the kettle, as well as fur inside it, is a hindrance to boiling, as it is a bad conductor; and that is the reason why one can bear to hold a kettle of hot water, which is very sooty on its under surface, on the flat of the hand. So a black kettle doesn’t give out its heat readily to what touches it, and so far it is good to keep water hot; but it gets rid of heat in another way; as I dare say you know, uncle.”

“Eh?” said Mr. Bagges, “why, what?—no—I did know something about it the other day—but I’ve such a memory!—and—eh?—no—I’ve quite forgotten it.”

“By radiation, you know. All warm bodies are constantly giving off rays of heat, as shining ones are giving off rays of light, although the heat-rays are invisible.”

“How do we know that?” asked Mr. Bagges.

“Get a couple of concave mirrors—a sort of copper basins, polished inside. Stand them face to face, some yards apart. Put a hot iron ball—not red hot—in the focus of one mirror. Put a bit of phosphorus in the focus of the other. The phosphorus will take fire; though without the mirrors you might place it much nearer the hot iron, and yet it would not burn. So we know that there are rays of heat, because we can reflect them as we can rays of light. Some things radiate better than others. Those that have bright metal surfaces radiate worst, though such are what are used for reflectors. If their surfaces are blackened or roughened, they radiate better. A bright kettle gives off fewer rays of heat than a black one, and so far, is better to keep water hot in. But then, on the other hand, it yields more heat to the air, or the hob or hearth that it stands upon—if colder than itself. The bright kettle gives off heat in one way and the black in another. I don’t know at what comparative rate exactly.”

“Six of one, and half-a-dozen of the other,” Mr. Bagges suggested.

“Now look at the wonderful relations of the kettle, uncle!”

“Relations?—Eh?—what the pot and the saucepan?” said Mr. Bagges.

"Oh, oh, uncle! No; its relations to the pressure of the atmosphere and every cause that affects it—to the conveyance, and conduction, and radiation of heat—to latent heat or caloric, to the properties of water, to chemical decomposition—and to steam and its astonishing marvels, present and to come!"

"Well," said Mr. Bagges, it is wonderful; and the kettle certainly is very respectably connected. Eh? And I hope to profit by the subject of our conversation; and so, I say, pour me out a cup of tea."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 97.)

BOOK II.—CHAPTER VII.

IN spite of all his Machiavellian wisdom, Dr. Riccabocca had been foiled in his attempt to seduce Leonard Fairfield into his service, even though he succeeded in partially winning over the widow to his views. For to her he represented the worldly advantages of the thing. Lenny would learn to be fit for more than a day-laborer: he would learn gardening in all its branches—rise some day to be a head-gardener. "And," said Riccabocca, "I will take care of his book-learning, and teach him whatever he has a head for."

"He has a head for every thing," said the widow.

"Then," said the wise man, "every thing shall go into it."

The widow was certainly dazzled; for, as we have seen, she highly prized scholarly distinction, and she knew that the parson looked upon Riccabocca as a wondrous learned man. But still, Riccabocca was said to be a Papist, and suspected to be a conjurer. Her scruples on both these points, the Italian, who was an adept in the art of talking over the fair sex, would no doubt have dissipated, if there had been any use in it; but Lenny put a dead stop to all negotiations. He had taken a mortal dislike to Riccabocca; he was very much frightened by him—and the spectacles, the pipe, the cloak, the long hair, and the red umbrella; and said so sturdily, in reply to every overture, "Please, sir, I'd rather not; I'd rather stay along with mother," that Riccabocca was forced to suspend all further experiments in his Machiavellian diplomacy. He was not at all cast down, however, by his first failure; on the contrary, he was one of those men whom opposition stimulates. And what before had been but a suggestion of prudence, became an object of desire. Plenty of other lads might no doubt be had on as reasonable terms as Lenny Fairfield; but the moment Lenny presumed to baffle the Italian's designs upon him, the special acquisition of Lenny became of paramount importance in the eyes of Signor Riccabocca.

Jackeymo, however, lost all his interest in the traps, snares, and gins, which his master pro-

posed to lay for Leonard Fairfield, in the more immediate surprise that awaited him on learning that Dr. Riccabocca had accepted an invitation to pass a few days at the Hall.

"There will be no one there but the family," said Riccabocca. "Poor Giacomo, a little chat in the servants' hall will do you good; and the squire's beef is more nourishing, after all, than the sticklebacks and minnows. It will lengthen your life."

"The Padrone jests," said Jackeymo stately, "as if any one could starve in his service."

"Um," said Riccabocca. "At least, faithful friend, you have tried that experiment as far as human nature will permit;" and he extended his hand to his fellow-exile with that familiarity which exists between servant and master in the usages of the Continent. Jackeymo bent low, and a tear fell upon the hand he kissed.

"*Cospetto!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, "a thousand mock pearls do not make up the cost of a single true one. The tears of women, we know their worth; but the tear of an honest man—Fie, Giacomo! at least I can never repay you this! Go and see to our wardrobe."

So far as his master's wardrobe was concerned, that order was pleasing to Jackeymo; for the doctor had in his drawers suits which Jackeymo pronounced to be as good as new, though many a long year had passed since they left the tailor's hands. But when Jackeymo came to examine the state of his own clothing department, his face grew considerably longer. It was not that he was without other clothes than those on his back—quantity was there, but, the quality! Mournfully he gazed on two suits, complete in the three separate members of which man's raiments are composed: the one suit extended at length upon his bed, like a veteran stretched by pious hands after death; the other brought piecemeal to the invidious light—the *torso* placed upon a chair, the limbs dangling down from Jackeymo's melancholy arm. No bodies long exposed at the Morgue could evince less sign of resuscitation than those respectable defuncts! For, indeed, Jackeymo had been less thrifty of his apparel—more *profusus sui*—than his master. In the earliest days of their exile, he preserved the decorous habit of dressing for dinner—it was a respect due to the Padrone—and that habit had lasted till the two habits on which it necessarily depended had evinced the first symptoms of decay; then the evening clothes had been taken into morning wear, in which hard service they had breathed their last.

The doctor, notwithstanding his general philosophical abstraction from such household details, had more than once said, rather in pity to Jackeymo, than with an eye to that respectability which the costume of the servant reflects on the dignity of the master—"Giacomo, thou wantest clothes, fit thyself out of mine!"

And Jackeymo had bowed his gratitude, as if the donation had been accepted; but the fact was, that that same fitting-out was easier said

than done. For though, thanks to an existence mainly upon sticklebacks and minnows—both Jackeymo and Riccabocca had arrived at that state which the longevity of misers proves to be most healthful to the human frame, viz., skin and bone—yet, the bones contained in the skin of Riccabocca all took longitudinal directions; while those in the skin of Jackeymo spread out latitudinally. And you might as well have made the bark of a Lombardy poplar serve for the trunk of some dwarfed and pollarded oak—in whose hollow the Babes of the Wood could have slept at their ease—as have fitted out Jackeymo from the garb of Riccabocca. Moreover, if the skill of the tailor could have accomplished that undertaking, the faithful Jackeymo would never have had the heart to avail himself of the generosity of his master. He had a sort of religious sentiment too, about those vestments of the Padrone. The ancients, we know, when escaping from shipwreck, suspended in the votive temple the garments in which they had struggled through the wave. Jackeymo looked on those relics of the past with a kindred superstition. “This coat the Padrone wore on such an occasion. I remember the very evening the Padrone last put on those pantaloons!” And coat and pantaloons were tenderly dusted, and carefully restored to their sacred rest.

But now, after all, what was to be done? Jackeymo was much too proud to exhibit his person, to the eyes of the Squire’s butler, in habiliments discreditable to himself and the Padrone. In the midst of his perplexity, the bell rang, and he went down into the parlor.

Riccabocca was standing on the hearth under his symbolical representation of the “*Patriæ Exul*.”

“Giacomo,” quoth he, “I have been thinking that thou hast never done what I told thee, and fitted thyself out from my superfluities. But we are going now into the great world: visiting once begun, Heaven knows where it may stop! Go to the nearest town and get thyself clothes. Things are dear in England. Will this suffice?” And Riccabocca extended a £5 note.

Jackeymo, we have seen, was more familiar with his master than we formal English permit our domestics to be with us. But in his familiarity he was usually respectful. This time, however, respect deserted him.

“The Padrone is mad!” he exclaimed; “he would fling away his whole fortune if I would let him. Five pounds English, or a hundred and twenty-six pounds Milanese!* Santa Maria! Unnatural Father! And what is to become of the poor Signorina? Is this the way you are to marry her in the foreign land?”

“Giacomo,” said Riccabocca, bowing his head to the storm; “the Signorina to-morrow; to-day, the honor of the house. Thy small clothes, Giacomo. Miserable man, thy small clothes!”

“It is just,” said Jackeymo, recovering him-

self, and with humility; “and the Padrone does right to blame me, but not in so cruel a way. It is just—the Padrone lodges and boards me, and gives me handsome wages, and he has a right to expect that I should not go in this figure.”

“For the board and the lodgment, good,” said Riccabocca. “For the handsome wages, they are the visions of thy fancy!”

“They are no such thing,” said Jackeymo, “they are only in arrear. As if the Padrone could not pay them some day or other—as if I was demeaning myself by serving a master who did not intend to pay his servants! And can’t I wait? Have I not my savings too? But be cheered, be cheered; you shall be contented with me. I have two beautiful suits still. I was arranging them when you rang for me. You shall see, you shall see.”

And Jackeymo hurried from the room, hurried back into his own chamber, unlocked a little trunk which he kept at his bed head, tossed out a variety of small articles, and from the deepest depth extracted a leathern purse. He emptied the contents on the bed. They were chiefly Italian coins, some five-franc pieces, a silver medallion inclosing a little image of his patron saint—San Giacomo—one solid English guinea, and two or three pounds’ worth in English silver. Jackeymo put back the foreign coins, saying prudently, “One will lose on them here;” he seized the English coins and counted them out. “But are you enough, you rascals?” quoth he angrily, giving them a good shake. His eye caught sight of the medallion—he paused; and after eying the tiny representation of the saint with great deliberation, he added, in a sentence which he must have picked up from the proverbial aphorisms of his master—

“What’s the difference between the enemy who does not hurt me, and the friend who does not serve me? *Monsignore San Giacomo*, my patron saint, you are of very little use to me in the leathern bag. But if you help me to get into a new pair of small-clothes on this important occasion, you will be a friend indeed. *Alla bisogna, Monsignore*.” Then gravely kissing the medallion, he thrust it into one pocket, the coins into the other, made up a bundle of the two defunct suits, and, muttering to himself, “Beast, miser that I am, to disgrace the Padrone, with all these savings in his service!” ran down stairs into his pantry, caught up his hat and stick, and in a few moments more was seen trudging off to the neighboring town of L—.

Apparently the poor Italian succeeded, for he came back that evening in time to prepare the thin gruel which made his master’s supper, with a suit of black—a little threadbare, but still highly respectable—two shirt fronts, and two white cravats. But, out of all this finery, Jackeymo held the small-clothes in especial veneration; for as they had cost exactly what the medallion had sold for, so it seemed to him that

* By the pounds Milanese, Giacomo means the Milanese lira.

San Giacomo had heard his prayer in that quarter to which he had more exclusively directed the saint's attention. The other habiliments came to him in the merely human process of sale and barter; the small-clothes were the personal gratuity of San Giacomo!

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE has been subjected to many ingenious comparisons; and if we do not understand it any better, it is not for want of what is called reasoning by illustration." Among other resemblances, there are moments when, to a quiet contemplator, it suggests the image of one of those rotatory entertainments commonly seen in fairs, and known by the name of "whirligigs or roundabouts," in which each participator of the pastime, seated on his hobby, is always apparently in the act of pursuing some one before him, while he is pursued by some one behind. Man, and woman too, are naturally animals of chase; the greatest still finds something to follow, and there is no one too humble not to be an object of prey to another. Thus, confining our view to the village of Hazeldean, we behold in this whirligig Dr. Riccabocca spurring his hobby after Lenny Fairfield; and Miss Jemima, on her decorous side-saddle, whipping after Dr. Riccabocca. Why, with so long and intimate a conviction of the villainy of our sex, Miss Jemima should resolve upon giving the male animal one more chance of redeeming itself in her eyes, I leave to the explanation of those gentlemen who profess to find "their only books in woman's looks." Perhaps it might be from the over-tenderness and clemency of Miss Jemima's nature; perhaps it might be that, as yet, she had only experienced the villainy of man born and reared in these cold northern climates; and in the land of Petrarch and Romeo, of the citron and myrtle, there was reason to expect that the native monster would be more amenable to gentle influences, less obstinately hardened in his iniquities. Without entering farther into these hypotheses, it is sufficient to say, that on Signor Riccabocca's appearance in the drawing-room, at Hazeldean, Miss Jemima felt more than ever rejoiced that she had relaxed in his favor her general hostility to man. In truth, though Frank saw something quizzical in the old-fashioned and outlandish cut of the Italian's sober dress; in his long hair, and the *chapeau bras*, over which he bowed so gracefully, and then pressed it, as if to his heart, before tucking it under his arm, after the fashion in which the gizzard reposes under the wing of a roasted pullet; yet it was impossible that even Frank could deny to Riccabocca that praise which is due to the air and manner of an unmistakable gentleman. And certainly as, after dinner, conversation grew more familiar, and the Parsen and Mrs. Dale, who had been invited to meet their friend, did their best to draw him out, his talk, though sometimes a little too wise for his listeners, became eminently

animated and agreeable. It was the conversation of a man who, besides the knowledge which is acquired from books and life, had studied the art which becomes a gentleman—that of pleasing in polite society. Riccabocca, however, had more than this art—he had one which is often less innocent—the art of penetrating into the weak side of his associates, and of saying the exact thing which hits it plump in the middle, with the careless air of a random shot.

The result was, that all were charmed with him; and that even Captain Barnabas postponed the whist-table for a full hour after the usual time. The Doctor did not play—he thus became the property of the two ladies, Miss Jemima and Mrs. Dale.

Seated between the two, in the place rightfully appertaining to Flimsey, who this time was fairly dislodged, to her great wonder and discontent, the Doctor was the emblem of true Domestic Felicity, placed between Friendship and Love.

Friendship, as became her, worked quietly at the embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and left Love to its more animated operations. "You must be very lonely at the Casino," said Love, in a sympathizing tone.

"Madam," replied Riccabocca, gallantly, "I shall think so when I leave you."

Friendship cast a sly glance at Love—Love blushed or looked down on the carpet, which comes to the same thing. "Yet," began Love again—"yet solitude, to a feeling heart—"

Riccabocca thought of the note of invitation, and involuntarily buttoned his coat, as if to protect the individual organ thus alarmingly referred to.

"Solitude, to a feeling heart, has its charms. It is so hard even for us, poor ignorant women, to find a congenial companion—but for *you*!" Love stopped short, as if it had said too much, and smelt confusedly at its bouquet.

Dr. Riccabocca cautiously lowered his spectacles, and darted one glance, which with the rapidity and comprehensiveness of lightning, seemed to envelop and take in it, as it were, the whole inventory of Miss Jemima's personal attractions. Now, Miss Jemima, as I have before observed, had a mild and pensive expression of countenance, and she would have been positively pretty had the mildness looked a little more alert, and the pensiveness somewhat less lackadaisical. In fact, though Miss Jemima was constitutionally mild, she was not *de natura* pensive; she had too much of the Hazeldean blood in her veins for that sullen and viscid humor called melancholy, and therefore this assumption of pensiveness really spoiled her character of features, which only wanted to be lighted up by a cheerful smile to be extremely prepossessing. The same remark might apply to the figure, which—thanks to the same pensiveness—lost all the undulating grace which movement and animation bestow on the fluent curves of the feminine form. The figure was a good

figure, examined in detail—a little thin, perhaps, but by no means emaciated—with just and elegant proportions, and naturally light and flexible. But that same unfortunate pensiveness gave the whole a character of inertness and languor; and when Miss Jemima reclined on the sofa, so complete seemed the relaxation of nerve and muscle, that you would have thought she had lost the use of her limbs. Over her face and form, thus defrauded of the charms Providence had bestowed on them, Dr. Riccabocca's eye glanced rapidly; and then moving nearer to Mrs. Dale—"Defend me" (he stopped a moment, and added), "from the charge of not being able to appreciate congenial companionship."

"Oh, I did not say that!" cried Miss Jemima.

"Pardon me," said the Italian, "if I am so dull as to misunderstand you. One may well lose one's head, at least, in such a neighborhood as this." He rose as he spoke, and bent over Frank's shoulder to examine some views of Italy, which Miss Jemima (with what, if wholly unselfish, would have been an attention truly delicate) had extracted from the library in order to gratify the guest.

"Most interesting creature, indeed," sighed Miss Jemima, "but too—too flattering!"

"Tell me," said Mrs. Dale gravely, "do you think, love, that you could put off the end of the world a little longer, or must we make haste in order to be in time?"

"How wicked you are!" said Miss Jemima, turning aside.

Some few minutes afterward, Mrs. Dale contrived it so that Dr. Riccabocca and herself were in a farther corner of the room, looking at a picture said to be by Wouvermans.

MRS. DALE.—"She is very amiable, Jemima, is she not?"

RICCABOCCA.—"Exceedingly so. Very fine battle-piece!"

MRS. DALE.—"So kind-hearted."

RICCABOCCA.—"All ladies are. How naturally that warrior makes his desperate cut at the runaway!"

MRS. DALE.—"She is not what is called regularly handsome, but she has something very winning."

RICCABOCCA, with a smile.—"So winning, that it is strange she is not won. That gray mare in the fore-ground stands out very boldly!"

MRS. DALE, distrusting the smile of Riccabocca, and throwing in a more affective grape charge.—"Not won yet; and it is strange!—she will have a very pretty fortune."

RICCABOCCA.—"Ah!"

MRS. DALE.—"Six thousand pounds, I dare say—certainly four."

RICCABOCCA, suppressing a sigh, and with his wonted address.—"If Mrs. Dale were still single, she would never need a friend to say what her portion might be; but Miss Jemima is so good that I am quite sure it is not Miss Jemima's fault that she is still—Miss Jemima!"

The foreigner slipped away as he spoke, and sate himself down beside the whist-players.

Mrs. Dale was disappointed, but certainly not offended.—"It would be such a good thing for both," muttered she, almost inaudibly.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he was undressing, that night, in the large, comfortable, well-carpeted English bedroom, with that great English four-posted bed in the recess, which seems made to shame folks out of single-blessedness—"Giacomo, I have had this evening the offer of probably six thousand pounds—certainly of four thousand."

"*Cosa meravigliosa!*" exclaimed Jackeymo—"miraculous thing!" and he crossed himself with great fervor. "Six thousand pounds English! why, that must be a hundred thousand—blockhead that I am!—more than a hundred and fifty thousand pounds Milanese!" And Jackeymo, who was considerably enlivened by the Squire's ale, commenced a series of gesticulations and capers, in the midst of which he stopped and cried, "but not for nothing?"

"Nothing! no!"

"These mercenary English!—the Government wants to bribe you."

"That's not it."

"The priests want you to turn heretic."

"Worse than that," said the philosopher.

"Worse than that! O Padrone! for shame!"

"Don't be a fool, but pull off my pantaloons—they want me never to wear *these* again!"

"Never to wear what?" exclaimed Jackeymo, staring outright at his master's long legs in their linen drawers—"never to wear—"

"The breeches," said Riccabocca laconically.

"The barbarians!" faltered Jackeymo.

"My nightcap!—and never to have any comfort in this," said Riccabocca, drawing on the cotton head-gear; "and never to have any sound sleep in that," pointing to the four-posted bed. "And to be a bondsman and a slave," continued Riccabocca, waxing wroth; "and to be wheeled and purred at, and pawed, and clawed, and scolded, and fondled, and blinded, and deafened, and bridled, and saddled—bedeviled and—married."

"Married!" said Jackeymo, more dispassionately—"that's very bad, certainly; but more than a hundred and fifty thousand *lire*, and perhaps a pretty young lady, and—"

"Pretty young lady!" growled Riccabocca, jumping into bed and drawing the clothes fiercely over him. "Put out the candle, and get along with you—do, you villainous old incendiary!"

CHAPTER IX.

It was not many days since the resurrection of those ill-omened stocks, and it was evident already to an ordinary observer, that something wrong had got into the village. The peasant wore a sullen expression of countenance; when

the Squire passed, they took off their hats with more than ordinary formality, but they did not return the same broad smile to his quick, hearty "Good-day, my man." The women peered at him from the threshold or the casement, but did not, as was their wont (at least the wont of the prettiest), take occasion to come out to catch his passing compliment on their own good looks, or their tidy cottages. And the children, who used to play after work on the site of the old stocks, now shunned the place, and, indeed, seemed to cease play altogether.

On the other hand, no man likes to build, or rebuild, a great public work for nothing. Now that the Squire had resuscitated the stocks, and made them so exceedingly handsome, it was natural that he should wish to put somebody into them. Moreover, his pride and self-esteem had been wounded by the Parson's opposition; and it would be a justification to his own forethought, and a triumph over the Parson's understanding, if he could satisfactorily and practically establish a proof that the stocks had not been repaired before they were wanted.

Therefore, unconsciously to himself, there was something about the Squire more burly, and authoritative, and menacing than heretofore. Old Gaffer Solomons observed, "that they had better moind well what they were about, for that the Squire had a wicked look in the tail of his eye—just as the dun bull had afore it tossed neighbor Barnes's little boy."

For two or three days these mute signs of something brewing in the atmosphere had been rather noticeable than noticed, without any positive overt act of tyranny on the one hand, or rebellion on the other. But on the very Saturday night in which Dr. Riccabocca was installed in the four-posted bed in the chintz chamber, the threatened revolution commenced. In the dead of that night, personal outrage was committed on the stocks. And on the Sunday morning, Mr. Stirn, who was the earliest riser in the parish, perceived, in going to the farmyard, that the knob of the column that flanked the board had been feloniously broken off; that the four holes were bunged up with mud; and that some jacobinical villain had carved, on the very centre of the flourished or scroll work, "Dam the stoks!" Mr. Stirn was much too vigilant a right-hand man, much too zealous a friend of law and order, not to regard such proceedings with horror and alarm. And when the Squire came into his dressing-room at half-past seven, his butler (who fulfilled also the duties of valet) informed him with a mysterious air, that Mr. Stirn had something "very particular to communicate, about a most howdacious midnight 'spiracy and 'sault."

The Squire stared, and bade Mr. Stirn be admitted.

"Well?" cried the Squire, suspending the operation of stopping his razor.

Mr. Stirn groaned.

"Well, man, what now!"

"I never knowed such a thing in this here parish afore," began Mr. Stirn, "and I can only 'count for it by s'posing that them foreign Papishers have been semminating!"

"Been what?"

"Semminating—"

"Disseminating, you blockhead—disseminating what?"

"Damn the stocks," began Mr. Stirn, plunging right *in medias res*, and by a fine use of one of the noblest figures in rhetoric.

"Mr. Stirn!" cried the Squire, reddening, "did you say 'Damn the stocks?'—damn my new handsome pair of stocks!"

"Lord forbid, sir; that's what *they* say: that's what they have digged on it with knives and daggers, and they have stuffed mud in its four holes, and broken the capital of the elewation."

The Squire took the napkin off his shoulder, laid down strop and razor; he seated himself in his arm-chair majestically, crossed his legs, and in a voice that affected tranquillity, said:

"Compose yourself, Stirn; you have a deposition to make, touching an assault upon—can I trust my senses?—upon my new stocks. Compose yourself—be calm. NOW! What the devil is come to the parish?"

"Ah, sir, what indeed?" replied Mr. Stirn: and then, laying the fore-finger of the right hand on the palm of the left, he narrated the case.

"And whom do you suspect? Be calm now, don't speak in a passion. You are a witness, sir—a dispassionate, unprejudiced witness. Zounds and fury! this is the most insolent, unprovoked, diabolical—but whom do you suspect, I say?"

Stirn twirled his hat, elevated his eyebrows, jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and whispered, "I hear as how the two Papishers slept at your honor's last night."

"What, dolt! do you suppose Dr. Rickey bockey got out of his warm bed to bung up the holes in my new stocks?"

"Noa; he's too cunning to do it himself, but he may have been semminating. He's mighty thick with Parson Dale, and your honor knows* as how the Parson set his face agin the stocks. Wait a bit, sir—don't fly at me yet. There be a boy in this here parish—"

"A boy!—ah, fool, now you are nearer the mark. The Parson write 'Damn the stocks,' indeed! What boy do you mean?"

"And that boy be cockered up much by Mister Dale; and the Papisher went and sat with him and his mother a whole hour t'other day; and that boy is as deep as a well; and I seed him lurking about the place, and hiding hisself under the tree the day the stocks was put up—and that ere boy is Lenny Fairfield."

"Whew," said the Squire, whistling, "you have not your usual senses about you to-day, man. Lenny Fairfield—pattern boy of the village. Hold your tongue. I dare say it is no

done by any one in the parish, after all; some good-for-nothing vagrant—that cursed tinker, who goes about with a very vicious donkey—whom, by the way, I caught picking thistles out of the very eyes of the old stocks! Shows how the tinker brings up his donkeys! Well, keep a sharp look-out. To-day is Sunday: worst day of the week, I am sorry and ashamed to say, for rows and depredations. Between the services, and after evening church, there are always idle fellows from all the neighboring country about, as you know too well. Depend on it, the real culprits will be found gathering round the stocks, and will betray themselves: have your eyes, ears, and wits about you, and I've no doubt we shall come to the rights of the matter before the day's out. And if we do," added the Squire, "we'll make an example of the ruffian!"

"In course," said Stirn; "and if we don't find him, we must make an example all the same. That's where it is, sir. That's why the stock's ben't respected; they has not had an example yet—we wants an example."

"On my word, I believe that's very true; and the first idle fellow you catch in any thing wrong we'll clap in, and keep him there for two hours at least."

"With the biggest pleasure, your honor—that's what it is."

And Mr. Stirn, having now got what he considered a complete and unconditional authority over all the legs and wrists of Hazeldean parish, *quoad* the stocks, took his departure.

CHAPTER X.

"RANDAL," said Mrs. Leslie, on this memorable Sunday—"Randal, do you think of going to Mr. Hazeldean's?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Randal. "Mr. Egerton does not object to it; and as I do not return to Eaton, I may have no other opportunity of seeing Frank for some time. I ought not to fail in respect to Mr. Egerton's natural heir!"

"Gracious me!" cried Mrs. Leslie, who, like many women of her cast and kind, had a sort of worldliness in her notions, which she never evinced in her conduct—"gracious me!—natural heir to the old Leslie property!"

"He is Mr. Egerton's nephew, and," added Randal, ingenuously letting out his thoughts, "I am no relation to Mr. Egerton at all."

"But," said poor Mrs. Leslie, with tears in her eyes, "it would be a shame in the man, after paying your schooling and sending you to Oxford, and having you to stay with him in the holidays, if he did not mean any thing by it."

"Any thing, mother—yes—but not the thing you suppose. No matter. It is enough that he has armed me for life, and I shall use the weapons as seems to me best."

Here the dialogue was suspended, by the entrance of the other members of the family, dressed for church.

"It can't be time for church! No! it can't!" exclaimed Mrs. Leslie. She was never in time for any thing.

"Last bell ringing," said Mr. Leslie, who, though a slow man, was methodical and punctual. Mrs. Leslie made a frantic rush at the door, the Montfydget blood being now in a blaze—whirled up the stairs—gained her room, tore her best bonnet from the peg, snatched her newest shawl from the drawers, crushed the bonnet on her head, flung the shawl on her shoulders, thrust a desperate pin into its folds, in order to conceal a buttonless yawn in the body of her gown, and then flew back like a whirlwind. Meanwhile the family were already out of doors, in waiting; and just as the bell ceased, the procession moved from the shabby house to the dilapidated church.

The church was a large one, but the congregation was small, and so was the income of the Parson. It was a lay rectory, and the great tithes had belonged to the Leslies, but they had been long since sold. The vicarage, still in their gift, might be worth a little more than £100 a year. The present incumbent had nothing else to live upon. He was a good man, and not originally a stupid one; but penury and the anxious cares for wife and family, combined with what may be called *solitary confinement* for the cultivated mind, when, amidst the two legged creatures round, it sees no other cultivated mind with which it can exchange an extra-parochial thought—had lulled him into a lazy mournfulness, which at times was very like imbecility. His income allowed him to do no good to the parish, whether in work, trade, or charity; and thus he had no moral weight with the parishioners beyond the example of his sinless life, and such negative effect as might be produced by his slumberous exhortations. Therefore his parishioners troubled him very little; and but for the influence which in hours of Montfydget activity, Mrs. Leslie exercised over the most tractable—that is, the children and the aged—not half-a-dozen persons would have known or cared whether he shut up his church or not.

But our family were seated in state in their old seignorial pew, and Mr. Dumdrum, with a nasal twang, went lugubriously through the prayers; and the old people who could sin no more, and the children who had not yet learned to sin, croaked forth responses that might have come from the choral frogs in Aristophanes. And there was a long sermon *apropos* to nothing which could possibly interest the congregation, being, in fact, some controversial homily, which Mr. Dumdrum had composed and preached years before. And when this discourse was over, there was a loud universal grunt, as if of release and thanksgiving, and a great clatter of shoes—and the old hobbled, and the young scrambled to the church door.

Immediately after church, the Leslie family dined; and, as soon as dinner was over, Ran-

dal set out on his foot journey to Hazeldean Hall.

Delicate and even feeble though his frame, he had the energy and quickness of movement which belongs to nervous temperaments; and he tasked the slow stride of a peasant, whom he took to serve him as a guide for the first two or three miles. Though Randal had not the gracious, open manner with the poor which Frank inherited from his father, he was still (despite many a secret, hypocritical vice, at war with the character of a gentleman) gentleman enough to have no churlish pride to his inferiors. He talked little, but he suffered his guide to talk; and the boor, who was the same whom Frank had accosted, indulged in eulogistic comments on that young gentleman's pony, from which he diverged into some compliments on the young gentleman himself. Randal drew his hat over his brows. There is a wonderful tact and fine breeding in your agricultural peasant; and though Tom Stowell was but a brutish specimen of the class, he suddenly perceived that he was giving pain. He paused, scratched his head, and glancing affectionately toward his companion, exclaimed,

"But I shall live to see you on a handsomer beast than that little pony, Master Randal; and sure I ought, for you be as good a gentleman as any in the land."

"Thank you," said Randal. "But I like walking better than riding—I am more used to it."

"Well, and you walk bra'ly—there ben't a better walker in the county. And very pleasant it is walking; and 'tis a pretty country afore you, all the way to the Hall."

Randal strode on, as if impatient of these attempts to flatter or to soothe; and, coming at length into a broader lane, said, "I think I can find my way now. Many thanks to you, Tom;" and he forced a shilling into Tom's horny palm. The man took it reluctantly, and a tear started to his eye. He felt more grateful for that shilling than he had for Frank's liberal half-crown; and he thought of the poor fallen family, and forgot his own dire wrestle with the wolf at his door.

He staid lingering in the lane till the figure of Randal was out of sight, and then returned slowly. Young Leslie continued to walk on at a quick pace. With all his intellectual culture, and his restless aspirations, his breast afforded him no thought so generous, no sentiment so poetic, as those with which the unlettered clown crept slouchingly homeward.

As Randal gained a point where several lanes met on a broad piece of waste land, he began to feel tired, and his step slackened. Just then a gig emerged from one of these by-roads, and took the same direction as the pedestrian. The road was rough and hilly, and the driver proceeded at a foot's pace; so that the gig and the pedestrian went pretty well abreast.

"You seem tired, sir," said the driver, a stout

young farmer of the higher class of tenants, and he looked down compassionately on the boy's pale countenance and weary stride. "Perhaps we are going the same way, and I can give you a lift?"

It was Randal's habitual policy to make use of every advantage proffered to him, and he accepted the proposal frankly enough to please the honest farmer.

"A nice day, sir," said the latter, as Randal sat by his side. "Have you come far?"

"From Rood Hall."

"Oh, you be young Squire Leslie," said the farmer, more respectfully, and lifting his hat.

"Yes, my name is Leslie. You know Rood, then?"

"I was brought up on your father's land, sir. You may have heard of Farmer Bruce?"

RANDAL.—"I remember, when I was a little boy, a Mr. Bruce, who rented, I believe, the best part of our land, and who used to bring us cakes when he called to see my father. He is a relation of yours?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He was my uncle. He is dead now, poor man."

RANDAL.—"Dead! I am grieved to hear it. He was very kind to us children. But it is long since he left my father's farm."

FARMER BRUCE, apologetically.—"I am sure he was very sorry to go. But, you see, he had an unexpected legacy—"

RANDAL.—"And retired from business?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"No. But having capital, he could afford to pay a good rent for a real good farm."

RANDAL, bitterly.—"All capital seems to fly from the lands of Rood. And whose farm did he take?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"He took Hawleigh, under Squire Hazeldean. I rent it now. We've laid out a power o' money on it. But I don't complain. It pays well."

RANDAL.—"Would the money have paid as well, sunk on my father's land?"

FARMER BRUCE.—"Perhaps it might, in the long run. But then, sir, we wanted new premises—barns, and cattle-sheds, and a deal more—which the landlord should do; but it is not every landlord as can afford that. Squire Hazeldean's a rich man."

RANDAL.—"Ay!"

The road now became pretty good, and the farmer put his horse into a brisk trot.

"But which way be you going, sir? I don't care for a few miles more or less, if I can be of service."

"I am going to Hazeldean," said Randal, rousing himself from a reverie. "Don't let me take you out of your way."

"Oh, Hawleigh Farm is on the other side of the village, so it be quite my way, sir."

The farmer then, who was really a smart young fellow—one of that race which the application of capital to land has produced, and which in point of education and refinement, are at least

on a par with the squires of a former generation—began to talk about his handsome horse, about horses in general, about hunting and coursing: he handled all these subjects with spirit, yet with modesty. Randal pulled his hat still lower down over his brows, and did not interrupt him till past the Casino, when, struck by the classic air of the place, and catching a scent from the orange-trees, the boy asked, abruptly, "Whose house is that?"

"Oh, it belongs to Squire Hazeldean, but it is let or lent to a foreign Mounseer. They say he is quite the gentleman, but uncommonly poor."

"Poor," said Randal, turning back to gaze on the trim garden, the neat terrace, the pretty belvedere, and (the door of the house being open) catching a glimpse of the painted hall within—"poor, the place seems well kept. What do you call poor, Mr. Bruce?"

The farmer laughed. "Well, that's a home question, sir. But I believe the Mounseer is as poor as a man can be who makes no debts and does not actually starve."

"As poor as my father?" asked Randal openly and abruptly.

"Lord, sir! your father be a very rich man compared to him."

Randal continued to gaze, and his mind's eye conjured up the contrast of his slovenly, shabby home, with all its neglected appurtenances! No trim garden at Rood Hall, no scent from odorous orange blossoms. Here poverty, at least, was elegant—there, how squalid! He did not comprehend at how cheap a rate the luxury of the Beautiful can be effected. They now approached the extremity of the Squire's park pales; and, Randal, seeing a little gate, bade the farmer stop his gig, and descended. The boy plunged amidst the thick oak groves; the farmer went his way blithely, and his mellow, merry whistle came to Randal's moody ear, as he glided quick under the shadow of the trees.

He arrived at the Hall, to find that all the family were at church; and, according to the patriarchal custom, the church-going family embraced nearly all the servants. It was therefore an old invalid housemaid who opened the door to him. She was rather deaf, and seemed so stupid, that Randal did not ask leave to enter and wait for Frank's return. He therefore said briefly that he would just stroll on the lawn, and call again when church was over.

The old woman stared, and strove to hear him; meanwhile Randal turned round abruptly, and sauntered toward the garden side of the handsome old house.

There was enough to attract any eye in the smooth greensward of the spacious lawn—in the numerous parterres of varying flowers—in the venerable grandeur of the two mighty cedars, which threw their still shadows over the grass—and in the picturesque building, with its projecting mullions and heavy gables; yet I fear

that it was with no poet's nor painter's eye that this young old man gazed on the scene before him.

He beheld the evidence of wealth—and the envy of wealth jaundiced his soul.

Folding his arms on his breast, he stood awhile, looking all around him with closed lips and lowering brow; then he walked slowly on, his eyes fixed on the ground, and muttered to himself—

"The heir to this property is little better than a dunce; and they tell me I have talents and learning, and I have taken to my heart the maxim, 'Knowledge is power.' And yet, with all my struggles, will knowledge ever place me on the same level as that on which this dunce is born? I don't wonder that the poor should hate the rich. But of all the poor, who should hate the rich like the pauper gentleman? I suppose Audley Egerton means me to come into Parliament, and be a Tory like himself. What! keep things as they are! No; for me not even Democracy, unless there first come Revolution. I understand the cry of a Marat—'More blood!' Marat had lived as a poor man, and cultivated science—in the sight of a prince's palace."

He turned sharply round, and glared vindictively on the poor old Hall, which, though a very comfortable habitation, was certainly no palace; and, with his arms still folded on his breast, he walked backward, as if not to lose the view, nor the chain of ideas it conjured up.

"But," he continued to soliloquize—"but of revolution there is no chance. Yet the same wit and will that would thrive in revolutions should thrive in this commonplace life. Knowledge is power. Well, then shall I have no power to oust this blockhead? Oust him—what from? His father's halls? Well—but if he were dead, who would be the heir of Hazeldean? Have I not heard my mother say that I am as near in blood to this Squire as any one, if he had no children? Oh, but the boy's life is worth ten of mine! Oust him from what? At least from the thoughts of his uncle Egerton—an uncle who has never even seen him! That, at least, is more feasible. 'Make my way in life,' sayest thou, Audley Egerton. Ay, and to the fortune thou hast robbed from my ancestors. Simulation—simulation. Lord Bacon allows simulation. Lord Bacon practiced it—and—"

Here the soliloquy came to a sudden end; for as, rapt in his thoughts, the boy had continued to walk backward; he had come to the verge where the lawn slid off into the ditch of the ha-ha—and, just as he was fortifying himself by the precept and practice of my Lord Bacon, the ground went from under him, and slap into the ditch went Randal Leslie!

It so happened that the Squire, whose active genius was always at some repair or improvement, had been but a few days before widening and sloping off the ditch just in that part, so that the earth was fresh and damp, and not yet either

turfed or flattened down. Thus when Randal, recovering his first surprise and shock, rose to his feet, he found his clothes covered with mud; while the rudeness of the fall was evinced by the fantastic and extraordinary appearance of his hat, which, hollowed here, bulging there, and crushed out of all recognition generally, was as little like the hat of a decorous, hard-reading young gentleman—*protégé* of the dignified Mr. Audley Egerton—as any hat picked out of a kennel after some drunken brawl possibly could be.

Randal was dizzy, and stunned, and bruised, and it was some moments before he took heed of his raiment. When he did so, his spleen was greatly aggravated. He was still boy enough not to like the idea of presenting himself to the unknown Squire, and the dandy Frank, in such a trim: he resolved at once to regain the lane and return home, without accomplishing the object of his journey; and seeing the footpath right before him, which led to a gate that he conceived would admit him into the highway sooner than the path by which he had come, he took it at once.

It is surprising how little we human creatures heed the warnings of our good genius. I have no doubt that some benignant Power had precipitated Randal Leslie into the ditch, as a significant hint of the fate of all who choose what is, nowadays, by no means an uncommon step in the march of intellect—*viz.*, the walking backward, in order to gratify a vindictive view of one's neighbor's property! I suspect that, before this century is out, many a fine fellow will thus have found his ha-ha, and scrambled out of the ditch with a much shabbier coat than he had on when he fell into it. But Randal did not thank his good genius for giving him a premonitory tumble; and I never yet knew a man who did!

CHAPTER XI.

THE Squire was greatly ruffled at breakfast that morning. He was too much of an Englishman to bear insult patiently, and he considered that he had been personally insulted in the outrage offered to his recent donation to the parish. His feelings, too, were hurt as well as his pride. There was something so ungrateful in the whole thing, just after he had taken so much pains, not only in the resuscitation, but the embellishment of the stocks. It was not, however, so rare an occurrence for the Squire to be ruffled, as to create any remark. Riccabocca, indeed, as a stranger, and Mrs. Hazeldean, as a wife, had the quick tact to perceive that the host was glum and the husband snappish; but the one was too discreet and the other too sensible, to chafe the new sore, whatever it might be; and shortly after breakfast the Squire retired into his study, and absented himself from morning service.

In his delightful *Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, Mr. Forster takes care to touch our hearts by

introducing his hero's excuse for not entering the priesthood. He did not feel himself good enough. Thy Vicar of Wakefield, poor Goldsmith, was an excellent substitute for thee; and Dr. Primrose, at least, will be good enough for the world until Miss Jemima's fears are realized. Now, Squire Hazeldean had a tenderness of conscience much less reasonable than Goldsmith's. There were occasionally days in which he did not feel good enough—I don't say for a priest, but even for one of the congregation—"days in which (said the Squire in his own blunt way), as I have never in my life met a worse devil than a devil of a temper, I'll not carry mine into the family pew. He shan't be growling out hypocritical responses from my poor grandmother's prayer-book." So the Squire and his demon staid at home. But the demon was generally cast out before the day was over; and, on this occasion, when the bell rang for afternoon service, it may be presumed that the Squire had reasoned or fretted himself into a proper state of mind; for he was then seen sallying forth from the porch of his Hall, arm-in-arm with his wife, and at the head of his household. The second service was (as is commonly the case, in rural districts) more numerously attended than the first one; and it was our Parson's wont to devote to this service his most effective discourse.

Parson Dale, though a very fair scholar, had neither the deep theology nor the archæological learning that distinguish the rising generation of the clergy. I much doubt if he could have passed what would now be called a creditable examination in the Fathers; and, as for all the nice formalities in the rubric, he would never have been the man to divide a congregation, or puzzle a bishop. Neither was Parson Dale very erudite in ecclesiastical architecture. He did not much care whether all the details in the church were purely gothic or not: crockets and finials, round arch and pointed arch were matters, I fear, on which he had never troubled his head. But one secret Parson Dale did possess, which is, perhaps, of equal importance with those subtler mysteries—he knew how to fill his church! Even at morning service no pews were empty, and at evening service the church overflowed.

Parson Dale, too, may be considered, nowadays, to hold but a mean idea of the spiritual authority of the Church. He had never been known to dispute on its exact bearing with the State—whether it was incorporated with the State, or above the State—whether it was antecedent to the Papacy, or formed from the Papacy, &c., &c. According to his favorite maxim, *Quieta non movere* (not to disturb things that are quiet), I have no doubt that he would have thought that the less discussion is provoked upon such matters, the better for both church and laity. Nor had he ever been known to regret the disuse of the ancient custom of excommunication, nor any other diminution of the powers of the priesthood, whether minatory or

militant; yet for all this, Parson Dale had a great notion of the sacred privilege of a minister of the gospel—to advise—to deter—to persuade—to reprove. And it was for the evening service that he prepared those sermons, which may be called “sermons that preach *at* you.” He preferred the evening for that salutary discipline, not only because the congregation was more numerous, but also because, being a shrewd man in his own innocent way, he knew that people bear better to be preached at after dinner than before; that you arrive more insinuatingly at the heart when the stomach is at peace. There was a genial kindness in Parson Dale’s way of preaching at you. It was done in so imperceptible, fatherly a manner, that you never felt offended. He did it, too, with so much art that nobody but your own guilty self knew that you were the sinner he was exhorting. Yet he did not spare rich nor poor: he preached at the Squire, and that great fat farmer, Mr. Bullock the churchwarden, as boldly as at Hodge the plowman, and Scrub the hedger. As for Mr. Stirn, he had preached at *him* more often than at any one in the parish; but Stirn, though he had the sense to know it, never had the grace to reform. There was, too, in Parson Dale’s sermons, something of that boldness of illustration which would have been scholarly if he had not made it familiar, and which is found in the discourses of our elder divines. Like them, he did not scruple, now and then, to introduce an anecdote from history, or borrow an allusion from some non-scriptural author, in order to enliven the attention of his audience, or render an argument more plain. And the good man had an object in this, a little distinct from, though wholly subordinate to the main purpose of his discourse. He was a friend to knowledge—but to knowledge accompanied by religion; and, sometimes, his references to sources not within the ordinary reading of his congregation, would spirit up some farmer’s son, with an evening’s leisure on his hands, to ask the Parson for farther explanation, and so be lured on to a little solid or graceful instruction under a safe guide.

Now, on the present occasion, the Parson, who had always his eye and heart on his flock, and who had seen with great grief the realization of his fears at the revival of the stocks; seen that a spirit of discontent was already at work among the peasants, and that magisterial and inquisitorial designs were darkening the natural benevolence of the Squire; seen, in short, the signs of a breach between classes, and the precursors of the ever inflammable feud between the rich and the poor, meditated nothing less than a great Political Sermon—a sermon that should extract from the roots of social truths a healing virtue for the wound that lay sore, but latent, in the breast of his parish of Hazeldean:

And thus ran—

The Political Sermon of Parson Dale.

CHAPTER XII.

“For every man shall bear his own burden.”

Galatians vi. 5.

“BRETHREN, every man has his burden. If God designed our lives to end at the grave, may we not believe that he would have freed an existence so brief, from the cares and sorrows to which, since the beginning of the world, mankind have been subjected? Suppose that I am a kind father, and have a child whom I dearly love, but I know by a Divine revelation that he will die at the age of eight years, surely I should not vex his infancy by needless preparations for the duties of life. If I am a rich man, I should not send him from the caresses of his mother to the stern discipline of school. If I am a poor man, I should not take him with me to hedge and dig, to scorch in the sun, to freeze in the winter’s cold: why inflict hardships on his childhood, for the purpose of fitting him for manhood, when I know that he is doomed not to grow into man? But if, on the other hand, I believe my child is reserved for a more durable existence, then should I not, out of the very love I bear to him, prepare his childhood for the struggle of life, according to that station in which he is born, giving many a toil, many a pain to the infant, in order to rear and strengthen him for his duties as a man? So is it with our Father that is in Heaven. Viewing this life as our infancy, and the next as our spiritual maturity, where ‘in the ages to come, he may show the exceeding riches of his grace,’ it is in his tenderness, as in his wisdom, to permit the toil and the pain which, in tasking the powers and developing the virtues of the soul, prepare it for the earnest of our inheritance, the ‘redemption of the purchased possession.’ Hence it is that every man has his burden. Brethren, if you believe that God is good, yea, but as tender as a human father, you will know that your troubles in life are a proof that you are reared for an eternity. But each man thinks his own burden the hardest to bear: the poor man groans under his poverty, the rich man under the cares that multiply with wealth. For, so far from wealth freeing us from trouble, all the wise men who have written in all ages, have repeated with one voice the words of the wisest, ‘When goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?’ And this is literally true, my brethren; for, let a man be as rich as was the great King Solomon himself, unless he lock up all his gold in a chest, it must go abroad to be divided among others; yea, though, like Solomon, he make him great works—though he build houses and plant vineyards, and make him gardens and orchards—still the gold that he spends feeds but the mouths he employs; and Solomon himself could not eat with a better relish than the poorest mason who builded the house, or the humblest laborer who planted the vineyard. Therefore, ‘when goods increase, they are increased’

that eat them.' And this, my brethren, may teach us toleration and compassion for the rich. We share their riches whether they will or not; we do not share their cares. The profane history of our own country tells us that a princess, destined to be the greatest queen that ever sat on this throne, envied the milk-maid singing; and a profane poet, whose wisdom was only less than that of the inspired writers, represents the man who by force and wit had risen to be a king, sighing for the sleep vouchsafed to the meanest of his subjects—all bearing out the words of the son of David—'The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep.'

"Among my brethren now present, there is, doubtless, some one who has been poor, and by honest industry has made himself comparatively rich. Let his heart answer me while I speak: are not the chief cares that now disturb him to be found in the goods he hath acquired?—has he not both vexations to his spirit and trials to his virtue, which he knew not when he went forth to his labor, and took no heed of the morrow? But it is right, my brethren, that to every station there should be its care—to every man his burden; for if the poor did not sometimes so far feel poverty to be a burden as to desire to better their condition, and (to use the language of the world) 'seek to rise in life,' their most valuable energies would never be aroused; and we should not witness that spectacle, which is so common in the land we live in—namely, the successful struggle of manly labor against adverse fortune—a struggle in which the triumph of one gives hope to thousands. It is said that necessity is the mother of invention; and the social blessings which are now as common to us as air and sunshine, have come from that law of our nature which makes us aspire toward indefinite improvement, enriches each successive generation by the labors of the last, and, in free countries, often lifts the child of the laborer to a place among the rulers of the land. Nay, if necessity is the mother of invention, poverty is the creator of the arts. If there had been no poverty, and no sense of poverty, where would have been that which we call the wealth of a country? Subtract from civilization all that has been produced by the poor, and what remains?—the state of the savage. Where you now see laborer and prince, you would see equality indeed—the equality of wild men. No; not even equality there! for there, brute force becomes lordship, and woe to the weak! Where you now see some in frieze, some in purple, you would see nakedness in all. Where stand the palace and the cot, you would behold but mud huts and caves. As far as the peasant excels the king among savages, so far does the society exalted and enriched by the struggles of labor excel the state in which Poverty feels no disparity, and Toil sighs for no ease. On the other hand, if the rich were per-

fectly contented with their wealth, their hearts would become hardened in the sensual enjoyments it procures. It is that feeling, by Divine Wisdom implanted in the soul, that there is vanity and vexation of spirit in the things of Mammon, which still leaves the rich man sensitive to the instincts of heaven, and teaches him to seek for happiness in those elevated virtues to which wealth invites him—namely, protection to the lowly, and beneficence to the distressed.

"And this, my brethren, leads me to another view of the vast subject opened to us by the words of the apostle—'Every man shall bear his own burden.' The worldly conditions of life are unequal. Why are they unequal? O my brethren, do you not perceive? Think you that, if it had been better for our spiritual probation that there should be neither great nor lowly, rich nor poor, Providence would not so have ordered the dispensations of the world, and so, by its mysterious but merciful agencies, have influenced the framework and foundations of society? But if, from the remotest period of human annals, and in all the numberless experiments of government which the wit of man has devised, still this inequality is ever found to exist, may we not suspect that there is something in the very principles of our nature to which that inequality is necessary and essential? Ask why this inequality! Why? as well ask why life is the sphere of duty and the nursery of virtues. For if all men were equal, if there were no suffering and no ease, no poverty and no wealth, would you not sweep with one blow the half at least of human virtues from the world? If there were no penury and no pain, what would become of fortitude? what of patience? what of resignation? If there were no greatness and no wealth, what would become of benevolence, of charity, of the blessed human pity, of temperance in the midst of luxury, of justice in the exercise of power? Carry the question further; grant all conditions the same—no reverse, no rise and no fall—nothing to hope for, nothing to fear—what a moral death you would at once inflict upon all the energies of the soul, and what a link between the heart of man and the Providence of God would be snapped asunder! If we could annihilate evil, we should annihilate hope; and hope, my brethren, is the avenue to faith. If there be 'a time to weep, and a time to laugh,' it is that he who mourns may turn to eternity for comfort, and he who rejoices may bless God for the happy hour. Ah! my brethren, were it possible to annihilate the inequalities of human life, it would be the banishment of our worthiest virtues, the torpor of our spiritual nature, the palsy of our mental faculties. The moral world, like the world without us, derives its health and its beauty from diversity and contrast.

"'Every man shall bear his own burden.' True: but now turn to an earlier verse in the same chapter—

'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill

the law of Christ.' Yes; while Heaven ordains to each his peculiar suffering, it connects the family of man into one household, by that feeling which, more perhaps than any other, distinguishes us from the brute creation—I mean the feeling to which we give the name of *sympathy*—the feeling for each other! The herd of deer shuns the stag that is marked by the gunner; the flock heedeth not the sheep that creeps into the shade to die; but man has sorrow and joy not in himself alone, but in the joy and sorrow of those around him. He who feels only for himself abjures his very nature as man; for do we not say of one who has no tenderness for mankind that he is *inhuman*? and do we not call him who sorrows with the sorrowful, *human*?

"Now, brethren, that which especially marked the divine mission of our Lord, is the direct appeal to this sympathy which distinguishes us from the brute. He seizes not upon some faculty of genius given but to few, but upon that ready impulse of heart which is given to us all; and in saying, 'Love one another,' 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' he elevates the most delightful of our emotions into the most sacred of his laws. The lawyer asks our Lord, 'who is my neighbor?' Our Lord replies by the parable of the good Samaritan. The priest and the Levite saw the wounded man that fell among the thieves, and passed by on the other side. That priest might have been austere in his doctrine, that Levite might have been learned in the law; but neither to the learning of the Levite, nor to the doctrine of the priest, does our Saviour even deign to allude. He cites but the action of the Samaritan, and saith to the lawyer, 'Which now of these three, thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy unto him. Then said Jesus unto him, 'Go, and do thou likewise.'

"O shallowness of human judgments! It was enough to be born a Samaritan in order to be rejected by the priest, and despised by the Levite. Yet now, what to us the priest and the Levite, of God's chosen race though they were? They passed from the hearts of men when they passed the sufferer by the wayside; while this loathed Samaritan, half thrust from the pale of the Hebrew, becomes of our family, of our kindred; a brother among the brotherhood of Love, so long as Mercy and Affliction shall meet in the common thoroughfare of Life!

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ!' Think not, O my brethren, that this applies only to almsgiving—to that relief of distress which is commonly called charity—to the obvious duty of devoting, from our superfluities, something that we scarcely miss, to the wants of a starving brother. No. I appeal to the poorest among ye, if the worst burdens are those of the body—if the kind word and the tender thought have not often lightened

your hearts more than bread bestowed with a grudge, and charity that humbles you by a frown. Sympathy is a beneficence at the command of us all—yea, of the pauper as of the king; and sympathy is Christ's wealth. Sympathy is brotherhood. The rich are told to have charity for the poor, and the poor are enjoined to respect their superiors. Good: I say not to the contrary. But I say also to the poor, '*In your turn have charity for the rich*;' and I say to the rich, '*In your turn respect the poor*.'

"'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.' Thou, O poor man, envy not nor grudge thy brother his larger portion of worldly goods. Believe that he hath his sorrows and crosses like thyself, and perhaps, as more delicately nurtured, he feels them more; nay, hath he not temptations so great that our Lord hath exclaimed, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven?' And what are temptations but trials? what are trials but perils and sorrows? Think not that you can not bestow your charity on the rich man, even while you take your sustenance from his hands. A heathen writer, often cited by the earliest preachers of the gospel, hath truly said, 'Wherever there is room for a man, there is place for a benefit.'

"And I ask any rich brother among you, when he hath gone forth to survey his barns and his granaries, his gardens and orchards, if suddenly, in the vain pride of his heart, he sees the scowl on the brow of the laborer—if he deems himself hated in the midst of his wealth—if he feels that his least faults are treasured up against him with the hardness of malice, and his plainest benefits received with the ingratitude of envy—I ask, I say, any rich man, whether straightway all pleasure in his worldly possessions does not fade from his heart, and whether he does not feel what a wealth of gladness it is in the power of the poor man to bestow! For all these things of Mammon pass away; but there is in the smile of him whom we have served, a something that we may take with us into heaven. If, then, ye bear one another's burdens, they who are poor will have mercy on the errors, and compassion for the griefs, of the rich. To all men it was said—yes, to the Lazarus as to the Dives—'Judge not that ye be not judged.' But think not, O rich man, that we preach only to the poor. If it be their duty not to grudge thee thy substance, it is thine to do all that may sweeten their labor. Remember, that when our Lord said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven,' he replied also to them who asked, 'Who then shall be saved?' 'The things which are impossible with men are possible with God:' that is, man left to his own temptations would fail; but strengthened by God, he shall be saved. If thy riches are the tests of thy trial, so may they also be the instruments of thy virtues. Prove by thy riches that thou art compassionate and tender, temperate and benign; and thy riches them-

selves may become the evidence at once of thy faith and of thy works.

"We have constantly on our lips the simple precept, 'Do unto others as ye would be done by.' Why do we fail so often in the practice? Because we neglect to cultivate that SYMPATHY which nature implants as an instinct, and the Saviour exalts as a command. If thou wouldst do unto thy neighbor as thou wouldst be done by, ponder well how thy neighbor will regard the action thou art about to do to him. Put thyself into his place. If thou art strong, and he is weak, descend from thy strength, and enter into his weakness; lay aside thy burden for the while, and buckle on his own; let thy sight see as through his eyes—thy heart beat as in his bosom. Do this, and thou wilt often confess that what had seemed just to thy power will seem harsh to his weakness. For 'as a zealous man hath not done his duty, when he calls his brother drunkard and beast,'* even so an administrator of the law mistakes his object if he writes on the grand column of society, only warnings that irritate the bold, and terrify the timid: and a man will be no more in love with law than with virtue, 'if he be forced to it with rudeness and incivilities.'† If, then, ye would bear the burden of the lowly, O ye great—feel not only *for* them, but *with*! Watch that your

pride does not chafe them—your power does not wantonly gall. Your worldly inferior is of the class from which the apostles were chosen—amidst which the Lord of Creation descended from a throne above the seraphs."

The Parson here paused a moment, and his eye glanced toward the pew near the pulpit, where sat the magnate of Hazeldean. The Squire was leaning his chin thoughtfully on his hand, his brow inclined downward, and the natural glow of his complexion much heightened.

"But," resumed the Parson softly, without turning to his book, and rather as if prompted by the suggestion of the moment—"But he who has cultivated sympathy commits not these errors, or, if committing them, hastens to retract. So natural is sympathy to the good man, that he obeys it mechanically when he suffers his heart to be the monitor of his conscience. In this sympathy behold the bond between rich and poor! By this sympathy, whatever our varying worldly lots, they become what they were meant to be—exercises for the virtues more peculiar to each; and thus, if in the body each man bear his own burden, yet in the fellowship of the soul all have common relief in bearing the burdens of each other.

"This is the law of Christ—fulfill it, O my flock!"

Here the Parson closed his sermon, and the congregation bowed their heads.

(To be continued.)

* JEREMY TAYLOR—*Of Christian Prudence*. Part II.

† Ibid.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE principal event of the month has been the opening of the second session of the Thirty-first Congress, which occurred on the second of December. Each House was called to order by its presiding officer. Hon. WILLIAM R. KING of Alabama in the Senate, and Hon. HOWELL COBB of Georgia in the House. The Message of President FILLMORE was transmitted to Congress on the same day. The state of public feeling upon topics connected with slavery, and the fact that President FILLMORE's views upon the subject had never before been officially communicated to the country, gave to the Message even more than an ordinary degree of interest.

After alluding to the death of General TAYLOR, the Message briefly sets forth the President's political principles and his views as to the proper policy of the government. In its foreign relations he would have the country regard the independent rights of all nations without interference, take no part in their internal strifes, and sympathize with, though it can not aid, the oppressed who are struggling for freedom. To maintain strict neutrality, reciprocate every generous act, and observe treaties, is the extent of our obligations and powers. In regard to our domestic policy, the President says he has no guide but the Constitution as interpreted by the courts, and by usage and general

acquiescence. All its parts are equally binding, and no necessity can justify the assumption of powers not granted. The powers granted are as clearly expressed as the imperfections of human language will allow, and he deems it his duty not to question its wisdom, add to its provisions, evade its requirements, or multiply its commands. He promises to express his views frankly upon the leading subjects of legislation, and if any act should pass Congress, which shall appear to him "unconstitutional, or an encroachment on the just powers of other departments, or with provisions hastily adopted, and likely to produce consequences injurious and unforeseen," he would not hesitate to send it back for further consideration. Beyond this he will not attempt to control or influence the proceedings of Congress. The government of the United States is limited, and every citizen who truly loves the Constitution, will resist its interference in those domestic affairs which the Constitution has clearly and unequivocally left to the exclusive authority of the States: and every such citizen will also deprecate useless irritation among the several members of the Union, and all reproach and crimination tending to alienate one portion of the country from another. The Constitution has made it the duty of the President to take care that the laws be faithfully executed. Mr. FILLMORE says that Congress and the country may rest assured that, to the utmost of his ability, and to the extent of the powers vested in him, he will, at all times and

in all places, take care that the laws be faithfully executed

The President says he shall endeavor to exercise the appointing power so as to elevate the standard of official employment and advance the prosperity and happiness of the people.

No unfavorable change has taken place in our foreign relations. A convention has recently been negotiated with Great Britain to facilitate and protect the construction of a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans: further provisions are required which shall designate and establish a free port at each end of the canal, and fix the distance from the shore within which belligerent maritime operations shall not be carried on. Upon these points there is said to be little doubt that the two nations will come to an understanding. The company of American citizens who have acquired from the state of Nicaragua the right of constructing a ship canal between the two oceans, through the territory of that state, have made progress in their preliminary arrangements. It is hoped that the guarantees of the treaty between the United States and Great Britain will be sufficient to secure the early completion of the work. Citizens of the United States have undertaken the construction of a railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, under grants of the Mexican government to a citizen of that republic. Some further stipulations from Mexico are still needed, however, to impart a feeling of security to those who may embark in the enterprise. Negotiations to secure them are now in progress. A proposition made by the government of Portugal to adjust and settle the claims of the United States against that government, has been accepted by the United States; and it is expected that a regular convention will be immediately negotiated for carrying the agreement into effect. The commissioner appointed under an act of Congress to carry into effect the Convention with Brazil, of January 27, 1849, has entered upon the performance of his duties: an extension of time, however, will be required, in consequence of the failure to receive documents which the government of Brazil is to furnish. The collection in ports of the United States, of discriminating duties on the vessels of Chili has been suspended.

The total receipts into the Treasury for the year ending June 30, 1850, were \$47,421,748: expenditures during the same period \$43,002,168. The public debt has been reduced \$495,276. Part of the public debt amounting to \$8,075,986 must be provided for within the next two years. A modification of the tariff is strongly recommended; so as to impose specific duties sufficient to raise the requisite revenue, and making such discrimination in favor of the industrial pursuits of our own country as to encourage home production without excluding foreign competition. Under the present *ad valorem* system extensive frauds have been practiced which show that it is impossible, under any system of *ad valorem* duties levied upon the foreign cost or value of the article, to secure an honest observance and an effectual administration of the law. The establishment of a mint in California is recommended, and also of an agricultural bureau at Washington. The attention of Congress is called to the importance of opening a line of communication between the Valley of the Mississippi and the Pacific. The necessity of a Commissioner to examine the validity of land titles in California is also urged, as well as the propriety of extending, at an early day, our system of land laws, with such modifications as may be necessary, over California,

New Mexico, and Utah. Further provision is required to protect our frontiers from hostile Indians. The navy continues in a high state of efficiency. The report of the Postmaster General is referred to for the condition of that department. The President says he has no doubt of the power of Congress to make appropriations for works of internal improvement, and he therefore recommends that appropriations be made for completing such works as have been already begun, and for commencing such others as may seem to the wisdom of Congress to be of public and general importance. The President also recommends that provision be made by law for the appointment of a commission to settle all private claims against the United States; and the appointment of a solicitor whose duty it shall be to represent the Government before such commission, and protect it against all illegal, fraudulent, or unjust claims, which may be presented for their adjudication.

The Message closes by expressing the President's views in regard to the Compromise measures of the last session. He believes those measures to have been required by the circumstances and condition of the country. He regards them as a settlement, in principle and substance a final settlement, of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace. Most of these subjects, indeed, are placed by them beyond the reach of legislation. The President recommends an adherence to the adjustment established by those measures, until time and experience shall demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse. By that adjustment, he adds, "we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me in exhorting my countrymen to rally upon and maintain that ground as the best if not the only means, of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintain inviolate the integrity of the Union."

The annual Reports from the several departments were transmitted to Congress with the Message. They state in detail, as usual, the condition of the public service in each department of the government. We can only make room, of course, for a condensed summary of their contents.

The Report of Mr. CONRAD, Secretary of war, is brief and clearly written. The whole number of men at present enrolled in the U. S. Army is 12,326, including officers. Of these, 7796 are under orders for Texas, New Mexico, California, and Oregon, thus leaving but 4530 in all the rest of the States and Territories. The Secretary, in view of the recent alarming incursions of the Indians, on the borders of Texas and New Mexico, urges an addition to the military establishment of the country. A history is given of the operations of infantry in New Mexico since last August. Mr. Conrad expresses the opinion, that the only description of troops to put an end to these savage forays, is cavalry. He says the Indians in that part of the country are excellent horsemen, and well skilled in the art of war. To extirpate them, he calls upon Congress to raise one or more regiments of mounted men. In this connection, moreover, he thinks that if the inhabitants of New Mexico were organized into a kind of protective militia of their own, much would be done to preserve the lives and property of those Territories, independently of Government relief. At all events the experiment, he says, is worth trying. The operations of that portion of the army employed in Oregon are next recapitulated,

as are also those engaged in the recent troubles with the Indians in Florida. The Secretary entertains no apprehension of any further disturbance there. A large portion of the troops are withdrawn from the State, but sufficient are left to meet any emergency which may possibly arise. The number of the Indians there, we are told, is very small, probably not more than one hundred, who, however, occasion annoyance to the whites; and these the most efficient measures will be taken to remove. It is recommended that a small force be sent against the Sioux tribe of Indians, in order to compel obedience to the Chippewa treaty, which they have broken, and which the United States is bound to see respected. He also refers to the reports of the officers appointed to examine the Pacific Coasts of the United States, in order to select suitable sites for fortifications and naval dépôts there. Captain Stansbury's Expedition to the Great Salt Lake, the Secretary says, is understood to be completed, and a report of his operations is supposed to be now on its way home. Other Expeditions, similar to this, are also referred to. The Secretary renews the recommendation of his predecessor for the formation of a retired list of officers of the Army. An asylum for disabled and destitute soldiers is also urged upon the attention of Congress. The financial estimates for this Department, for the ensuing year, do not appear quite so favorable as could be wished. The sum required for the next fiscal year will considerably exceed the aggregate for the current year—an increase caused, among other things, by the act of last Congress increasing the rank and file of all the companies serving on the Western frontier—paying nearly double all the officers and men in California and Oregon—and by increased expenditures in the Quartermaster's department. The Secretary points out several departments of the service where principles of economy may be introduced to advantage, and to them he calls the earnest and immediate attention of Congress.

The Report of Mr. GRAHAM, Secretary of the Navy, is also brief, and gives an account of the six different squadrons into which the naval force in commission is divided. The Secretary remarks that occasional instances of British interference with vessels bearing our flag on the African coast have occurred, but that in each case explanations and apologies have been made to our officers on that station, and the reports thereof transmitted to the Government. The existing *personnel* of the Navy embraces 68 captains, 97 commanders, 327 lieutenants, 111 surgeons, 43 assistant surgeons, 64 pursers, 24 chaplains, 12 professors of mathematics, 11 masters in the line of promotion, 464 passed and other midshipmen, and 7500 petty officers, seamen, landsmen, boys, etc. The Secretary says that this system of officers is unshapely and disproportioned, there being great disparity between the head and the subordinate parts, and he recommends a great reduction in the three highest grades. The report discusses other questions respecting the organization and distribution of the service. The Secretary notices the improvements going on in the Navy Yards in New York and other places; states that he has invited proposals for the construction of a Dry Dock in the Pacific; says that the stores on hand in the various yards amount to \$6,500,000. A reduction of the number of yards is discussed. The Secretary says that our flag has been respected on every sea, and that the interests of commerce have been secure under its protection. The Navy consists of 7 ships of the line, 1 razee, 12 frigates, 21 sloops of war, 4 brigs, 2 schooners, 6 steam frigates,

3 steamers of the first class, 6 steamers of less than first class, and 5 store ships. The ships in commission are one razee, 6 frigates, 15 sloops of war, 4 brigs, 2 schooners (coast survey), 2 steam frigates, 1 steamer of the first class, 3 less than first class, 3 ships of the line as receiving ships, 1 steamer do., and one sloop do. Four ships of the line and two frigates are on the stocks in process of construction, but the work suspended. Besides these, there are the mail steamships on the New York and Liverpool and New York and Chagres lines, liable to naval duty in case of necessity.

The Report of Mr. HALL, the Postmaster General, gives a gratifying picture of the operations of the Post Office Department. The number of mail routes within the United States at the close of the fiscal year in June last, not including California and Oregon, was 5530: the aggregate length of such routes was 178,672 miles, and the number of contractors employed thereon, 4,760. The annual transportation of the mails on these routes was 46,541,423 miles, at an annual cost of \$2,724,426, making the average cost about five cents and eight and a half mills per mile. The increase in the number of inland mail routes during the year was 649; the increase in the length of mail routes was 10,969 miles; and the annual transportation of the year exceeded that of the previous year by 3,997,354 miles, at an increased cost of \$342,440. There were, on the 30th of June last, five foreign mail routes, of the aggregate length of 15,079 miles, and the annual price of the transportation thereon, payable by this Department, was \$264,506; being an increase of \$8814 on the cost of the preceding year. The increase of our mail service for the last fiscal year, over the year preceding, was about 9.4 per cent., and the increase in the total cost was about 12.7 per cent. The number of Postmasters appointed during the year ending June 30, 1850, was 6518. Of that number 2600 were appointed to fill vacancies occasioned by resignations; 233 to fill vacancies occasioned by the decease of the previous incumbents; 562 on a change of the sites of the offices for which they were appointed; 1444 on the removal of their predecessors, and 1979 were appointed on the establishment of new offices. The whole number of post offices in the United States at the end of that year was 18,417. There were 1679 post offices established, and 309 discontinued during the year.

The gross revenue of the Department for the year was as follows:

From letter postage, including foreign postage, and stamps sold	\$4,575,663 86
From newspapers and pamphlets	919,485 94
From fines	38 00
From miscellaneous items	3,048 66
From receipts on acc't of dead letters	1,748 40
	<hr/>
	\$5,499,984 86
Appropriation for franked matter	200,000 00
	<hr/>
Total	\$5,699,984 86
From this sum should be deducted the amount received during the year for British postages, which are payable to that Government, under the postal convention of December, 1848	147,013 38
	<hr/>
Leaving for the gross revenue of the year ..	\$5,552,971 48
Total expenditures	5,212,953 43
	<hr/>
Excess of receipts	\$340,018 05

The expenditures of the current year are estimated at \$6,019,809, the increase consisting in the additional service provided for, and in the increased

rates sometimes paid on the new contracts. No reliable estimate of receipts from postage for the year can be made. The increase for the year ending June 30, 1847, was 11.27 per cent.; that for the year ending June 30, 1848, only 7.43 per cent.; and that for the year ending June 30, 1849, 14.20 per cent.; being an average, for the three years, of 10.96 per cent.; and the increase for the year ending June 30, 1850, excluding the balance in favor of Great Britain was 14.62 per cent. It is believed that the increase for the current year will be at least 11 per cent. over the receipts of last year: and this will give an aggregate revenue of \$6,166,616, an excess of \$146,807 over the estimated expenditures. The conveyance of foreign correspondence has become an important branch of the service. The means provided are 16 large steamships in actual service, with four more to be added under existing contracts. Efforts are in progress to arrange with foreign countries for the interchange of mails and for the uninterrupted transit of our correspondence in the mails of those countries to the countries beyond. The mail service in California and Oregon is still in an unsettled state: some suggestions are made for improving its details. The Postmaster General recommends a considerable reduction in the rates of postage: he advises that the inland letter postage be reduced to three cents, the single letter, when pre-paid, and be fixed at the uniform rate of five cents when not pre-paid; and also, that the Postmaster General be required to reduce this pre-paid rate to two cents the single letter, whenever it shall be ascertained that the revenues of the Department, after the reductions now recommended, shall have exceeded its expenditures by more than five per cent. for two consecutive fiscal years. He also recommends that twenty cents the single letter, be charged on all correspondence to and from the Pacific coast, South America, the Eastern Continent and its islands, and points beyond either, and ten cents the single letter on all other sea-going letters, without the superaddition of inland postage; and that the provision which imposes an additional half-cent postage upon newspapers, sent more than one hundred miles, and out of the State where they are mailed, be repealed, so as to leave the uniform inland postage on newspapers, sent to subscribers, from the office of publication, at one cent each. The postage upon pamphlets, periodicals, and other printed matter (except newspapers), Mr. HALL thinks, may be simplified and somewhat reduced, with advantage to the Department. Two cents for the pamphlet or periodical of the weight of two ounces or less, and one cent for every additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, is recommended as the inland rate upon all pamphlets, periodicals, and other printed matter; instead of the present rate of two and a half cents for the first ounce, and one cent for every additional ounce, or fraction of an ounce. For the sea-going charge on such matters, and on newspapers, twice the inland rate to and from the points to which it is proposed that the letter postage shall be ten cents, and four times the inland rate where the letter rate is twenty cents, is deemed a just and proper rate. The reductions recommended on printed matter are considerably less than those upon letters: and the reason of this is found in the fact that the rates of postage upon printed matter are now exceedingly low, when compared with the letter rates. The average postage on letters is estimated at about three dollars and sixteen cents per pound, and on newspapers or pamphlets at about sixteen cents per pound. After the reduc-

tions proposed, the average inland postage on letters will be about \$2 50 per pound when not pre-paid, and \$1 50 per pound when pre-paid.

The reduction recommended will probably reduce the revenue of the Department for the first three or four years; but at the end of that period its revenues under the reduced rates will probably again equal its expenditures. To meet the temporary deficiency, additional appropriations from the Treasury will probably be required unless Congress should abolish the franking privilege, which is held to be the privilege of the constituent rather than of the representative. It is recommended, however, that if the franking privilege, and the privilege now accorded to newspaper proprietors of receiving exchange newspapers free of postage, be continued, the expense be paid out of the public Treasury. The present laws provide for a semi-monthly mail from New York and New Orleans to Chagres, and for only a monthly mail from that point to San Francisco. The defect has been partially supplied by an arrangement with the mail contractors, but the action of Congress on the subject is still required.

The report of Mr. STUART, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, presents a variety of interesting information concerning the various subjects which come under his supervision. The expenses of the department for the year have been \$5,403,372; those for the next year are estimated at \$7,132,043. The report enters at some length into an explanation of the various items of this increase. The whole number of persons on the pension rolls of the United States is 19,758; the whole number who have drawn pensions during the first two quarters of the present year is 13,079. The whole amount expended for pensions during the year is estimated at \$1,400,000. The number of land warrants issued for Revolutionary service is 12,588; and for the war of 1812, 28,978. The number of claims presented for service in the Mexican war is 81,373, and for scrip in lieu of land, 3332, making a total of 84,705. The number of claimants under the general Bounty Land Law of the last session of Congress is estimated at 250,000. The sales of Public Lands during the first three quarters of 1850 have amounted to 869,082 acres; the amount sold in 1849 was 1,329,902. The amount located by Mexican bounty land warrants during three quarters of the present year was 1,520,120, against 3,405,520, during the whole of last year. The aggregate amount disposed of in three quarters of 1850 was 2,815,366—in 1849 it was 5,184,410. The revenue derived from the sale of public lands has averaged about a million and a quarter of dollars per annum, for the last fifty years, above all expenses. The extension of our Land System over our possessions on the Pacific is strongly urged; and a commission is suggested to adjudicate on all questions of disputed titles to land in California. Mr. STUART recommends the sale of the mineral lands, in fee simple to the highest bidder at public auction—in lots small enough to afford persons in moderate circumstances the opportunity of being bidders. The annexation of Texas and our treaty with Mexico, have added about 124,000 Indians to our population; many of them are fierce in their disposition and predatory in their habits. Further legislation for the protection of our people from them has become necessary. The Secretary urges the necessity of a highway to the Pacific; whether a railway, a plank road, or a turnpike would be most expedient, he says, can only be determined after a careful survey of the country and its resources shall have been made. He suggests the propriety of authorizing an immediate survey. The establishment of au-

Agricultural Bureau is urged, and statements are made of the steps taken in securing the census returns.

Several of the State Legislatures are now in session, or have been during the past month. In several of them action has been taken upon the general question of Slavery. In VERMONT a bill was passed for the protection of persons who may be claimed within that state as fugitive slaves. This bill provides (1.) That it shall be the duty of the State's attorneys within the several counties "to use all lawful means to protect, defend, and cause to be discharged" every person arrested or claimed as a fugitive slave; (2.) The application of any State's attorney in due form shall be sufficient authority for any one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, or any Circuit Judge, to authorize the issuing a writ of *habeas corpus*, which shall be made returnable to the supreme or county court when in session, and in vacation before any of the judges aforesaid; (3.) That it shall be the duty of all judicial and executive officers in the State, whenever they shall have reason to believe that any inhabitant of the State is about to be arrested as a fugitive slave, to give notice thereof to the State's attorneys in their respective counties; (4.) That whenever the writ of *habeas corpus* is granted in vacation, if upon the hearing of the same before any of the judges, the person arrested and claimed as a fugitive slave shall not be discharged, he shall be entitled to an appeal to the next stated term of the county court, on furnishing such bail and within such time as the judge granting the writ shall deem reasonable and proper; (5.) That the court to which such appeal is taken, or any other court to which a writ of *habeas corpus* in behalf of any such alleged fugitive slave is made returnable, shall, on application, allow and direct a trial by jury on all questions of fact in issue between the parties, and the costs thereof shall be chargeable to the State. The bill passed both branches of the Legislature with very little discussion, and was approved by the Governor, Nov. 13, 1850.

The VIRGINIA Legislature assembled on the 2d of December. The Message of Governor FLOYD closes with some emphatic comments on the Compromise measures of Congress. The action of the last session on the subject, the Governor says, has placed the Union in the most momentous and difficult crisis through which it has ever passed. Some of its enactments have produced a feeling of deep and bitter dissatisfaction at the South; while the law for the recovery of fugitive slaves has been met with a reception at the North little, if at all, short of open rebellion and utter defiance. This state of things, the Governor says, has grown out of an "unwarrantable interference on the part of Congress with the subject of slavery, and is another proof of the great danger which must ever follow any attempt on the part of that body to transcend the clear, well-defined limits set by the Constitution to govern and control their action." The action of Congress, it is held, has been grossly injurious to the South, for of the whole domain acquired from Mexico, not a foot is left, worth having, for the occupation of the slaveholder. Nothing ought to reconcile the South to this action, but the hope that it may settle forever all agitation of the question of slavery. But if peace and quiet can be thereby restored, if the Constitution can be respected and the Union maintained, these sacrifices, great as they are, may well be regarded as light in comparison with the objects attained. But should this expectation prove fallacious, and the slavery agitation be

renewed, it will furnish, the Governor says, "proof, convincing and conclusive, of that fixed and settled hostility to slavery on the part of the North which should and will satisfy every reasonable man that peace between us is impossible; and then a necessity stronger than all law, the necessity of self-preservation, will demand at our hands a separation from those who use the relationship of brotherhood only for the purpose of inflicting upon us the worst acts of malignant hostility." The supineness of the South upon this subject is very warmly censured, and the hostility evinced in the Northern States toward the fugitive slave law is referred to as among the indications that peace and harmony have not been restored. Virginia, and all the slaveholding states, he thinks, "can and ought, calmly and explicitly to declare that the repeal of the fugitive slave law, or any essential modification of it, is a virtual repeal of the Union. The faithful execution of the law is the only means now left by which the Union can be preserved with honor to ourselves and peace to the country. Such a declaration on the part of the South will give strength and great moral weight to the conservative patriots at the North, now struggling for the Constitution and the supremacy of the laws, who are, in truth, fighting the battle of the Union, in the bosom of the non-slaveholding States. If, however, no consideration of prudence or patriotism can restrain the majority from the non-slaveholding States in their headlong career of usurpation and wrong, and should they repeal or essentially modify the fugitive slave law, the most prompt and decisive action will be required at your hands. In either event, I would earnestly recommend that a Convention of the people be called at once to take into consideration the mode and measure of redress, as well as the means of providing for our future security and peace."

The Governor of ARKANSAS, in his Message to the Legislature of that State, objects to the admission of California, but contends that the evil can not be cured, and must be endured. He asks, "what could the South gain by resistance?" He also objects to President Fillmore's Message concerning Texas. But, with regard to the fugitive slave law, he contends, if the North touch it, the "South can no longer, with honor to herself, maintain her present relations with the North."

In MISSISSIPPI the Legislature convened in extra session on the 18th November, under a proclamation issued by Governor QUITMAN, to take into consideration the course to be pursued by the State in view of the recent measures of Congress. On the first day of the session the Governor sent in a Message giving a history of the aggressions of the North, and recommending secession from the Union. He says, "let the propositions be distinctly put to the non-slaveholding States that the wrongs of the South must be redressed, so far as it is in the power of Congress to do so, by obtaining from California a concession of territory south of 36° 30'; otherwise that they (the non-slaveholding States) must consent to such amendments of the Constitution as shall hereafter secure the rights of the slaveholding States from further aggression. But, in the event of continued refusal to do so, I hesitate not to express my decided opinion that the only effectual remedy for the evil, which must continue to grow from year to year, is to be found in prompt and peaceable secession from the aggressive States."

In GEORGIA, the State Convention, summoned to consider the best means of securing Southern rights and interests, assembled at Milledgeville, on

the 11th of December. At the election of delegates to this Convention, the issue made was between those in favor of disunion, and those opposed to it. The result showed a popular majority of about 30,000 in favor of the Union; in seven counties only of the whole State, had the disunionists popular majorities.

The Legislature of TEXAS met at Austin, November 18th, and Governor BELL immediately sent in his Message. He states that he anticipated the passage of the boundary bill by Congress, but regrets that Congress was no more specific in defining the mode of ascertaining and making known at the Federal treasury the amount of debt for which the five millions of stock are to be retained. He considers that the creditors of Texas must look to her alone, and not to the United States, for the settlement of her claims. In regard to the bonds issued by the late republic for double the amount of the original contracts, he thinks that between private individuals such would be void on account of usury. He, however, recommends that government should certainly pay to its creditors the full amount of benefits received, and interest on the amount from the time when it should have been paid. He also recommends that a law be passed, requiring all creditors holding claims against the late Republic of Texas, and for which revenues arising from import duties were specially pledged, to file releases in favor of the United States in respect to said claims, with the Comptroller of the State within a specified time; and in default thereof, their claims against the United States for the liability of the said debts, growing out of transfer of revenue, under the articles of annexation, shall be considered as waived from Mexico. On the 22d, a bill to accept the propositions of the boundary bill, was passed in both Houses, there being in the Senate but one, and in the House but five votes against it.—The party engaged in the survey of the Upper Rio Grande have reported that forty miles above Laredo is, and will continue to be, the head of steamboat navigation.

The Legislature of SOUTH CAROLINA met in special session on the 3d of December, and the Message of Governor SEABROOK was received on the same day. The Governor says that during the year he has purchased largely of muskets and rifles, and caused several thousand musket accoutrements to be manufactured at Columbia. He wishes the Legislature to authorize him to purchase eighteen brass field-pieces, to establish foundries for cannon and small-arms. He complains of the North on account of the incendiary resolutions of State Legislatures; the sweeping denunciations emanating from abolition associations; the bitter and vindictive feelings of the press, the bar, and the pulpit: the inflammatory harangues to popular meetings; the encouragement and aid given to runaway slaves, &c., which unwarrantable proceedings have caused South Carolina, for about one-third of her political existence, to present an almost uninterrupted scene of disquietude and excitement. He says that "the time has arrived to resume the exercise of the powers of self-protection, which, in the hour of unsuspecting confidence, we surrendered to foreign hands. We must reorganize our political system on some surer and safer basis. There is no power, moral or physical, that can prevent it. The event is indissolubly linked with its cause, and fixed as destiny." Resolutions had been introduced into the Legislature upon these subjects, but no action has been had upon them.

The Legislature of FLORIDA met on the 25th of November, and the Governor's Message was at once delivered. Gov. BROWN, though a strong friend of the Union, expresses serious concern for the perpetuity of the Union, in consequence of the manifestations of Northern sentiment on their obligations under the Federal compact. He asks from the Legislature authority to call a convention of the people of the State, in the event of the repeal of the fugitive slave bill, or the consummation of any other aggressive measure.

The Nashville Convention adjourned on the 18th of November. Resolutions were passed expressing attachment to a constitutional Union, but declaring the right of any State to secede; expressing also the conviction that "the evils anticipated by the South, in forming this Convention had been realized, in the passage of the recent compromise acts of Congress. They further recommended to the South, not to go into any National Convention for the nomination of President and Vice-President of the United States, until the constitutional rights of the South were secured. They also recommended to the slaveholding States to go into convention, with a view to the restraint of further aggression, and if possible, to the restoration of the rights of the South. The Tennessee delegation protested against the adoption of the resolutions, declaring the proceeding to be "unhallowed and unworthy of Southern men."

Large public meetings have been held in various sections of the country in favor of the Union and of the Compromise measures of the last session of Congress. One was held at Philadelphia on the 21st of November, attended by six or seven thousand people, and numbering among its officers some of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia. Hon. John Sargeant presided, and speeches were made by Messrs. Dallas, J. R. Ingersoll, Rush, Randall, and others. Letters were received from the Hon. Messrs. Clay, Webster, Cass, and other gentlemen of distinction, who were unable to be present. Mr. Randall, in his remarks, said, that the general impression, that the clause in the Constitution requiring the return of fugitive slaves was the result of a compromise, was erroneous: the records of the Convention would show that it was adopted unanimously, and without amendment. Resolutions expressive of strong attachment to the Constitution, of obligation to abide by its provisions, of determination to maintain the supremacy of the laws, of disapprobation of anti-slavery agitation, and of approval of the Compromise measures, were adopted with much applause.

A very large meeting of a similar character was held at Boston, on the 26th, in Faneuil Hall. Dr. J. C. Warren, a descendant of General Warren, who fell at Bunker's Hill, presided, and on taking the chair made an eloquent and patriotic speech. Resolutions were adopted, asserting that the preservation of the Constitution and Union is the paramount duty of all classes; that the blessings flowing from the Constitution vastly transcend in importance all other political considerations; that the laws of the land are equally binding on every State, and upon all citizens, and no one can refuse, or seem to refuse to obey them; that the measures of compromise passed by the last Congress ought to be carried out by the people; that resistance to law is mischievous, and that all who advise those who may be the subject of any law, to resist, deserve the opprobrium of the community, and the severe penalty of the law; that at all times, and in all places, the citizens of Boston will sustain the

Union, uphold the Constitution, and enforce obedience to the law. Speeches were made by B. R. Curtis, Esq., Hon. B. F. Hallett, and Hon. Rufus Choate, which were received with enthusiastic applause.

A Union meeting was held at Nashville, Tennessee, on the 23d, which was characterized by unanimity and great enthusiasm. The speakers were, Hon. Andrew Ewing, and Hon. A. J. Donaldson. Resolutions were passed declaring that no State has the constitutional right to secede, and that any such attempt would be revolutionary, and its consequences entail civil strife and bloodshed; that the continual agitation of the slavery issue, will, if persisted in, lead to the total alienation of one section of the Union from the other; that the people of the States have the right, whenever palpably, intolerably, and unconstitutionally oppressed, to throw off the chains that oppress them, but there is no present necessity for the exercise of this right that an attempt to repeal, or failure to enforce the fugitive slave law, will unite all the South, and most probably end in a total separation of the States; and that the Compromise measures of Congress meet their approbation, as the best that, under the circumstances, could be adopted, and they pledge themselves to give them hearty support.

A Union meeting was held at Staunton, Virginia, on the 25th of November, over which Col. JAMES CRAWFORD presided. Resolutions were adopted declaring the readiness of those assembled to meet all good citizens of every section, and of every party, on the platform of the Constitution, the Compromise, and the Union; and also expressing the belief that the maintenance of the Compromise in all its parts, without modification or amendment, is essential to the preservation of the Union. Letters were read from a number of distinguished gentlemen who had been invited, but were unable to be present.

A large meeting was held at Manchester, N. H., on the 20th of November, at which resolutions were passed expressing devotion to the Union, and a determination to stand by the Compromise measures, and to resist all further agitation of the subject.

A large Union meeting was held in Cincinnati, on the 14th of November, at which resolutions were adopted declaring their approval of, and determination to support, the measures of peace and compromise relative to the admission of California as a State; the establishment of the Territorial Governments of New Mexico and Utah; the settlement of the boundary question of Texas; the abolition of the slave trade in the district of Columbia; and the provision the more effectually to secure the observance of the constitutional duty to deliver up fugitives owing service or labor. They also declared that they condemned, and would oppose all forcible resistance to the execution of the law of the General Government for the re-capture of fugitives owing service or labor; that they regard such law as constitutional—in accordance with the compromise which formed the Union, and that they would sustain and enforce it by all proper and legal means, as a matter of constitutional compromise and obligation. And furthermore they declared that any effort to re-open the delicate and distracting questions settled and compromised by the Compromise and Peace measures passed during the late session of Congress are factious, and should be disapproved and opposed.

During the past month letters and speeches, upon

the engrossing topic of the day, from some of the most eminent men in the country, have been given to the public, and have attracted a good deal of attention. They have been mainly on the side of the Compromise measures of the last session of Congress; as the agitation upon the other side, in the Northern States at least, has for the present almost wholly ceased. A speech of very marked and characteristic ability was made by the Hon. RUFUS CHOATE, at the Faneuil Hall Union meeting in Boston. Mr. C. thought that the union of these States was in manifest peril, mainly from a public opinion created by restless and unprincipled men. He traced, with great skill and in very graphic and eloquent language, the manner in which public opinion is moulded by the unceasing efforts of the press and the orator, and that it is only by a prolonged and voluntary educational process that the fine and strong spirit of nationality is made to penetrate the great mass of the people, and the full tide of American feeling to fill the mighty heart. He then depicted the manner in which hostility of sentiment and sympathy between different sections of the country has been created and is kept alive. Coming, then, to the means by which danger to the Union can be best averted, he said the first and foremost thing to be done was to accept that whole body of measures of Compromise, by which the Government has sought to compose the country, and then for every man to set himself to suppress the further political agitation of this whole subject. These measures were then referred to, one after the other, and the essential justice and expediency of each were declared. The two great political parties of the North, he said, ought at once to strike this whole subject from their respective issues. He was not for any amalgamation of parties, or for the formation of any new one: the two great parties had united for the settlement of this great question, and they could now revive the old creeds, return to their old positions, and so spare America that last calamity, the formation of parties according to geographical lines. The conscience of the community, moreover, is bound to discourage and modify the further agitation of the subject of slavery, in the spirit in which, thus far, that agitation has been carried on. It is a great error to suppose that conscience or philanthropy requires the constant agitation of this topic. We of the North have nothing whatever to do with slavery in the Southern States, for we have solemnly covenanted with them that we will not interfere with it, and that we will perform certain duties growing out of it. Those duties are obligatory upon us, and no pretense of a higher law can absolve us from them. These positions were presented by Mr. Choate with all his accustomed strength, and with even more than the warmth of feeling and profusion of illustration which distinguish all his efforts.

Mr. WEBSTER wrote a letter in reply to an invitation to attend the great Union meeting at Staunton, Va., approving most heartily of the objects of the proposed meeting, and assuring them of his hearty sympathy and his unchangeable purpose to co-operate with them and other good men in upholding the honor of the States, and the Constitution of the Government. Political martyrdom, he declares, would be preferable to beholding the voluntary dismemberment of this glorious Republic. "It is better to die while the honor of the country is untarnished, and the flag of the Union still flying over our heads, than to live to behold that honor gone forever, and that flag prostrate in the dust." He assures them, from personal observation at the

North, that through the masses of the Northern people the general feeling and the great cry is, for the Union, and for its preservation: and, "while there prevails a general purpose to maintain the Union as it is, that purpose embraces, as its just and necessary means, a firm resolution of supporting the rights of all the States, precisely as they stand guaranteed and secured by the Constitution. And you may depend upon it," he adds, "that every provision in that instrument in favor of the rights of Virginia and the other Southern States, and every constitutional act of Congress, passed to uphold and enforce those rights, will be upheld and maintained not only by the power of the law, but also by the prevailing influence of public opinion. Accidents may occur to defeat the execution of a law in a particular instance; misguided men may, it is possible, sometimes enable others to elude the claims of justice and the rights founded in solemn constitutional compact, but, on the whole, and in the end, the law will be executed and obeyed; the South will see that there is principle and patriotism, good sense and honesty, in the general minds of the North; and that among the great mass of intelligent citizens in that quarter, the general disposition to ask for justice is not stronger than the disposition to grant it to others." Mr. WEBSTER closes his letter by urging the people of Virginia to teach their young men to study the early history of the country, the feebleness of the Confederation—and to trace the steps, the votes, the efforts, and the labor by which the present Constitution was formed. He exhorts them to stand by their country, to stand by the work of their fathers, to stand by the Union of the States, "and may Almighty God prosper all our efforts in the cause of liberty, and in the cause of that United Government which renders this people the happiest people upon which the sun ever shone!"

Hon. A. H. H. STUART, Secretary of the Interior, wrote a letter also on the same occasion in reply to a similar invitation. He expresses great satisfaction that meetings in behalf of the Union are held throughout the country. He says he believes that the integrity of the Union, and the peace of the country, will mainly depend on the course which the people of Virginia may adopt in the present crisis. There has been a melancholy change in the feelings of the people toward the Union, he thinks, within a few years past. Then, nothing but his advanced age, the respect felt for his character, and the strongest professions of attachment to the Union, prevented John Quincy Adams from public censure or expulsion for simply presenting a petition to Congress for a dissolution of the Union. Now, dissolution is openly advocated in speeches, pamphlets, and the newspaper press. Let the idea go abroad that Virginia sanctions such sentiments as these, and our Union is but a rope of sand. The only safe reliance, Mr. Stuart thinks, is for Virginia to assume her old position of mediator and pacificator. "Let her speak in language that can not be misunderstood. Let her blend kindness with firmness. *But let no lingering doubt remain as to her loyalty to the Union.*" Twenty years ago, when the Union was in danger, General Jackson declared that it must be preserved. General Jackson slumbers in his grave, and there are men plotting disunion over his very ashes. But Mr. Stuart assures those to whom he writes, that we have a man at the head of the Government "not less devoted to the Union than Jackson, and not less determined to use all the powers vested in him by the Constitution to

maintain it. He justly appreciates his obligations to maintain the integrity of the Constitution, and to see that the laws are faithfully executed. He will know no distinction between the North and the South, but will enforce obedience to the laws every where."

Hon. H. W. HILLIARD, Member of Congress from Alabama, has written a letter declining a re-nomination, and discussing at some length the present condition of public affairs. The events of the past year, instead of impairing the strength of our political system, have, in his judgment, really served to demonstrate it. There is a growing conviction in the mind of the whole nation that the Constitution must be adhered to in its pristine spirit, and that, while it is adhered to, the republic will endure. He had no fear that the extension of our limits would enfeeble us. Our progress is the spread of a great family, all bearing with them the law, the traditions, the sympathies, and the religion of those from whom they sprung. The true way of perpetuating our Union is by multiplying the means of intercommunication, by making taxes as light as possible, by reducing postage, multiplying railroads, and bringing the Pacific coast nearer to us by the early construction of one of those great highways. The scheme of retaliation, lately projected, of discriminating against the products of other States must be abandoned, and our whole legislation, State and National, must be guided by a comprehensive, national, and patriotic spirit. "These States must regard each other as kindred States; the Constitution must be recognized in all of them as the supreme law; and the acts of Congress, passed in accordance with its provisions, must be obeyed, and we must fix in our minds and in our hearts the idea that, as we have had a common origin, we must have a common destiny." The measures of the last session must be regarded as a final adjustment of the disturbing questions growing out of slavery. Mr. H. exhorts to a conciliatory and a patriotic spirit. "Let us forbear," he says, "any hostile acts on our own part. I certainly desire to see in the midst of the great agricultural regions of the South a varied industry, which shall rival that of the North, and which shall spread over our fertile plains all the embellishments which wealth and a high civilization can bestow. I desire, too, to see a direct trade with foreign countries carried on through Southern ports. But I desire to see all this brought about by the enterprise and the energy of our people, entering into a bold and generous competition with those of the other States. We should seek to make Alabama a great and wealthy State; and we can do this by the vigorous development of our resources. Our fertile soil, our noble streams, our great cotton crop, our exhaustless mineral wealth, our population intelligent, industrious, enterprising, and religious—these will enable us to advance with a steady and rapid march in civilization, without resorting to legislative expedients to tax the products of other States associated with us in a common Government, one of the great objects of which is, to keep open the channels of intercommunication."

Hon. LEVI WOODBURY wrote a letter expressing regret that he could not attend the Union Meeting held at Manchester, N. H., on the 20th of November. He says that without more forbearance as to agitation of the subject of slavery, it is his solemn conviction, the Union will be placed in fearful jeopardy. He mentions as an alarming sign of the times the fact that any portion of our law-abiding community should either recommend forcible resistance to the

laws, or actually participate in measures designed to overawe the constituted authorities, and defeat the execution of legal precepts issued by those authorities. This, he says, is in direct hostility to the injunctions of Washington in his Farewell Address to his grateful countrymen; and seems no less hostile and derogatory to every sound principle for sustaining public order and obedience to what the legislative agents of the people and the States have enacted.

A letter from Mr. WEBSTER, written on the same occasion, also alludes to the disposition which is abroad to evade the laws, and to resist them so far as it can be done consistently with personal safety. A "still more extravagant notion," he says, "is sometimes entertained, which is, that individuals may judge of their rights and duties, under the Constitution and the laws, by some rule which, according to their idea, is above both the Constitution and the laws." Both these positions are denounced as at war with all government and with all morality. "It is time," Mr. Webster adds, "that discord and animosity should cease. It is time that a better understanding and more friendly sentiments were revived between the North and the South. And I am sure that all wise and good men will see the propriety of forbearing from renewing agitation by attempts to repeal the late measures, or any of them. I do not see that they contain unconstitutional or alarming principles, or that they forebode the infliction of wrong or injury. When real and actual evil arises, if it shall arise, the laws ought to be amended or repealed; but in the absence of imminent danger I see no reason at present for renewed controversy or contention."

Mr. CLAY, upon formal invitation of that body, visited the Legislature of Kentucky on the 15th of November. He was welcomed by the Speaker of the House in some brief and appropriate remarks to which he responded at considerable length. He spoke mainly of the measures of the session in which he had borne so conspicuous a part. The session, he said, opened under peculiarly unfavorable auspices. The sentiment of disunion was openly avowed, and a sectional convention of delegates had been assembled, the tendency of which was to break up the confederacy. In common with others, Mr. Clay said he had foreseen the coming storm, and it was the hope that he might assist in allaying it that led him to return to the Senate. The subject had long engaged his most anxious thoughts, and the result of his reflections was the series of propositions which he presented to Congress soon after the opening of the session. A committee of thirteen was afterward appointed to which the whole matter was referred and they reported substantially the same measures which he had proposed. At that time he was decidedly in favor of the immediate admission of California into the Union as a separate and distinct measure; but subsequent observation of the hostility which it encountered led him to modify his opinions, and unite it with kindred measures in one common bill. In excluding the Wilmot Proviso, which had previously been the great aim and object of the South, they obtained a complete triumph—and obtained it, too, by the liberal, magnanimous and patriotic aid of the northern members. It is true they may never be able to establish slavery in any of this newly acquired territory; but that is not the fault of Congress, which has adhered strictly to the policy of non-intervention, but of the people of the territory themselves to whom the whole subject has been committed. The boundary of Texas gave rise to by far the most

intricate and perplexing question of the session. Various opinions were held in regard to it by various interests, and the matter seemed to him eminently one for compromise and amicable adjustment. We gave what seems a large sum (ten millions of dollars), to Texas for relinquishing her claim, but half this amount we owed her creditors for having taken the revenues to which they looked for payment of their debts. Mr. Clay said he voted the money very cheerfully, because he believed it would be applied to the payment of her public debt; and he wished that we had some legitimate ground for giving to every debtor State in the Union money enough to pay all its debts, and restore its credit wherever it has been tarnished. Of the fugitive slave bill Mr. Clay said simply that its object was simply to give fair, full, and efficacious effect to the constitutional provision for the surrender of fugitives. The act abolishing the slave trade in the District of Columbia, was of little practical importance to southern interests, while it was demanded by every consideration of humanity and of national self-respect. In looking at the result of the whole, Mr. Clay thought that neither party, so far as California is concerned, could be said to have lost or gained any thing, while in regard to the territorial bills and the fugitive slave law the South had gained all it could reasonably claim. The effect of these measures, Mr. Clay thought, would be to allay agitation and pacify and harmonize the country. At all events it will greatly circumscribe the field of agitation: for none of these measures can be opened for renewed action except the fugitive slave bill; and when the dispute is narrowed down to that single ground the slaveholding States have decidedly the advantage. The Constitution is with them, the right is with them, and the State which shall oppose the execution of the law will place itself manifestly in the wrong. It was not to be expected that these measures would lead to immediate and general acquiescence on the part of the ultras of either section; but Mr. Clay did confidently anticipate that all their mad efforts would be put down by the intelligence, the patriotism, and the love of union of the people of the various States. Mr. Clay went on to draw a picture of the condition of the country, and especially of the slaveholding States, in the event of a dissolution of the Union. Under the present law the South will not probably recover all their fugitive slaves; but they will recover some of them. But in the event of disunion not one could be demanded. Mr. Clay said he had often been asked when he would consent to a dissolution of the Union. He answered *Never*, because he could conceive of no possible contingency that would make it for the interest and happiness of the people to break up this glorious confederacy. He would yield to it, if Congress were to usurp a power, which he was sure, it never would, of abolishing slavery within the States, for in the contingency of such a usurpation we should be in a better condition as to slavery out of the Union than in it. He believed that the time would come, at some very distant day, when the density of the population of the United States would be so great that free labor would be cheaper than slave labor, and that then the slaves would be set free; and that Africa would be competent to receive, by colonization from America, all the descendants of its own race. If the agitation of this subject should be continued, it must lead to the formation of two parties—one for the Union and the other against it. If such a division should become necessary, he announced himself a member of the Union party what

ever might be its elements. He would go further. "I have had," said he, "great hopes and confidence in the principles of the Whig party, as being most likely to conduce to the honor, to the prosperity, and the glory of my country. But if it is to be merged into a contemptible abolition party, and if abolitionism is to be engrafted on the Whig creed, from that moment I renounce the party, and cease to be a Whig. I go yet a step further: if I am alive, I will give my humble support for the Presidency to that man, to whatever party he may belong, who is uncontaminated by fanaticism, rather than to one who, crying out all the time and aloud that he is a Whig, maintains doctrines utterly subversive of the Constitution and the Union." Mr. Clay said that the events of the last few months had thrown together men of opposite parties, and he could say with truth and pleasure that during the late session he was in conference quite as often, if not oftener, with Democrats than Whigs; and he "found in the Democratic party quite as much patriotism, devotion to the Union, honor, and probity as in the other party."

Gen. JAMES HAMILTON has recently addressed a somewhat remarkable letter to the people of South Carolina upon the state of public affairs and the course which he desires his own State to pursue. Gen. H. was the Governor of South Carolina during the nullification crisis, and is fully imbued with the spirit of resistance to the Union. But he is also a man of great practical sagacity, and after carefully surveying the whole field, he is convinced that action now on the part of South Carolina would be ruinous to her cause. He has been all through the Southern States, and says he is satisfied that, in the event of such action, there is not another Southern State that would join her in it. He sketches the state of feeling in each of the States he has visited, and represents the Union party as decidedly in the ascendant in every one of them. He proceeds to say that although some of the recent measures of Congress, and particularly the admission of California, were exceedingly unjust to the South, yet they afford no justification for a disruption of the confederacy. Many, he says, believe that in the event of secession a collision will arise with the Federal Government, and South Carolina would have the sympathy and the aid of the other Southern States. But he does not believe the Federal Government would bring on any such collision; he thinks they would only prevent goods from entering their ports, carry the mail directly past them, and transfer all the commerce which they now enjoy to Savannah. He thinks South Carolina should await the result of the great battle in the North, between those who stand up for the rights of the South and their opponents. If the latter prevail and elect their President two years hence, the fugitive slave law will be repealed, slavery will be abolished in the District of Columbia, and a crisis will then occur which will inevitably unite the South. He urges them to await this event. The letter is written with great energy and eloquence, and will have a wide and marked influence upon public sentiment.

A complimentary public dinner was given to Hon. JOHN M. CLAYTON at Wilmington, on the 16th of November, by his political friends. Mr. CLAYTON, in reply to a complimentary toast, made an extended and eloquent speech, mainly in vindication of the administration of Gen. TAYLOR from the reproach which political opponents had thrown upon it. He showed that in proposing to admit California as a State, and to organize the territories of New Mexico and Utah as States, with such constitutions as their

inhabitants might see fit to frame, Gen. TAYLOR only followed the recommendations which had been made by President POLK in 1848, which had been approved by Mr. CALHOUN in 1847, and which had then received the support of the great body of the political friends of both those statesmen. And yet his course was most bitterly opposed by the very persons who had previously approved the same principles. Mr. CLAYTON said he did not believe, and he never had believed, that there was any danger of disunion from the adoption of General Taylor's recommendations, and he ridiculed the clamor and the apprehension, that had been aroused upon the subject. The greatest obstruction both to the President and the country, arose out of the attempt to embody all the measures on the subject in a single bill; and yet the effort had been made to throw the blame of its failure upon the President and his Cabinet. His death showed the groundlessness of the charge, for the omnibus immediately failed. Mr. CLAYTON went on at considerable length to review the policy, both foreign and domestic, of the late administration, and to vindicate it from all the slanders and obloquy heaped upon it. He afterward, in response to a remark nominating General SCOTT as the next candidate for the Presidency, gave a glowing and eloquent sketch of the life and military career of that eminent soldier.

Hon. JOEL R. POINSETT has written a letter to his fellow-citizens of South Carolina, remonstrating earnestly against the scheme of secession which they seem inclined to adopt. He vindicates each of the Compromise measures from the objections urged against it, and insists that there is no such thing under the Constitution as a right of secession. Such a step could only result in the injury and ruin of South Carolina, and he therefore earnestly exhorts them not to venture upon it.

A letter from Hon. RICHARD RUSH, formerly U. S. Minister in France, has also been published, condemning very severely the anti-slavery agitation of the day, and urging the necessity of concession and harmony in order to the preservation of the Union.

Hon. GEORGE THOMPSON, a member of the British Parliament somewhat celebrated for his oratorical efforts in England and the United States in behalf of Abolition, is now in this country. Arrangements had been made by the Anti-Slavery men in Boston to give him a public reception at Faneuil Hall on his arrival. The meeting on the occasion was very large. Edmund Quincy presided. W. L. Garrison read an address detailing Mr. Thompson's exertions on behalf of abolition, and mentioning the facts attending his expulsion from this country fifteen years ago. The latter part of the address was interrupted by considerable noise, and several speakers who afterward attempted to address the meeting were not permitted to do so. No violence was attempted but the meeting was compelled to disperse. Mr. Thompson has since been lecturing in Boston and other towns of Massachusetts on various topics not connected with slavery. His audiences have been good and he has been undisturbed.

We have received intelligence from CALIFORNIA, by the arrival of the regular mail steamers, to the 1st of November. The cholera had made its appearance at Sacramento City, but had not been very virulent or destructive. The steamer *Sagamore* burst her boilers on the 29th of October, while lying at her wharf at San Francisco, killing ten or fifteen persons and seriously injuring a number of others.

The admission of California into the Union

celebrated on the 29th of October with great *éclat* at San Francisco. An address was delivered by Hon. Nathaniel Bennett, and a splendid ball was given in the evening.

An official statement shows that from Nov. 12, 1849, to Sept. 30, 1850, the total amount of bullion cleared from San Francisco was \$17,822,877, and the amount received was \$2,134,000. Business in California was very good.

The mines continued to yield satisfactory returns. The gold deposits on the Upper Sacramento are worked with increased industry and success. Those on the Klamath and its tributaries, which have been discovered during the past year, prove to be exceedingly productive. Not less than a thousand persons have been engaged in working them within twenty miles of the mouth of the river, and their returns are said to average fully an ounce per day. The Klamath river is about a mile wide at its mouth, which is easy of access, and for forty miles up the stream there is no interruption to steamboat navigation. The junction of the Salmon river is ninety miles above. Midway between these points the river travel is impeded by rocks, so that boats can not pass; but, after leaving these, there is no obstacle up to the Falls at the mouth of Salmon river. Both here and at the rocks, town sites have been selected. Twenty miles above the Salmon, the Trinity river comes into the Klamath. The land around these rivers is, with little exception, favorable to agricultural purposes.

From OREGON we have intelligence to the 25th of October. The rainy season had set in, but not with much severity. The Oregon Spectator states that emigrants from the Cascade Mountains were arriving every day, though quite a number were still on the way. It is feared that they will suffer severely, especially from falling snow, though the government was doing all in its power for their relief. Quite a number of them intend to winter on the Columbia, between the Cascades and Dalles, as they find excellent food for their cattle in that section. The amount of wheat grown in the territory during the past season is estimated at 800,000 bushels.

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from the City of Mexico to November 13th. The question of the Presidency, it is conceded, is definitely settled in favor of Arista. The financial condition of the Republic still engages the attention of Congress, which body is yet occupied in arranging the interior and foreign debt. General Thomas Reguena died on the 13th ultimo, at Guadalajara, and General Manuel Romero on the 31st, at San Louis Potosi. General Joaquin Rea, living at a village called Minerva, was, about the same time, murdered by one Felipe Delgado, and a band of scoundrels under his command. The *Siglo* announces positively that the Mexican Government has concluded two contracts with Colonel Ramsey, for the transportation of foreign mails through the Republic. The Mexican Government will receive \$20 for every 100 pounds of correspondence and 20 cents for every 100 pounds of newspapers. By another contract there is to be communication between New Orleans and Vera Cruz twice a month, between New York and Vera Cruz, by the way of Havana, twice a month, and between a Mexican port and San Francisco, once a month. It appears that at its session of the 18th of July last, the Mexican Geographical and Statistical Society elected Daniel Webster a corresponding member. The *Monitor Republicano* learns

by letters from New Grenada, that the Jesuits have been expelled from that country. The Congress of that Republic confirmed the decree of the Government with great unanimity.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Public attention in England continues to be absorbed by the bitter controversies excited by the Pope's bull extending his jurisdiction over that kingdom. Immense public meetings have been held in several of the principal cities of the kingdom, at which the Roman Catholic system has been unsparingly denounced. The newspaper press, daily and weekly, teems with articles upon the subject, and pamphlets have been issued by several of the most eminent dignitaries of both the Catholic and the Established Churches. The Government has been driven to take part in the war of words, and a letter from the Premier, Lord JOHN RUSSELL, to the Bishop of Durham, has been published, in which the proceedings of the Pope are severely censured, and contemptuous expressions are used concerning the ceremonials of the Roman Catholic worship. The newly appointed Cardinal WISEMAN, has issued an able, elaborate, and temperate "Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People," against the violent clamor by which he and his church have been assailed. This paper seeks to vindicate the proceeding of the Pope from censure, by showing that there is nothing in it inconsistent, in any way, with loyalty to the English government, as the only authority sought to be exercised is spiritual and voluntary. The letter of the Premier is very closely analyzed, and sharp reference is made to the complaints made by the Chapter of Westminster, of his assuming the Archiepiscopal title. He proposes a "fair division" of the two different parts embraced in Westminster proper. One comprises the stately Abbey, with its adjacent palaces and royal parks: this he does not covet: to it "the duties of the Dean and Chapter are mainly confined, and they shall range there undisturbed." He looks for his field of labor to another quarter. "Close under the Abbey of Westminster," he says, "there lie concealed labyrinths of lanes and courts, and alleys and slums, nests of ignorance, vice, depravity, and crime, as well as of squalor, wretchedness, and disease; whose atmosphere is typhus, whose ventilation is cholera; in which swarms a huge and almost countless population, in great measure, nominally at least, Catholic; haunts of filth, which no sewerage committee can reach—dark corners, which no lighting board can brighten. This is the part of Westminster which alone I covet, and which I shall be glad to claim and visit, as a blessed pasture in which sheep of holy Church are to be tended, in which a bishop's godly work has to be done, of consoling, converting, and preserving;" and if the wealth of the Abbey is to remain stagnant and not diffusive, he trusts there will be no jealousy of one who, by whatever name, is willing to make the latter his care without interfering with the former. The letter is written with great ability, and is well calculated to make a deep impression. The dignitaries of the English church have also written various letters upon the subject, all in the same tone, modified only by the individual temper of the several writers. Large and influential public meetings have been held at Liverpool, Bristol, and other cities.

The friends of Law Reform in England took advantage of the recent visit of D. D. FIELD, Esq., of New York, one of the Commissioners for revis-

ing the Code of that State, to revive the general interest felt in the same subject in England. Mr. FIELD addressed the Law Amendment Society upon the subject, at its request: his statements were heard with marked attention, and excited a good deal of interest.

The Chamber of Commerce at Manchester has taken up the promotion of the growth of cotton in India with much earnestness. The British Government could not be induced, last session of Parliament, to respond to the wishes of the Chamber, and appoint a commissioner to proceed to India to inquire into the obstacles which prevented an increased growth of cotton in that country. The Chamber now entertains the idea of sending a private commission to India. The gentleman to whom this important and responsible service will be entrusted is Mr. Alexander Mackay, the author of "The Western World," who is well known in the United States, and whose eminent fitness for so responsible a mission is universally conceded.

The preparations for the great Exhibition of 1851 are advancing very rapidly. The building is rapidly going up, some twelve hundred workmen being constantly engaged upon it, and it every day exhibits some new features. As the commissioners anticipated, the demand for space from the various English local committees far exceeds all possible accommodation that can be provided in the building for the English exhibitors. The commissioners have not yet been able to digest the returns, so as to decide upon the necessary reduction of space to be made in each case, or to determine upon any principle by which that reduction is to be regulated. All parties will be accommodated so far as possible. Messrs. Clowes and Spicer, the celebrated printers, have obtained the contract for printing the Catalogue of the Exhibition. They give a premium of three thousand pounds for the privilege, and are to pay twopence for every catalogue sold, for the benefit of the Exhibition. The catalogue will be sold for one shilling. Another catalogue will be printed in several languages, and sold at an increased price.

A terrible storm swept the coast of Ireland during the month of November. Great damage was done to shipping, and an emigrant ship, named the Edmond, from Limerick to New York, was lost, with about a hundred of her passengers.

GERMANY.

The chief centre of political interest at the present moment is GERMANY;—and as the points out of which the controversy between Prussia and Austria has grown, are somewhat complicated, a general view of the political character and relations of the German States may be of interest. After the fall of Napoleon, the States formerly composing the German empire, entered into a confederation. The parties were Austria and Prussia for their German territories, Denmark for Holstein, the Netherlands for Luxembourg, and 33 independent States and Free Cities, comprising a territory of 244,375 square miles, and containing at present 42,000,000 inhabitants. The principal points agreed to in this Confederation were as follows: That all the members possess equal rights; they bind themselves for the security of each and all from all foreign attacks; they guarantee to each the possession of its German territories; any member to be at liberty to enter into any league or treaty, not endangering the security of the Confederation, or any of its members, except in case of war declared by the Confederation, when no member can enter into any

separate negotiation or treaty; the members not to make war upon each other, but to submit all differences to the decision of the Diet, whose final action shall be conclusive. The affairs of the Confederation to be managed by a Diet, meeting at Frankfort on the Maine, at which Austria presides, and in which the larger States have respectively two, three, and four votes, and the smaller one each, the whole number of votes being 70; in ordinary matters the Diet to be represented by a committee of 17 plenipotentiaries, each of the larger States having one, and several of the smaller being united in the choice of one. The army of the Confederation was fixed, in 1830, at 303,484 men, to be furnished by the States in a fixed proportion. The inconveniences of this cumbrous organization are apparent. One member might be at war with any power, while the others were at peace: thus the Confederation took no part in the Italian and Hungarian warfare against Austria, for it guaranteed to her only the possession of her German possessions; and in Schleswig-Holstein, Bavarian troops were in the service of Denmark, and Prussian soldiers in that of the Duchies. Then, each State being absolutely independent, could and did establish custom-houses, and levy tolls and duties upon its own frontier, to the great disadvantage of commerce. This at last became so intolerable, that a general Customs-union (Zollverein) was formed, under the auspices of Prussia, by which duties are levied only upon the common frontier, and the proceeds distributed among the States, in the ratio of their population. The Customs-union embraces more than four-fifths of Germany, with the exception of Austria. A strong desire has always prevailed throughout Germany for the construction of a united government, which should take the place of the petty principalities into which the country is divided. Thus alone can the German people, having a common origin, speaking a common language, and possessing common interests, assume that rank in the political world to which their numbers, position, and civilization entitle them. But this desire on the part of the people, has of course, been strenuously opposed by the princes, although circumstances have at times induced the Prussian government to favor the movement, in the expectation of becoming the leading power in the new State, or rather of Prussianizing all Germany. This question is the true origin of the difficulties in Schleswig-Holstein, and the present threatening aspect of affairs, growing out of the disputes in Hesse-Cassel. The Duchy of Holstein is the northernmost State of Germany, lying upon the Baltic, on which it possesses one or two good seaports. The sovereign is the King of Denmark—not, however, as such, but as Duke of Holstein. The present King of Denmark is without male heirs, and upon his demise the crown will pass to the female line. But it is contended that the principle of the Salic law, excluding females from the right of succession applies to Holstein, in which case the heir of the Duchy is the Grand-duke of Oldenburg, a German prince. In order to avoid the separation of Holstein from Denmark, the king issued a patent conforming the succession in Holstein to that of Denmark. The inhabitants of the Duchy, whose sympathies are with Germany rather than Denmark, resisted; appointed a provisional Government, and appealed for protection to Germany. At that time it seemed that one of the many endeavors to establish a strict German Confederation had succeeded; and it became an object to attach Holstein to this Confederation, in order to gain

the command of the Baltic. Prussia supported the Duchy; Austria and Bavaria opposed it, as favoring the designs of Prussia. The other states of Europe were opposed to the separation of Holstein from Denmark, upon the general conservative principle of maintaining things upon their old footing, as well as from an unwillingness to allow the commerce of the Baltic to fall wholly under the control of the Zollverein. Meanwhile "the year of revolutions," 1848, had passed, and, by common consent of all parties, the old Frankfort Diet was held to be virtually abolished, and delegates were called together to endeavor to construct a new Constitution. The Hungarian revolt was shaking Austria to its centre, and Prussia, true to her ancient instinct of aggrandizement, which has raised her from a petty principality to the rank of one of the Great Powers, took advantage of the compulsory concessions of Austria to her non-German subjects, to arouse the jealousy of the German states, and almost succeeded in forming a confederation, with herself at the head. But Russia having thrown her sword into the scale, and decided the balance against Hungary, Austria had leisure to attend to her German affairs. She soon succeeded in detaching state after state from the Prussian alliance, and began to insist upon the recognition of the old Frankfort Diet, which was supposed to be dead and buried under the ruins of the two last eventful years. At this juncture, occurred the difficulties in the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel. The Elector, resisted in his attempt to levy taxes contrary to the constitution he had himself sanctioned, fled, and demanded the protection of the Diet, which was granted, for that body was composed of the representatives of the sovereigns, and knew nothing of constitutions. The Diet ordered the Austrian and Bavarian contingents of the Federal troops to march into the Electorate and reinstate the Elector. But Prussia, being nearer to the scene of action threw her own troops into the Electorate; not, however, avowing an intention of supporting the inhabitants in their opposition, but under the mere pretense of making use of the right of way from one portion of her territory to the other, between which Hesse-Cassel intervenes. Austria, in the name of the Diet, demanded that these Prussian troops should be withdrawn from the Electorate, upon which Prussia at once placed her whole army upon the war-footing. Thus, at the latest advices, the bodies of troops ready for hostilities, occupy the Electorate, and it is a matter of absolute uncertainty whether peace or war will ensue. In the mean while a conference had been held at Warsaw, between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, in which an attempt was made to settle the affairs of Germany. The decision made by this conference was so decidedly adverse to Prussia, that Count Brandenburg, the Prussian minister, was so chagrined at the disgrace of his country, that he fell into a delirious fever, from which he died. Austria alone is at the present time altogether unequal to a war with Prussia; but it is supposed that Russia will support Austria in the event of a war. Her reasons for so doing are obvious: if Prussia succeeds in forming a strong German Confederation, a power will be constituted capable of interposing an effectual barrier to her designs; whereas Austria is so far subservient to Russia, that her supremacy in Germany is almost equivalent to Russian control over the west of Europe.

The attitude of Austria and Prussia during the past month has been exceedingly belligerent and fears have been very generally entertained that war

would be the result of the existing contentions. It seems, however, to be conceded that Austria is desirous of peace and that the King of Prussia really shares these pacific inclinations; but fears are entertained that the spirit of the people may have been so thoroughly aroused as to render nugatory any negotiations for peace which their rulers may conclude. Austria demands the right of passage through Brunswick of her army, ordered to interfere in the affairs of the Duchies; this Prussia has positively refused except with guarantees which will not be granted.

The Prussian Chamber met at Berlin on the 21st of November. The speech from the throne was pronounced by the king in person. He alluded to the commencement and vigorous prosecution of a railway system, to the extension of postal accommodations, and to the flourishing condition of commerce and navigation. In reference to his relations with Germany, the king declared his firm purpose to maintain the position he had taken, and said that he should soon stand more strongly armed, in its support, than he had been in ancient or modern times. The tone of the speech was considered warlike, and it had a corresponding effect upon the money market. But the public mind recovered from this feeling in the course of a day or two.

The public feeling throughout Prussia is described by correspondents as being highly excited. All classes are said to be desirous of war, and it is even feared that, if the king should consent to peace, he will not be sustained by his people, but will be driven to abdication and exile.

It is understood, meantime, that the Russian, English, and French Cabinets are using all their legitimate influence to prevent an appeal to arms. Some of the minor powers that sought the protection of Prussia in the Union are by no means satisfied with the turn affairs have taken. Baden has separated itself entirely from the connection, and declares "that, since Prussia has abandoned the Union, a mere alliance for protection and mutual representation in the Free Conference does not answer its expectations. It returns to the full possession of its independence." The Prussian troops are also entirely recalled from the principality. The Prussian armament is pressed forward vigorously. The fortresses are being placed in a state of defense; the works begun at Erfurth last summer are continued, and the inhabitants have begun to lay in stocks of provisions as if a siege were to be immediately expected. The town contains a strong garrison; the citadel is stored with provisions for two months, besides a number of live cattle.

FRANCE.

The opening of the Assembly and the Message of the President, have been the principal events of political interest in France during the past month.

The Message was an able and elaborate presentation of the affairs of France; the President pledged himself in it, to abide by the requirements of the Constitution, and says that the great necessity for France is repose and order. The message was received with general favor by the Assembly and people. Its frankness and its firmness restored confidence and strengthened the government.

A decree has been issued for increasing the troops on the Rhine frontier by calling into activity 40,000 men of the 78,500 still to be disposed of out of the contingent of 1849. The Minister of War declares the political movements in Germany to be the cause of this increase.

The *Moniteur du Soir* having stated that General

Cavaignac had declared that, in the event of Louis Napoleon being re-elected as President of the Republic, he (General Cavaignac), "would submit with respect to the will of the nation, and place his affections and his sword at the disposal of the country and its executive representative," General Cavaignac has published a letter in the journals, in which he denies having ever used language from which it could be inferred "that he had said, either directly or indirectly, that he was ever disposed to place his affections and his sword at the service of the person who, after having sworn the observation of the Constitution of the country, would accept a candidature and an election which are forbidden by that Constitution."

A letter written by the Duke de Nemours to M. Guizot has excited a good deal of remark, though it has not been made public. It is said to be a most luminous *exposé* of the present state of affairs in France, and that it is calculated to do away in some measure with the favorable effect produced by the Message. M. Guizot has read it to several of his friends.

TURKEY.

We have intelligence of serious collisions between the Turks and Christians in both Asiatic and European Turkey. In the former, the religious zeal of the Turks prompts them to fanatical excesses against the Christian population; in the latter, an obstinate struggle for political supremacy has already commenced between the respective followers of Christ and Mohammed. The sultan seems fated soon to be no more than the protector of European Turkey, for Bulgaria has been already made a principality as little dependent on the Porte as Servia and Bosnia; the Herzegovina and Albania are evidently aiming at the same privilege. Indeed the present position of Turkey appears any thing but satisfactory.

The persecution of the Christians in Asiatic Turkey is terrible. On the 18th of October an attack was to have been made on the Christians at Liwno, and one actually did take place on the 16th at Aleppo. A body of Turks and Arabs fell upon the Christians during the night, and a fearful massacre took place. The Greek bishop was among those murdered. The pacha locked himself up in the fortress, and the troops did not attempt to interfere. At Monasta, a fanatical dervish, who professed to be inspired, killed a Christian boy of fourteen years of age, and a certain Guiseppe Thomaso, an Italian emigrant, in the open street.

Accounts from Beyrout of the 4th of November state that for some years past the Turkish government has been desirous of subjecting the Syrian population to the recruitment system, but so great was the dissatisfaction the idea caused among the people that it refrained from doing so. At last, in September, it determined to execute the design, and it began operations. The people murmured; and bands of armed men, commanded by the Emirs Mohamet and Hassan, of the family of Harfourch, commonly known as the Emirs of Baalbeck, advanced toward Damascus, but were dispersed by the Turkish troops. It was believed that, after this, the recruiting would take place quietly, but the two Emirs reappeared at the beginning of October in the environs of Damascus at the head of between 3000 and 4000 men. A corps of the regular army, consisting of two battalions of regular infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, four guns, and 400 irregulars, under Mustapha Pacha, marched to meet them, and succeeded on the 16th of October in surrounding

them in the defiles near Maloulah, six hours' distance from Damascus. The insurgents were obliged to give battle, and were completely defeated, with a loss of 1000 men; the two Emirs were captured. The loss of the troops was only thirty men. The village of Maloulah is inhabited principally by Christians, and the Turkish soldiers, exasperated at the resistance they made, pillaged some houses, carried off women, killed a Catholic monk, wounded another, and so seriously wounded a schismatic Greek bishop that he died afterward. They also completely sacked two convents, pretending that they contained gunpowder, and that insurgents had taken refuge in them. M. de Valbezene, the French consul at Damascus, exerted himself on behalf of the Christians, and, through his intervention, the seraskier of the army of Arabia promised assistance to the villages, and ordered the troops forthwith to give up all the articles taken from the churches and convents. The day after the battle, the Emirs were made to walk through the streets of Damascus in their shirts, with irons on their feet, and street-brooms on their shoulders. They were to have been subjected to the same punishment during five days, but suddenly they were sent off to Beyrout, from whence they were forwarded to Constantinople. This measure was taken in consequence of the breaking out of the revolt at Aleppo.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

UNITED STATES.

The past month has been more fruitful of events of interest in the world of Art than its predecessor. This was to be expected; for the opening of what is called "The season," and the approach of the Christmas holidays rarely pass without the production of novelties in most of the various walks of Art. Booksellers, Print-publishers, Jewelers, and Managers of places of Public Amusement, all, in fact, who minister to taste and luxury, reserve for December their finest and most elaborate productions; and an examination of their advertisements, even, will afford the means of judging the point of refinement attained by the public mind, whose demands they at once create and supply.

A decided improvement, year by year, is to be noticed in the style of books and other articles intended for Christmas and New-year gifts. The Annuals which, some five or six years ago, began to droop, are now dead, utterly extinct. Their exaggerated romantic Prose, their diluted Della Cruscan Poetry, their great-eyed, smooth-cheeked, straight-nosed, little-mouthed, small-waisted beauties, have passed from their former world into the happy and congenial state of the Ladies' Magazines, where they will again have their day, and again disappear before advancing taste and superior education. The place of the Annuals is occupied, we will not say supplied, by editions of the great poets and writers of prose fiction, illustrated in the highest style of the steel and wood engraver. Some of the first artists of the day are now employed by publishers to furnish designs for such publications, and the eagerness with which they are bought, and the discriminating admiration which they, on the whole, receive, when regarded in connection with the generous support given to Art Journals, Art Unions, and Public Galleries, show in the public mind an increasing healthiness and soundness of taste, as well as a greater interest in matters of Art.

Prominent among events of moment in this de

partment, is the opening to the public, at the Düsseldorf Gallery, of LESSING's Great Picture, *The Martyrdom of Huss*. The Düsseldorf Gallery had contained some of the finest modern paintings in the country, and had done much to keep alive the aroused interest of the public in the Arts of Design before the arrival of this, the greatest work of the acknowledged head of the Düsseldorf School; but now it is without doubt the centre of attraction to all lovers of Art on this side the water, for the great picture, whether regarded as to its intrinsic interest or its academic merits, has no rival here, and some enlightened enthusiasts say, none among modern paintings in the world. The picture appeals at once to popular sympathy, by the interest of its subject, the simplicity of its treatment, and by the striking reality and strong individual character of its figures. We gave, in the December number of this Magazine, a notice of this great picture, from a German paper, which renders any further description of it here unnecessary.

A very interesting series of etchings from the pencil of Mr. J. W. EHNINGER, a young New York artist, has just appeared. They illustrate IRVING's *Dolph Heytger*, and are full of the humor of that charming Dutch story. Mr. EHNINGER is a pupil of the Düsseldorf school, and has but just left its severe training. His style shows the conscientious faithfulness which is inculcated there, as one of the first requisites of a true artist; he has very happy conceptions of character, and seems to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Knickerbocker times. In illustrating them he can not but achieve desirable reputation.

An informal meeting of a large number of the members and associates of the Academy of Design took place early in the last month. Its object was to devise measures to make the Academy a more efficient means of advancing the Art. It was determined, among other things, that lectures should be delivered upon Painting, and the various subjects connected with it. We have heard the Rev. Dr. BETHUNE named as likely to be the first lecturer. He could hardly fail to interest and instruct both the Members of the Academy, and the public generally, upon the subjects naturally falling within the scope of the first of such a series of lectures. It is gratifying to see that the members of the Academy are at last beginning to awake to the consciousness of its inefficiency, and we trust that some benefit may accrue to Art from their action.

LEUTZE's great picture of *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, a grand subject on which he had been engaged nearly three years, has been destroyed by fire, or rather in consequence of fire, as we learn by a letter from the artist himself, dated Düsseldorf, Nov. 10th. It is gratifying, for the artist's sake, to know that the picture was fully insured; but Insurance Companies, although very good protectors against pecuniary loss, can not reproduce works of genius or make up for their loss.

Mr. HAWTHORNE, whose *Scarlet Letter* showed such rare ability in the portrayal of the hidden workings of the heart, has a new work nearly finished, called *The House of Seven Gables*; it will be eagerly sought for, and we trust may prove as admirable a performance as the first-named book.

The purchase of the *Greek Slave* for distribution has brought the Western Art Union three thousand subscribers this year. It is an increase of nearly one hundred per cent. upon the subscriptions of last year, but is hardly enough to warrant the addition of many other prizes to the great one.

JENNY LIND continues her triumphant progress

through the country, delighting the world and doing good. Each place which she visits gets up an excitement, which if it be not equal to that at New York, is at least the result of a conscientious endeavor to accomplish the most which can be achieved with the means at command. Her four concerts in Baltimore are said to have produced forty thousand dollars, which is even more in proportion to the wealth and size of the place than the average receipts at her concerts in New York.

It is stated that the existence of a third ring around the planet Saturn was discovered on the night of Nov. 15th, by the astronomers at the Cambridge Observatory. It is within the two others, and therefore its distance from the body of Saturn must be small. It will be remembered that the eighth satellite of this planet was also discovered at Cambridge, by Mr. Bond, about two years since.

Mr. JUNIUS SMITH, who has been for some years very zealously engaged in introducing the culture of the tea plant into the United States, gives it as the result of his experiments that the heat of summer is far more to be feared for the tea plant, than the cold of winter, and requires more watchful care. In his field at Greenville, S.C., he has shaded every young plant put out the first week in June, and so long as he continued to do so, did not lose a single plant by the heat of the sun. The young tea-plants from nuts planted on the 5th of June last, and those from China set out about the same time, and most of them still very small, do not appear to have sustained the slightest injury, but are as fresh and green without any covering or protection, as they were in September. He thinks it not at all unlikely that the cultivation of the plant will become general in New England before it does in the Southern States.

Mr. DARLEY, whose outlines of *Rip Van Winkle*, and *Sleepy Hollow*, published by the Art Union, won him so much reputation in Europe as well as here, is about to publish a series of outline illustrations of *Margaret*, an American novel, said to be of great interest. We had some time since the pleasure of seeing the drawings for these illustrations, and will venture to say that in truthfulness of expression and accuracy of outline they are beyond any American works of their kind, and surpassed by none we know of which have appeared in Europe, we will not even except those of RETZSCH.

The Art-Union Bulletin is our authority for stating that Mr. Darley has also engaged to furnish, to a print publisher in this city, twelve designs of large size, representing prominent scenes in American history. They are to be sketches in chiaro-scuro, which will afterward be engraved in mezzotint. The first of these designs represents *The Massacre of Wyoming*. The point of time chosen by the artist, is the first demonstration made by the savages against the settlement, on the day preceding the general slaughter. A letter to the *Tribune* states that Mr. Healy, one of our best portrait painters, is hard at work on the figures of the former two great rivals, Mr. Webster and Mr. Calhoun. That of Mr. Calhoun is simply a full-length portrait, representing him as taking his leave of the Senate; it is for the Charleston authorities. The accessories of the painting are unimportant. That of Mr. Webster, however, gives us a large section of the Senate chamber, galleries included, and about one hundred and fifty figures or portraits, all after life. It is yet in outline. Boston will possess this valuable work of art, and almost

living history of the celebrated speech on the Constitution.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER, the annotator upon Shakspeare, has received a pension of £100 a year from the Royal Literary Pension Fund. Another pension, of the same amount, has been granted to Mr. JAMES BAILEY, the translator of Facciolati's Latin Lexicon, and one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. So, entirely, however, had Mr. Bailey abstracted himself from the great literary world, that when the announcement was made of the pension conferred upon him "in consideration of his literary merits," not one of the literary journals, not even the *Athenæum*, was able to tell who the recipient was; but all declared that they knew of no man of letters bearing that name. This fund amounts to £1200, and the lion's share of it, the remaining £1000, is appropriated in a singular manner. It has been bestowed upon the wife of the new Lord Chancellor, Lord Truro, lately Mr. Solicitor Wilde. This lady is the daughter of the late Duke of Sussex, one of the sons of George III. The duke contracted a marriage with her mother, which was illegal by the terms of the Royal Marriage Act, and which he afterward repudiated by forming a similar connection with another woman, for whom he succeeded in procuring the title of Duchess of Inverness, and an allowance from the public treasury, to enable her to support her dignity. On the death of the duke an attempt was made to procure the recognition of his children by the former connection, as members of the royal family, with a pension. This being unsuccessful, the sum of £500 a year was first given to the daughter, who bore the name of D'Este, from the literary fund; which sum was afterward increased by an additional £500, from the same fund. The chief counsel in prosecuting these claims was Mr. Wilde, who, immediately on his elevation to the bench, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, marries this *soi-disant* Princess D'Este. Though the present chancellor is very wealthy, and receives a large income from his office, his wife still continues to absorb five-sixths of the sum at the disposal of the crown as a reward to "eminent literary merit:" her merit, like that celebrated in Figaro, being that she "condescended to be born;" from all of which it appears, that the merit of being a spurious offshoot of the royal family, is just ten times as great as that of the most earnest and successful prosecution of literary and scientific pursuits.

The English papers, and especially the Literary Journals, express considerable apprehension that the English people are likely to be outdone in the coming Exhibition. The *Athenæum* complains of the comparative indifference which pervades the English manufacturers, while every mail from the Continent and from America, brings intelligence of an increased activity in their workshops. "The prize of victory, in this case, it says, must rest with the strong. A new era in industry and commerce opens with 1851: and for a producer to be out of the Catalogue of the Exhibition will be equivalent to abandoning the field.

The gardens of the Zoological Society of London are constantly receiving new accessions from the liberal efforts of the English colonial Governors, and others in foreign parts. Fine presents of rare animals have also been received from several of the royal families of Europe.

A scheme has been proposed to convert the now abandoned grave-yards of London, into ornamental

gardens, by throwing down useless walls, planting elms, mulberries, fig-trees and other plants which flourish in crowded thoroughfares, and laying out the surface with walks and flower-beds. Not to interfere with the sanctities of the graves, or permanently to remove any historic marks from their present localities, it is also proposed to collect the grave-stones and form with them the base of a pyramidal or other kind of monument to be erected in each church-yard.

The rumor that government intends to impose a mileage tax upon the electric telegraph has elicited very warm and emphatic remonstrances from the English press. The fact is very prominently brought forward that in England the telegraph is used much less than in the United States, because its employment is very greatly restricted by high charges, while in America it is thrown open to the great body of the public and is accordingly used by them. The *Athenæum*, speaking of the matter, says that, instead of adding to the expense of working the iron messengers, every effort should be made to reduce it so as to bring its benefits and consolations within the reach of smaller means. In this, as in some other respects, America sets the old continent a good example.

A new public park is soon to be opened, on the south side of London. The shooting grounds and premises so well known as the Red House, nearly opposite to Chelsea Hospital, have been purchased by Government for, it is said, £11,000. Of the new bridge to be erected across the Thames, in connection with this park, the works are soon to be begun.

Mr. CHARLES LOCKE EASTLAKE, has been elected President of the Royal Academy; he has also had the honor of knighthood conferred upon him.

Mr. MACREADY has been giving readings from Shakspeare the proceeds of which he appropriates to the purchase of Shakspeare's house for the country. He was one of the most liberal of the original subscribers to this fund, and has by this renewed donation aided still more effectually the accomplishment of the object.

Professor FARADAY, at a late meeting of the Royal Institution, announced his discovery that oxygen is magnetic, that this property of the gas is affected by heat, and that he believes the diurnal variation of the magnetic needle to be due to the action of solar heat on this newly discovered characteristic of oxygen—the important constituent of the atmosphere. It is said that Bequerel also has recently directed attention to a somewhat similar conclusion; he communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, that oxygen is magnetic in relation to the other gases, as iron is to the rest of the metals, and inferred that it is probable or possible that diurnal variation may be connected with this property of oxygen.

HENRY FITZMAURICE HALLAM, M.A., the only surviving son of the eminent English historian, died at Sienna, after a short illness, on the 26th of October, and at the early age of twenty-seven years. He had visited Rome with his father and others of the family, and they were on their return homeward, when this affliction fell upon them. It will be remembered, that a few years ago his elder brother, full of college honors and of the highest promise, died under equally afflictive circumstances.

A pamphlet by Sir Francis Bond Head, on the defenseless state of Great Britain, has excited a good deal of attention, and elicited some pretty sharp criticism from the London journals. Still, it is very generally conceded that there is a great deal of truth in his representations.

A corresponsent of the London *Athenæum*, writing from Naples, gives an account of a visit paid to the studio of the American sculptor, POWERS. The figure of "America," upon which he is now engaged, is that of a robust young female, with a noble and dignified expression of countenance, and the head surrounded by a diadem of thirteen stars. The left arm and hand are elevated, as if exhorting the people to trust in heaven; while the right rests on the fasces, which are crowned with bay leaves, enforcing the precept that Union is Strength and will be crowned with Victory. The statue, which is half covered with drapery, will be 14 feet high; and for power, beauty, and dignity combined, the writer says, it is one of the finest that he has ever seen in Italy. Powers is about to commence working it out in marble, and calculates that in fifteen months it will be ready for sending off. By the side of it stands a half-developed statue of "California."

FRANCE.

A new method of voting, which offers incontestable advantages on the score of accuracy and rapidity, has received an appropriation from the French Chambers. Each member is provided with a box containing ten ballots; five white (*ayes*), and five blue (*nays*). These consist of oblong squares of steel, having the name of the representative engraved upon each side. The urns are so arranged that the white and blue ballots fall into different compartments, not at random, but arrange themselves against a graduated copper rod, which shows at a glance the number of ballots for or against. These rods are taken from the urns, and placed upon a piece of mechanism upon the tribune, so arranged that one side shows all the ayes, the other all the nays, and the secretaries have only to add up the sums of the rods. Then, by touching a lever, the sides are reversed, so that the secretaries who have added the ayes have the nays presented to them; thus mutually checking each other. The result is thus ascertained in a few minutes, with scarcely a possibility of error. Lists are prepared beforehand bearing numbers corresponding to those engraved on a corner of the ballots, by which means the copy for the *Moniteur* is speedily furnished, with the utmost accuracy. This which used to take a considerable time, and swarmed with errors, can now be done in ten minutes. This ingenious and beautiful apparatus costs 27,000 francs.

A new aeronautic machine has been exhibited at Paris, which it is claimed solves the long sought problem, at least on a small scale, of directing the course of a balloon through the air. The leading ideas of the machine are drawn from the structure of birds and fishes, the animals that possess the power of traversing a liquid element. The model with which the successful experiments were performed, consists of a balloon of gold-beaters' skin, inflated with hydrogen, some three or four yards long, nearly round in front, and terminating in a horizontal rudder like the tail of a bird; a little before and above which is another rudder placed vertically, like the tail of a fish. The former is to change the course of the vessel up and down, the latter to turn it to the right or left. Toward the head of the balloon, in a position corresponding to that of the fins of a fish, are placed light wings, capable of a rapid motion, which constitute the motive power. In the model these are set in motion by machinery; but in the working machine human power is proposed. A framework of hollow iron is placed horizontally around the balloon to

which it is attached by cords; this furnishes the fixed point to which are attached the cords which move the rudders; and from it is suspended the car in which the passengers are to be placed. The inventor promises to construct a machine capable of carrying up fifty persons. He acknowledges that the apparatus will be bulky, but consoles himself by the reflection that there is no present danger of the air being crowded. The whole weight of the machine and its burden is to be so proportioned to the amount of hydrogen in the balloon, that it will remain in equilibrium; an anchor is then to be thrown overboard, when the machine will of course rise; when a sufficient height is gained the anchor is to be weighed, and the equilibrium being again restored, the machine will be stationary; and it may then be propelled and guided by the wings and the rudders. Such, at least, is the belief of one of the editors of *La Siècle*, who was present at the trial of the model, and who indulges in the most glowing anticipations of the future success of the invention.

Rossini is said to be secretly superintending, at Boulogne, the production of a musical work to which he attaches great importance. He passes every evening and a part of each day with the famous tenor Donzelli, in revising this work, which has not yet been made known to the public, and which, it is said, will soon be performed at Boulogne.

Armand Marrast is engaged in writing some very curious memoirs respecting the events of the years 1848 and 1849. It is said that they will contain verbatim extracts from a report made to him and to General Cavaignac, by M. Carlier, on occasion of the election of Louis Napoleon to the Constituent Assembly. M. Carlier goes into many details of the habits and customs of Louis Napoleon and of other members of his family.

It is stated in the French journals that in consequence of the confusion existing between the maritime calculations of different powers, and the unfortunate occurrences to which it sometimes leads, the naval powers of the north—Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland—have entered into an agreement to open conferences on the old question of a common meridian for all nations. France, Spain, and Portugal, it is said, have given in their adhesion to the scheme; and a hope is held out that England will come into the arrangement. The most advanced opinion on the Continent seems to be in favor of the selection of an entirely neutral point of intersection—say Cape Horn—which it is said would have the immense advantage of being agreeable to the Americans.

M. Polain, keeper of the Archives at Liege, has recently discovered that the famous French historian, Froissart, whose Chronicles are universally known, copied the first fifty chapters of his work from Jehan le Bel, an author of his own time, whose manuscripts have been recently discovered in the Belgian libraries. This is a discovery of considerable interest to antiquarians. An edition of one hundred and twenty-five copies of Jehan le Bel's book has been printed for the use of a select number of historical *savans*.

A whimsical discovery is announced by M. Jules Allix, in the *feuilleton* of the *Paris Presse*. It seems too absurd to merit repetition, but it is reproduced in some of the London literary papers, and is there treated as if there might be something real in it. It is stated that a method has been discovered of communicating instantly between any two places on the earth, without regard to distance

or continuous lines, and through the agency of magnetized *snails*! The inventors of this novel telegraph are said to be M. Benoit, of France, and M. Biat, of America; and they are further said to have been engaged for several successive years in experimenting upon the subject. They claim to have ascertained that certain descriptions of snails possess peculiar properties or sympathies, which cause them to feel the same sensation, no matter at what distance they may be, when acted on in a particular way by galvanic and magnetic influences. A snail placed in a box, suitably provided with the requisite apparatus, in France, thus responds to the motions of a snail, placed in a similar box, in America; and by providing a snail for each letter, a conversation may thus be carried on. The correspondent of the London Literary Gazette, says that he saw experiments on the subject in Paris, which were attended with complete success. The whole thing is probably an ingenious hoax. A skeptical correspondent of the Literary Gazette proposes an easy method of testing the new telegraph. He says, "If the *Presse* newspaper will every day for a few weeks give a short abstract of contemporary American news, or indeed mention any points of prominent interest which occur on the other side of the Atlantic; thus anticipating by some weeks the ordinary mails; and if, when these arrive, the news given by the snail telegraph is confirmed, doubts will vanish, and snails will be at a premium."

Louis Napoleon, in his Message announced that the French government has proposed to the different Cabinets international relations for putting an end to the long tolerated abuse of literary and artistic piracy—that these propositions have been favorably received, in principle, by most of the Cabinets—and that between France and Sardinia a treaty has already been signed for the mutual protection of both these species of property. The announcement has been hailed with great satisfaction by the literary public.

A correspondent of the Literary Gazette says, that the distinguished French poet, BERANGER, occupies himself a good deal in writing biographies, anecdotes, criticisms, &c., of the public men with whom, in the course of his long career, he came in contact. It is now two years since he announced his intention of giving such a work to the public, and he seems to think that it will possess great historical value.

A clever hoax was played off by *La Presse* against the President. The day previous to the one when the President's Message was to have appeared, that journal published a document entitled, "Message of the President of the Republic to the General Assembly," bearing the signature L. N. Bonaparte. Under the various heads which such a document would naturally contain, the most radical and sweeping propositions were laid down; propositions which nobody suspected the President of entertaining in the Elysée, whatever his opinions might have been when meditating in the Castle of Ham. Official communications were at once dispatched to the evening papers, declaring the publication a forgery; and stating that the *Procureur* of the Republic had caused the paper in question to be seized at the post and in the office of publication. The next day *La Presse* opened with an article stating that the paper of the day before had been seized for publishing such and such an article, copying its message of the previous day, and declaring it to be genuine, for that every word of it

was the acknowledged publication of the President. The fact was that it was made up of extracts from various publications which Bonaparte had put forth at different epochs; and could hardly be branded as a forgery. Thus far the paper seemed to have the advantage. But the court soon turned the scale by sentencing the *gérant* of the paper, M. Nefftzer, to an imprisonment of a year, and a fine of 2000 francs.

GERMANY, Etc.

A correspondent of the London Literary Gazette gives an account of an interesting quarrel between the directors of the Theatre Royal at Brussels and the Press. Disliking some of the criticisms of the latter, the directors posted placards announcing that they had withdrawn from sundry papers a specified number of free admissions worth a specified sum per annum. The proprietors of the paper had sued them for libels, and the case was before the courts.

Few of living literary men have enjoyed a wider reputation in the same department than the celebrated German critic HEINRICH HEINE. The literary world will, therefore, learn with regret that he is dying. An article in a late number of the London *Leader* says, that "paralysis has killed every part of him but the head and heart; and yet this diseased body—like that of the noble Augustin Thierry—still owns a lordly intellect. In the brief intervals of suffering Heine prepares the second volume of his 'Buch der Lieder;' and dictates the memoirs of his life—which he will make a picture gallery, where the portraits of all the remarkable persons he has seen and known will be hung up for our inspection. Those who know Heine's wicked wit and playful sarcasm will feel, perhaps, somewhat uncomfortable at the idea of sitting for their portraits; but the public will be eager 'for the fun.' There is little of stirring interest in the events of his life; but he has known so many remarkable people, and his powers of vivid painting are of an excellence so rare in German authors, that the announcement of his memoirs will create a great sensation."

The King of Bavaria has formed the gigantic design of causing to be executed a series of pictures on subjects derived from the annals of all times and all nations; the whole being destined to form a sort of pictorial universal chronology. But the expense and vastness of such a project warrant the fear that it will never be realized.

The Emperor of Russia has resolved to have copies, in default of the originals, of all the great paintings of the old masters of all schools; and he is at present causing to be copied in Venice two great works of Titian. It is to be done by M. Schiavone who is quite celebrated for the skill with which he copies. The Ex-Emperor of Austria, it is said, surprised to find, in one of his visits to Venice, that no monument had been erected to the memory of Titian, ordered, at his own expense, the construction of one worthy of the immortal painter. He left to the Academy of Venice the choice of the form of the monument, and of the site on which it should be erected. The Academy, after a discussion *pro forma*, confided the monument to one of its members, M. Zandomeni, professor of sculpture. The monument is to be placed in the church of St. Mary of Frari, near that of Canova. It will be inaugurated in about a year's time with great pomp. Shortly after the monument was commenced, Zandomeni died, but his son has carried out his design.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Reveries of a Bachelor, by IK. MARVEL (published by Baker and Scribner), some portions of which have already been presented to the public in the October number of our Magazine, and in the *Southern Literary Messenger*, where they originally appeared, is one of the most remarkable and delightful books of the present season. Under the artistic disguise of the reveries of a solitary bachelor, yielding to the sweet and pensive fancies that cluster around his contemplative moments, inspired to strange, aerial, and solemn musings by the quiet murmur of his old-fashioned wood-fire, or gathering a swarm of quaint moralities from the fragrant embers of his cigar, the author stamps his heart on these living pages, and informs them with the most beautiful revelations that can be drawn from the depths of a rich experience and a singularly delicate and vivid imagination. Perhaps the most striking feature of this volume, is its truthfulness and freshness of feeling. The author has ventured to appropriate the most sacred emotions as the materials for his composition. Scenes, over which the veil is reverently drawn in real life, and which are touched lightly by the great masters of passion, are here depicted with the most faithful minuteness of coloring, and fondly dwelt on, as if the artist could not leave the tearful creations of his fancy. Nothing but an almost Shakspearian fidelity to nature could give success to such an experiment. The slightest tincture of affectation, or false sentiment, would ruin the whole. We always distrust the man who would play upon our emotions, and are glad to take refuge in the ludicrous, to save ourselves from the pathetic. If a single weak spot can be detected in the magic chain which he would throw around our feelings, if every link does not ring with the sound of genuine metal, the charm is at once broken, and we laugh to scorn the writer who would fain have opened the fountain of tears. It is no mean proof of the skill of the "Bachelor," that his pathetic scenes are always true to their aim. He has risked more than authors can usually afford, by dealing with the most exquisite elements of feeling, but he always forces you to acknowledge his empire, and yield your sympathies to his bidding.

It must not be inferred from these comments that our "Bachelor" is always in the lachrymose vein. Far from it. We have alluded to his mastery in the pathetic, because this is one of the most unerring tests of the sanity and truth of genius. But his "Reveries" also abound in touches of light and graceful humor; they show a quick perception and keen enjoyment of the comic; his sketches of character are pointed with a fine and delicate raillery; and his descriptions of natural beauty breathe the gushing cordiality of one who is equally at home in field and forest. With a rare facility of expression, obtained by dallying with every form of phrase that can be constructed out of the English vocabulary, and a beautiful freedom of spirit that makes him not ashamed to unfold the depths of his better nature, Mr. Ik. Marvel has opened a new vein of gold in the literature of his country. We rejoice that its early working gives such noble promise that its purity and refinement will not be surpassed by its richness.

Richard Edney and the Governor's Family (published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston), is a new novel by the author of *Margaret*, the original and erratic New England story, which established

the reputation of the writer as a shrewd delineator of manners, a watchful observer of nature, a satirist of considerable pungency, and a profound thinker on social and religious topics. *Richard Edney* is of the same stamp with that unique production. It has all its willful perversity, but with less ability. It is not so fresh and lifesome, but has more method, more natural sequence in the details of the story, and will probably please a more numerous class of readers. We do not think this author has come into the full possession of his powers. He is too conscious to permit their spontaneous and facile use. While he thinks so much of the motion of his wings, he can never soar into the empyrean. He often talks as if the burden of a prophet were on his heart, but he is too introspective for the fullness of inspiration. Even his strange and grotesque ways are not redeemed by showing the fatal inevitableness of a natural product. They do not appear to grow out of a tough, knotted, impracticable intellect; in that case we should not hesitate to forgive them; but they seem to be adopted with malice aforethought; and used with the keenness of a native Yankee, as the most available capital for the accomplishment of his purposes. With this writer, the story is subordinate to another object. He makes it the vehicle for sundry reflections and speculations, that are often ingenious, and always interesting. In this point of view, his book has considerable value. It is suggestive of more problems than it resolves. It points out many tempting paths of inquiry, which it does not enter. No one can read it without receiving a new impulse to his thoughts, and one usually in the right direction. The author is evidently a man of heart as well as of intellect, and inclines to a generous view of most subjects. His book should be looked at rather in the light of an ethical treatise than of a novel. The plot is less in his mind than the moral. But such hybrid productions are apt to fail of their end. If we desire to study philosophy, commend us to the regular documents. We do not wish for truth, as she emerges dripping from the well, to be clothed in the garments of fiction. Such incongruous unions can hardly fail to shock a correct taste, even if the story is managed with tolerable skill. In this instance, we can not highly praise the conduct of the narrative. It is full of improbable combinations. Persons and scenes are brought into juxtaposition, in a manner to violate every principle of *vraisemblance*. The effect is so to blunt the interest of the story, that we can hardly plod on to the winding-up.

Still we find talent enough in *Richard Edney* to furnish materials for a dozen better books. It has a number of individual sketches that are admirably drawn. We might quote a variety of isolated passages that impress us deeply with the vigor of the writer, and which, if wrought up with as much plastic skill as is usually connected with such inventive talents, would secure his rank among the *élite* of American authors. He has not yet done justice to his remarkable gifts, not even in the inimitable *Margaret*—the poem *Philo* we regard as a dead failure—and if our frank, though friendly criticism, shall act as a provocative to his better genius, he is welcome to the benefit of it.

The Issue of Modern Philosophic Thought is the title of an Oration by Rev. E. A. WASHBURN, delivered on the 6th of August, before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, and published by

Phillips, Sampson, and Co., Boston. It is an earnest, eloquent, and discriminating defense of the spiritual views of philosophy, set forth by Coleridge in England and by the late President Marsh in this country, with a vigorous protest against the abuses and errors which the author conceives have sprung up in the train of a false and counterfeit idealism. The Oration exhibits an intimate acquaintance with the development of philosophic inquiry, since the reaction against the French Sensualism of the last century, and the application of more profound and religious theories to Literature, Society, and Art in recent times. With no effeminate yearnings for the return of the "inexorable Past," and with a masculine faith in the designs of Providence for the destiny of Humanity, Mr. Washburn is alive to the dangers incident to a condition of progress, and describes them with honest boldness and fidelity. Without pretending to accord with all his ideas, we must yield the merit to his Discourse of affluent thought, rich learning, and a style of remarkable grace and elegance.

The Memorial, edited by MARY E. HEWITT, and published by G. P. Putnam, is one of the most beautiful gift-books for the present season, and in its peculiar character and design possesses an interest surpassed by none. It is written by friends of the late Mrs. Osgood, and is an appropriate and tasteful tribute to her memory. The profits are to be devoted for the erection of a monument to her in Mount Auburn. Its literary excellence may be inferred from the fact, that Nathaniel Hawthorne, the author of "St. Leger," John Neal, W. G. Simms, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, Bishop Doane, Bishop Spencer, George H. Boker, General Morris, George Lunt, A. B. Street, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Whitman, and, indeed, most of the celebrities of the time, in this country, are contributors. The volume will be welcome, as a choice specimen of American literary talent, and a graceful souvenir of the distinguished poetess in whose honor it has been prepared.

The Evening of Life, by JEREMIAH CHAPLIN (published by Lewis Colby), is a collection of devotional pieces, original and selected, intended to impart "light and comfort amid the shadows of declining years." The selections are made with excellent taste, being for the most part extracted from the best authors in the religious literature of England and America. Among them we observe the names of Fenelon, Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, Madame Guyon, Bishop Hall, Milton, Southey, and Wordsworth; and of American writers, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Willis, and W. R. Williams.

A New Memoir of Hannah More, by Mrs. HELEN C. KNIGHT, has been published by M. W. Dodd, giving a condensed and interesting view of the history of the celebrated religious authoress. Her connection with the development of practical religious literature, as well as her rare qualities of character, will always give an attraction to every authentic record of the incidents of her life. The present volume is evidently written by one of her warm admirers. It relates the principal facts in her brilliant career with remarkable vivacity. Indeed, a more chastened style would have been better suited to the subject of the memoir, whose own manner of writing, though florid and ambitious, in her more elaborate efforts, always displayed an imagination under the control of an active and discriminating judgment. As an instance of the excessive liveliness of description in which Mrs. Knight not unfrequently indulges, we may allude

to her portrait of Hannah More's father, the parish schoolmaster, "besides leading a flock of village urchins to nibble in the green pastures of knowledge, his five little girls follow the same friendly crook, and in their training he beholds the buds and blossoms, as he hopes to realize the fruit of his professional skill and parental fidelity."

Harper and Brothers have now ready two important standard works on philology, *A Latin-English Lexicon*, founded on the larger *Latin-German Lexicon* of FREUND, edited by E. A. ANDREWS, LL.D., and *A New Classical Dictionary* of Greek and Roman Biography, Mythology, and Geography, by WILLIAM SMITH, edited by Professor CHARLES ANTHON. These works have been subjected to a strict, laborious, and thorough revision by the American editors; large and valuable additions have been made to their contents; the very latest improvements in the science of philology have been incorporated with the researches of their original authors; and in point of exactness of investigation, clearness of method, and precision and completeness of detail, may be warmly recommended to the classical students of this country, as without a rival in their respective departments.

The great work of Dr. FREUND is so well known to the best educated scholars, as one of the most consummate specimens of German intellectual enterprise and persistency, that it is hardly necessary to make more than this passing allusion to its signal merits. Its indefatigable author, pursuing the path marked out by Gesenius and Passow in Hebrew and Greek lexicography, has opened a new era in the study of the Latin Language, reduced it to a far more compact and orderly system, and greatly facilitated the labors of those who wish to master the noble treasures of its literature. His *Lexicon*, published at Leipsic in four volumes, from 1834 to 1845, comprising nearly 4500 pages, has been made the basis of the present work, the Editor, meantime, making use of the best sources of information to be obtained in other quarters, including the smaller *School-Lexicon* of Dr. Freund himself, and the dictionaries of Gesner, Facciolati, Scheller, and Georges. He has aimed to condense these abundant materials within the limits of a single volume, retaining every thing of practical importance in the works from which they are derived.

In pursuance of this method, Professor ANDREWS has given all the definitions and philological remarks in Freund's larger *Lexicon*, with his references in full to the original Latin authors, the grammarians, editors, and commentators, retrenching from the citations whatever parts seemed to be superfluous, and entirely omitting such as were redundant or of comparatively trifling consequence. At the same time, he has preserved the reference to the original Latin authorities, thus enabling the student to examine the quotations at pleasure.

This *Lexicon*, like the *Dictionary* of Freund, on which it is founded, accordingly, contains in its definitions, in its comparison of synonyms, in its general philological apparatus, and in the number and variety of its references to the original classic authors, an amount of information not surpassed by any similar work extant, while in the luminous and philosophical arrangement of its materials, it is without an equal among the most complete productions in this department of study.

The learned Editor of this work, who has attained such a distinguished reputation, as one of the soundest and most thorough Latin philologists in the United States, has been assisted in its preparation by several friends and associates of great literary em-

nence, among whom are President WOOLSEY, of Yale College, Professor ROBBINS, of Middlebury College, and Prof. WM. W. TURNER, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The result of their united labors, as exhibited in the substantial volume before us, is a worthy monument of their high cultivation, their patience of intellectual toil, and their habits of profound, vigilant, and accurate research, and will reflect great credit on the progress of sound learning in this country.

The Classical Dictionary, by Dr. WM. SMITH, is one of the excellent series of Dictionaries prepared under the direction of that eminent scholar, aided by a number of learned philologists, for the purpose of presenting the results of German historical and archæological research in an English dress. This series has been received with the warmest expressions of approbation by the scholars and teachers of Great Britain. In preparing the present work, Dr. Smith has had peculiar reference to the wants of the younger class of students. He has wished to furnish them with a Dictionary, on the same plan with that of Lempriere, containing in a single volume the most important names, biographical, mythological, and geographical, occurring in the Greek and Roman writers usually read in the course of a classical education.

His work is, accordingly, divided into three distinct parts, Biography, Mythology, and Geography. The biographical portion is divided again into the departments of History, Literature, and Art—including all the important names which are mentioned in the classical writers, from the earliest times to the extinction of the Western Empire—a brief account of the works which are extant by the Greek and Roman writers, with notices of their lives—and a sketch of the principal artists, whose names are of importance in the history of Art. The mythological articles have been prepared with great care, and are free from the indelicate allusions which have rendered some former works of this kind unfit to place in the hands of young persons. The geographical portion of this work is entirely new, and exceedingly valuable. The Editor has drawn upon the most authentic sources of information, comprising, besides the original authorities, the best modern treatises on the subject, and the copious works of travels in Greece, Italy, and the East, which have appeared, within the last few years, both in England and Germany.

The present American edition, which has been superintended by Professor ANTHON, appears nearly simultaneously with the English edition, having been printed from sheets received in advance, and thoroughly revised for circulation in this country. The experienced Editor has performed his task with the ability which might be anticipated from his critical learning and accuracy. He has made important additions from the most recent authorities, with a view of adapting the work still more completely to junior students. Many errors which had escaped the vigilance of the original editor have been corrected; several valuable tables have been added; and the whole work greatly improved both in substance and form.

It is not intended, however, to supersede the *Classical Dictionary* of the American Editor, as the articles are brief, and without the completeness of detail required by the more advanced class of students; but for those who desire a smaller and less costly work, this volume will no doubt take the place of the obsolete Lempriere, whose Dictionary, on account of its cheapness, still disgraces some of our seminaries of learning.

American Education, by EDWARD D. MANSFIELD (published by A. S. Barnes and Co.), is an elaborate discussion of the theory of education, with special reference to its bearing on the wants and character of the American people. The author gives a forcible exposition of his views, with a variety of practical illustrations, of remarkable interest. Avoiding a too minute consideration of details, he endeavors to ascend to the region of eternal principles, to elucidate the harmony between the nature of man and the influences of the universe, and thus to shed a clear light on the momentous problem of the destiny of the soul. The tone of his volume is earnest, elevated, and often approaching a thoughtful solemnity, showing the deep religious convictions with which the subject is identified in the mind of the author. No one can peruse his impressive statements without a deeper sense of the importance of "the ideas connected with a republican and Christian education in this period of rapid development."

A. Hart, Philadelphia, has republished *The Ministry of the Beautiful*, by HENRY JAMES SLACK, of the Middle Temple, London, consisting of a series of conversations on the principles of æsthetic culture. A vein of refined and pure sentiment pervades the volume; the style is often of exquisite beauty; but the discussion usually terminates in a dim, purple haze, lulling the mind to repose in a soft, twilight enchantment, without imparting any clear conceptions, or enlarging the boundaries of either knowledge or taste.

D. Appleton and Co. have published a valuable educational work by GEO. W. GREENE of Brown University, entitled *History and Geography of the Middle Ages*, intended as the first of a series of historical studies for the American Colleges and High Schools. It is founded on a work in the French language, which describes, with clearness and brevity, the condition of politics, literature, and society during the Middle Ages. The high reputation of the author in every thing relating to Italian literature, will secure attention to his work.

A. S. Barnes and Co. have issued a selection of Hymns and Tunes, entitled *Christian Melodies*, by GEORGE B. CHEEVER, and G. E. SWEETSER. It has been prepared with great care, and will no doubt be found a highly valuable aid in the performance of choral service.

Crosby and Nichols, Boston, have reprinted from the English Edition, *A Sketch of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton*, by Rev. THOMAS BINNEY, being a popular lecture on the character of the great English philanthropist, originally delivered in Exeter Hall, London, before the "Young Men's Christian Association." It relates the most salient incidents in the life of Fowell Buxton, with a running commentary remarkable for its quaintness and vivacity. For young men in particular, to whom it is expressly dedicated, it must prove an instructive and pleasing volume.

J. S. Redfield has published *The Manhattuner in New Orleans*, by A. OAKLEY HALL, a collection of agreeably written papers, contributed, in the first place, to a literary journal of this city, and containing a variety of sketches of life in the Crescent City. Without any high pretensions to force of thought or brilliancy of composition, this little volume shows a lively power of observation, an active curiosity, and an unaffected ease of description, which can not fail to win for it golden opinions, among all classes of readers.

The same publisher has issued the second part of an ingenious treatise on Physiognomy, entitled

The Twelve Qualities of Mind, by J. W. REDFIELD, M.D., setting forth a view of the subject which claims to be a complete refutation of the principles of Materialism. The author writes with earnestness and ability, and presents many fruitful suggestions, though he does not succeed in elevating his favorite study to the dignity of a science.

An interesting volume of travels has been published by William Holdredge, entitled *A Winter in Madeira, and a Summer in Spain and Florence*. The author is understood to be the Hon. JOHN A. DIX, although his name is not appended to the volume. His description of Madeira will be read with interest, as an authentic account of a state of society, concerning which we have little information from modern travelers. His remarks on Spain and Florence are of a less novel character, but are every where distinguished for good sense, clearness of expression, and correctness of taste.

A neat volume adapted to the holiday season, is *Gems by the Way Side*, by Mrs. L. G. Abel (published by Wm. Holdredge), consisting of choice selections from favorite authors, with several tasteful embellishments.

An excellent service has been done to the cause of good learning by GEORGE P. PUTNAM, in the publication of a handsome volume, entitled *The World's Progress, A Dictionary of Dates*, edited by himself. The preparation of a work of this character demands such rare patience of labor, such habits of accurate research, such soundness and delicacy of judgment, and such devotion to the interests of knowledge, without the hope of great fame or profit by the enterprise, that the pioneers of literature who undertake it, are entitled at least to the cordial gratitude of every student and lover of letters. In the present volume, Mr. Putnam has collected a large amount of information, from distant and various sources, and arranged it in a lucid order, adapted to aid the investigations of the student, and to promote the facility of general reference. It consists of a series of tabular views of ancient and modern history, compiled from a previous manual by the Editor, and the full and accurate tables of Talboys—an Alphabetical Dictionary of Dates, founded on the well-known work of Joseph Haydn—a Chronological List of Authors, from the Companion to the British Almanac, with additions—a Table of the Heathen Deities—and a general Biographical Index. The task of the Editor has been performed with diligence and fidelity, although, as he intimates in the preface, it can not be presumed that such a volume can be free from imperfections. We might direct his attention to several obvious errors for correction in a future edition; but we presume they have already been discovered by his vigilant eye.

Montaigne: The Endless Study and Other Miscellanies, is a translation from the French of ALEXANDER VINET, with an Introduction and Notes, by ROBERT TURNBULL (published by M. W. Dodd). The principal part of these Essays are addressed to the numerous class of cultivated minds, that with a profound sense of the beauty and grandeur of the Christian religion, have failed to receive it as a divine revelation, or as the authoritative guide of character and life. With regard to the author, we are informed by Dr. Turnbull, that "he was distinguished as much for simplicity as dignity of character, for profound humility as for exalted worth. Apparently as unconscious of his greatness as a star is of its light, he shed up on all around him a

benignant radiance. In a word, he walked with God. This controlled his character, this shaped his manners. Steeped in holy love, he could not be otherwise than serene and gentle. He published a volume of philosophical criticisms, in which he discusses with uncommon depth and subtlety, but in language of exquisite clearness and force, some of the highest problems in philosophy and morals, and dissects the maxims and theories of such men as Montaigne, Voltaire, Rochefoucauld, Jouffroy, Cousin, Quinet, and Lamartine. His fine genius for philosophical speculation, in connection with his strong, common sense, and his unwavering faith in the Gospel are here strikingly developed." Among the subjects treated of in this volume, are the Character of Montaigne, The Idea of the Infinite, the Moral System of Jouffroy, The Claims of Heaven and Earth adjusted, and others of a similar bearing. They are discussed in the light of philosophical principles, and with a certain breadth of view, not always found in theological essays. The translator has not confined himself with rigid fidelity to the phraseology of the author, although for the sake of the vivacity and interest which it imparts, he occasionally retains the French idiom—a dangerous precedent to be adopted by unskillful hands.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, have published a collection of *Orations and Speeches*, by CHARLES SUMNER, comprising his Anniversary Discourses on The True Grandeur of Nations; The Scholar, The Jurist, The Artist, The Philanthropist; Fame and Glory; The Law of Human Progress, The War System of the Commonwealth of Nations; a Lecture on White Slavery in the Barbary States; Three Tributes of Friendship to Joseph Story, John Pickering, and Henry Wheaton; and several political Speeches, delivered within the last few years, on various occasions, in Massachusetts. They are adapted to sustain the high reputation of the author for extensive classical learning, an uncommon power of graceful and fertile illustration, and a glowing, and often gorgeous eloquence.

The Broken Bud (published by R. Carter and Brothers), is the title of a small volume of prose and poetry, intended as a tribute to the memory of a beloved child, by a bereaved mother, and containing many passages of touching pathos and genuine beauty.

Bardouac, or, The Goatherd of Mount Taurus, is a charming Persian Tale, translated from the French, in a style of great neatness and vivacity published by Crosby and Nichols, Boston.

G. P. Putnam has published *Fadette*, a new story by GEORGE SAND, illustrative of domestic life in France, translated by MATILDA M. HAYS. It is a tale of quiet, exquisite beauty, free from the morbid sentiment which abounds in the fictitious works of the modern French school, and rendered into graceful, idiomatic English by the accomplished translator.

R. Carter and Brothers have brought out a new edition of *The Memoir of Rev. Alexander Waugh*, the celebrated Scottish pastor in London, an admirable piece of religious biography, describing the life of a vigorous and noble-minded man.

J. S. Redfield has issued a little volume, with an uncommonly attractive exterior, entitled *Chanticleer, a Thanksgiving Story*, consisting of quiet descriptions of American country life and manners, set forth in the framework of a superficial and not very skillfully managed narrative. It contains some passages of considerable beauty, but as a whole, it has hardly sufficient freshness and fervor to produce a wide sensation.

A Leaf from Punch.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

THE Female Mind has hitherto been considered as a sort of fancy bazaar, in which all kinds of light articles are to be stowed away without regard to order or utility. If we could unlock the stores of female knowledge, such, at least, as the modern boarding-school supplies—we should find an extraordinary conglomeration of miscellaneous goods, bads, and indifferents, which though somehow or other reduced under one head, and that not always a strong one, are brought into a state of “disorder” which is, by us, at least, any thing but “admired.” If we might be permitted the privilege of examining phrenologically the interior of a young lady’s head, we should find not only what—but how completely—modern education has done for it. We will take any average boarding-school Miss, and instead of turning her organs into finger-organs, by merely passing our hands over the exterior bumps, we take the liberty of breaking her head at once, and looking directly into it.

We find *Constructiveness* in a state of entanglement with the quantity of crotchet and other fancy work in which it is completely bound up, for want of some more useful matter for the employment of this valuable quality; and on looking to the organ of *Imitation*, we see it exercised on a parcel of the most ridiculous airs and affectations, to say nothing of more dangerous qualities, set before it for the purpose of calling into practice its powers of copying. As to *Number*, its whole capacity seems to be concentrated on number one; and *Comparison* is clogged up with entire wardrobes, as if the only use of comparison to the female mind was to be its application to the respective bonnets, dresses, and articles of millinery worn by friends, enemies, or acquaintances. *Causality* shows us an instance

of something like an appropriate application of the organ; for it is intended to be one of inquiry, and it is exercised certainly in a questionable manner, for it is constantly directed, by the modern system of female education, to the asking, How it is an "establishment" is to be gained? or, Why it is that one person has succeeded in getting a husband before another? *Eventuality* is devoted to the cognizance of no more important events than Births, Deaths, and Marriages; while *Form*, *Size*, and *Color* are exercised respectively on the noses, mustaches, and eyes of the other sex, the organ of *Weight* being brought to bear on the estimating of bankers' balances. *Order* goes wholesale to the dressmaker's; *Ideality* knows nothing of any ideal but a *beau*; and *Time* and *Tune* are clogged with all sorts of airs, calling into operation *Destructiveness*, as far as the keys of an instrument are concerned, and *Secretiveness* as far as any meaning is conveyed by the means of so much labor.

Having brought ourselves to the sad conclusion that the examination of a fashionably-educated female head reveals nothing but faculties mis-employed, and valuable material wasted on what is not material at all, we can not but express a wish that Ladies' Preparatory Schools could be established, in which the pupils might be fitted for the useful, as well as the ornamental parts of life, and where the fact of there being a kitchen as well as a drawing-room to every house would not be altogether lost sight of. If the world could be got through in a Polka, to the accompaniment of a *cornet-à-piston*, the boarding-schools of the present day would be well enough; but as there is a sort of every-day walk to be gone through, we should greatly appreciate any system of female education that should fit women to get through the world with us, instead of merely getting through our money.



In the first place, we would put into execution the great design of our artist, who has shown us a Preparatory School in which cookery should be studied as an art, and in which the dressing of a dinner would be learned as a matter of course—or of one, two, or three courses of lectures. There should be a regular series of instruction, from the shelling of a pea by the smallest class, to the

achievement of the most exquisite Mayonnaise by the more advanced scholars. The young ladies would be taught not only how to make their *entrée* into a drawing-room, but how to prepare an *entrée* worthy of the dinner-table. We would have cookery inculcated in its most elementary form, and although we should shrink from any thing like harshness, we should not hesitate to put the be-

ginners through a vigorous course of basting for the first year or so.

The rules of arithmetic could easily be adapted to the culinary art, and such propositions as

3 Eggs make one Omelette.

2 Omelettes make one Breakfast.

3 Breakfasts à la fourchette make one Dinner.

and other calculations of a similar kind, would make the young female student familiar with her tables not only in their ordinary sense, but with what her tables ought to furnish samples of. We would suggest, also, periodical examinations in the higher branches of cookery, and translations of English food into French dishes. The rendering of a small slice of beef into a *filet piqué aux légumes printaniers*, would form an exercise quite as difficult, and certainly as useful, as any other conversion of English into French; and the proper *garniture* of a leg of mutton would be as great a trial to the taste as if it were employed on merely millinery trimmings.

We should be glad to see the establishment of a culinary college for young ladies, and though we would not exactly recommend the cramming system to the fairer sex, we think that beef and mutton would furnish quite as valuable food for their minds, as a great deal of that that is now put into them.

LADIES' ARITHMETIC

BY A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

LADIES have quite a different system of calculation to what men have. Look at the peculiar way in which they calculate ages. Why! they are quite an age behind the present generation—at least, the generation of men—for a man is, figuratively, said, as he grows older, to approach into his second childhood, but a woman does so literally, inasmuch as she becomes every year one year younger—a rejuvenating process, by which, if she lived long enough, she would ultimately reach the happy period when she was carried about in long clothes, and took a tenacious delight, peculiar to babies, in pulling gentlemen's whiskers. In fact, I wonder that, carrying out this retrograde movement, a married lady, as she advances in years, does not re-appear on the stage of life as the ball-room girl, and throw off the matronly title of MRS., to put on the more flowery salutation of Miss. It would be more consistent with the representation of figures—we mean, arithmetical figures—though it might be a little at variance with the appearance of personal ones.

My belief is that the female mind has no correct sense of numbers. It belabors and rolls out figures as cooks do paste, making them as thick or as thin as it pleases to fit the object required. I have noticed a largeness or liberality of measurement in most of their calculations, which redounds greatly, in this calculating age, to the generosity of the sex. It is quite opposite to the self-measurement which they apply to themselves. Whereas the latter is distinguished by a narrowness of result which almost makes us suspect that Subtraction has been largely at work; the former is crowned with a roundness of figure which leads us strongly to accuse the sum total of having been gained by the corrupt agency of Addition. In fact my suspicions are so violent on this head, that I always adopt the following plan when I am at a loss to know:

HOW TO CORRECTLY ASCERTAIN THE AGE OF A LADY. I first ask the Lady accused her own age. I then inquire of her "dearest friends." I next

ascertain the difference between the two accounts (which frequently varies from five years to forty), and, dividing that difference by 2, I add that quotient to the lady's own representation, and the result is the lady's age, as near as a lady's age can be ascertained.

EXAMPLE: MRS. WELLINGTON SEYMOUR gives herself out to be 28. Her friends, MRS. McCABE, MRS. ALFRED STEVENS, MADAME CORNICHON, and MISS JERKINS, indignantly declare that they will eat their respective heads off if she is a day younger than 46. Now the disputed account stands thus:

	Years
MRS. SEYMOUR's age, as represented by her friends,	46
MRS. SEYMOUR's age, as represented by herself . . .	28

Difference between the two Accounts . . . 18

That difference has to be divided by 2, which, I believe, will give 9. If that is added to MRS. SEYMOUR's own statement, the result obtained will be the answer required. Accordingly MRS. WELLINGTON SEYMOUR's age is 37—a fact, which, upon consulting the family Bible, I find to be perfectly correct—and I only hope MRS. S. will, some day, forgive me for publishing it. There are many other eccentricities in female arithmetic, such as increasing twofold the amount of a gentleman's fortune, and diminishing fiftyfold the amount of a lady's—and a general proneness, besides, to magnify figures, leading them, at times, into strange errors of exaggeration, which would debar them from following the profession of a penny-a-liner, or writing works of numerical fidelity, like "McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary." But as I do not love the female mind particularly for its eccentricities, but rather for its beauties, I shall close the door upon this ungallant subject; for, if a woman is good and beautiful, it matters but little how old she is.

NETTING FOR LADIES.

NETTING is now followed with so much ardor, as a female accomplishment, that one would think there is a great deal of net profit to be derived from it. The ladies' periodicals are full of instructions in this new popular art; and we have seen a couple of closely-printed columns devoted to directions for netting a mitten.

We had some thoughts of endeavoring to furnish the necessary instructions for netting a gentleman's nightcap, but we found that we should not have room for more than half of it, and that the tassel, at all events, would have to stand over till our next, and perhaps be continued in a still remoter Pocket-Book.

Being desirous of furnishing some instruction in Netting, to our female readers, we have thought of something within our compass, and beg leave to lay before them, our

DIRECTIONS FOR NETTING A HUSBAND.

Take as many meshes as are within your reach, and get the softest material you can to work upon. Go on with your netting as fast as ever you can, work the material about with your meshes until you find you can turn it round your finger and thumb with the utmost facility. Let your netting-needles be very sharp; thread them double to prevent them from breaking; and we may observe, that silken ringlets serve exceedingly well as thread, when the work in hand is the netting of a husband. Always employ the brightest colors you can, and the final operation will be the joining together, which should be neatly finished off with a marriage knot, and the husband will be completely netted.

Winter Fashions.



FIGURE 1.—PROMENADE AND MORNING COSTUME.

HEAVERY, rich textures of silk have taken the place of the lighter stuffs used at the beginning of December. *Brocards*, *satin princesse*, *antique moires*, *Irish poplins*, and heavy *chiné* silks, such as were worn by the belles who saw Washington inaugurated, are now in vogue. The latter material is called by the French *camayeux*. It is made of all colors, such as light violet upon dark violet; or, what is more beautiful, large white roses, hardly visible, and partly concealed by light green leaves upon a ground of dark green, forming an *ensemble* at once coquettish, brilliant, and extremely elegant. Plain *poplins* are much worn; also *royal*

Pekin or black damask, trimmed with two broad flounces of Cambray lace. Instead of a corsage, a *petite corsage* of the same material is worn, wide open in front, and closed at the waist with two double buttons, or a large bow of ribbon.

FIGURE 2 represents this style of corsage. The edge is trimmed with lace or fullings of ribbon, the sleeves three-quarters long and in pagoda form. The same figure represents a very pretty style of head-dress. The cap is composed of plain *tulle* of the lightest description; upon one side of the head, partially covering the ear, is a bunch of roses, or other flowers, pendant.



FIG. 2.—HEAD-DRESS AND CORSAGE

FIGURE 1 represents a promenade and a morning costume. The PROMENADE COSTUME is a high silk dress; the waist and point long; the sleeves three-quarter length and wide at the bottom; the skirt long and exceedingly full; five volants are set on full, each being trimmed at a little distance from the edge by a narrow *guimpe*. *Manteau* of light brown cachmere, trimmed with velvet of the same color; closed up in front by four large *brandebourgs*. Bonnet of a very open form, trimmed entirely with plaid ribbon.

The MORNING COSTUME is a *jupe* of blue silk, very long and full, trimmed down the front with rows of



FIG. 3.—BONNET.

velvet and small silk tassels, the form of an acorn. A *cain de feu*, a sort of jacket, of blue satin, of a

darker shade than the *jupe*, the small skirt of which is of the Hungarian form. It is trimmed round with velvet and has tassels up the front to correspond with the skirt; the sleeves come but little below the elbow, wide at the bottom, and cut like the skirt. These are likewise trimmed with velvet. Cap of black lace, trimmed with a broad white ribbon, edged with pink.

FIGURE 3 shows a new style of plain velvet bonnet, of rich green. It is made very deep; trimmed with velvet. Satins are made in the same form, of a dark color, the interior of the fronts lined with white, rose, or any other fresh color. These are ornamented with branches of flowers of velvet, or *nœuds* of plaid ribbon, half velvet and half satin, the colors harmonizing with the bonnet.

There are small bonnets of white or pink plush, having for their sole ornament a single bow of satin ribbon, or a ribbon *volonté* at the sides. This style is very elegant, and particularly adapted for very young ladies, especially when trimmed with a deep fall of rich lace. Those made of pink satin, and trimmed with blonde, forming a bunch upon the side of the exterior, the interior being filled entirely with rows of narrow blonde, are exceedingly graceful.

A new style of fringe for ball dresses has lately been introduced. It is extremely light, and composed of a mixture of white and gold, which forms a splendid trimming when placed upon a triple skirt of white *tulle*. It is also made of pink and silver, which has a beautiful effect upon a dress of pink crape; splendid bouquets of beautiful flowers being arranged so as to loop up the skirts on either side.

A new and greatly admired style for EVENING DRESSES, called *d'Adrienne*, has lately been brought out in Paris. It is made of the richest materials. The corsage is extremely low, and forms a very deep point, its ornaments being placed *en cœur* upon the centre of the front. The skirt is open, and is ornamented upon the two sides with streamers of ribbon and *nœuds* of pearls. The under-skirt of satin is enriched with an *echelle* of lace or a triple *falbalas*, the two extremities of which are disposed so as to join the *nœuds* upon the upper dress.

An elegant addition to a lady's toilet has been recently brought out, which recalls the *mantillas* worn by the Maltese ladies. It consists of a kind of pelisse, full into the narrow band around the throat, which is concealed by a small collar, having for ornament a volant or frill of Chantilly lace. The lower part of the pelisse, as well as the sleeves, is encircled with four rows of Chantilly lace, surmounted with rows of narrow velvet or watered ribbons, forming a pretty heading. This little garment is extremely elegant for places of amusement, made in pink, blue, or white satin, and trimmed with Brussels or English point lace.

Fringes and Cambray lace will be much used this season in the decoration of dresses. Feathers will be much worn, some in *touffes*, and others simply the long single feather, passing over the entire front of the bonnet.

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THE TRAVELER; OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow—
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,
Or onward where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door,
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies
A weary waste expanding to the skies—
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair;
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

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But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care—
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view,
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And placed on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear—
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amid the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom

vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns with wealth and splendor
crown'd,
Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round.

Ye lakes whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains that dress the flowery vale—
For me your tributary stores combine;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er—
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still—



'Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies,
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amid the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease,
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home;
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind—
As different good, by art or nature given
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call:
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And, though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down,
From art, more various are the blessings sent—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content;
Yet these each other's power so strong contest
That either seems destructive of the rest:
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone;
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends—

Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This favorite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while my proper cares resigned,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground—
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year—
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows;
In florid beauty groves and fields appear—
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here!
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue—
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs—nor far remov'd the date
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fallen column sought the skies,
The canvas glow'd beyond even nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;



Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail,
While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd and lords without a slave—
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
From these the feeble heart and long fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love—
A mistress or a saint in every grove :

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ,
The sports of children satisfy the child.
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind.
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway
Defac'd by time and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display—



Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword,
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's shut, his feasts though small !
He sees his little lot, the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed—
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loathe his vegetable meal—
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil,
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose.
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;



With patient angle trolls the finny deep ,
Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep ,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze—
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard.
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast—



So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd—
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd;
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies.
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve and vibrate through the frame:
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire,
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run—
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
way—

These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can
please;

How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire,



Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill—
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of three-score.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away.
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:
Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current—paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise—

They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise, too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought—
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;



And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amid the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore—
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain—
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,

Are here display'd. Their much lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear—
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys:
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves;
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old—
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her
wing.
And flies where Britain courts the western
spring;



Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.
 There, all around, the gentlest breezes stray;
 There gentle music melts on every spray;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd:
 Extremes are only in the master's mind.
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state
 With daring aims irregularly great.
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs—a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control;
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan
 And learns to venerate himself as man

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here.
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
 Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
 But, foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy.
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie:
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone—
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd,
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore—
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stopp'd, or frenzy fire the wheels.
 Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,



Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
 Till time may come when, stripp'd of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms—
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame—
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings or court the great.
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
 And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel—
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun—
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
 I only would repress them to secure;
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil—
 And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires.
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms;
 But, when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own—
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free—
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Law grinds the poor, and rich men rule the law—
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home—
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart:
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother! curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal power;
 And thus, polluting honor in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train—



And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main—
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous
ways,

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous
aim—

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise—
The pensive exile, bending with his woe.
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,

Casts a long look where England's glories shine
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant-kings or tyrant-laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or
cure?

Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find.
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Zeck's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel—
To men remote from power but rarely known—
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own



[From Mayhew's Comic Almanac.]

AN INVITATION TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

(BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A SLIGHT IMPEDIMENT IN HIS SPEECH.)

TO BE READ ALOUD.

I HAVE found out a gig-gig-gift for my fuf-fuf——fair,
 I have found where the rattle-snakes bub-bub——breed.
 Won't you c-c-c-come, and I'll show you the bub-bub——bear,
 And the lions and tit-tit——tigers at fuf-fuf-fuf——feed.

I know where c-c-c-co——cockatoo's song
 Makes mum-mum-mum——melody through the sweet vale;
 Where the m——monkeys gig-gig——grin all the day long,
 Or gracefully swing by the tit-tit-tit-tit——tail.

You shall pip-pip——play, dear, some did-did——delicate joke,
 With the bub-bub——bear on the tit-tit——top of his pip-pip-pip——pole;
 But observe, 'tis for-for-for——bidden to pip-pip——poke
 At the bub-bub——bear with your pip-pip——pink pip-pip-pip-pip——parasol.



You shall see the huge elephant pip-pip-pip——play;
 You shall gig-gig-gaze on the stit-tit——ately racoon,
 And then, did-did——dear, together we'll stray,
 To the cage of the bub-bub——blue fuf-fuf-fac'd bab-bab-bab——boon.

You wish'd (I r-r-r——remember it well,
 And I l-l-l-lov'd you the m-m-more for the wish)
 To witness the bub-bub-bub——beautiful pip-pip——pel-
 ican swallow the l-l-live l-l-l-little fuf-fuf——fish.



Then c-c-come, did-did-dearest, n-n-n-never say "nun-nun-nun-nun——nay;"
 I'll tit-tit-treat you, my love, to a "bub-bub-bub——buss,"
 'Tis but thrup-pip-pip-pip——pence a pip-pip——piece all the way,
 To see the hip-pip-pip——(I beg your pardon)——
 To see the hip-pip-pip-pip——(ahem!)
 The hip-pip-pip-pip——pop-pop-pop-pop——(I mean)
 The hip-po-po-po——(dear me, love, you know)
 The hippo-pot-pot-pot——('pon my word I'm quite ashamed of myself).
 The hip-pip-pop——the hip-po-pot.
 To see the Hippop——potamus.



FELLOWS OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

DEATH OF HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST.*

ON the 5th of July, 1789, Howard quitted England to return no more. Arriving at Amsterdam on the 7th, he proceeded by slow stages through Germany and Prussia into the empire of the Czar, which he entered at Riga. He was destined never more to quit the soil of Russia. The tremendous destruction of human life to which the military system of that country gives rise, had not then, as it has since, become a recognized fact in Western Europe; and the unconceived and inconceivable miseries to which Howard found recruits and soldiers exposed in Moscow, induced him to devote his attention to them and to their cause. In these investigations horrors turned up of which he had never dreamed, and impressed him still more profoundly with a sense of the hollowness of the Russian pretense of civilization. In the forced marches of recruits to the armies over horrid roads, being ill-clothed and worse fed, he found that thousands fell sick by the way, dropped at the roadside, and were either left there to die of starvation, or transferred to miserable hospitals,

where fever soon finished what fatigue had begun. This waste of life was quite systematic. An hospital for the reception of the poor wretches had recently been erected at Kremenschuk, a town on the Dnieper, which contained at that time 400 patients in its unwholesome wards. Thither Howard repaired to prosecute his new inquiries. The rooms he found much too full; many of the soldiers were dreadfully ill of the scurvy, yet they were all dieted alike, on sour bread and still sourer quas, alternated with a sort of water-gruel, which, if not eaten one day, was served up again the next. From this place, Howard went down the Dnieper to Cherson, where he examined all the prisons and hospitals, and made various excursions in the neighborhood for the same purpose. The hospitals were worthy of the evil which they were designed to alleviate. Our countryman thus sums up his observations upon them: "The primary objects in all hospitals seem here neglected—namely, cleanliness, air, diet, separation, and attention. These are such essentials, that humanity and good policy equally demand that no expense should be spared to procure them. Care in this respect, I am persuaded, would save many more lives than the parade of medicines in the adjoining apothecary's shop."

* From "John Howard and the Prison World of Europe."

While at Cherson, Howard had the profound gratification of reading in the public prints of the capture and fall of the Bastille; and he talked with delight of visiting its ruins and moralizing upon its site, should he be again spared to return to the West. But, however moved by that great event, so important for all Europe, he did not allow it to divert him from his own more especial work; the sufferings of poor Russian soldiers in the hospitals of Cherson, Witowka, and St. Nicholas, had higher claim upon his notice at that moment, than even the great Revolution making in the Faubourg St. Antoine at Paris.

The reader will recall to mind, that, at the time of Howard's residence at Cherson, a desperate war was raging between the Sultan and the Autocrat. The strong fortress of Bender had just fallen into the power of Russia, but as the winter was already too far advanced to allow the army to push forward until spring, the commander of the imperial forces gave permission to such of his officers as chose to go and spend the Christmas with their friends in Cherson. That city was consequently crowded with rank and fashion. All the city was in high spirits. The victories of the imperial troops produced a general state of jubilation. Rejoicing was the order of the day, and dancing and revelry the business of the night. But in the midst of these festivities, a virulent and infectious fever broke out—brought, as Howard believed, by the military from the camp. One of the sufferers from this disorder was a young lady who resided about twenty-four miles from Cherson, but who had been a constant attendant at the recent balls and routs. Her fever very soon assumed an alarming form; and as a last resource her friends waited upon Howard—whose reputation as a leech was still on the increase—and implored him to ride over and see her. At first he refused, on the ground that he was only a physician to the poor; but their importunities increasing, and reports arriving that she was getting worse and worse, he at length acceded to their wish—being also pressed thereto by his intimate friend, Admiral Mordvinoff, chief admiral of the Black Sea fleet—and went with them. He prescribed for the lady's case; and then, leaving word that if she improved they must send to him again, but if she did not, it would be useless, went to make some visits to the sick of an hospital in the neighborhood. The lady gradually improved under the change of treatment, and in a day or two a letter was written to Howard to acquaint him with the circumstance, and requesting him to come again without delay. Very unfortunately this letter miscarried, and was not delivered for eight days—when it was brought to him at Mordvinoff's house. When he noticed the date, Howard was greatly alarmed—for he had become interested in the case of his fair patient, and thought himself in a manner responsible for any mishap which might have befallen her. Although, when the note came to hand, it was a cold, wintry, tempestuous

night, with the rain falling in torrents, he did not hesitate for a moment about setting off for her residence. Unfortunately, again, no post-horses could be had at the time; and he was compelled to mount a dray-horse used in the admiral's family for carrying water, whose slow pace protracted the journey until he was saturated with wet and benumbed with cold. He arrived, too, to find his patient dying; yet, not willing to see her expire without a struggle to save her, he administered some medicines to excite perspiration, and remained for some hours at her side to watch the first signs of the effect produced. After a time, he thought the dose was beginning to operate, and, wishing to avoid exposing her to the chance of a fresh cold by uncovering her arms, placed his hand under the coverlet to feel her pulse. On raising it up a little, a most offensive smell escaped from beneath the clothes, and Howard always thought the infection was then communicated to him. Next day she died.

For a day or two, Howard remained unconscious of his danger; feeling only a slight indisposition, easily accounted for by his recent exertions; which he nevertheless so far humored as to keep within doors; until, finding himself one day rather better than usual, he went out to dine with Admiral Mordvinoff. There was a large animated party present, and he staid later than was usual with him. On reaching his lodgings he felt unwell, and fancied he was about to have an attack of gout. Taking a dose of sal volatile in a little tea, he went to bed. About four in the morning he awoke, and feeling no better, took another dose. During the day he grew worse, and found himself unable to take his customary exercise; toward night a violent fever seized him, and he had recourse to a favorite medicine of that period, called "James's Powders." On the 12th of January, he fell down suddenly in a fit—his face was flushed and black, his breathing difficult, his eyes closed firmly, and he remained quite insensible for half an hour. From that day he became weaker and weaker; though few even then suspected that his end was near. Acting as his own physician, he continued at intervals to take his favorite powders; notwithstanding which his friends at Cherson—for he was universally loved and respected in that city, though his residence had been so short—soon surrounded him with the highest medical skill which the province supplied. As soon as his illness became known, Prince Potemkin, the princely and unprincipled favorite of Catherine, then resident in Cherson, sent his own physician to attend him; and no effort was spared to preserve a life so valuable to the world. Still he went worse and worse.

On the 17th, that alarming fit recurred; and although, as on the former occasion, the state of complete insensibility lasted only a short time, it evidently affected his brain—and from that moment the gravity of his peril was understood by himself, if not by those about him.

On the 18th, he went worse rapidly. A violent hiccuping came on, attended with considerable pain, which continued until the middle of the following day, when it was allayed by means of copious musk drafts.

Early on the morning of the 20th, came to see him his most intimate friend, Admiral Priestman—a Russianized Englishman in the service of the empress. During his sojourn at Cherson, Howard had been in the habit of almost daily intercourse with his gallant ex-countryman. When taken ill, not himself considering it at first serious, no notice of it had been sent out; but not seeing his friend for several days, Priestman began to feel uneasy, and went off to his lodgings to learn the cause. He found Howard sitting at a small stove in his bedroom—the winter was excessively severe—and very weak and low. The admiral thought him merely laboring under a temporary depression of spirits, and by lively, rattling conversation endeavored to rouse him from his torpidity. But Howard was fully conscious that death was nigh. He knew now that he was *not* to die in Egypt; and, in spite of his friend's cheerfulness, his mind still reverted to the solemn thought of his approaching end. Priestman told him not to give way to such gloomy fancies, and they would soon leave him. "Priestman," said Howard, in his mild and serious voice, "you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling on the thought of death; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and be assured, the subject is more grateful to me than any other." And then he went on to say—"I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might, perhaps, by altering my diet, have been able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment—and therefore I must die;" and then turning to his friend, added, smiling—"It is only such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers." This melancholy pleasantry was more than the gallant sailor could bear; he turned away to conceal his emotion; his heart was full, and he remained silent, while Howard, with no despondency in his tone, but with a calm and settled serenity of manner, as if the death-pangs were already past, went on to speak of his end, and of his wishes as to his funeral. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphiney—this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor let any monument nor monumental inscription whatso-

ever be made to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

In this strain of true Christian philosophy did Howard speak of his exit from a world in which he felt that he had done his work. The ground in which he had selected to fix his everlasting rest, situated about two miles from Cherson, on the edge of the great highway to St. Nicholas, belonged to a French gentleman who had treated him with distinguished attention and kindness during his stay in the vicinity; and, having made his choice, he was very anxious to know whether permission could be obtained for the purpose, and begged his gallant friend to set off immediately and ascertain that for him. Priestman was not very willing to leave his friend at such a time and on such a gloomy errand; he fancied people would think him crazy in asking permission to make a grave for a man still alive, and whom few as yet knew to be ill; but the earnestness of the dying martyr at length overcame his reluctance, and he set forth.

Scarcely had he departed on his strange mission, when a letter arrived from England, written by a gentleman who had just been down to Leicester to see young Howard, giving a highly favorable account of the progress of his recovery, and expressing a belief that, when the philanthropist returned to his native land, he would find his son greatly improved. This intelligence came to the deathbed of the pious Christian like a ray of light from heaven. His eye brightened; a heavy load seemed lifted from his heart; and he spoke of his child with the tenderness and affection of a mother. He called Thomasson to his bedside, and bade him tell his son, when he went home, how long and how fervently he had prayed for his recovery, and especially during this last illness.

Toward evening, Admiral Priestman returned from a successful application; with this result Howard appeared highly gratified, and soon after his arrival retired to rest. Priestman, conscious now of the imminency of the danger, would leave him alone no more, but resolutely remained, and sat at the bedside. Although still sensible, Howard had now become too weak to converse. After a long silence, during which he seemed lost in profound meditation, he recovered for a moment his presence of mind, and taking the letter which had just before come to hand—evidently the subject of his thoughts—out of his bosom, he gave it to the admiral to read; and when the latter had glanced it through, said tenderly: "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" These were almost the last words he uttered. Soon after, he fell into a state of unconsciousness, the calm of sleep, of an unbroken rest—but even then the insensibility was more apparent than real, for on Admiral Mordvinoff, who arrived just in time to see the last of his illustrious friend, asking permission to send for a certain doctor, in whom he had great faith, the patient gave a sign which implied consent; but before this person

could arrive he had fallen off. Howard was dead!

This mournful event took place about eight o'clock on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790—1500 miles from his native land, with only strangers round about his bed; strangers, not to his heart, though their acquaintance with his virtues had been brief—but to his race, his language, and his creed. He, however, who was the friend of all—the citizen of the world, in its highest sense—found friends in all. Never perhaps had mortal man such funeral honors. Never before, perhaps, had a human being existed in whose demise so universal an interest could be felt. His death fell on the mind of Europe like an ominous shadow; the melancholy wail of grief which arose on the Dnieper, was echoed from the Thames, and soon re-echoed from the Tagus, and the Neva, and the Dardanelles. Every where Howard had friends—more than could be thought till death cut off restraint, and threw the flood-gates of sympathy wide open. Then the affluent tide rolled in like the dawn of a summer day. Cherson went into deep mourning for the illustrious stranger; and there was hardly a person in the province who was not greatly affected on learning that he had chosen to fix his final resting-place on the Russian soil. In defiance of his own wishes on the subject, the enthusiasm of the people improvised a public funeral. The Prince of Moldavia, Admirals Priestman and Mordvinoff, all the generals and staff officers of the garrison, the whole body of the magistrates and merchants of the province, and a large party of cavalry, accompanied by an immense cavalcade of private persons, formed the funeral procession. Nor was the grief by any means confined to the higher orders. In the wake of the more stately band of mourners, followed on foot a concourse of at least three thousand persons—slaves, prisoners, sailors, soldiers, peasants—men whose best and most devoted friend the hero of these martial honors had ever been; and from this after, humbler train of followers, arose the truest, tenderest expression of respect and sorrow for the dead. When the funeral pomp was over, the remains of their benefactor lowered into the earth, and the proud procession of the great had moved away, then would these simple children of the soil steal noiselessly to the edge of the deep grave, and, with their hearts full of grief, whisper in low voices to each other of all that they had seen and known of the good stranger's acts of charity and kindness. Good indeed he had been to them. Little used to acts or words of love from their own lords, they had felt the power of his mild manner, his tender devotion to them, only the more deeply from its novelty. To them, how irreparable the loss! The higher ranks had lost the grace of a benignant presence in their high circle; but they—the poor, the friendless—had lost in him their friend—almost their father. Nature is ever true; they *felt* how much that grave had robbed them of. Not a dry eye was seen among

them; and looking sadly down into the hole where all that now remained of their physician lay, they marveled much why he, a stranger to them, had left his home, and his friends, and country, to become the unpaid servant of the poor in a land so far away; and not knowing how, in their simple hearts, to account for this, they silently dropped their tears into his grave, and slowly moved away—wondering at all that they had seen and known of him who was now dead, and thinking sadly of the long, long time ere they might find another friend like him.

The hole was then filled up—and what had once been Howard was seen of man no more. A small pyramid was raised above the spot, instead of the sun-dial which he had himself suggested; and the casual traveler in Russian Tartary is still attracted to the place as to one of the holiest shrines of which this earth can boast.

Words can not depict the profound sensation which the arrival of this mournful news produced in England. The death-shaft cut the withes which had kept his reputation down. All at once the nation awoke to a full consciousness of his colossal fame and his transcendent virtues. Howard was now—history. Envy and jealousy were past: rivalry had ended on the brink of the grave. Death alone sets a man on fair terms with society. The death of a great man is always a calamity; but it is only when a country loses one of its illustrious children in a distant land, and under peculiar circumstances, that the full measure of the national calamity is felt. They who can recollect the wild and deep sensation of pity and regret which the arrival of the news of Byron's death at Missolonghi produced in England, can alone conceive of any thing like the state of the public mind on the first announcement of the close of a career still more useful and more glorious. Every possible mark of honor—public and private—was paid to the memory of Howard. All orders of men vied with each other in heaping honors upon his name. The court, the press, parliament, the bar, the pulpit, and the stage—each in its different fashion—paid the well-earned tribute of respect. The intelligence of his demise was publicly announced in the official Gazette—a distinction never before accorded to a private individual. The muses sang his virtues with innumerable voices; the churches echoed with his praise; the senate and the judgment-seat resounded with the tribute to his merits; and even at the theatres, his character was exhibited in imaginary scenes, and a monody on his death was delivered from the foot lights.

Nor was a more enduring memorial wanting. The long dormant Committee of the Howardian fund was resuscitated, and the sculptor Bacon was employed to make a full length marble statue of the Philanthropist. At that time it was in contemplation to make St. Paul's serve the double purpose of a cathedral and a Wal-halla; and this design was inaugurated by placing there, as the first great worthy of En-

gland, the statue of John Howard. It stands immediately on the right hand of the choir-screen; it is a handsome figure, tolerably faithful, and is illustrated by emblems of his noble deeds, and by the following inscription: "This extraordinary man had the fortune to be honored, while living, in the manner which his virtues deserved; he received the thanks of both houses of the British and Irish Parliaments, for his eminent services rendered to his country and to mankind. Our national prisons and hospitals, improved upon the suggestion of his wisdom, bear testimony to the solidity of his judgment, and to the estimation in which he was held. In every part of the civilized world, which he traversed to reduce the sum of human misery—from the throne to the dungeon—his name was mentioned with respect, gratitude, and admiration. His modesty alone defeated various efforts that were made during his life to erect this statue, which the public has now consecrated to his memory. He was born at Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726. The early part of his life he spent in retirement, residing principally upon his paternal estate at Cardington, in Bedfordshire; for which county he served the office of sheriff in the year 1763. He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary, on the 20th of January, 1790, a victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt to ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for the plague. He trod an open but unfrequented path to immortality in the ardent but unintermitted exercise of Christian charity: may this tribute to his fame excite an emulation of his truly glorious achievements!"

A SKETCH OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY THE "ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER."

(Continued from page 165.)

ONCE having begun, it followed naturally that the war should deepen in bitterness. Wounds that wrote memorials in the flesh, insults that rankled in the heart—these were not features of the case likely to be forgotten by our enemies, and far less by my fiery brother. I, for my part, entered not into any of the passions that war may be supposed to kindle, except only the chronic passion of anxiety. *Fear* it was not; for experience had taught me that, under the random firing of our undisciplined enemies, the chances were not many of being wounded; but the uncertainties that beset every conflict, as regarded my power to maintain the requisite connection with my brother, and the absolute darkness that brooded over that last worst contingency—the case of being captured, and carried off to Gath as a trophy won from Israel—these were penalties attached to the war that ran too violently into the current of my constitutional despondency, ever to give way under any casual elation of success. Success we really had at times—often in skirmishes; and once, at least, as the reader will find to his mortification, if he is wicked enough to take the side of the Philistines, a most smashing victory in a

pitched battle. But even then, and while the hurrahs were yet ascending from our jubilating lips, the freezing memento came back to my heart of that deadly depression which, duly at the coming round of the morning and evening watches, traveled with me like my shadow on our approach to the memorable bridge. A bridge of sighs* too surely it was for me; and even for my brother it formed an object of fierce yet anxious jealousy, that he could not always disguise, as we first came in sight of it: for, if it happened to be occupied in strength, there was an end of all hope that we could attempt the passage; and that was a fortunate solution of the affair, as it imposed no evil beyond a circuit; which, at least, enjoyed the blessing of peace, although the sarcastic public might choose to call it inglorious. Even this shade of ignominy, however, my brother contrived to color favorably, by calling us—that is, me and himself—"a corps of observation;" and he condescendingly explained to me, that although making "a lateral movement," he had his eye upon the enemy, and "might yet come round upon his left flank in a way that wouldn't perhaps prove very agreeable." This, from the nature of the ground, never happened. We crossed the river out of sight from the enemy's position; and my brother's vengeance, being reserved until he came round into the rear of Philistia, from which a good retreat was always open to Greenhay, naturally discharged itself in triple deluges of stones. On this line of policy there was, therefore, no cause for anxiety; but the common case was, that the numbers might not be such as to justify this caution, and yet quite enough for mischief. For my brother, however, stung and carried headlong into hostility by the martial instincts of his nature, the uneasiness of doubt or insecurity was swallowed up by his joy in the anticipation of victory, or even of contest; while to my-

* "Bridge of sighs:"—Two men of memorable genius, Hood last, and Lord Byron by many years previously, have so appropriated this phrase, and re-issued it as English currency, that many readers suppose it to be theirs. But the genealogies of fine expressions should be more carefully preserved. The expression belongs originally to Venice. This *jus postliminii* becomes of real importance in a case like that of Shakspeare. It is a most remarkable fact that he is made to seem a robber of the lowest order by mere dint of suffering robbery. Purely through their own jewel-like splendor, have many hundreds of his phrases forced themselves into usage so general, under the vulgar infirmity of seeking to strengthen weak prose by shreds of poetic quotation, that at length the majority of careless readers come to look upon these phrases as belonging to the language, and traceable to no distinct proprietor any more than proverbs: and thus, on afterward observing them in Shakspeare, they regard him in the light of one accepting alms (like so many meaner persons) from the common treasury of the universal mind, on which treasury he had himself conferred them as original donations of his own. Many expressions in the "Paradise Lost," in "Il Penseroso," and in "L'Allegro," are in the same predicament: from glorifying their author, so long as they were consciously referred to him as their author, they have, at least, ended in tarnishing his glory. As creations, they were marks of power; as tributes levied upon a common stock, they become arguments of weakness.

self, whose exultation was purely official and ceremonial, as due by loyalty and legal process from a cadet of the belligerent house, no such compensation existed. The enemy was no enemy in *my* eyes; his affronts were but retaliations; and his insults were so inapplicable to my unworthy self, being of a calibre exclusively meant for the use of my brother, that from me they recoiled, one and all, as cannon-shot from cotton bags.

This inordinate pugnacity of my brother, this rabid appetite for trials of prowess, had, indeed, forced itself into display on the very first interview I ever had with him. On the night of his return from Louth, an artisan, employed in the decorations of Greenhay, had entered into conversation with him upon the pre-eminence of Lancashire among the provinces of England. According to *him*, the county of Lancaster (to translate his meaning into Roman phrase) was the *prerogative tribe* of England. And really I am disposed to think that it still *is* such, mongrelized as it has long been by Cambrian and Hibernian immigrations. There is not on earth such another focus of burning energy. Among other things, the man had magnified the county as containing (which it then *did*) by very much the largest remnant of old Roman Catholic families—families that were *loyal* to the back-bone (in those days a crowning honor); that were of the ancient faith, and of the most ancient English blood; none of your upstart, dissenting *ter-ræ filii*, but men that might have shaken hands with Cœur de Lion, or at least come of ancestors that *had*. “And, in short, young gentleman,” he concluded, “the whole county, not this part, or that part, but take it as you find it, north and south, is a very tall county.”

What it was exactly that he meant by *tall*, I can not say. From the intense predominance in Lancashire of old genuine mother English, it is probable that he meant *stout-hearted*, for that was the old acceptance of the word *tall*, and not (as it is now understood) *high in stature*. “A tall ship” meant a stout and sea-worthy ship; “a tall man,” meant a man that was at once able-bodied and true-hearted. My brother, however, chose to understand it in the ordinary modern sense, and he replied, “Yes, it’s tall enough, if you take it south and north: from Bullock Smithy in the south, to beyond Lancaster in the north, it measures a matter of sixty miles or more; certainly it’s tall, but then it’s very thin, generally speaking.”

“Ay, but,” said the man, “thick or thin, it’s a county palatine.”

“Well, I don’t care much for that,” rejoined my brother; “palatine or not palatine, thick or thin, I wouldn’t take any *jaw* (which meant insolence) from Lancashire, more than from any other shire.”

The man stared a little at this unlooked-for attitude of defiance to a county palatine; but, recovering himself, he said, that my brother *must* take it, if Lancashire chose to offer it.

“But I wouldn’t,” replied my brother “Look

here: Lincolnshire, the county that I’ve been staying in for these, I don’t know how many years—and a very tall county, too, tall and fat—did I take any jaw from *her*? Ask the sheriff. And Leicestershire, where I’ve generally spent my holidays, did I take jaw from *her*? Tell me *that*. Neither, again, did Louth ever dream of giving me any of *her* jaw; then why should I stand it from Lancashire?”

Certainly, why *should* he? I, who took no part in all this but as a respectful listener, felt that there was much reason in what my brother said. It was true that, having imbibed from my nurses a profound veneration for my native county, I was rather shocked at any posture (though but in a hypothetical case) of defiance to Lancashire; and yet, if three out of four capital L’s had been repulsed in some mysterious offense, I felt that it was mere equity to repulse the fourth. But I prepared anxiously to say, on the authority of my last nurse, that Lancashire (I felt sure) was not the county to offer him any “jaw,” whatever *that* might be. Unhappily, in seeking for words, which came very slowly at all times, to express my benevolent meaning, the opportunity passed over for saying any thing at all on the subject; but, though wounded by his squaring at Lancashire, I yet felt considerable respect for a brother who could thus resolutely set his arms a-kimbo against three tall counties, two of them tolerably fat, and one decent market-town.

The ordinary course of our day’s warfare was this: between nine and ten in the morning, occurred our first transit, and consequently our earliest opportunity for doing business. But at this time the great sublunary interest of breakfast, which swallowed up all nobler considerations of glory and ambition, occupied the work-people of the factory (or what in the brutal pedantry of this day are termed the “operatives”), so that very seldom any serious business was transacted. Without any formal armistice, the paramount convenience of such an arrangement silently secured its own recognition. Notice there needed none of truce, when the one side yearned for breakfast, and the other for a respite; the groups, therefore, on or about the bridge, if any at all, were loose in their array, and careless. We passed through them rapidly, and, on my part, uneasily; exchanging only a few snarls, but seldom or ever snapping at each other. The tameness was almost shocking of those who in the afternoon would inevitably resume their natural characters of tiger-cats, wolves, and hunting-leopards. Sometimes, however, my brother felt it to be a duty that we should fight in the morning, particularly when any expression of public joy for a victory—bells ringing in the distance, or when a royal birthday, or some traditional commemoration of ancient feuds (such as the 5th of November), irritated his martial propensities. These being religious festivals, seemed to require of us some *extra* homage, for which we knew not how to find

any natural or significant expression, except through sharp discharges of stones, that being a language older than Hebrew or Sanscrit, and universally intelligible. But excepting these high days of religious solemnity, when a man is called upon to show that he is not a Pagan or a miscreant in the eldest of senses, by thumping, or trying to thump, somebody who is accused or accusable of being heterodox, the great ceremony of breakfast was allowed to sanctify the hour. Some natural growls we uttered, but hushed them soon, regardless (in Mr. Gray's language) "of the sweeping whirlpool's sway, that hushed in grim repose, looked for his evening prey."

That came but too surely. Yes, evening never forgot to come—never for once forgot to call for its prey. Oh! reader, be you sure of that. Pleasures—how often do they forget themselves, forget their duty, forget their engagements, and fail to revolve! But this odious necessity of fighting never missed its road back, or fell asleep, or loitered by the way, more than a bill of exchange, or a tertian fever. Five times a week (Saturday sometimes, and Sunday always, were days of rest) the same scene rehearsed itself in pretty nearly the very same succession of circumstances. Between four and five o'clock, we had crossed the bridge to the safe, or Greenhay side; then we paused, and waited for the enemy. Sooner or later a bell rang, and from the smoky hive issued the hornets that night and day stung incurably my peace of mind. The order and procession of the incidents after this was odiously monotonous. My brother occupied the main high road, precisely at the point where a very gentle rise of the ground attained its summit; for the bridge lay in a slight valley; and the main military position was fifty or eighty yards perhaps above the bridge; then—but having first examined my pockets in order to be sure that my stock of ammunition, stones, fragments of slate, with a reasonable proportion of brickbats, was all correct and ready for action—he detached me about forty yards to the right, my orders being invariable, and liable to no doubts or "quibbling." Detestable in my ears was that word "*quibbling*," by which, for a thousand years, if the war had happened to last so long, he would have fastened upon me the imputation of meaning, or wishing at least, to do what he called "*pettifogulizing*"—that is, to plead some little technical quillet, distinction, or verbal demur, in bar of my orders, under some colorable pretense that, according to their literal construction, they really did not admit of being fulfilled, or perhaps that they admitted it too much as being capable of fulfillment in two senses, either of them a practicable sense. Unhappily for me, which told against all that I could ever have pleaded in self-justification, my Christian name was Thomas—an injury for which I never ceased to upbraid secretly my two godfathers and my one godmother; and with some reason: they ought to have seen

what mischief they were brewing; since I am satisfied to this hour that, but for that wretched wo-begone name, saturated with a weight of predestined skepticism that would sink a seventy-four with the most credulous of ship's companies on board, my brother never would have called me *Thomas à Didymus*, which he did sometimes, or *Thomas Aquinas*, which he did continually. These baptismal sponsors of mine were surely answerable for all the reproaches against me, suggested by my insufferable name. All that I bore for years by reason of these reproaches, I charge against *them*; and perhaps an action of damages would have lain against them, as parties to a conspiracy against me. For any thing that I knew, the names might have been titles of honor; but my brother took care to explain the qualities, for better and worse, which distinguished them. *Thomas à Didymus*, it seemed, had exactly my infirmity of doubting and misgiving, which naturally called up further illustrations of that temper from Bunyan—a writer who occupied a place in our childish library, not very far from the "*Arabian Nights*." Giant Despair, the Slough of Despond, Doubting Castle, mustered strong in the array of rebukes to my weakness; and, above all, Mr. Ready-to-sink, who was my very picture (it seems) or prophetic type. As to *Thomas Aquinas*, I was informed that he, like myself, was much given to hair-splitting, or cutting moonbeams with razors; in which I think him very right; considering that in the town of Aquino, and about the year 1400, there were no novels worth speaking of, and not even the shadow of an opera; so that, not being employed upon moonbeams, Thomas's razors must, like Burke's, have operated upon blocks. But were these defects of doubting and desponding really mine? In a sense, they were; and being thus embodied in nicknames, they were forced prematurely upon my own knowledge. That was bad. Intellectually, if you are haunted with skepticism, or tendencies that way, morally, and for all purposes of action, if you are haunted with the kindred misery of desponding, it is not good to see too broadly emblazoned your own infirmities: they grow by consciousness too steadily directed upon them. And thus far there was great injustice in my brother's reproach; true it was that my eye was preternaturally keen for flaws of language, not from pedantic exaction of superfluous accuracy, but, on the contrary, from too conscientious a wish to escape the mistakes which language not rigorous is apt to occasion. So far from seeking to "*pettifogulize*," or to find evasions for any purpose in a trickster's minute tortuosities of construction, exactly in the opposite direction, from mere excess of sincerity, most unwillingly I found, in almost every body's words, an unintentional opening left for double interpretations. Undesigned equivocation prevails every where;* and it is not the caviling

* Since those years, it is natural that mere culture of the subject, and long experience in the arts of compe

nair-splitter, but, on the contrary, the single-eyed servant of truth, that is most likely to insist upon the limitation of expressions too wide or vague, and upon the decisive election between meanings potentially double. Not in order to resist or evade my brother's directions, but for the very opposite purpose—viz., that I might fulfill them to the letter; thus and no otherwise it happened that I showed so much scrupulosity about the exact value and position of his words, as finally to draw upon myself the vexatious reproach of being habitually a "pettifogulizer."

Meantime, our campaigning continued to rage. Overtures of pacification were never mentioned on either side. And I, for *my* part, with the passions only of peace at my heart, did the works of war faithfully, and with distinction. I presume so, at least, from the results. For, though I was continually falling into treason, without exactly knowing how I got into it, or how I got out of it, *and*, although my brother sometimes assured me that he could, in strict justice, have me hanged on the first tree we passed, to which my very prosaic answer had been, that of trees there *were* none in Oxford-street—[which, in imitation of Von Troil's famous chapter on the snakes of Lapland, the reader may accept, if he pleases, as a complete course of lectures on the natural history of Oxford-street]—nevertheless, by steady steps, I continued to ascend in the service; and, I am sure, it will gratify the reader to hear, that, very soon after my eighth birthday, I was promoted to the rank of major-general. Over this sunshine, however, soon swept a train of clouds. Three times I was taken prisoner; and with different results. The first time I was carried to the rear, and not molested in any way. Finding myself thus ignominiously neglected, I watched my opportunity; and, by making a wide circuit, without further accident, effected my escape. In the next case, a brief council was held over me: but I was not allowed to hear the deliberations; the result only being communicated to me—which result consisted in a message not very complimentary to my brother, and a small present of kicks to myself. This

sition, should have sharpened my vision, previously too morbidly acute, to defects in the construction of sentences, and generally in the management of language. The result is this: and perhaps it will shock the reader, certainly it will startle him, when I declare solemnly my conviction, that no two consecutive pages can be cited from any one of the very best English authors, which is not disfigured by some gross equivocation or imperfection of structure, such as leaves the meaning open, perhaps, to be inferred from the context, but also so little expressed with verbal rigor, or with conformity to the truth of logic, or to the real purpose, that, supposing the passage to involve a legal interest, and, in consequence, to come under a judicial review, it would be set aside for want of internal coherency. Not in arrogance, but under a deep sense of the incalculable injuries done to truth, small and great, by false management of language, I declare my belief that hardly one entire paragraph exists in our language which is impregnable to criticism, even as regards the one capital interest of logical limitation to the main purpose concerned.

present was paid down without any discount, by means of a general subscription among the party surrounding me—that party, luckily, not being very numerous; besides which, I must, in honesty, acknowledge myself, generally speaking, indebted to their forbearance. They were not disposed to be too hard upon me. But, at the same time, they clearly did not think it right that I should escape altogether from tasting the calamities of war. And, as the arithmetic of the case seemed to be, how many legs, so many kicks, this translated the estimate of my guilt from the public jurisdiction, to that of the individual, sometimes capricious and harsh, and carrying out the public award by means of legs that ranged through all gradations of weight and agility. One kick differed exceedingly from another kick in dynamic value: and, in some cases, this difference was so distressingly conspicuous, and seemed so little in harmony with the prevailing hospitality of the evening, that one suspected special malice, unworthy, I conceive of all generous soldiership. Not impossibly, as it struck me on reflection, the spiteful individual might have a theory: he might conceive that, if a catholic chancery decree went forth, restoring to every man the things which truly belonged to him—your things to you, Cæsar's to Cæsar, mine to me—in that case, a particular brickbat fitting, as neatly as if it had been bespoke, to a contusion upon the calf of his own right leg, would be discovered making its way back into my great-coat pockets. Well, it *might* be so. Such things are possible under any system of physics. But this all rests upon a blind assumption as to the fact. Is a man to be kicked upon hypothesis? That is what Lord Bacon would have set his face against. However, some of my new acquaintances evidently cared as little for Lord Bacon as for me; and regulated their kicks upon principles incomprehensible to me. These contributors excepted, whose articles were unjustifiably heavy, the rest of the subscribers were so considerate, that I looked upon them as friends in disguise.

On returning to our own frontiers, I had an opportunity of displaying my exemplary greenness. That message to my brother, with all its *virus* of insolence, I repeated as faithfully for the spirit, and as literally for the expressions, as my memory allowed me to do: and in that troublesome effort, simpleton that I was, fancied myself exhibiting a soldier's loyalty to his commanding officer. My brother thought otherwise: he was more angry with me than with the enemy. I ought, he said, to have refused all participation in such *sansculottes'* insolence; to carry it was to acknowledge it as fit to be carried. "Speak civilly to my general," I ought to have told them; "or else get a pigeon to carry your message—if you happen to have any pigeon that knows how to conduct himself like a gentleman among gentlemen." What could they have done to me, said my brother, on account of my recusancy? What monstrous

punishments was I dreaming of, from the days of giants and ogres? "At the very worst, they could only have crucified me with the head downward, or impaled me, or inflicted the death by *priné*,* or anointed me with honey (a Jewish punishment), leaving me (still alive) to the tender mercies of wasps and hornets." One grows wiser every day; and on this particular day I made a resolution that, if again made prisoner, I would bring no more "jaw" from the Philistines. For it was very unlikely that he, whom I heard solemnly refusing to take "jaw" from whole provinces of England, would take it from the rabble of a cotton factory. If these people *would* send "jaw," and insisted upon their right to send it, I settled that, henceforward, it must go through the post-office.

But, in that case, had I not reason to apprehend being sawed in two? I saw no indispensable alternative of that see-saw nature. For there must be two parties—a party to saw, and a party to be sawed. And neither party has a chance of moving an inch in the business without a saw. Now, if neither of the parties will pay for the saw, then it is as good as any one conundrum in Euclid, that nobody can be sawed. For that man must be a top-sawyer, indeed, that can keep the business afloat without a saw. But, with or without the sanction of Euclid, I came to the resolution of never more carrying what is improperly called "chaff," but, by people of refinement, is called "jaw"—that is to say, this was my resolution, in the event of my being again made prisoner; an event which heartily I hoped might never happen. It *did* happen, however, and very soon. Again, that is, for the third time, I was made prisoner; and this time I managed ill indeed; I *did* make a mess of it; for I displeased the commander-in-chief in a way that he could not forget.

In my former captures, there had been nothing special or worthy of commemoration in the circumstances. Neither was there in this,† ex-

* "*Priné*—*πρίνι*, the Greek word for a saw. The saw was applied to the chest, and the man was sawed into two halves, leaving a sculptor's bust (man's head and shoulders) for the upper half.

† From the naked character of the whole area on each side of the Oxford-road, at that time, there was very little opening for ambuscades. What little there was, which greatly fascinated my brother as one of the features connecting his own strategies with those of Cæsar, lay exclusively among the brick-kilns. Of these, there were numbers on the clay-fields adjacent to the road: and sometimes having been irregularly quarried (so to speak), they opened into lanes and closets, which offered facilities for momentary concealment. But the advantages almost ceased to be such from their obviousness, and the consequent jealousy with which they were watched and approached. The particular mode of my three captures was the constant mode of my danger; two or three parallel files advanced up the rising ground from the river; one or two of these by shouts, by more conspicuous activity, and by numerical superiority, succeeded in winning too exclusive an attention, while a slender thread of stragglers, noiseless, and apparently not acting in concert, suddenly converged when approaching the summit of the ascent, and instantly swept so rapidly round the left of my position, as in one moment to take

cepting that, by accident, in the second stage of the case, I was delivered over to the custody of young woman and girls; whereas the ordinary course would have thrown me upon the vigilant attentions (relieved from monotony by the experimental kicks) of boys. So far, the change was by very much for the better. I had a feeling myself—on first being presented to my new young mistresses—for to be a prisoner, I in my simplicity, believed, was to be a slave—of a distressing sort. Having always, or at least up to the completion of my sixth year, been a privileged pet, and almost, I might say, ranking among the sanctities of the household, with all its female sections, whether young or old (an advantage which I owed to a long illness, an ague, stretching over two entire years of my infancy), naturally I had learned to appreciate the indulgent tenderness of women; and my heart thrilled with love and gratitude, as often as they took me up into their arms and kissed me. Here it would have been as every where else; but, unfortunately, my introduction to these young women was in the very worst of characters. I had been taken in arms—in arms, against whom? and for what? Against their own nearest relations and connections—brothers, cousins, sweethearts; and on pretexts too frivolous to mention, if any at all. Neither was my offense of ancient date, so as to make it possible for desperate good nature to presume in me a change of heart, and a penitential horror of my past life. On the contrary, I had been taken but five minutes before, in the very act of showering brickbats on members of their own factory; and, if no great number of stones appeared to swell my pockets, it was not that I was engaged in any process of weaning myself from such fascinating missiles, but that I had liberally made over to their kinsfolk most of those which I possessed. If asked the question, it would be found that I should not myself deny the fact of being at war with their whole order. What was the meaning of *that*? What was it to which war, and the assumption of warlike functions, pledged a man? It pledged him, in case of an opportunity arising, to *storm* his enemies; that is, in my own case, to storm the houses of these young factory girls; briefly, and in plain English, to murder them all; to cut the throats of every living creature by their firesides; to float the closets in which, possibly, three generations of their family might have been huddled together for shelter, with the gore of those respectable parties. Almost every book of history in the British Museum, counting up to many myriads of volumes would tell them plainly, and in pretty nearly the very same words,

away all chance of restoring the connection between myself and my brother; while, at the same time, by exposing too decisively for doubt the preconcerted plan on which they had really been moving, when most of all simulating the disarray of stragglers, they mortified us by the conviction that students of Cæsar's Commentaries might chance, notwithstanding, to show themselves most exemplary blockheads.

what they had to expect from every warrior, and therefore from me, videlicet this—that neither the guileless smiles of unoffending infancy, nor the gray hairs of the venerable patriarch sitting in the chimney corner; neither the sanctity of the matron, nor the loveliness of the youthful bride; no, nor the warlike self-devotion of the noble young man, fighting as the champion of altars and hearths; none of these searching appeals would reach *my* heart; neither sex nor age would confer any privilege with me; that I should put them all to the edge of the sword; that I should raze the very foundations of their old ancestral houses; having done which, I should probably plow up the ground with some bushels of Nantwich salt, mixed with bonedust from the graves of infants as a top-dressing; that, in fact, the custom of all warriors, and therefore by necessity of myself, was notoriously to make a wilderness, and to call it a pacification; with other bloody depositions in the same key, and often in the very same words.

All this was passing through my brain as the sort of explanatory introduction which, in mere honesty, I could not disown, if any body should offer it, when suddenly one young woman snatched me up in her arms, and kissed me; from *her*, I was passed round to others of the party, who all in turn caressed me, with scarcely an allusion to that warlike mission against them and theirs, which only had procured me the honor of an introduction to themselves in the character of captive. The too palpable fact, that I was not the person meant by nature to murder any one individual of their party, was likely enough to withdraw from their minds the counterfact—that too probably, in my military character, I might have dallied with the idea of murdering them all. Not being able to do it, as regarded any one in particular, was illogically accepted as an excuse for the military engagement that bound me to attempt it with regard to all in mass. Not only did these young people kiss me, but I (seeing no military reason against it) kissed *them*. Really, if young women will insist on kissing major-generals, they must expect that the generals will retaliate. One only of the crowd adverted to the character in which I came before them: to be a lawful prisoner, it struck her too logical mind that I must have been caught in some aggressive practices. “Think,” she said, “of this little dog fighting, and fighting our Jack.” “But,” said another, in a propitiatory tone, “perhaps he’ll not do so any more.” I was touched by the kindness of her suggestion, and the sweet merciful sound of that same “*Not do so any more*,” which really I fear was prompted by the charity in *her* that hopeth all things, and despairs of no villain, rather than by any signals of amendment that could have appeared in myself. It was well for me that they gave no time to comment on my own moral condition; for, in that case, I should have told them, that, although I had delivered, in my

time, many thousands of stones for the service of their near relatives, and must, without vanity, presume that, on the ratio of one wound to a thousand shots, I had given them numerous reasons for remembering me; yet that, if so, I was sincerely sorry (which I was) for any pain I had caused—the past I regretted, and could plead only the necessities of duty. But, on the other hand, as respected the future, I could not honestly hold out any hopes of a change for the better, since my duty to my brother, in two separate characters, would oblige me to resume hostilities on the very next day. While I was preparing myself, however, for this painful exposition, my female friends saw issuing from the factory a crowd of boys not likely at all to improve my prospects. Instantly setting me down on my feet, they formed a sort of *cordon sanitaire* behind me, by stretching out their petticoats or aprons, as in dancing, so as to touch; and then, crying out, “Now, little dog, run for thy life,” prepared themselves (I doubt not) for rescuing me, if any recapture should be effected.

But this was *not* effected, although attempted with an energy that alarmed me, and even perplexed me with a vague thought (far too ambitious for my years, but growing out of my chivalrous studies) that one, perhaps, if not two of the pursuing party might be possessed by some demon of jealousy, since he might have seen me reveling among the lips of that fair girlish and womanish bevy, kissed and kissing, loving and being loved; in which case from all that ever I had read about jealousy (and I had read a great deal—viz, “*Othello*,” and Collins’s “*Ode to the Passions*”), I was satisfied that, if again captured, I had very little chance for my life. That jealousy was a green-eyed monster, nobody could know better than *I* did. “Oh, my lord, beware of jealousy!” Yes; and my lord couldn’t possibly beware of it more than myself; indeed, well it would have been for *him* had his lordship run away from all the ministers of jealousy—Iago, Cassio, Desdemona—and embroidered handkerchiefs—at the same pace of six miles an hour which kept me ahead of my infuriated pursuers. Ah, that maniac, white as a leper with flakes of cotton, can I ever forget him, that ran so far in advance of his party? What passion, but jealousy, could have sustained him in so hot a chase? There were some lovely girls in the fair company that had so condescendingly caressed me; but, doubtless, upon that sweet creature his love must have settled, who suggested, in her low, soft, relenting voice, a penitence in me that, alas! had not dawned, saying, “*Yes; but perhaps he will do so no more*.” Thinking, as I ran, of her beauty, I felt that this jealous demoniac must fancy himself justified in committing seven times seven murders upon me, if he should have it in his power. But, thank heaven, if jealousy can run six miles an hour, there are other passions, as for instance, fear, that can run, upon occasion, six and a half; so, as I had the start

of him (you know, reader), and not a very short start—thanks be to the expanded petticoats of my dear female friends! naturally it happened that the green-eyed monster came in second best. Time luckily was precious with *him*; and therefore, when he had chased me into the by-road leading down to Greenhay, he turned back; and I, with somewhat sorrowful steps, on the consideration that this scene might need to be all acted over again, when Green-eyes might happen to have better luck, and being unhappy, besides, at having to number so many kind-hearted girls among Philistines and daughters of Gath, pensively pursued my way to the gates of Greenhay. *Pensively* is not the word that meets the realities of the case. I was unhappy, in the profoundest sense, and not from any momentary accident of distress that might pass away and be forgotten, but from deep glimpses which now, as heretofore, had opened themselves, as occasions arose, into the interior sadnesses, and the inevitable conflicts of life. I knew—I anticipated to a dead certainty—that my brother would not hear of any merit belonging to the factory population whom every day we had to meet in battle; on the contrary, even submission on *their* part, and willingness to walk penitentially through the *Furcæ Caudinæ*, would hardly have satisfied his sense of their criminality. Continually, indeed, as we came in view of the factory, he used to shake his fist at it, and say, in a ferocious tone of voice, “*Delenda est Carthago!*” And certainly, I thought to myself, it must be admitted by every body that the factory people are inexcusable in raising a rebellion against my brother. But still rebels were men, and sometimes were women; and rebels, that stretch out their petticoats like fans for the sake of screening one from the hot pursuit of enemies with fiery eyes (green or otherwise), really are not the sort of people that one wishes to hate.

Homeward, therefore, I drew in sadness, and little doubting that *hereafter* I might have verbal feuds with my brother on behalf of my fair friends, but not dreaming how much displeasure I had already incurred by my treasonable collusion with their caresses. That part of the affair he had seen with his own eyes from his position on the field; and then it was that he left me indignantly to my fate, which, by my first reception, it was easy to see would not prove very gloomy. When I came into our own study, I found him engaged in preparing a *bulletin* (which word was just then traveling into universal use), reporting briefly the events of the day. Drawing, as I shall again have occasion to mention, was among his foremost accomplishments; and round the margin of the border ran a black border, ornamented with cypress, and other funeral emblems. When finished, it was carried into the room of Mrs. Evans. This Mrs. Evans was an important person in our affairs. My mother, who never chose to have any direct communication with her servants, always had a

housekeeper for the regulation of all domestic business; and the housekeeper for some years at this period was this Mrs. Evans. Into her private parlor, where she sat aloof from the under servants, my brother and I had the *entrée* at all times, but upon very different terms of acceptance: he, as a favorite of the first class; I, by sufferance, as a sort of gloomy shadow that ran after *his* person, and could not well be shut out if *he* were let in. Him she admired in the very highest degree; myself, on the contrary, she detested, which made me unhappy. Put then, in some measure, she made amends for this, by despising me in extremity, and for *that* I was truly thankful—I need not say *why*, as the reader already knows. Why she detested me, so far as I know, arose out of my reserve and thoughtful abstraction. I had a great deal to say, but then I could say it only to a very few people, among whom Mrs. Evans was certainly not one; and when I *did* say any thing, I fear that my dire ignorance and savage sincerity prevented my laying the proper restraints upon my too liberal candor; and *that* could not prove acceptable to one who thought nothing of working for any purpose, or for no purpose, by petty tricks, or even falsehoods—all which I held in stern abhorrence, that I was at no pains to conceal. The *bulletin*, on this occasion, garnished with its pageantry of woe, cypress wreaths, and arms reversed, was read aloud to Mrs. Evans, indirectly therefore to me. It communicated, with Spartan brevity, the sad intelligence (but not sad to Mrs. E.), “that the major-general had forever disgraced himself, by submitting to the . . . caresses of the enemy.” I leave a blank for the epithet affixed to “caresses,” not because there *was* any blank, but, on the contrary, because my brother’s wrath had boiled over in such a hubble-bubble of epithets, some only half-erased, some doubtfully erased, that it was impossible, out of the various readings, to pick out the true classical text. “Infamous,” “disgusting,” and “odious,” struggled for precedence; and *infamous* they might be; but on the other affixes I held my own private opinions. For some days, my brother’s displeasure continued to roll in reverberating thunders; but at length it growled itself to rest; and at last he descended to mild expostulations with me, showing clearly, in a series of general orders, what frightful consequences must ensue, if major-generals (as a general principle) should allow themselves to be kissed by the enemy.

[From Bentley’s Miscellany.]

THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF THE GLASS-HOUSE.

UPWARD of two thousand years ago, perhaps three, a company of merchants, who had a cargo of nitre on board their ship, were driven by the winds on the shores of Galilee, close to a small stream that runs from the foot of Mount Carmel. Being here weather-bound till the storm abated, they made preparations for cooking their food on the strand; and not finding stones to rest their vessels upon, they used some lumps

of nitre for that purpose, placing their kettles and stew-pans on the top, and lighting a strong fire underneath. As the heat increased, the nitre slowly melted away, and flowing down the beach, became mixed up with the sand, forming, when the incorporated mass cooled down, a singularly beautiful, transparent substance, which excited the astonishment and wonder of the beholders.

Such is the legend of the origin of GLASS.

A great many centuries afterward—that is to say, toward the close of the fifteenth century of the Christian era—when some of the secrets of the glass-house, supposed to have been known to the ancients, were lost, and the simple art of blowing glass was but scantily cultivated—an artificer, whose name has unfortunately escaped immortality, while employed over his crucible accidentally spilt some of the material he was melting. Being in a fluid state it ran over the ground till it found its way under one of the large flag-stones with which the place was paved, and the poor man was obliged to take up the stone to recover his glass. By this time it had grown cold, and to his infinite surprise he saw that, from the flatness and equality of the surface beneath the stone, it had taken the form of a slab—a form which could not be produced by any process of blowing then in use.

Such was the accident that led to the discovery of the art of casting PLATE-GLASS.

These are the only *accidents* recorded in the History of Glass. For the rest—the discovery of its endless capabilities and applications—we are indebted to accumulated observation and persevering experiment, which, prosecuting their ingenious art-labors up to the present hour, promise still farther to enlarge the domain of the Beautiful and the Useful.

The importance of glass, and the infinite variety of objects to which it is applicable, can not be exaggerated. Indeed it would be extremely difficult to enumerate its properties, or to estimate adequately its value. This thin, transparent substance, so light and fragile, is one of the most essential ministers of science and philosophy, and enters so minutely into the concerns of life, that it has become indispensable to the daily routine of our business, our wants, and our pleasures. It admits the sun and excludes the wind, answering the double purpose of transmitting light and preserving warmth; it carries the eyes of the astronomer to the remotest region of space; through the lenses of the microscope it develops new worlds of vitality which, without its help, must have been but imperfectly known; it renews the sight of the old, and assists the curiosity of the young; it empowers the mariner to descry distant ships, and to trace far-off shores, the watchman on the cliff to detect the operations of hostile fleets and midnight contrabandists, and the loungee in the opera to make the tour of the circles from his stall; it preserves the light of the beacon from the rush of the tempest, and softens the flame of the lamps upon our tables; it supplies the

revel with those charming vessels in whose bright depths we enjoy the color as well as the flavor of our wine; it protects the dial whose movements it reveals; it enables the student to penetrate the wonders of nature, and the beauty to survey the marvels of her person; it reflects, magnifies, and diminishes; as a medium of light and observation its uses are without limit; and as an article of mere embellishment, there is no form into which it may not be moulded, or no object of luxury to which it may not be adapted.

Yet this agent of universal utility, so valuable and ornamental in its applications, is composed of materials which possess in themselves literally no intrinsic value whatever. Sand and salt form the main elements of glass. The real cost is in the process of manufacture.

CURIOUS PROPERTIES OF GLASS.

Out of these elements, slightly varied according to circumstances, are produced the whole miracles of the glass-house. To any one, not previously acquainted with the component ingredients, the surprise which this information must naturally excite will be much increased upon being apprised of a few of the peculiarities or properties of glass. Transparent in itself, the materials of which it is composed are opaque. Brittle to a proverb when cold, its tenuity and flexibility when hot are so remarkable that it may be spun into filaments as delicate as cobwebs, drawn out like elastic threads till it becomes finer than the finest hair, or whisked, pressed, bent, folded, twisted or moulded into any desired shape. It is impermeable to water, suffers no diminution of its weight or quality by being melted down, is capable of receiving and retaining the most lustrous colors, is susceptible of the most perfect polish, can be carved and sculptured like stone or metal, never loses a fraction of its substance by constant use, and, notwithstanding its origin, is so insensible to the action of acids that it is employed by chemists for purposes to which no other known substance can be applied.

The elasticity and fragility of glass are among its most extraordinary phenomena. Its elasticity exceeds that of almost all other bodies. If two glass balls are made to strike each other at a given force, the recoil, by virtue of their elasticity, will be nearly equal to the original impetus. Connected with its brittleness are some very singular facts. Take a hollow sphere, with a hole, and stop the hole with your finger, so as to prevent the external and internal air from communicating, and the sphere will fly to pieces by the mere heat of the hand. Vessels made of glass that has been suddenly cooled possess the curious property of being able to resist hard blows given to them from without, but will be instantly shattered by a small particle of flint dropped into their cavities. This property seems to depend upon the comparative thickness of the bottom. The thicker the bottom is, the more certainty of breakage by this experiment. Some of these vessels, it is stated, have resisted the

strokes of a mallet, given with sufficient force to drive a nail into wood; and heavy bodies, such as musket-balls, pieces of iron, bits of wood, jasper, bone, &c., have been cast into them from a height of two or three feet without any effect; yet a fragment of flint, not larger than a pea, let fall from the fingers at a height of only three inches, has made them fly. Nor is it the least wonderful of these phenomena that the glass does not always break at the instant of collision, as might be supposed. A bit of flint, literally the size of a grain, has been dropped into several glasses successively, and none of them broke; but, being set apart and watched, it was found that they all flew in less than three-quarters of an hour. This singular agency is not confined to flint. The same effect will be produced by diamond, sapphire, porcelain, highly-tempered steel, pearls, and the marbles that boys play with.*

Several theories have been hazarded in explanation of the mystery; but none of them are satisfactory. Euler attempted to account for it on the principle of percussion; but if it were produced by percussion the fracture would necessarily be instantaneous. The best solution that can be offered, although it is by no means free from difficulties, refers the cause of the disruption to electricity. There is no doubt that glass, which has been suddenly cooled, is more electric than glass that has been carefully annealed—a process which we will presently explain; and such glass has been known to crack and shiver from a change of temperament, or from the slightest scratch. The reason is obvious enough. When glass is suddenly cooled from the hands of the artificer, the particles on the outer side are rapidly contracted, while those on the inner side, not being equally exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, yet remain in a state of expansion. The consequence is that the two portions are established on conflicting relations with each other, and a strain is kept up between them which would not exist if the whole mass had undergone a gradual and equal contraction, so that when a force is applied which sets in motion the electric fluid glass is known to contain, the motion goes on propagating itself till it accumulates a power which the irregular cohesion of the particles is too weak to resist. This action of the electric fluid will be better understood from an experiment which was exhibited before the Royal Society upon glass vessels with very thick bottoms, which, being slightly rubbed with the finger, broke after an interval of half an hour.† The action of the electric fluid in this instance is sufficiently clear; but why the contact with fragments of certain bodies should produce the same result, or why that result is not produced by contact with other bodies of even greater size and specific gravity, is by no means obvious.

Among the strangest phenomena observed in glass are those which are peculiar to tubes. A glass tube placed in a horizontal position before

a fire, with its extremities supported, will acquire a rotatory motion round its axis, moving at the same time *toward* the fire, notwithstanding that the supports on which it rests may form an inclined plane the contrary way. If it be placed on a glass plane—such as a piece of window-glass—it will move *from* the fire, although the plane may incline in the opposite direction. If it be placed standing nearly upright, leaning to the right hand, it will move from east to west; if leaning to the left hand, it will move from west to east; and if it be placed perfectly upright, it will not move at all. The causes of these phenomena are unknown, although there has been no lack of hypotheses in explanation of them.*

It is not surprising that marvels and paradoxes should be related of glass, considering the almost incredible properties it really possesses. Seeing that it emits musical sounds when water is placed in it, and it is gently rubbed on the edges; that these sounds can be regulated according to the quantity of water, and that the water itself leaps, frisks, and dances, as if it were inspired by the music; seeing its extraordinary power of condensing vapor, which may be tested by simply breathing upon it; and knowing that, slight and frail as it is, it expands less under the influence of heat than metallic substances, while its expansions are always equable and proportioned to the heat, a quality not found in any other substance, we can not be much astonished at any wonders which are superstitiously or ignorantly attributed to it, or expected to be elicited from it. One of the most remarkable is the feat ascribed to Archimedes, who is said to have set fire to the Roman fleet at the siege of Syracuse by the help of burning-glasses. The fact is attested by most respectable authorities,† but it is only right to add, that it is treated as a pure fable by Kepler and Descartes, than whom no men were more competent to judge of the possibility of such an achievement. Tzetzetz relates the matter very circumstantially; he says that Archimedes set fire to Marcellus's navy by means of a burning glass composed of small square mirrors, moving every way upon hinges; which, when placed in the sun's rays, directed them upon the Roman fleet, so as to reduce it to ashes at the distance of a bow-shot. Kircher made an experiment founded upon this minute description, by which he satisfied himself of the practicability of at least obtaining an extraordinary condensed power of this kind. Having collected the sun's rays into a focus, by a number of plain mirrors, he went on increasing the number of mirrors until at last he produced an intense degree of solar

* The most plausible reason assigned is that of the expansion of the tube toward the fire by the influence of the heat. The fallacy of this theory is at once shown by the fact that, although heat does expand bodies, it does not increase their weight; therefore, notwithstanding that one side of the tube may be expanded, its equilibrium will remain unimpaired.

† Diodorus Siculus, Tzetzetz, Galen, Lucian, Anthemius, and others.

* Ency. Brit.

† Lard. Cyclo.

heat; but it does not appear whether he was able to employ it effectively as a destructive agent at a long reach. Buffon gave a more satisfactory demonstration to the world of the capability of these little mirrors to do mischief on a small scale. By the aid of his famous burning-glass, which consisted of one hundred and sixty-eight little plain mirrors, he produced so great a heat as to set wood on fire at a distance of two hundred and nine feet, and to melt lead at a distance of one hundred and twenty, and silver at fifty; but there is a wide disparity between the longest of these distances and the length of a bowshot, so that the Archimedean feat still remains a matter of speculation.

WHY IS NOT GLASS MALLEABLE?

In the region of glass, we have a puzzle as confounding as the philosopher's stone (which, oddly enough, is the name given to that color in glass which is known as Venetian brown sprinkled with gold spangles), the *elixir vitæ*, or the squaring of the circle, and which has occasioned quite as much waste of hopeless ingenuity. Aristotle, one of the wisest of men, is said, we know not on what authority, to have originated this vitreous perplexity by asking the question, "Why is not glass malleable?" The answer to the question would seem to be easy enough, since the quality of malleability is so opposed to the quality of vitrification, that, in the present state of our knowledge (to say nothing about the state of knowledge in the time of Aristotle) their co-existence would appear to be impossible. But, looking at the progress of science in these latter days, it would be presumptuous to assume that any thing is impossible. Until, however, some new law of nature, or some hitherto unknown quality shall have been discovered, by which antagonist forces can be exhibited in combination, the solution of this problem may be regarded as at least in the last degree improbable.

Yet, in spite of its apparent irreconcilability with all known laws, individuals have been known to devote themselves assiduously to its attainment, and on more than one occasion to declare that they had actually succeeded, although the world has never been made the wiser by the disclosure of the secret. A man who is possessed with one idea, and who works at it incessantly, generally ends by believing against the evidence of facts. It is in the nature of a strong faith to endure discouragement and defeat with an air of martyrdom, as if every fresh failure was a sort of suffering for truth's sake. And the faith in the malleability of glass has had its martyrology as well as faith in graver things. So far back as the time of Tiberius, a certain artificer, who is represented to have been an architect by profession, believing that he had succeeded in making vessels of glass as strong and ductile as gold or silver, presented himself with his discovery before the Emperor, naturally expecting to be rewarded for his skill. He carried a handsome vase with

him, which was so much admired by Tiberius that, in a fit of enthusiasm, he dashed it upon the ground with great force to prove its solidity, and finding, upon taking it up again, that it had been indented by the blow, he immediately repaired it with a hammer. The Emperor, much struck with so curious an exhibition, inquired whether any body else was acquainted with the discovery, and being assured that the man had strictly preserved his secret, the tyrant instantly ordered him to be beheaded, from an apprehension that if this new production should go forth to the world it would lower the value of the precious metals.* The secret, consequently, perished. A chance, however, arose for its recovery during the reign of Louis XIII., a period that might be considered more favorable to such undertakings; but unfortunately with no better result. The inventor on this occasion submitted a bust formed of malleable glass to Cardinal Richelieu, who, instead of rewarding him for his ingenuity, sentenced him to perpetual imprisonment, on the plea that the invention interfered with the vested interests of the French glass manufacturers.† We should have more reliance on these anecdotes of the martyrs of glass, if they had bequeathed to mankind some clew to the secret that is supposed to have gone to the grave with them. To die for a truth, and at the same time to conceal it, is not the usual course of heroic enthusiasts.

Many attempts have been made to produce a material resembling glass that should possess the quality of malleability, and respectable evidence is not wanting of authorities who believed in its possibility, and who are said to have gone very near to its accomplishment. An Arabian writer‡ tells us that malleable glass was known to the Egyptians; but we must come closer to our own times for more explicit and satisfactory testimony. Descartes thought it was possible to impart malleability to glass, and Boyle is reported to have held the same opinion. But these are only speculative notions, of no further value than to justify the prosecution of experiments. Borrichius, a Danish physician of the seventeenth century, details an experiment by which he obtained a malleable salt, which led him to conclude that as glass is for the most part only a mixture of salt and sand, he saw no reason why it should not be rendered pliant. The defect of his logic is obvious; but, setting that aside, the fallacy is practically demonstrated by his inability to get beyond the salt. Borrichius also thought that the Roman who made the vase for Tiberius, may have successfully used antimony as his principal ingredient. Such suppositions, however, are idle in an experimental science which furnishes you at once with the means of putting their truth or falsehood to the test. There is a substance known to modern

* This story is attested, with slight variations, by several writers, Petronius, Dion Cassius, Pliny, and Isidorus. Pliny says that the populace, imagining that their interests would be injured by the discovery, destroyed the workhouse, tools, and dwelling of the artificer.

† Blancourt.

‡ Ibn Abd Alhakim.

chemistry, *luna cornea*, a solution of silver, which resembles horn or glass, is transparent, easily put into fusion, and is capable of bearing the hammer. Kunkel thought it was possible to produce a composition with a glassy exterior that should possess the ductile quality; but neither of these help us toward an answer to Aristotle's question. Upon a review of the whole problem, and of every thing that has been said and done in the way of experiment and conjecture, we are afraid we must leave it where we found it. The malleability of glass is still a secret.

DESCRIPTION OF A GLASS-HOUSE.

Dismissing history and theory, we will now step into the glass-house itself, where the practical work of converting sand into goblets, vases, mirrors, and window-panes is going forward with a celerity and accuracy of hand and head that can not fail to excite wonder and admiration. As the whole agency employed is that of heat, the interior of the manufactory consists of furnaces specially constructed for the progressive processes to which the material is subjected before it is sent out perfected for use. Look round this extensive area, where you see numbers of men in their shirt-sleeves, with aprons before them, and various implements in their hands, which they exercise with extraordinary rapidity, and you will soon understand how the glittering wonders of glass are produced. Of these furnaces there are three kinds, the first called the *calcar*, the second the working furnace, and the third the annealing oven, or *lier*.

The *calcar*, built in the form of an oven, is used for the calcination of the materials, preliminary to their fusion and vitrification. This process is of the utmost importance: it expels all moisture and carbonic acid gas, the presence of which would hazard the destruction of the glass-pots in the subsequent stages of the manufacture, while it effects a chemical union between the salt, sand, and metallic oxides, which is essential to prevent the alkali from fusing and volatilizing, and to insure the vitrification of the sand in the heat of the working furnace, to which the whole of the materials are to be afterwards submitted.

The working furnace, which is round, and generally built in the proportion of three yards in diameter to two in height, is divided into three parts, each of which is vaulted. The lower part, made in the form of a crown, contains the fire, which is never put out. Ranged round the circumference inside are the glass-pots or crucibles, in which the *frit*, or calcined material, is placed to be melted; and from several holes in the arch of the crown below issues a constant flame which, enveloping the crucibles, accomplishes the process of melting. Round the exterior of the furnace, you perceive a series of holes or mouths; these are called *boccas*, from the Italian, and it is through them the *frit* is served into the crucibles and taken out when melted. The volume of heat is here so intense,

that the *boccas* are provided with movable collars or covers, generally composed of lute and brick, to screen the eyes of the workmen who stand outside in recesses formed for the purpose in the projections of the masonry. The severest part of the work arises when any of the pots, or crucibles, happen to become cracked or worn out, in which case the *bocca* must be entirely uncovered, the defective pot taken out with iron hooks and forks, and a new one substituted in its place through the flames by the hands of the workman. In order to enable him thus literally to work in the fire, he is protected by a garment made of skins in the shape of a pantaloon, and heavily saturated with water. This strange garment completely covers him from head to foot, all except his eyes, which are defended by glasses.

The material being now melted is fashioned into the desired forms by the hands of the workmen while it is yet hot, and then placed to cool gradually in the third furnace, or annealing oven, called the *lier*. This oven is a long, low chamber, heated at one end, and furnished with movable iron trays or pans, called *fraiches* (from the French), upon which the various articles are set down, and finally removed, when they are sufficiently cold, through an opening which communicates with the *sarosel*, or room where the finished articles are kept.

The intensity of the fire requires that the furnaces and crucibles, should be constructed of materials the least fusible in their nature, and the best calculated to resist the violent and incessant action of heat; or the manufacturer will incur the most serious losses and delays from casualties which, even after the most careful and costly outlay, can not be always averted. The crucibles especially demand attention in this respect, in consequence of the solvent property of some of the materials which are melted in them. These crucibles are deep pots, varying in size according to the extent or objects of the manufacture; and some notion may be formed of the importance attached to them from the fact, that they are not unfrequently made large enough to contain individually not less than a ton weight of glass. Great skill and care are requisite in their structure, so as to adapt them to the temperature in which their qualities are to be tested; and even with the utmost attention that can be bestowed upon them, they are often found to break soon after they are exposed to the furnace, by which heavy losses are entailed upon the manufacturer. Nor is this the only point which must be considered. The size of the crucible should bear a proportionate relation to that of the furnace, or one of two consequences, equally to be avoided, will ensue; either that there will be a waste of fuel, if the crucibles are too small, or an inadequate heat, if they are too large.*

We have now before us the three principal processes—the calcination, by which the ma-

* For details see Loysel "Sur l'Art de la Verrerie;" and Lard. Cyclo.

terials are prepared in the first instance—the melting down of these materials into glass in the great working furnace, and the annealing of the finished article after it has been fashioned by the workmen. These processes are broad and simple; but that part of the manufacture which is, probably, most calculated to surprise the uninitiated, is the manner in which the red-hot mass of glass, as it is taken out of the crucible, is instantly, so to speak, shaped into form by the dextrous hands and practiced eyes of those men whom you see standing about at tables and stools, twisting long iron rods called *pontils*, blowing through pipes, and performing mysterious evolutions with scissors, pronged sticks, compasses, and other instruments, with a rapidity that baffles the most vigilant observer. From the infinite diversity of objects into which glass is thus moulded, it must be obvious that the operations of these artificers embrace a variety of curious details which it is impossible to enter upon here; but a glance at some of them will enable the reader to form a general notion of the curious manipulations upon which they are so actively employed.

The initial movement of the glass-blower is to dip a hollow iron rod or tube, about five feet long, through the *bocca*, into one of the crucibles containing the melted glass. Having collected at the end of the tube a sufficient quantity of material for the article he is about to fashion—a drinking-glass, finger-glass, jug, or whatever it may be (which requires, perhaps, two or three dips according to the quantity he wants), he withdraws the tube, and holds it perpendicularly for a few seconds with the heated mass downward, till the fluid drops and lengthens by its own momentum beyond the end of the tube. He then quickly raises it, and rolls it on a smooth horizontal plate till it acquires a cylindrical form. When he has got it into this shape, he applies his mouth to the opposite end of the tube, and blows into the heated mass which swiftly becomes distended into a sphere. But as the globe thus obtained is not rendered sufficiently thin for his purpose by a single blowing, he reheats it by holding it within the furnace, and then blows again, repeating the operation till he brings it to the desiderated size and consistency. Thus prepared, he swings it in the air like a pendulum, or twirls it round and round rapidly, according to the elongated or circular form he requires, the molten particles obeying the tendency of the force and motion employed.

Having advanced to this stage, and the mass being ready for fashioning, a new instrument is brought to bear upon it. This is a small, solid, round iron rod, called the *pontil*, upon one end of which a lesser portion of material has been collected by another workman, and this portion being applied to the extremity of the globe already formed rapidly adheres to it. The whole is now detached from the tube, or blowpipe, by simply damping the point of contact, which

causes the glass to crack, so that a stroke upon the tube separates it safely, leaving a small hole in the globe where the tube had originally entered.

By this time the temperature of the mass has cooled down, and it becomes necessary to reheat it, which is done as before. The artificer next seats himself on a stool with elevated arms, upon which he rests the *pontil*, which he grasps and twirls with his left hand, having thus a command over the red-hot glass with his right hand, in which he holds a small iron instrument called a *procello*, consisting of two blades with an elastic bow, similar to a sugar-tongs. With this little instrument the whole work of fashioning is performed, and as it must be completed while the glass is yet ductile (having always, however, the power of reheating it when necessary), the process is effected with wondrous celerity. By the aid of the *procello* he enlarges or contracts the mass, which he adapts to its motions with his left hand, and where any shapeless excrescences appear he instantly cuts them off with a pair of scissors as easily as if they were so much lace or cotton. And thus, almost in less time than it has occupied us in the description, articles of the most exquisite form and delicacy are created by the art-magic of these Vulcans of the glass-furnace.

That which chiefly excites astonishment and admiration in the spectator is the ease and security with which a material so fragile is cut, joined, twirled, pressed out and contracted, by the hands of the workmen. Long practice alone can insure the requisite certainty and quickness of manipulation, and the eye must be highly educated to its work before it can achieve off-hand, and, by a sort of accomplished instinct, the beautiful shapes which are thus rapidly produced.

The moment the article is finished it is detached from the *pontil* and dropped into a bed of ashes, from whence it is removed while it is yet hot, by a pronged stick or wooden shovel, to the tray to be deposited in the annealing oven where it is gradually cooled.

HOW CROWN, PLATE, AND WATCH GLASSES ARE MADE.

In making crown-glass, which is used for windows, a slight alteration in the process is observed. When the globe is prepared as before at the end of the tube, it is flattened at its extremity by pressure against a plain surface; the new material at the end of the *pontil* is then attached to the flattened side, and the whole mass detached from the tube, leaving a circular hole at the point of separation. The mass is now twirled round and round, at first slowly, then more quickly, till its diameter, obeying the centrifugal force, becomes wider and wider, the hole expanding in proportion. At last, as the motion increases in velocity, the double portion suddenly bursts open, the whole forming a plain disc of uniform density throughout, except at the spot in the centre where the *pontil* is at

tached to it, and where there is accumulated that small lump which is vulgarly called a *bull's eye*. The most surprising incident in this process is the bursting open of the flattened globe, a circumstance which would shiver the entire mass if it were not kept up at a certain heat.

The mode of casting plate-glass presents a remarkable illustration of the skillful adaptation of means to ends. When the glass is melted in the crucible, a portion of it is transferred to a smaller crucible, called a *cuvette*, which contains the exact quantity requisite for the size of the plate about to be formed. The *cuvette* is then raised by means of a crane, and lifted over the casting table. These tables have smooth metallic surfaces which are carefully ground and polished, and wiped perfectly clean, and heated before they are used. Formerly they were made of copper, but the British Plate Glass Company have found that iron slabs answer the purpose better. The table used by them is fifteen feet long, nine feet wide, and six inches thick, and weighs fourteen tons. For the convenience of moving it to the annealing ovens it is placed upon castors. The *cuvette* being swung over the casting table, is gradually turned over, and a flood of molten glass is poured out upon the surface, and prevented from running off by ribs of metal. As soon as it is entirely discharged, a large hollow copper cylinder is rolled over the fluid, spreading it into a sheet of equal breadth and thickness. When the glass is sufficiently cool to bear removal it is slipped into the annealing oven, where it is placed in a horizontal position,* great care having been taken to exclude the external air, it being indispensable to the beauty of these plates that the process of cooling should be regular and gradual.

No less than twenty workmen are engaged in these operations, and during the whole time the apartment is kept perfectly still, lest a motion of any kind should set the air in motion, the slightest disturbance of the surface of the plate being calculated to impair its value. "The spectacle of such a vast body of melted glass," observes Mr. Parks, "poured at once from an immense crucible, on a metallic table of great magnitude, is truly grand; and the variety of colors which the plate exhibits immediately after the roller has passed over it, renders this an operation more splendid and interesting than can possibly be described.†

To attempt the briefest outline of the vast number of objects that are composed of glass, and the variety of processes to which the material is subjected in their production, would carry us far beyond the limits within which we are unavoidably confined. Even the most trifling articles of daily use, apparently very simple in their formation, involve many elaborate details. Take a watch, for example. The history from

the furnace to the workshop, of those parts of a watch which are composed of glass, is full of curious particulars. The watch-glass maker exercises a function distinct from any one of those we have hitherto been considering. He receives from the blower an accurate hollow globe of glass, measuring eight inches in diameter, and weighing exactly twelve ounces, which is the guarantee at once of the regularity and thinness of the material. Upon the surface of this globe the watch-glass maker traces with a piece of heated wire, sometimes with a tobacco pipe, as many circles of the size he requires as the globe will yield, and wetting the lines while they are yet warm, they instantly crack, and the circles are at once separated. He finds the edges rough, but that is got rid of by trimming them with a pair of scissors. The circles thus obtained are deficient, however, in the necessary convexity; he accordingly reheats them, and, with an instrument in each hand, beats or moulds them into the precise form desired, much in the same manner as a dairy-maid, with her wooden spoons beats a pat of butter into shape. The edges are now ground off, and the watch-glass is complete. The preparation of the dial, which is composed of opaque white glass, ordinarily known as enamel, is a much more complicated work, involving several minute processes and a larger expenditure of time. Upon both sides of a thin plate of slightly convex copper, bored with holes for the key, and the hour and minute hands, is spread with a spatula a coat of pounded glass which has gone through several stages of solution and purification before it is ready for application. In the management of this operation, and the absorption of any moisture that may linger in the enamel, considerable care and delicacy of hand are necessary. As soon as the dial-plate is perfectly dried it is put into the furnace to be heated gradually. These processes of firing and enameling must be repeated altogether three times before the work is finished; after which the lines and divisions for the hours and minutes are marked upon the surface by a totally different process. We have here merely touched the principal points in the formation of dial-plates; the details are too complex for enumeration.

If we find in such articles as these the employment of numerous chemical agencies, special tools, and peculiar manipulation, we may easily give credit to the greater wonders that remain to be developed in more costly processes; such as the composition of artificial gems, of the pastes that are made to resemble diamonds and pearls, amethysts, emeralds, and precious stones of all colors and degrees of brilliancy, beads, bulbs, striped tubes, and a hundred other fanciful toys and ornaments; the formation of lenses and eye-glasses; the coloring of glass for various purposes; and the arts of staining and painting, silvering, gilding, cutting, engraving, and etching, each of which has its own mysteries, and has been prosecuted in different ages

* In this respect plate-glass is treated differently from crown and broad glass, which is always placed on its edge in the annealing furnace.

† Lard. Cyclo.

by different means. When it is said that some of these arts are lost, the fact must be taken in a restricted sense, as merely implying that certain chemical combinations, formerly in use, are unknown to us; but the same arts are still practiced by other means. It is a peculiarity in the manufacture of glass that almost every establishment has its own receipts, and, consequently, its own secrets. Even in the materials employed in the first process of calcination—not to speak of subsequent working processes—there is an infinite diversity of choice in the ingredients, and the proportions in which they are combined; and such is the jealousy of the great manufacturers respecting these matters, that they never admit visitors into their establishments except under the seal of the strictest confidence.* It is not surprising, therefore, that while the elementary principles of the art have descended to us, particular combinations and processes should have died with their discoverers, or be still kept shut up in the manufactories where they are successfully practiced.

AN EXCELLENT MATCH; OR, THE BLESSINGS OF BAD LUCK.

"IT is quite impossible," said I, as I walked round the garden with my old friend, the vicar; "it is quite impossible to leave home in May; the bees will be swarming, and it is the very week of the school feast."

"We will have the school feast a week earlier," answered he; "and, as to the bees, I will look after them myself, and you will have the pleasure of seeing a new colony or two safely housed, and hard at work, when you come back again."

I was silenced on these points, and began to reflect what other excuse I could find to put off a disagreeable journey. But there was something in my friend's manner that warned me it would be vain to offer any further objection. He looked upon my attendance at my niece's wedding as a matter of duty, and he would have removed every obstacle that my ingenuity could oppose to it, with as much coolness as he displayed at that moment, in sweeping a spider's web from the China rose-tree on my verandah.

I yielded, but not without a sigh. "Dear Amy," I said, "I love her very much, and would do much to serve her, but my presence at her fine wedding will be no advantage to her, and a great annoyance to me, therefore it would be better to put off my visit until the fuss and ceremony is fairly over."

My reverend friend shook his head. "We

are called on to rejoice with those who do rejoice," said he; "as well as to weep with those who weep, although we may not always be in a mood to obey the summons."

This was very like a passage from one of the good man's sermons, but I knew the sentiment it contained came from his heart, and what was more, I knew it would have influenced his own actions.

"Amy was indeed a charming child," continued he, "when you brought her to be cured of the hooping-cough among our Cumberland mountains. I only hope the little world of boarding-schools, and the great one of fashion, may not have spoilt her by this time."

I hoped so, too, but I was by no means sanguine on the subject. My friend was right; Amy was a charming child when we had her among us. With far more character and greater talent than her elder sisters, she had promised to equal them in grace and beauty; and her warm heart and sunny temper captivated every body who knew her. It would be a pity to spoil such a nature as hers, and yet I could not conceal from myself, that there were points in her character which rendered her peculiarly liable to be spoilt by the favors and flatteries of the world.

"Then you will go?" were the last words the vicar said to me, as we shook hands at parting.

I answered in the affirmative, and a fortnight after, encumbered with rather more in the way of trunks and handboxes than I usually travel with, I set off.

Mrs. R. met me this time with a load of care upon her brow. She was often anxious-looking, for even her world, light and trifling as it was, had its burdens, and at this time she seemed overwhelmed by them. Who could wonder at it? Next to the great change which removes a beloved child from the embraces of her parents to an unseen world, there is nothing in solemnity equal to that tie which transfers the guardianship of her happiness to a stranger. When a daughter marries, her parents are deprived of the first place in her love and reverence, and bereaved for ever of the daily companionship, which, in the decline of life, becomes so precious a solace and so dear a joy. What a tremendous responsibility there is in the choice of the person who is to be intrusted with so costly a deposit, and in whose favor are relinquished such valued rights? How few are the men whose characters present a combination of qualities, which under such circumstances, could satisfy the fears and misgivings of a parent's love!

Something of all this I could not help expressing. Mrs. R. replied that they had perfect confidence in Mr. Lennox; it was in every respect a most unexceptionable match; there was a splendid income to begin with, and every prospect of an immense fortune in a few years, and an excellent position in society; as to moral character, and that sort of thing, of course, all was perfectly satisfactory. "What you say

* To such an extent has this jealousy been carried, that many adroit expedients have been employed to mislead and baffle curiosity. Hence the infinite variety of receipts for the production of different sorts of glass that have been launched upon the public, a vast number of which have been got up expressly for the purpose of deceiving and misdirecting the inquirer. To this circumstance may be referred the remarkable contradictions and inconsistencies that may be detected in all treatises on the subject.

about parting with one's children," continued she, and here she applied her exquisite pocket-handkerchief to her eyes, "is very true—it is very hard to part with Amy; but," she philosophically added, "it must be so, so it is no use grieving about it."

And she did not grieve about it any more, but became very fluent upon other grievances, which this affair had brought upon her; and now I began to perceive that the true causes of anxiety were something widely different from those which I had anticipated.

"I am worried to death," said my poor sister-in-law; "every thing rests with me. I have all the arrangements to make, and no one to consult with, for Mr. R. takes no interest in these matters, and as to Amy, she is a perfect child. Louisa, too, has become so dull and indifferent, she is of no use at all. I miss Fanny beyond every thing; her wedding was comparatively no trouble, for she helped me to think; but now I am positively miserable lest all should not go off as it ought to do."

Here was a species of affliction, for which I had certainly no ready-made speech of condolence, and I should have been somewhat embarrassed how to reply, if the entrance of the girls had not rendered reply unnecessary. It was some years since I had seen Amy, who had always been my darling; and when I could disengage myself from her warm embrace, I looked at her earnestly, to notice all the changes which those years had made in her. Her beauty was something marvelous, and I was so much taken up with her, that I did not at first pay much attention to her sister, but when I did so, I felt both shocked and surprised. The few summers that had passed since I saw her a blooming girl, did not warrant the change which had taken place in her appearance. Her complexion had lost its color; her features looked thin and pinched; there was a querulous expression, which I had never noticed before, about the mouth; and the skin round the eyes had that livid hue, which gives to the countenance so peculiar an appearance of unhealthiness.

"My dear Louisa," I exclaimed, "you are surely not well!"

She answered she was tolerably well, and, as she did not appear to like to be questioned, I made no farther inquiries, but gave my attention to the detail of the various arrangements that had been entered into for the approaching ceremony. I was to see the wedding clothes, of course, and I exposed my ignorance, or at least forgetfulness, of modern fashion, by asking for the bonnet.

"Bonnet! aunt," cried Amy; "wreath I suppose you mean—here it is," and she placed it on her beautiful brow. Louisa threw the costly veil over her head, and there was a picture which a Reynolds or a Lawrence might have been proud to copy. I had not long to admire it. Amy laughed and blushed, and threw the things away again. What strange fashions there are with respect to wedding clothes, thought

I; my mother was married in a riding-habit and hat, just as if she had been going fox-hunting; nowadays, nothing but a ball dress will do for the ceremony; albeit it be performed on the stone floor of a country church, at Christmas time. Must a wedding dress, indeed, be one as different as possible to the wearer's daily habits and every-day appearance—a kind of climax to all the little duplicities, voluntary and involuntary, which, it is said, are inseparable from courtship? Well, well, be it so! Thy outward attractions, Amy, will not have lost much, when the blonds and satins are put into the bandbox. God grant that it may be the same with the other and dearer graces of the heart and mind!

The few days which intervened between my arrival and the wedding-day were very busy ones; so busy that I could see very little of the bride elect, and still less of the bridegroom. What I did see of the latter, however, impressed me very favorably. He seemed worthy of all Amy might become, all he thought she was, for he was passionately in love, as it is not difficult to imagine a young man would be with a being so beautiful and attractive. What her feelings toward him were, I could not exactly decide. Everybody said she loved him, and so she thought herself; but I could not bring myself to believe that her heart was yet awakened to a profound and passionate sentiment of affection. She admired her future husband, and was flattered by being the choice of one who was universally allowed to be a superior man; she liked his company, and felt grateful to him for his love. If this were not love, it was at least a good foundation for it, and, perhaps, the wonder was that it had not yet ripened into a warmer sentiment. But Amy was a child—a child whose whole life had been surrounded by trifles; and there was a depth and seriousness in Edward Lennox's character to which her own was yet but imperfectly attuned. Would the future bring with it companionship and love, or estrangement and indifference? A tremendous question this appeared to me, but one which apparently entered into the head of no one in all that busy house, except into that of the elderly spinster aunt.

The wedding took place. There is no occasion to describe it; most people, at any rate the young ones, know how such things are managed nowadays. The bride and bridegroom departed, and the bridesmaids dispersed until the return of the wedded pair should re-assemble them for the important business of receiving company. As this return was not likely to be speedy, I too said farewell, for I had engaged to visit other friends, before returning to my hermitage—as Mrs. R. persisted in denominating my cottage—although it was situated close to a populous village, and not far from a flourishing market-town.

I went away very anxious about Louisa. Mrs. R. was sensible of the change in her daughter's appearance and professed herself

unable to understand it. No girls, as she observed, had more indulgences or greater means of amusement than hers had, but nothing pleased or amused Louisa now. I inquired if any thing had occurred to render her unhappy. Her mother said there had been a slight love affair, but that reasons sufficient to satisfy Louisa herself had set it on one side, and that she did not think the attachment still existed. My future observations inclined me to agree with Mrs. R. in this latter particular, but it seemed to me as if this fancy, slight as it might have been, had awakened the poor girl to the consciousness that she had a heart and a soul; that she possessed capacities which called for nobler objects and a wider sphere of action, than were furnished in the region of frivolity wherein she dwelt. Not that she could have put her feelings into words—they existed in her mind too vaguely for that; her longings were indefinable to herself, but they were real, and I was convinced they were sapping the very foundations of her existence. I would fain have taken her home with me. I would have brought her into contact with the genuine wants and woes of humanity, represented, it might be, in humble types, but varnished over by none of the falsehood and glitter of fashionable society. I would have done so, because I believed that here she might find something to interest and rouse her to action. This once accomplished, her energies would no longer be left to prey upon themselves, and the weariness of an aimless existence would be at an end. But had my abode been, indeed, the cell of an anchorite, and buried in the depth of the wilderness, Mrs. R. could not have shrunk with more horror from the idea of trusting her daughter to my guardianship, than she did when I made the proposal. In vain I represented how happy Amy had always been while under my care, and how infallible had been the effect of Cumberland air upon all her juvenile ailments. In as plain terms as were consistent with her accustomed good breeding, Mrs. R. intimated, that though it might do very well for a child, Louisa would be moped to death at my cottage. She needed amusement, interest, that was certain; she must go to Brighton, to Hastings, to Baden, if possible—any where, to give her a complete change of scene and ideas. I gave the matter up, but I believed that in my solitude she would have found a greater change of scene and ideas than she would be likely to meet with in any fashionable watering-place.

Months rolled on. The bride and bridegroom returned, but not before I was again settled at home. I had letters from Amy, cheerful, happy letters they were. How could they be otherwise? The whole joys of the world were before her, and with a lively fancy, and the keen sense of enjoyment of eighteen, how could she be insensible to their attractions! I had letters from Mrs. R. too, full of Amy's praises. They told me how gracefully she had played her new part—how, whether she appeared abroad or re-

ceived guests at home, she was the delight of every eye, the praise of every tongue. This was not all I would have known, but I could learn no more, and it was two years before Amy and I met again. She was then the mother of a fine little boy, and as blooming and beautiful as ever. She seemed happy too, and preserved that uninterrupted flow of gayety which had always been so charming. Not so her husband. The ease and cheerfulness, which had once characterized his conversation, had vanished; he was silent and reserved; it seemed to me that some hidden sorrow, for which he had no confidant, was preying on his mind. When I hinted to Amy the change in her husband's manner, she tossed her pretty head, and poutingly remarked, that she supposed men were always more agreeable in the days of courtship than after marriage. But, in spite of her childish petulance, a tear stole to her eye, which I was not sorry to see there. True it was that Edward Lennox was completely disenchanted. He had found out that the thoughtless, inexperienced girl, who had never been led to reflect on any thing more serious than the amusement of the present hour, was not the perfect woman, the ideal of his fancy, and the echo of his every thought and feeling. He was a man of an almost jealously sensitive turn of mind, and when he found he was not comprehended, he shrank into himself, and took refuge in an impenetrable reserve. Amy, poor child, had no idea of all that was passing in her husband's mind. She was conscious of no change in herself, and she little thought how different had been his conception of her character to its reality. She believed that what her mamma had told her about the caprice of men, explained the change which she could not but be sensible had taken place in his sentiments toward her; and though this change sometimes made her sad, she did not love deeply enough to be quite heart-broken. But Amy was still loved. If Mr. Lennox did not love her as he could have loved the true wife of his bosom, he cherished her as a lovely child, whose happiness was intrusted to his keeping, and it seemed to me as if fears for her, as well as sorrow of his own, harassed and perplexed him.

Mrs. R. was right. Nothing could be more faultless than the easy grace with which Amy presided at her husband's table, or mixed in the gay circles of fashionable amusement. With perfect truth, I could congratulate her mother on this point, but I felt a kind of wonder, well as I knew Mrs. R., to observe what unmingled satisfaction it afforded her. She evidently considered that nothing was wanting to the complete *success* of this marriage. Poor woman! she soon changed her opinion most woefully!

Louisa was still poorly; she had rallied for a while, but now seemed to droop more than ever. I often went to spend the evening with her when Mrs. R. and Amy were from home, and very dear had these hours become to me. The prospect of eternity had opened to that young spirit,

and it had caused a rapid development of the noblest powers of the soul. With the waking of the spiritual nature, the intellect had been aroused also, and, animated by these powers, she was a different being. No wonder when her mother caught her cheerful smile, or her beaming eye, that she believed her convalescent, and I, for one, could not destroy the illusion.

One evening when I had left Amy in the hands of her maid, preparing to go out to dine, I went into the library to look for a book which had promised to read to Louisa that evening, and felt a little disconcerted to find Mr. Lennox seated by the fire, with his arms folded, and apparently so completely engrossed by his reflections as scarcely to notice my entrance. As I had believed him to be preparing to accompany Amy, I had by no means expected to find him here, and I explained my errand somewhat apologetically. He started from his reverie, and rising, completed my astonishment by requesting five minutes' conversation.

"Are you not going out?" I asked.

"Out? Oh, I had forgotten. No, not to-night."

There was something in his whole manner that alarmed me. "What is the matter?" said I, and I believe I changed color, and said something about my brother.

"Don't be alarmed," said he, "no one is in trouble or danger but my unfortunate self, and, through me, poor Amy. To be plain with you, Miss R., for I believe I may speak out to you, without apprehending a fit of fainting or hysterics, I am a ruined man. Mind," he added, quickly, and a look of manly dignity replaced the troubled expression of his brow and eye, "I use the word in its ordinary, conventional signification. You and I would call no man ruined, in the literal sense of the word, who retained his honor unstained, and the vigor of his head and the strength of his hand unimpaired."

I was so completely taken by surprise, that I had no power to reply, and he went on; "If it were only for myself, I could bear it, I believe, as well as most people, but the thought of that poor girl unmans me. Amusement, society, luxury, seem to make up her very life, and to tell her she must be deprived of these things, is dreadful. Oh!" he continued, bitterly, "if I could be to Amy all that she once was to me, how light would all trials be while our love remained; but that *was* an idle dream!"

"It may be no dream yet," answered I. "Amy has a heart, though her life, hitherto, has offered little to prove its depth. Who knows but that, when she is called on for sympathy and action, she may prove all we could wish?"

"Do not flatter me with false hopes," he said; "I have given up such ideas as those forever."

I had some hope that matters were not so bad as in the first moment I had been given to understand they were, and I begged for further information. I found, however, the statement

Mr. Lennox had made was substantially true; he had, indeed, lost a handsome property, and all that remained was an opportunity of realizing a comfortable independence by personal exertion. But the sacrifice of the luxuries, and the worldly consideration which the possession of wealth bestows, was inevitable; a sacrifice which frequently causes distress very disproportionate to the worth of the objects abandoned.

When he had in a few words put me in possession of the actual state of his affairs, he said: "Now comes the question of what is best to be done with Amy. It is possible I may find it advisable to go out to India, but, whether I go or stay, I think it would be better for her to accompany her mother and Louisa to Baden. She will feel the change less at first, I have consulted with her father, and he agrees with me in this opinion."

"Very likely," said I, dryly; "and if it is your intention that Amy should remain all her life a spoiled child of fortune, you could not take better means to attain your end. If she is ever to prove what a rational being should be, it must be by the discipline of life; do not, then, attempt to shield her from trials which may be of more benefit to her than all the favors of fortune. Do not suppose you can guarantee her from sorrow; rather call upon her to share your distresses, than leave her to be consumed by the selfish vexations which inevitably fall to the lot of the idle and indulged. But, if you would inspire her with devotion, you must give her your confidence. Tell her all—let her know your actual position—what you hope from her—what you fear. You and she may live to bless the day which brings these trials."

"Ah! if I could think," he began; "but no—you do but judge after your own earnest nature—you do not know Amy."

"Nor you—nor any one; she does not know herself. A girl's character is like a rosebud, folded up from every eye; but, unlike the flower, it expands more under clouds and tempests than under the genial sun."

There was a pause, during which he sat musing, then he said, "When I called your attention to my unhappy affairs, it was with the intention of requesting you to break the matter to Amy for me, but you have half persuaded me to do it myself."

"Yourself, by all means," said I; "and let there be no concealment between you. What am I to do about telling Louisa and Mrs. R.?"

"Oh! they must know, certainly," answered he. "Mrs. R. will be gone out when you arrive, so you will be spared that scene. Louisa—who has now more sense and courage than all of us put together—will break it to her best in the morning. Here is the carriage, let me put you into it, and then for poor Amy."

He was right. Louisa did seem to have more sense and courage now than any of us. Perhaps, she felt herself too near another world to affix an undue value on the things of this, for none of the agitation which I had feared resulted from the

communication, and we consulted together calmly and rationally on the best means of making present circumstances useful to Amy, and tolerable to her mother. But, calm as she was, I thought it better to spare her the first burst of Mrs. R.'s distress, and therefore I remained the night over, and returned to Amy in the morning.

I found her alone in the nursery, with her sleeping infant in her arms. Her eyes were bent pensively on its countenance, and there was an expression of serious thoughtfulness on her beautiful features, which became them as well as the gayety which was their native character.

"My dear, dear aunt," she said, as I kissed her cheek, "how much I owe you!"

"Owe me, my love! what do you mean?"

"If it had not been for you, Edward would have told me nothing. I should never have known half his causes of distress, and I should have believed him cold and indifferent, when, on the contrary, he was depressed by anxiety for me, and for our boy."

Here was a spring of action at once. The fountains of sympathy, of gratitude, of love, were opened; might not these waters prove sufficient to fertilize a life? I believed so, and I felt that Amy was saved.

I was not mistaken. From that day, she was a new creature. If the sacrifices she was called upon to make at first appeared great, they were soon rendered insignificant by the regret which she felt when she reflected how little her previous education had prepared her to make the best of a limited income, to prove the friend, companion, and confidante, which her husband would now need more than ever, or to fulfill the office of guide and instructress which her little boy would soon call upon her to perform.

"These are not subjects for regret, Amy," said I, when she poured out her heart to me, as she had been in the habit of doing in her childish days; "with youth and health, they are but stimulants to exertion."

Mr. Lennox went to India, but only for a year, and, sorely against her will, Amy was left behind. As she could not accompany him, she wished to return home with me, for a year's schooling, as she playfully expressed it, and, in spite of Mrs. R.'s remonstrances, I carried her off.

What a busy year we had of it! We cooked; we cut out linen (the village schoolmistress was for a time a cipher in that department); we tried experiments in domestic economy; we made calculations; then we read light books and heavy books, history and philosophy, poetry and romance, I being obliged to exercise great ingenuity to avoid an immoderate proportion of educational works, a department of literature to which Amy, in common with many young mothers, manifested a decided preference.

Thus occupied, the days and weeks glided swiftly away, but not without leaving traces of their passage. Amy's intellectual and moral growth in this twelvemonth was as rapid as was her boy's increase in physical proportions. She

felt it herself, and, with her increased self-respect, increased her love and admiration of the husband, for whose sake she had been stimulated to self-government and self-tuition. Small had been the joy of her wedding-day, compared to the rapture with which, at the end of the year, she threw herself into his arms; and slight had been his disappointment after the honeymoon, to the delightful surprise which he felt every day on the discovery of some new improvement, or the promise of some fresh excellence in his lovely wife.

"Yes, yes," I thought, as I watched them walking in the garden, and talking over their future plans, with that look of perfect confidence which tells so much; "those hearts are united now—they will soon grow so close that nothing earthly will avail to separate them."

I wiped my spectacles—they had often been dimmed the last day or two—and taking little Herbert's hand, we, too, sallied forth for a confidential *tête-à-tête* among the daisies.

I went to see Amy when she was once more settled in a house of her own, and, though Mrs. R. sighed and shook her head, every time *poor* Amy's domestic arrangements were alluded to, I thought every thing about her charming. True, she was waited upon by a tidy housemaid, instead of a tall footman; true, if she required a special daintiness to appear upon her table, she was obliged to soil the tips of her own delicate fingers, instead of commanding the service of a professional artiste; true, if she wished to go abroad, she walked, instead of using a carriage. But what then? I could not see that she was a bit the worse for any of these changes. Then, again, she did not now go one night to the opera, another to the theatre, and a third to a ball; but she was so busy in the daytime, and so happy in the evening, in the company of her husband, that she had no desire for such amusements. She no longer presided over great entertainments, but her small, cheerful, pretty house, furnished with good taste and thoroughly arranged for comfort, was always hospitably open to those true friends whom adverse fortune had not rendered shy or indifferent.

"Poor Amy does seem happy," remarked her mother, after we had spent a delightful evening with the young folks, and a party of old friends; "it is very strange, but she does seem happy in spite of her misfortunes."

"Misfortunes!" exclaimed my brother; "call them blessings! Yes, Margaret, I am a convert at last, and ready to confess that women are improvable, and that the loss of wealth *may* prove an inestimable blessing!"

ANECDOTES OF WORDSWORTH.

IT is not our intention to criticise the writings of the great philosophical poet of modern times, but merely to note down a few recollections of the benign old man before they pass away forever with the fleeting shades of memory.

Glorious old man of the mountain, methinks

we see him now: his deep-set gray eyes steeped in contemplation; his hand buried in his waistcoat—one leg crossed over the other—reciting in a deep, but somewhat tremulous voice, a passage, either from Milton or himself—the only two poets he honored by his quotations. While the vision stands before us, let us sketch the outward and visible shape, which held a great spirit within its fold.

Tall, and broadly formed, spare of flesh, with a slight stoop, carelessly dressed; a fine oval face; a nose aquiline, though somewhat heavy; bald about the brow, with a few gray hairs straggling over the forehead; fragments of gray whiskers, and a mouth, inclined to be large, but energetically compressed; his eyebrows turned upward when listening, and contracted when talking, with a deep voice, broken by its very emphasis: this is as near a picture as we can give of the "Bard of Rydal." To a certain extent, although in a different sense, what Pope wrote for Gay, applies to Wordsworth:

"In wit, a man—in simplicity, a child."

Taking wit as poetical intellect, this is Wordsworth's character in a single sentence.

There was a strange mixture of the sublime and the ridiculous in his composition. He would descant on Milton, or the principles of poetry, with a freshness and vigor of mind worthy of the author of the "Laodamia," and the next minute utter such astounding opinions about steamboats, reform, and human progress and politics, as would positively make a child of ten years old smile.

The most remarkable thing about him was his entire ignorance of modern literature: the poetry of the last thirty years was unknown to him: no solicitation would possibly induce him to read it—the only contemporaries he had read or acknowledged, were Scott, Rogers, Landor, Coleridge, and Southey.

The undue attention which he bestowed upon what other men considered trifles, was another remarkable trait in his character: he would correspond perseveringly with the secretary of a railway concerning an overcharge in the carriage of a parcel, and he would walk a dozen miles, and call at a dozen houses, to recover an old cotton umbrella, not worth a shilling. The importance of these small matters had doubtless been forced upon him by his early poverty, and by the manly independence and integrity of his character.

Exact himself, he exacted exactness from others, and if, when in company with a friend, they took a cab together, he would on no account suffer his companion to pay more than his share: when the conveyance stopped, he would inquire of the driver the fare, take out his own half, and give it to the Jehu, leaving his associate to do the same. We remember on one occasion, when we had jumped out first, and paying all the charge, and he afterward paying the sharp Jehu his half, that he, on discovering the imposition, wanted us to run half-way down Southampton-street to get the over-

charge back, and regaled the company at dinner that day with an energetic denunciation of the rascality of cab-men, and the idleness and extravagance of youth.

Among his weaknesses was a reverence for rank and wealth, perfectly puzzling in so independent a man: if he had promised to dine with a baronet, and an invitation came from an earl he considered it a piece of religious duty to forfeit his prior engagement, and he would never realize the idea that the baronet could possibly feel offended.

Another curious trait in his character was his inability to understand the slightest approach to a joke: even when explained to him, he would feel uneasy, and put it on a logical rack: with him every thing was either absolutely true or absolutely false:—he made no allowance for pleasantry, badinage, persiflage, or even playfulness: he took every thing literally.

A young lady, an intimate friend of his, related to us a ludicrous instance of the embarrassments this occasionally led to: being on a visit to the Lakes for the first time, the old poet took great pride in showing her all his pet spots and finest views. They were, consequently, out very often, for hours and hours together.

At an evening party, the niece of Lady F—— (whose grounds join the bard's garden), in the gayety of girlhood, said to the poet: "I saw you this morning, Mr. Wordsworth, before any body was up, flirting with my aunt on the lawn; and then how slyly you stole away by the back entrance." This alluded to a gate made to save the *detour* of going into the road. The words had scarcely passed the giddy girl's lips, ere she became painfully aware that she had committed some tremendous crime. Wordsworth looked distressed and solemn at his wife: his wife looked muffled thoughts at her daughter, Miss Wordsworth, and then they all three looked at each other as though holding a silent conclave. Inspiration and speech came to the poet first. Turning solemnly round to our informant, he said, emphatically, to her: "After the remark just made, it is of course necessary that I should reply. Miss C——, you are young and lovely; you have been alone with me repeatedly in solitary spots, and I now put it to you, if I have ever acted toward you in a manner unbecoming a gentleman and a Christian?" Our friend thus appealed to, could scarcely refrain from roaring with laughter, but she thought it best to answer in accordance with the spirit of the question; and having considerable tact, she managed to patch this "awful matter" up! A dumper, however, had fallen on the meeting, and it ended drearily. We might recount other evidence of the unpoetical thralldom to which constant association with a few old ladies of the Rydal neighborhood had bowed down the full, vigorous intellect of Wordsworth. Yet, even in these absurdities, he retains a simplicity and earnestness of character, which almost supply the want of that geniality and dignity we generally associate with the great poet.

MODERN MUMMIES.—A VISIT TO THE TOMBS OF BORDEAUX.

THE city of Bordeaux possesses much that is interesting. Many historical associations are connected with it, from the time of its occupation by the Romans, downward. It was the birthplace of the Latin poet Ausonius, and also of the English Edward, the famous Black Prince; Montesquieu was born in its neighborhood, and Montaigne was once its mayor; the district of which it is the centre gave its name to the celebrated party of the Girondins. It enjoys very considerable trade. The country round it produces some of the best wines in France. Its quays and many of its streets are handsome and lively. The public buildings are not a little remarkable. In particular, we may cite the theatre, which, though surpassed by a few others in size, is unrivaled in modern Europe for the combination it presents of elegance, symmetry, and perfect adaptation to its purpose. The noble bridge, too, by which the Garonne—here nearly the third of a mile wide—is crossed, must not be forgotten either. When we consider the difficulties attending the work, or the success which has crowned it, the bridge is perhaps the greatest boast of Bordeaux, and it is not without reason that the pride of the Bordelais pronounces it *unique*.

But the most curious thing, in its way, which Bordeaux possesses, is a vault under St. Michael's church. That edifice itself presents but little worth notice, except its mutilated tower, which, with its spire, was once more than three hundred feet high, and was reduced to its present state by a gale of wind, the upper part of it being literally blown over. Finding so little, therefore, here to interest us, we are about to leave the church, when our guide asks if we would like to see the charnel-house of St. Andrew. The name strikes us; we accept the invitation and follow him, wondering what is before us. We descend a staircase, and exchange the pure air and bright sky of Guienne for the close and stone-smelling atmosphere of a subterraneous passage, and the darkness made visible by the uncertain lamp of our conductor. We arrive at a low doorway, and bend to pass beyond it. This is the place. At first we see nothing; our eyes, however, soon become accustomed to the obscurity, and a strange spectacle is disclosed to them. We find we are standing in a round and vaulted chamber of rough masonry: it resembles an inverted bowl, the spring of its arch being but a little above the floor; this floor is of uneven earth, and may be some twenty feet in diameter. Round the walls, and supported in a standing position, are a great number of human bodies. There are ninety in all. We are in a large company of the dead; and the ground on which we tread is composed of hundreds more, for that whitish dust is the dust of bones, and the original bottom of the pit is many feet below.

The fact is, as the guide informs us, that a

cemetery near the church having been disturbed, the vault was made the receptacle of the remains found in it. As for the bodies piled round its sides, some peculiar property of the spot in which they were originally deposited had preserved them entire; and such as they now are they will probably remain, for some of them were living six hundred years ago. Their flesh has been transformed into a substance resembling tinder; the skin has much shrunk, and has become brown, so that they resemble very thin mulattoes, but, in most other respects, they are scarcely changed. Many of them still possess all their teeth; their hair remains—one has a long beard. The expression their countenances wore in death is still perfectly distinct. They are of both sexes and of all ages, and, consequently, of every size. The histories of a few are known. In the case of most, you can read something of their past lives in their faces and forms, as you can in those of the living, so completely does their physiognomy retain the impress of the passions which once moved and agitated them. One is the body of a man who was a street porter in his time: it is fully seven feet high. He was renowned for his strength, but broke his back one day about a hundred years back, under a burden too heavy for him. Another presents the features of a singularly beautiful and graceful woman who died of cancer. On a third body, you remark the nun's dress in which the poor inmate of the cloister was interred. Her face still wears a look of sadness and melancholy resignation. You see in the breast of one man the sword-thrust wound which had caused his death. The most painful to behold is the body of a young boy, the convulsed contraction of whose features and members presents a frightful appearance of moral as well as of physical agony. Some medical men have given it as their opinion that this unhappy being had been buried alive, and that it was in his frenzied efforts to burst his cerements that his limbs stiffened into their present horrid aspect. Speaking of medical men, there is one of their fraternity in the collection, an old doctor, who thus shares the tomb, it may be, of some of those whom he, perhaps, helped to send to it.

Such are the mummies of Bordeaux. As to the cause of the phenomenon, we can offer no explanation, though more learned men than we will, doubtless, easily find many. We trust, however, that such may be more reasonable than that offered by an author before us, who ascribes the preservation of the bodies to the heat of the climate. The guide, of course, has his own theory. A baker had his oven close to the place in which they were at first interred, and the heat of the said oven petrified them. But, whatever may be the proper solution of the question, St. Michael's church at Bordeaux is not the only locality which possesses such a curiosity, though none that we are aware of can boast a museum so complete. Similar discoveries are said to have been made at Toulouse.

under a Franciscan, and also under a Dominican monastery, but we must say that, when in that town, we never heard of them. We have, however, ourselves seen the bodies preserved in a crypt of the cathedral church of Bremen. This crypt is called the Bleikeller, or lead-cellar, for what precise reason we do not remember. It is not entirely underground, but enjoys a certain dubious daylight. The mummies here are contained in rough wooden coffins, and are attired in the usual vestments of the dead, but with their faces exposed. Each has its history, which the respectable lady who showed them to us duly recounted, removing each coffin-lid as she did so, and replacing it as she passed to another. As at Bordeaux, one of them had been slain by the sword; he was a student who fell in a duel. Another was the body of an English lady of the name of Stanhope. If we bore that name, we should take measures to prevent her remains being thus made a show of.

Since we are speaking of Bremen, we may mention another object, of a somewhat similar kind, which that town possesses. Gesche Gottfried was a female prisoner, a modern Brinvilliers. She poisoned her husband (two husbands, unless we are mistaken), some of her children, and several of her friends and relatives. At last, in an attempt to poison a young man, to whom she was about to be married, she was detected, condemned, and decapitated. This was a few years back, and they have now got her head, preserved in spirits, in the Bremen Museum.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHANTREY, THE SCULPTOR.

OF Chantrey the recorded life and character are eminently simple and compact. Easy of comprehension is the tenor of both. The one was marked by steady common-sense; the other by progressive success. Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, in 1782. The son of one of the few remaining small proprietors cultivating their own land, he received a moderate education, and was apprenticed, at his own instance, to a working wood-carver. Every onward step was marked by native sagacity. His natural gifts led him to the more ambitious branches of art. He began with portrait-painting. But his craft of wood-carving, securing, as it did, a subsistence, he did not relinquish till his position as sculptor was assured: a wise plan, since for eight years he, according to his own account, scarce realized £5 by modeling. He began with an imaginative effort or so, but soon found his legitimate field. With the £10,000 brought him by his wife in 1811, he provided himself with house, studio, offices, marble, &c., like a prudent speculator. From the epoch of his bust of Horne Tooke—an important patron to him—dates his success. This brought him into notice. Commissions thenceforward flowed in. The remainder of his life was a course of regular labor, relieved by constant hospitality and the periodic relaxation of country visits, and his

favorite amusement, angling: interspersed with such occurrences as the visit to Italy; a few other continental trips; the erection, at a cost of £20,000, of a new house and offices, adapted to the growing largeness of his dealings, and his knighthood. With characteristic shrewdness, he early avoided committing himself to any political or party opinions. This, his prosperity, and his common-sense rendered him a great favorite with the English aristocracy. But too often, indeed, is the inane world of aristocratic Dilettantism felt hovering dimly near, as we read these pages. His large income and social disposition induced him to keep a hospitable house. And it was part of his tact to secure, without much reading, varied average knowledge, by frequent intercourse with men of science and letters. During the last two years of his life, his health rapidly and wholly gave way: the ordinary fate of his class, the hard workers and social livers. He was in the maturity of middle age, on his sudden death in 1841.

This course is as much that of a man of business as of an artist. Yet Chantrey's was a truly estimable, though no exalted, or rare character. There was a native dignity, a reality, an English genuineness about the man, legible in his whole life, and very engaging; even amid the chaotic adumbrations of the present biography. He was a favorable sample of a class not uncommon among us, the prosperous men who have risen through their own efforts, and deservedly. Generous, frank, hearty he was; above all, eminently *direct* in his dealings and character. One of his distinguishing features as a man, and as one of the class just mentioned, was his honest pride in his origin and progress in life. Without self-complacency, a manly consciousness of his true relations to the world pervaded him. The taint of flunkeyism in his position so facile to catch, touched him not. That respect for the intrinsic and essential, in character and position, his early circumstances naturally inspired, was never forsaken for worship of the privileged caste which favored and surrounded him.

One of those receiving freely and spending freely, he showed his sense of the value of money by its liberal devotion to the enjoyment of himself and all around. Ever open to tales of distress, he was the frequent dupe of his kind impulses. To his brother artists, he was generous in more ways than that of hospitality. Few earning a large income have manifested a better title thereto, by their use of it. In a profession inevitably unequal in the attainment of the prizes of fortune, compensation for the direction of so large a share into one or two fashionable channels, is found in so genial a worldly head of it as Chantrey. His generosity bordered on lavishness; yet even here, his prudence did not wholly forsake him. He left a large property; bequeathed, after Lady Chantrey, to the Royal Academy in trust, for purposes of doubtful judiciousness, but unquestion-

able good intention; in the way of fostering the "higher branches of art."

Rough and free in his manners, he was as full of *bonhomie* as good feeling. His letters are instinct with the heartiness and good fellowship of the man, and have a very agreeable freshness, and freedom from effort, if also, from any claims in the matter of thought.

In person, Chantrey did not belie his inner self. Mr. Jones, his biographer, indeed, gives us to understand, in one place, he resembled Shakspeare; in another, that it was Socrates he was like; and thereon, would have us accept a deeper similarity, of mind, to the Greek philosopher! A notion nearer the mark, is graphically supplied by his friend Thomson, when he begins his letter with a red wafer stuck on the paper; eyes, nose, mouth, &c., given in black. The symbol so pleased the sculptor, he adopted it himself as an occasional jocose signature.

Chantrey's intellect was a limited but emphatically capable, if not a very elevated one; ready at command and certain. All he said or did was, as far as it went, to the purpose. Altogether practical was the whole man. The sagacity of a sublimated common sense, was his prevailing characteristic. His mind was a perceptive one, not thoughtful or intense; making use of all that came in his way; gleanings information; receiving results, and applying them shrewdly. He attained proficiency in all he undertook, whether it were wood-carving, painting, portrait-busts, fishing, shooting. Without his range, were it but one step, he was helpless. But then, as a rule, he took care never to advance that step. And this was easy to him; for he was averse to all beyond the literal, and the every-day. The singular, the eccentric, in thought, manner of art, way of wearing one's hair, or any other department, he detested. "Let us stick to the broad, common high-way, and do our best there," was the instinctive feeling of the man. He was haunted by no unattainable, ever-retreating, fair ideals. No dreaming aspirations, or indefinite yearnings, had part in his life. His somewhat extreme, and in Mr. Jones's hands, quite over-done devotion to "*simplicity*," was very characteristic; in unison with that really satisfactory in him, but pointing to his wants, his restrictedness of feeling and unimaginativeness.

The same practical tendency and restriction of effort to things within reach, the sagacious, unerringly successful application of himself to the certain and definite, characterize his art: in the artist, ever the blossom and result of the whole man. Emphatic fulfillment does his success afford of the celebrated apophthegm of Mulready, "Know what you have to do, and do it." He did not spend himself on false aims, nor once lose himself in a wrong track. Having early ascertained his true field, portraiture, he consistently adhered to it, notwithstanding all "advice of friends;" though far from lacking ambition, or high ideas of the so-called higher branches. In this, his history is espe-

cially instructive, worthy of heed. He was faithful to the light that was in him. And in better times of art he might have been a still better artist.

SAILING IN THE AIR.—HISTORY OF AERONAUTICS.

(Continued from page 173.)

IN the history of aeronautics, the name of Mr. Charles Green, who first turned his attention to the art in 1821, occupies a prominent place. To him the art is indebted for the introduction of carbureted-hydrogen, or coal gas, as the means of inflating balloons. Great as was the improvement effected by the substitution of hydrogen gas for rarified air, there are serious disadvantages connected with the use of that gas. In the first place, it is procured at vast expense; and, in the second place, it is difficult to obtain it in sufficient quantity, several days of watchful anxiety having been often expended in the vain endeavor to generate a sufficiency of the gas, which, on account of the subtilty of its particles, and its strong affinity for those of the surrounding atmosphere, continued to escape almost as fast as it was produced. Perplexed at the outset with these difficulties and inconveniences, which had not only rendered experiments comparatively rare, but even threatened the art with premature extinction, Mr. Green conceived that if coal gas, which is much cheaper and can be generated with much greater facility than hydrogen, could be employed for the purpose of inflation, an important object would be gained. To put the truth of his theory to the test, he prepared a balloon, which he inflated with coal gas, and made a successful ascent from the Green Park, on the day of the coronation of George IV. He has subsequently made some hundreds of ascensions from the metropolis, and various other parts of the empire, with balloons so inflated; and, from the year 1821, coal gas has been very generally used in experiments of this nature. Besides its economy and easy production, it has the advantage of being more easily retained than hydrogen, which, for the reasons already given, is much more readily dissipated.

The ingenuity of Mr. Green has been exerted with the view of discovering other improvements in the art of aerial navigation. One great obstacle to the successful practice in the art is, the difficulty of maintaining the power of the balloon for any length of time undiminished in its progress through the air. It is ascertained by the uniform experience of aeronauts, that, between the earth and two miles above the level of the sea, a variety of currents exist, some blowing in one direction and some in another; and when the aeronaut has risen to the elevation where he meets with a current that will waft him in the desired direction, it is of importance for him to be able to preserve that elevation. But the balloon, in consequence of the increase or diminution of weight to which it is liable from a variety of causes, will not keep at that

altitude. The great changes which are constantly taking place in the weight of the atmosphere, the deposition of humidity on the surface of the balloon, and its subsequent evaporation by the rise of temperature, the alternate heating and cooling of the gaseous contents of the balloon, according as it may be exposed to the action of the solar rays or screened from them by the interposition of clouds, not to advert to other agencies, less known though not less powerful, all combine in making the machine at one time to ascend and at another to descend. Thus it may be removed out of a favorable into an adverse current. To overcome this difficulty, and enable the aeronaut to keep the balloon at the same level without expending its power, by discharging gas from the valve to lower it, or by casting out a portion of the ballast to raise it—processes which must in time waste the whole power of the largest balloon, and bring it to the earth—Mr. Green suggested the contrivance of a rope of sufficient length and material trailing on the ground beneath, and if over the sea, the rope is to be tied to a vessel filled with liquid ballast, which floats on the surface. This rope will act as a drag on the balloon, when, from any of the causes we have referred to, it tends to rise, for, in that case, it will draw up a portion of the rope, and, by thus adding to its weight, will be impeded in its upward course; and, on the other hand, when, from opposite causes, it tends to descend, it will, during every foot of its descent, have its weight, and consequently its descending tendency, diminished, by throwing on the earth the labor of supporting an additional portion of the rope. This, however, at best, is a clumsy contrivance, and there are various objections to its practical utility. It could hardly be practicable on land, on account of the damage and danger that would be occasioned by the entanglement of the rope in trees and buildings; and at great elevations above the earth, the weight of the rope would become so considerable as to require for its support a large portion of the ascending power of any balloon.

In the United States, many aerial voyages have been performed. The first of these was made by a Frenchman, M. Blanchard, in Jan., 1793, from Philadelphia, at which General Washington was a spectator. Gillio and Robertson, both Europeans, were the next after Blanchard. No Americans were engaged in the business until Mr. Durant, an ingenious citizen of New York, took it up after Robertson. He made a number of aerial excursions, and was shortly followed by new adventurers in the art, among whom the most celebrated is Mr. Wise, a piano-forte maker in Philadelphia, who in 1835 betook himself to the trade of ascending in balloons, and who up to this date has made upward of a hundred ascents.

Mr. Wise is entitled to the merit of having carefully studied and mastered the scientific principles of aeronautics, and he is among the most enthusiastic of his profession. While admitting that the art has advanced but little

since its first discovery, compared with other sciences, he anticipates from it, if perseveringly cultivated by men of genius, the most splendid results, adopting, as the motto on the title-page of his work, the couplet from Shakspeare:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Some of his feats have been daring enough, and others still more perilous he is willing to undertake.

Not long after commencing the practice of his new profession, Mr. Wise resolved to test the practicability of descending in safety with the balloon, after it had burst, at the elevation of a mile or two. It would then, he conceived, form a parachute, and, from the resistance it would meet with from the atmosphere in its descent, would gently let him down to the earth. Having prepared a balloon of cambric muslin, which he coated with his newly-invented varnish, he ascended, as had been advertised, from Easton, in Pennsylvania, on the 11th of August, 1838, at a few minutes before two o'clock, afternoon, with the full determination of making the experiment, though he had concealed his intention both from the public and from his personal friends. He carried up with him two parachutes, the one containing a cat, and the other a dog. As the balloon approached a dense body of black thunder-clouds, some vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by violent peals of thunder, greeted his upward course. This gave the first part of his voyage a terrific but grand and imposing appearance. It seemed to him as if heaven's artillery were celebrating these efforts of the new-born science, and, acting on his imagination, this inspired him with a fresh determination to explode the balloon. At different elevations, he detached first one and then another of the parachutes, with their occupants, which landed in safety. At the altitude of about 13,000 feet, the gas became expanded to its utmost tension, and the balloon was still rising, making it evident that, unless the safety-valve were speedily opened to allow a portion of the gas to escape, an explosion would speedily ensue. At this critical moment he became somewhat excited, and looking over the side of his car, he observed the sparkling coruscations of lightning springing from cloud to cloud, a mile beneath him, as the thunder-storm was passing, in its last remnants, below. He took out his watch, noted on his log-book the time—twenty minutes past two—and as he was about returning it to his pocket, thinking at the time whether it were not best, by opening the valve, to abandon, for the present, his favorite idea, the balloon exploded. His confidence in the success of the experiment never forsook him, and yet he admits that this was a moment of awful suspense. The gas rushed with a tempestuous noise from the rupture in the top, and in less than ten seconds, the balloon was emptied of every particle of hydrogen. The descent at first was rapid, and in a moment or two, on looking up, he discovered that the balloon was canting over, but the

weight of the car counteracted its tilting tendency, giving it an oscillating motion, which it retained until it reached the earth, which it struck with a violent concussion, and the car striking the earth obliquely, Mr. Wise was thrown forward from it about ten feet. The landing was made on a farm about ten miles from Easton, and many minutes had not elapsed before he had resolved in his mind to repeat the experiment in Philadelphia on the first opportunity.

Having arrived in Philadelphia in the month of September immediately following, he consulted several scientific gentlemen as to his intention. Doubtful of the safety of the experiment, though neither questioning the philosophy of atmospheric resistance, nor the theory of converting the balloon into a parachute, they earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. But confident of the perfect safety with which, on scientific principles, he would descend, he publicly announced that he would ascend on the first of October, and explode the balloon at the height of upward of a mile. On the day advertised, at twenty minutes before five o'clock, afternoon, he left the earth in the presence of assembled thousands, and rose almost perpendicularly, in a perfectly clear sky. When the explosion took place, the lower part of the balloon did not immediately invert, as in the former experiment, for in this case the balloon burst open from top to bottom, and caved sideways. At the first discovery of this, he was somewhat alarmed, fearing that it might come down with a continuous accelerated velocity; but from this anxiety he was soon relieved, for it caught the wind like the mainsail of a ship, and *slid* down upon the atmosphere in a spiral course with a *uniform* velocity. The concussion, though from the apparent rapidity of the descent it threatened to be violent, was not harder than that which would follow the jumping from an elevation of ten feet to the ground.

From the experience of his numerous aerial excursions, Mr. Wise is of opinion, that, at a considerable elevation, there is a constant and regular current of wind blowing at all times, from west to east, with a velocity of from twenty to forty, and even sixty miles per hour, according to its height from the earth. On the strength of this conviction, he believes it to be perfectly practicable and safe, not only to cross the Atlantic, but even to circumnavigate the globe, in a balloon; and he has expressed his readiness to undertake either of these voyages. About the beginning of the year 1843, he actually proposed to some gentlemen of the city of Philadelphia, the project of making an aerial trip across the Atlantic, in undertaking which, he assured them, he would have as little hesitation as about embarking in the most approved steam-vessel that plied between the ports of New York and Liverpool. At first, supposing him to be in jest, they expressed their willingness to promote the design, but finding that he was in sober earnest, they began to evince conscientious scruples as to the responsibility they would incur, if by any chance

his life should fall a sacrifice to the bold adventure. He next determined to petition the Congress of the United States, at their ensuing session, for the necessary pecuniary means; and flattering himself with the hope of the success of his application, to provide against the accidents which might arise from opposing local currents and storms, or from omissions, imperfections, and unforeseen necessities attendant upon all first trials, he issued a proclamation, addressed to all publishers of newspapers in the world, announcing it as his intention to make a trip across the Atlantic in a balloon in the summer of 1844, and calling upon the seafaring community of all climes not to be alarmed should they happen to be in the vicinity of a balloon, either on the ocean or in the atmosphere, but endeavor to give aid to the adventurers. He proposed to have for the car a seaworthy boat, which would be of service in case the balloon should fail to accomplish the voyage; and the crew was to consist of three individuals—an aeronaut, a sea-navigator, and a scientific landsman.

By the time the Congress met, Mr. Wise had enlarged his idea of crossing the Atlantic to a purpose of sailing round the world. In a petition he presented to that assembly, dated Lancaster City, Dec. 20, 1843, he certifies, that by taking advantage of the current from west to east, which, governed by a great general law, blows at all times round the globe, it was quite practicable, from the improved state to which aeronautic machinery can now be perfected, to travel eastward in a balloon with a velocity that would circumnavigate the globe in from thirty to forty days, and that the aeronaut, by taking advantage of the local currents, could vary from a straight course thirty or forty degrees from the latitude of departure, so as to be able to leave dispatches in Europe and China, and return by way of Oregon Territory to Washington City. He therefore prays the Congress to appropriate the money necessary for constructing an aerostadt of 100 feet in diameter of substantial domestic cotton drilling, with a sea-boat capable of enduring the ocean for a car, and so constructed that the masts and rigging may be stowed, ready for erection into sea service at any time that emergency might require. And he concludes by engaging, that, should his proposal meet with the approbation of the Congress, he would readily submit a plan in detail, and would cheerfully superintend the construction of the machinery at his own expense, asking nothing more than the command or directorship of the first experimental aerial voyage round the globe.

This petition was received and read by the Congress, and referred to the committee of naval affairs. But though the committee to which it was committed might not doubt that Mr. Wise had nerve sufficient to make the attempt, they probably had some doubts as to its practicability and safety, and therefore they made no report. Most men will think that the committee of Congress acted wisely, and that it is fortunate

for Mr. Wise himself, that neither the Congress nor his private friends have, by supplying the necessary funds, put it in his power to risk his life in either of those foolish projects. The many accidents and hairbreadth escapes from severe bodily injury, if not from death, which he has met with, during the course of his profession, when undertaking much smaller excursions, scarcely warrant him to conclude, as he does, that such voyages would be attended with fewer risks than sailing in the most approved steam-vessels. To attempt to realize even his first idea of crossing the Atlantic in a balloon, would, in the present imperfect state of aeronautics, be nothing less than madness; to attempt to realize the second, would be "*cyclopius furor*," to borrow a phrase from John Calvin—"a gigantic madness;" and we can only account for his forming or broaching such ideas, on the principle of vanity, or of that insensibility to physical danger which the adventurous gradually and unconsciously contract. We do not affirm that such schemes are absolutely impracticable, or that they will never be safely accomplished; for the astonishing discoveries already made in science render it impossible for us to say to what extent the elements may be rendered obedient to the sway of the human will. To speak of crossing the ocean, against wind and tide, in a vessel, by the simple aid of a kettle filled with boiling water, was, not many years ago, laughed at as the ravings of a crack-brained fool. "A shaved head and a strait waistcoat were the promised rewards of the original projector of that most noble enterprise. And yet the foaming billows of the great deep are at this day hourly plied by the rushing steam-ship, bounding and puffing recklessly along, as though it were itself the victim of the madness ascribed to its projector, but landing, nevertheless, its precious freight unharmed upon the distant shores. Now, if such stupendous and astonishing results *have been* realized, what may not man, under the irresistible dominion of the great master-spirit of the age—*progress*—what may he not accomplish?" But it remains yet to be demonstrated that a pathway in a balloon through the atmosphere is less perilous than one in a ship on the ocean. The safety of traveling in balloons must be tested by smaller trips, before men will believe that these frail vessels of silk, or cambric muslin, may be safely trusted as a means of locomotion across the mighty Atlantic, or, what would be a still greater achievement, around the globe itself.

Having thus briefly traced the history of aeronautics, we shall now inquire into the practical value of the art.

After the discovery of the hydrogen-gas balloon, the most extravagant projects dazzled and bewildered the minds of men. To journey through the air from one part of the globe to another, or even to circumnavigate the globe itself, in balloons, was child's play, compared with the magnificent results that were anticipated. It was fondly expected that the new

discovery would open up a channel of communication between the earth and its sister planets, and that the time was not far distant when men would be embarking from the Earth, in a balloon, for the Moon, or for Mercury, Venus, Mars, the Asteroids, or some of the other planets, just as they embarked in a ship for France, Italy, India, China, Africa, or America. They forgot that the laws of gravitation, which bind man as by chains of adamant to this world, would ever interpose an insurmountable obstacle to the realization of such wild imaginings; that the atmosphere has its limits as well as the ocean, extending, it is calculated, not much beyond forty miles above the earth's surface; that, at a certain height, it is as light, by reason of its rarity, as the lightest gas with which a balloon can be inflated, thereby rendering all farther ascent impossible; and that, even before the aeronaut had reached that height, very serious consequences would ensue from the intense cold, from the diminution of atmospheric pressure, and from the inadequacy of a too rarified atmosphere for supporting respiration. Such overwrought expectations, however, produced by the first excitement of a great discovery, soon subsided, when men began soberly to reflect on the immutable laws, or, which is the same thing, the powerful mandate of the Creator, which confines all things within their appointed sphere.

But though the idea of emigrating by means of balloons to foreign worlds was relinquished, there still existed a desire to render them subservient to important terrestrial purposes, and various suggestions were made as to the uses to which they might be applied. It was proposed to employ their power of ascension as a mechanical force for raising water from mines, for transporting obelisks, and placing them on greater elevations, or for raising, without any scaffolding a cross or a vane to the top of a high spire. It was proposed that they might be employed as a means of making an escape from surrounding icebergs in the ocean, or for effecting a landing to otherwise inaccessible mountains, and observing their cloud-capped peaks—for exploring the craters of volcanoes—for traversing vast swamps and morasses—and for the improvement of the infant science of meteorology. It was besides predicted that they would become a safe easy, and expeditious mode of traveling, and of conveying the products of every land and clime from one part of the globe to another. It is long since Dr. Dick suggested, in his "*Christian Philosopher*," that the missionaries of the cross might yet be able to avail themselves of the aid of balloons in going forth to distant regions to proclaim to the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that then there would be a literal fulfillment of the prediction of the last of the inspired seers, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." But to only two purposes has the ascending power of

the balloon been as yet applied—to the reconnoitring of hostile armies, by the French, for a short time—and, in one or two instances, to the making of scientific observations. Only a single attempt, and a very absurd one, has been made to get up a traveling balloon. The gold-hunters of America, impatient of the slow process by which ships transport them to the golden regions of California, and, as if determined to press the air into the service of giving them a speedier conveyance, lately proposed to build a balloon, to carry them out at the rate of 200 miles per hour. A model of the machine was exhibited in New York and Philadelphia, and it created considerable sensation in the minds of the credulous. It was stated, in a respectable journal of New York, in 1849, that the machine was actually in course of construction, and the steam-engine finished, but nothing more has since been heard of it. “Had these projectors,” says Mr. Wise, “gone on from their miniature model, to the erection of one capable of carrying one or two persons, in order to prove its practicability on a larger scale, there might have been reason to believe that they harbored an idea of its general usefulness. But when the project embraced at once so magnificent a scheme, as that contemplated in the swooping strides toward the modern *Dorado*, with a cargo of a hundred gold-hunters, it seemed too much for sober-minded people; and brought upon itself philosophical criticism and scientific condemnation, and, with that, a good share of opposition to the hopes and expectations of aerial navigation in any shape.”

Aerostation is at present applied to no practical useful purpose; it is a mere plaything, occupying no higher a position than catchpenny mountebank exhibitions. Ascents are made in balloons from no other motive, or for no other object, than to draw money from the pockets of the multitude, by ministering to their enjoyment; and when made by persons properly acquainted with the principles and practice of the art—for by such alone can they be effected with safety—and with those precautions which experience has shown to be requisite, they might be liable to no great objection, so long as the people are willing to pay for them; but if conducted by unqualified persons, or by the most skillful, with a daring recklessness of personal danger, or in a manner involving suffering to any sentient being, they ought to be discouraged in every legitimate way by every friend of humanity, as at variance alike with the principles of morality and with the benevolent lessons of the Christian faith. No man may lawfully peril his own life, or subject the inferior animals to unnecessary pain, for the gratification of the all-devouring thirst of the public for exciting exhibitions; and in the very act of encouraging and witnessing such exhibitions, we are quenching the merciful and fostering the cruel in our natures. Of this objectionable character is the practice recently introduced into France of carrying up donkeys in balloons. The adven-

ture is indeed no new one. It was performed by Mr. Green some twenty years ago. But the merit, or rather the demerit, of having turned it into one of the most popular shows in France, is due to M. Poitevin, who has lately been exciting the gaping admiration of thousands in Paris, by this fool-hardy, barbarous, and contemptible mode of aerostation. Early in July this year (1850), he ascended on horseback in a balloon from Champ de Mars, in the presence of upwards of 10,000 persons, who had paid for admission, and the President of the Republic was one of the spectators. The horse, a handsome dapple gray, had stout cloth placed round its body, and several straps, passed over the shoulders and loins, were united in rings, which were attached by cords to the network of the balloon. In this manner was the animal cruelly suspended in the air, having no resting-place for its feet, nor was there any thing to protect the rider, had he lost his balance or been thrown off. The feat having been more successful than could reasonably have been expected, Mr. Green proposed to amuse the inhabitants of London by a similar adventure. Some of the more humane of the English capital were shocked at the announcement; and the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made application on the 30th of July to the magistrates to put a stop to the ascent. A case of interference not having been made out to the satisfaction of the magistrates, Mr. Green next day started on his journey to the clouds mounted on a pony. It was put in the car—a plan more humane than that of M. Poitevin, who suspended his pony in the air. But the whole affair was a miserably poor one, and well fitted to bring all such experiments into contempt. The nag was not larger than an under-sized Newfoundland dog; and what made the thing more ridiculous still, the poor creature—which, by the way, had its eyes bandaged, and was strongly tied by cords to the network of the balloon—was so feeble that, on mounting it, Mr. Green had to sustain his own weight by a pile of sand bags placed on either side. This sham equestrian excursion through the air appears to have generally disappointed onlookers, and pony ascensions have not been attempted a second time in England. In France they have met with greater favor. They have been repeated by M. Poitevin and others in the presence of immense multitudes: and it should not be passed over without remark, as one proof among others of what the animals suffer, and, consequently, of the cruelty of the practice, that, in some of these instances, blood flowed from their ears and nostrils. That the practice is dangerous to the aeronaut as well as cruel to the animal, has been the judgment of all reflecting men from the first; and the late melancholy fate of Lieutenant Gale, an English naval officer, who ascended from the Hippodrome of Vincennes, near Bordeaux, on Sabbath—a very unsuitable day, surely, for such exhibitions—the 8th of September last, mounted on a horse.

which was suspended beneath the car of the balloon by girths passed under its body, reads a lesson to which it would be wise to listen. By the aid of several peasants who were in the fields, he effected his descent without any accident to himself or the horse; but, having unfastened the animal, he again rose into the air, and was afterward found dead in a field about a mile from the place where the balloon made its second descent. That this dreadful close of the aeronautic career of Mr. Gale, which he commenced only in 1848, will serve as a warning to this reckless class of adventurers, we hardly anticipate. That it will put a stop to such fool-hardy and hazardous exhibitions, by bringing them into disrepute with the idle multitude, is what we as little expect. So long as men are found sufficiently daring to run the risk, there will not be wanting crowds abundantly ready to pay down their money, and gaze upon the spectacle with a stupid admiration.

It is a wretched result of the art of ballooning, if it can be turned to no better account than this. Can, then, nothing more important be brought out of it? Can it never be rendered subservient to the ordinary purposes of human life? The opinion almost universally prevalent among men, not excluding scientific men, is that it can not. Some aeronauts, indeed, assure us that the time is fast approaching when aerial transition will inevitably be placed as far before railroad and steam-boat transition as the latter are before the old-fashioned sail and horse-power modes. But the most of men place little faith in these flattering anticipations; they listen to or read them with as dogged a skepticism as they read or hear the celebrated vaticination of Bishop Wilkins, that it would be as common for man hereafter to call for his wings when about to make a journey, as it then was to call for his boots and spurs. They doubt whether, with all the characteristic marks of progress that distinguish the present age, balloons will ever become a safe, cheap, and expeditious means of traveling. Whether the aeronauts are most to be justified in their sanguine expectations, or the rest of mankind in their cautious incredulity, time alone will determine. Our judgment, we confess, strongly inclines to the side of the skeptics.

Much is still desiderated, in order to the practicability of ballooning as a generally useful art. A new gas, at once cheap in its production, and of sufficient buoyancy, must be discovered. The gases at present employed for inflating balloons are either too expensive or too heavy. Hydrogen, which is almost fourteen times lighter than common air, is the lightest gas known, but the expense at which it is procured is an insuperable objection to its practical utility. To produce a quantity sufficient to raise the weight of a pound, four and a half pounds of iron or six of zinc, with equal quantities of sulphuric acid, would be required. Carbureted

hydrogen or coal gas is much cheaper, and brings the cost of what may be necessary for experimental purposes—though this is by no means inconsiderable—within the compass of more ordinary means. But, as it is only about one half lighter than atmospheric air, it would require a machine of immense size to support any great weight; and the whole experience of ballooning proves the difficulty of managing a body of great magnitude. Another great desideratum in aerial navigation is, a power of guiding the balloon according to a given direction—of propelling it through the atmosphere as steam-boats are propelled on the ocean. It has indeed been said that, as nature is very profuse in the variety of atmospherical currents within two miles above the level of the sea, we are not, in sailing through the air, driven to the necessity of attempting to go right against the wind, but have only to ascend or descend, as the case may be, to a current, which will waft the vessel to its desired destination. But were we even sure of always getting a favoring current, which, from the limited amount of observations made, is not yet established beyond a doubt, there is another desideratum—we are in want of an agent adapted for raising and lowering the balloon without any waste of its power, so as to get within the propitious current. Mr. Green's contrivance of the guide rope, is, as we have seen, not likely to answer in practice; and nothing better has yet been discovered.

[From Colburn's London Magazine.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR ROBERT PEEL. BY THE DEAN OF YORK.

THE political career of the late Sir Robert Peel is so well known, and has been so often brought before the public eye, that it would be almost impertinent to offer any further illustration of it.

There are many anecdotes, however, of a domestic nature which more clearly show the real character of so distinguished a person, and with which an intimacy of nearly fifty years will enable me to gratify general curiosity, at this moment of deep sympathy for his fate.

Soon after Peel was born, his father, the first baronet, finding himself rising daily in wealth and consequence, and believing that money in those peculiar days could always command a seat in parliament, determined to bring up his son expressly for the House of Commons. When that son was quite a child, Sir Robert would frequently set him on the table, and say, "Now, Robin, make a speech, and I will give you this cherry." What few words the little fellow produced were applauded, and applause stimulating exertion, produced such effects that, before Robin was ten years old, he could really address the company with some degree of eloquence.

As he grew up, his father constantly took him every Sunday into his private room, and made him repeat, as well as he could, the sermon which had been preached. Little progress

in effecting this was made, and little was expected, *at first*; but by steady perseverance the habit of attention grew powerful, and the sermon was repeated almost *verbatim*.

When at a very distant day the senator, remembering accurately the speech of an opponent, answered his arguments in correct succession, it was little known that the power of so doing was originally acquired in Drayton church.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Peel when he was a boy at school; but he evinced at that early age the greatest desire for distinction. He was attentive to his studies, and anxious to realize his father's expectations. The most remarkable feature, however, of his character was a certain firmness of nerves which prevented him from ever being frightened or excited by any thing.

I went with him and his father to look at an estate in Herefordshire, called Hampton Court, which Sir Robert thought of purchasing. We slept at the inn in Leominster. It was full of company, and only two bedrooms could be obtained. Young Peel was obliged to sleep on a sofa-bed, in a kind of cupboard attached to the principal room. Soon after he got to sleep, he was awakened by a light, and saw a man standing by his couch with a drawn sword. The man being questioned, bid him not to be alarmed, for that he would not hurt him, but that a freemasons' meeting was being held in the next room, and that he was placed there to prevent any intruders from breaking in upon their ceremonies. Mr. Peel turned round and went instantly to sleep again. I asked him if he had not been frightened? He said, "No—that he was surprised at first, but did not suppose the man would do him any harm."

On inquiry from the waiter in the morning, we learned that the armed man had remained three hours in the room where the fearless youth was soundly and calmly sleeping.

On another occasion, I went with him and a party of relations to visit the Lakes. We crossed from Lancaster over the dangerous sands to Ulverstone. Some accident had delayed us at starting, and when we got about half-way over, it was evident that the tide was returning. All the party were much and reasonably alarmed except young Peel, who sat upon the box with me. After looking about some time with much coolness, he remarked to the drivers, that the nearer they went to the shore the more loose and deep was the sand, and the greater the difficulty of proceeding to the horses; but that if they would go boldly a little way into the sea, where the sand was hard and firm, we should proceed with greater speed. By following this judicious advice from the youngest of the party, we escaped a considerable danger.

This self-command, or imperturbability, which showed itself in many other instances in the boy, became a peculiar characteristic of the man.

I never knew him to be in the least excited by any thing but once, and that was at the

death of Mr. Perceval. He (Mr. Peel) had assisted to secure the murderer; he had supported the head of his dying friend, whom he greatly admired and loved; and when he came out of the House of Commons his face was certainly flushed, and some emotion shown; but less than would probably have been shown by any other person under such powerful excitement.

Soon after Mr. Peel was of age he came into parliament as member for an Irish borough (I think for Tralee). Mr. Quintin Dick, who had an all-powerful interest in that borough, had, by some irregularity, become incapacitated from representing an Irish constituency, but was seeking to come into parliament for some English borough. Sir Robert gave him great assistance—possibly with his purse—and in return Mr. Dick contrived so to influence the free and independent electors of Tralee, that they elected Mr. Peel to be their representative.

While sitting as member for that borough, Mr. Peel made his first much-admired speech in seconding the address, which speech his father heard from the gallery, with tears, not certainly excited by grief.

Mr. Peel went over shortly afterward as secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and while there the parliament was dissolved, and with it his connection with Tralee.

We looked for some other seat, and a gentleman, whose name I forget, offered to sell Sir Robert a number of houses in Chippenham, to the tenants of which the right of voting for members of parliament was by burgage-tenure confined.

The bargain was, that the property should be conveyed to Sir Robert for a large sum, but that if at the end of six months he should be dissatisfied with his purchase, the seller should repurchase it for a smaller sum.

All of which was luckily done, for soon afterward the Reform Bill made the old houses valueless.

In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Peel was under no necessity of coming from Ireland; but I went as his deputy to Chippenham, heard him elected without opposition, and gave a dinner to his faithful friends, and when parliament met Mr. Peel took his seat accordingly.

Thus did he sit in parliament during two sessions for places which he never saw in his life, and the inhabitants of which never saw him.

Such things are, I suppose, impossible in the present age of purity.

Before the connection between Mr. Peel and Chippenham was at an end, a vacancy occurred in the representation of Oxford University. Mr. Canning had long fixed his eye upon that seat in parliament, and had been often flattered with the hope of being agreeable to the electors; but his noble and self-sacrificing vote in favor of the Roman Catholics had alienated from him many of his first supporters. At a fortunate moment, the members of Christ Church being assembled to determine what candidate they should espouse,

Mr. Lloyd, who had been Peel's private tutor, pressed upon them the dangers to the Protestant religion which would ensue, if a body of clergymen should elect a favorer of Roman Catholics. The electors of Christ Church, who are supposed almost to command the return of one member, were moved by the reasoning of Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Peel was invited to offer himself as member for the university, being assured of the support of the influential college of Christ Church.

I well remember the glee with which Mr. Peel came to my house early one morning to show me the letter which he had received by express, announcing the welcome news and insuring to him a prize which was then the object of his highest hope.

We went together to his father, who was as much delighted as his son, and promised to supply money to any amount which might be wanted in completing the triumph. We soon found, however, that money was the last thing needed.

After his first election for Oxford, Peel went again to Ireland, and when there he had a political quarrel with the famous Mr. O'Connell, which ended in a challenge. But as Mr. O'Connell was already bound to keep the peace in Ireland, it was settled that the hostile party should meet in France. Peel got immediately into a small vessel and sailed for the Continent. He had a narrow escape of being lost in the Channel, having been exposed in a small and ill-appointed ship to a severe gale of wind. Mr. O'Connell, in the mean time, was again interrupted by the interference of the police, and prevented following to France. He was bound over to keep the peace for one year against all his Majesty's subjects every where. So that, after waiting ten or twelve days in no very pleasing suspense, Peel and his friend, Colonel Browne, came to Drayton, and the affair was forgotten.

While Peel was also in Ireland, we received many visits at Drayton from the somewhat notorious Mr. Owen, of Lanark. Sir Robert had brought a bill into parliament for shortening the hours of labor in the cotton factories. (This was the first legislative interference between masters and their workmen, which has since led to so many long debates). Mr. Owen, expressing great anxiety for the further progress of this measure, came frequently to Drayton, and remained there many days.

Peel, hearing of the circumstance, wrote to his father, saying that he had cause to believe that Mr. Owen had strange opinions concerning religion, and was not an eligible companion for Sir Robert's children. The baronet hereupon asked Owen to tell him truly if he were a Christian. The answer which he received induced him to point out to Mr. Owen that his services could be no longer useful in furthering the parliamentary object, and that he would not detain him any longer at Drayton. A second letter came from Peel, stating that he had been told that Owen's great object, like Voltaire's, was to

overturn the Christian religion, to which he pretended to ascribe the unhappiness of mankind; that he (Peel) humbly, but earnestly pressed upon his father, that by giving so much countenance to such a man, he might be assisting in the unhallowed scheme, and fostering infidelity.

Owen, however, was gone, and no more thought about him for some time. But, a few days afterward, just as we were sitting down to dinner, a carriage was seen approaching, and in it the well-known face of the pseudo-philosopher.

Sir Robert, however, coinciding in opinion entirely with his son, from whom he had received a third remonstrance, rose from table, desired the servant to keep Mr. Owen's carriage at the door, met his visitor in the drawing-room, and expressing sorrow that Drayton House was full of company, declined the honor of receiving Mr. Owen. The renovator of human happiness was obliged to depart *impransus* and little pleased.

We saw no more of him.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

"NOW, Barbara, I have done my duty by you as far as lies in my power; your poor uncle's money is firmly settled on yourself as he wished, mind you never act dishonestly by him either, child."

"Dishonestly! father."

"Dishonestly, Bab; it is an ugly word, but you must look it full in the face like many other disagreeable things. Now understand me; I do not like mercenary marriages, mixing up money concerns with the most important event in a woman's life—but still she must know her own position, and then she can act for herself afterward. My maxim has been, share and share alike in matrimony; your dear mother and I did: we had one purse, one heart, and I've been a prosperous man through life; therefore I give you your share out and out. You and Chepstowe can make ducks and drakes of it if you like, or it may go into your business and help you on; he'll make a spoon or spoil a horn, will Paul?"

"Oh, father."

"No chance of his making a spoon you think, or of his spoiling a horn either;" and the old man chuckled over his first pun. "Well, any how, I see that your money may be of great service to him, if he looks sharp, so there it is. I see, too, that he can not just now withdraw sufficient capital from the concern to make a settlement on you without cramping himself, and as you are both willing to chance it, I'm agreeable. But your uncle thought otherwise; his money was left to you and your heirs—your heirs, remember, Bab. If you have children you only hold it in trust for them; and, mark my words, you have no right to give up that property under any circumstances, I don't care what they are. You can have no right to rob your heirs."

"I see it, father, and I'm sure Paul will also."

"I'm not so sure of that, girl; men are apt to see things oddly when they're in a pinch, or when they're going on well, and want a little just to grease their wheels. The interest on your uncle's legacy brings you barely two hundred a year. Now, if things go on well, Chepstowe may fancy he could double it for you, or if he meets with misfortunes he'll be sure to think it would just set him all right again. Lord Eldon said every woman was kicked or kissed out of her settlement; now promise me you'll never give up yours."

"I never will."

"That's right, my girl; I think I may trust you; you've the same quiet way your mother had. But it will be a hard case for you to say no to your husband, Barbara; for, dearly as you may love him now, he will be dearer still to you by-and-by, when time has hallowed the tie between you, and you are used to each other's ways. Then, Barbara, it will go hard with you to refuse him any thing; but for your children's sake, if you are blessed with any, it will be your bounden duty not to go against your uncle's will."

Barbara renewed her promise, and a few days saw her the happy, trusting, hoping wife of Paul Chepstowe.

Months verged into years, and her hopes had become certainties; the timid girl who clung to her father's threshold, even when leaving it for her new home, and with him who was more to her than all the world beside, was now a fair matron, serene in the assured dignity of her position, calm in her husband's love.

Paul and Barbara were very happy, and the world had gone well with them. Their own wants and wishes were moderate, and far within their means; their infant family thrived, and the business prospered with a steady increase which promised to be permanent. What more could they desire? Alas! old Mr. Cox's fears had been prophetic; Paul had extended his concern by the assistance of Barbara's dowry, and now thought he could speculate most advantageously on her uncle's legacy were it at his disposal.

"God knows, my love!" he said, "I only wish to make what I can for our children; I am truly happy in our present circumstances; but with an increasing family it is incumbent on us to look about us, and I see a very good opening. I could lay out that property of yours."

"Ours, dear Paul!"

"No, Barbara; if it were mine I should not have hesitated, I can assure you; the money is yours, and yours only; I have nothing to do with it: but, as I was saying, you may double that money if you like."

"Of course I should, but it gives us a very good interest now—two hundred a year."

"Pshaw! what is that? To hear you talk, it might be thousands instead of a trumpery couple of hundreds."

"Well, but Paul, as we live, that income nearly maintains us; and—"

"I shall always be able to maintain my wife and children, if any."

"I pray you may, dear; but certainly this money has so far assisted you, as you have expended comparatively little on us."

"I am quite aware of the assistance *your* fortune has been to me, Mrs. Chepstowe."

"Paul!"

"But with all due deference to your father's, your uncle's, and your own united wisdom, I can not help feeling that it is a painful thing to be trammelled in my endeavors to assist my children; I am in an inferior position."

"My dear love, how can you say such cruel things?"

"Why do you bring them home to me, Barbara? Put yourself in my place. I can at this moment double your pittance; but you, my wife, are afraid to trust me with your property; you have no confidence in my judgment, and our children are the sufferers: I repeat it, this is galling."

"Indeed, Paul, you wrong me, and my father also. We freely gave up to your control my share in his property; have we ever sought to advise you even with respect to that? But my uncle wished his legacy to be settled on me with a reversion to the children, and I can not think that we have a right to risk it. The best intentions can not justify us, for the money is not entirely ours. Suppose, love, this proposed investment should not answer?"

"Nonsense, Barbara, I tell you it can not fail; the concern is as good as the bank, and the returns will be enormous; if you doubt my word, see Jackson, he will satisfy your scruples; but once you placed entire faith in me."

"And do now, dear Paul; but before my marriage I promised dear father I would preserve this property for my children, according to the deed of settlement. Now do not look so angrily at me; I repeated this promise on his death-bed, for he foresaw this trial, he knew what pain I should suffer; but a promise is a sacred thing. Paul, that money can not, must not be touched."

"Very well, Mrs. Chepstowe; you are losing a noble opportunity, but of course you know best: I am only sorry I can not get rid of the cursed affair altogether. What good will it ever do the children? However, I'll never presume to advise respecting your fortune again, madam."

Paul flounced out of the room and banged the doors matrimonially, each clap having an oath in it; while Barbara, after a hearty good cry, hid, as all women learn to do, an aching heart under a smiling countenance. This was their first difference; that it should be on money matters, and her money too, made it more bitter to her; and she often felt inclined to follow her husband, cancel the deed, and allow him to act as he wished. His mortification was so great, yet so natural. Could he really think she distrusted him? Was he not her husband? was she acting rightly? Oh, no, no! But she

remembered her father's words, her own promises, and her doubts were removed: her duty was to retain her rights; her children's claims were no less sacred than their father's. She might not risk their property; she could not honestly frustrate her uncle's intentions.

We will now follow Chepstowe, who was for once thoroughly angry with his wife, himself, and all the world. He was unfeignedly vexed, as a man of business and a bit of a speculator, at losing so fine an opportunity of turning a penny. He grieved as a father, because he could not benefit his family to the extent of his wishes; he was in a terrible passion as a married man unused to contradiction, because his wife had dared not only to think for herself but to have a will of her own. Thus, Mr. Paul Chepstowe, though generally an amiable, clear-headed, flourishing young man, was at this moment disposed to think himself particularly ill-used by his wife and her family, and was more determined than ever to get rich in order to spite them all. Barbara had dared even to doubt the eligibility of this investment; therefore, her worthy husband decided on placing every farthing he could raise in it. "He would not be led by the nose—not he; he was his own master."

Oh, ye lords of creation, which of ye can master yourself? Which of ye is not hag-ridden by some pet passion? For one wife that leads you, you are driven by fifty hobbies—by your own weaknesses, by friends, by the world, by fear of petticoat government.

To return to our "muttons." Paul, though any thing but a black sheep, was now in a humor to stop at no folly in order to assert his independence. Besides, he had declared his intention of taking up a certain number of shares in the new speculation he had wished to patronize, and consequently chose to fancy he could not withdraw from that determination; he therefore allowed his broker to proceed, trusting that Barbara would give way so as to enable him to pay up the first call. His pride, however, was too great to allow him again to address her openly on the subject, and he contented himself with a dignified ill-humor and certain obscure allusions, to which his wife, having the option of not understanding them, chose to turn a deaf ear. She shed many bitter tears, though, over his unkindness; but painful as her position was, his was still worse. Pay-day was coming on, and he must either sell the shares, now rapidly rising, or meet the call. The former would have been the wiser plan, but pride and an over sanguine temperament led him to another course. He secretly raised money in different quarters, and retained the shares. This hampered him, for he had heavy interest to pay, and his concern, though flourishing, could not sustain this drain. Money that should have been expended in his business went to this extraneous speculation, where it lay idle. The shares fell; he had buried his talent. This would not have been so bad, as this unfortunate investment was one

which must in the long run prove profitable, to those who had sufficient capital to "bide their time;" but the fact that he was so large a shareholder became known, and was injurious to him; persons chose to fancy he had "too many irons in the fire." There was a talk that he had required "accommodation," his credit began to totter. Even now he might have recovered himself had he possessed sufficient nerve to go boldly on, like a skater on breaking ice, but no—he hesitated—he tottered—he failed.

Of all those whom this failure surprised, Barbara, as often happens, was most unprepared for it. Her husband had struggled on from day to day, now wildly hoping that all would yet be right; now desponding, but determined to avert the knowledge of impending evil as long as possible from those dear ones at home. Besides, a really conscientious woman's eye, even though a wife's, is often to be feared in these cases. Paul yet thought the blow might be escaped; but he knew that with this prospect before them, Barbara would insist on instant retrenchment, and his pride could not brook such an open confession while yet a hope remained. So all was unchanged at home, all save its master; and, though the wife was doomed to seem unconscious of her husband's fitful temper, her heart bled at each harsh word to herself or the little prattlers who now fled from "papa." She had dreaded the loss of her earthly treasure, the riches of his love; to her the truth was a relief, even though embittered by fresh differences or a revival of old complaints.

Things were now desperate with Chepstowe, but when will not a drowning man cling to a straw? He persuaded himself that Barbara might, at the sacrifice of her property, retrieve all, and bent his proud spirit to speak to her. Even now he could not bring himself to own the extent of his involvements, but spoke of some mere temporary embarrassment.

"You see, Barbara, my capital is just now locked up; I can not meet these bills of Roby's, and there'll be the devil to pay; he's a crusty chap, one of the old school, and it's no good asking him for time. Now your uncle's legacy would set all straight."

"Could we offer it as security?"

"Security be hanged! no one would advance me more than three thousand on it; I want five. I wish you to sell out at once, Barbara; it will save us from beggary and disgrace."

"Disgrace, Paul! disgrace! Oh, tell me, you can not fear disgrace?"

"Is not ruin disgrace? I tell you that Hampden's failure has cramped me confoundedly; I can not honor my acceptances; I must declare myself insolvent unless you help me."

"But still, love, as your misfortunes are caused by another's failure, you can not be disgraced; besides, surely with a business like yours the banks would accommodate you."

"You know nothing about the matter; it is no good talking of business to a woman, you can not understand it. If you don't choose to

assist your husband in his greatest need, say so at once; but don't fancy you are to preach to me or give me your advice; I did not come to you for dictation."

"Indeed, dear, I would not presume to advise or dictate; you mistake me cruelly. I only wished for the children's sake to see what our situation really is. Paul, remember this may be all the support left to them; they are young, they must be educated, brought forward; is it right to deprive them of their property?"

"Pish! I can double it for them to-morrow. By heaven, Barbara, I will not live to see my name in the Gazette, to be disgraced. Choose between your husband and your money."

"Were that indeed the choice, you know in your own heart that I should not hesitate one moment. No, the choice is between my husband and our children. I will not believe that even insolvency can disgrace you."

"Not when my debts are unpaid, and my wife keeps her fortune?"

"A fortune you have often laughed at as a pittance. It can afford us no luxuries; your creditors have no claim on it; it had no interest with your business, it never influenced your credit; had you not married me your position would have been the same. Were I—could I be induced to break my trust and sacrifice my children's interest, this money should go among all your creditors; I never would part with it for the benefit of one alone."

"So you would deprive me of character and credit, submit me to the indignities of the insolvent court, blast my fame and future prospects, rather than part with a paltry sum? And yet you can talk of duty. You will remain quiet at home, while I am exposed to all the curses of poverty."

"Do you think that these ills can fall on you alone, Paul? Am I not your wife? If disgrace be your portion, must not I share it? Yes, and as freely as I have shared your better days' love, for the disgrace will be unmerited. Do I not know that my decision will be canvassed by all, blamed by the many?"

"Then why expose yourself to this blame?"

"For our children's sakes. You did not require this money when it was settled on me and them; they do now, and you may."

"I!—I will never degrade myself by a farthing of it; so do not make me your excuse for your selfishness. You have chosen, you say; take care how it may end."

A bankruptcy ensued, and Paul survived it. People who threaten not to live, seldom keep that promise. At the worst he could only be charged with over-speculation. His dividend was excellent, his embarrassments clearly attributable to a year of panic, and the failure of some other houses doing business with him. Barbara had truly said, there might be imprudence but there was no disgrace attached to his name, and he obtained a certificate of the first class.

What was the poor wife's suffering mean-

while? As she expected, many and harsh comments were passed on her conduct; her summer friends looked coldly on her; her servants were disposed to be insolent.

Paul too, who, in spite of all evidence, persisted in asserting and believing that Barbara's property would have saved him, was almost savage in his ill-temper. Ostentatiously economical, but requiring the same comforts and attendance he had enjoyed with more than double their present income, nothing but devoted affection and a reliance in his innate good qualities could have preserved his wife's last comfort, a reliance on him, a respect for her husband. The wife who ceases to look up is indeed alone and miserable. In the pettish recklessness of his grief, he had chosen to make a parade of giving up every thing; not an indignity was spared his family; and many comforts they might have honorably retained, were cast from them, that Barbara might more fully feel the enormity of her fault. The children could but half understand the change; and their innocent murmurs their cowed looks, their gentle pity for "poor mamma" were so many daggers to her heart.

Paul Chepstowe's credit was so good that he might have recommenced life; he was offered a capital on the security of his wife's fortune; but he scorned a boon emanating from that source, and preferred taking a subordinate clerkship in a mercantile house. Some people have a pleasure in "cutting off the nose to spite the face," and our hero was of that class. Like Mawworm, "he liked to be despised;" for some time it literally did his heart good to come home and say he had been treated with supercilious pride and incivility, and thus maunder over his troubles. He was almost sorry to find that home still neat and comfortable, to see his children flourishing in mind and body, to feel that some of their old connections yet considered his wife their equal. Time and the hour, however, will wear through the longest day; and Paul gradually accustomed himself to his happiness, and to look upon himself once more as a respectable member of society.

The illusion, however, was dispelled, and this time it was Barbara who meditated sacrifices and talked of "disgrace." Their eldest child, a girl, was now fifteen years old, when, to the father's horror, he discovered a plan for sending her as governess pupil to a school. He disapproved, remonstrated, scolded, talked of "candle-end savings," and "ridiculous economy with their income," but to no purpose. Once he had given up the reins from pique, and now his wife chose to drive, and would not relinquish them; so Annie did as her mother had decided, and was placed in a way of earning her own livelihood. She was a clever, ardent girl, and was soon enabled to add her mite to the general hoard, as a younger sister was received in return for her services. Their only boy remained longer on their hands; he was a persevering, keen lad, with a decided turn for mechanics, and was apprenticed at his own request to an engineer

His more ambitious father wished first to give him the benefit of a college education, to send him to mathematical Cambridge; but Mrs. Chepstowe strenuously opposed this plan. "We can not afford to give Harry a suitable income," she said, "and he shall never with my consent be exposed to the miseries and temptations of a dubious position. No, Harry has his way to fight in the world; he can not begin too soon; we have no right to mislead him as to his situation, or to fetter his right arm with the trammels of gentility."

"And so you have treasured up your uncle's money just to make your son a mechanic, and his sisters governesses! I expected that, at all events, our children would have benefited by that miserable bequest."

"They have been educated, Paul, until they were of an age to assist themselves; we have spared no expense on them. We have now every right to use the interest at least of their money, and there is a purpose to which we would willingly appropriate it; indolence or luxuries would now disgrace us."

Paul had a glimmering of what his wife meant; he could not blame her purpose, though he chose to fancy it overstrained and romantic. Mingled feelings kept him silent, however, and things went on as usual.

It was a sparkling winter's day in the Christmas week; the girls were home from their respective situations; Harry had come over from a neighboring railway town, where he had obtained permanent and lucrative employment; and the Chepstowes were again united. The clear windows glistened in the sun; the holly sprays poked up their pert berries and bright leaves from all parts of the room, suggestive of the misletoe's delicate beads with its cherished privileges; the mahogany shone in the firelight; the arm-chairs yawned invitingly; the very cat licked its paws with an air; every thing had a *gala* look, a smile of innate happiness; not a stick in that snug parlor but would have put to flight a legion of blue devils. Paul, notwithstanding his children's degradation, and his own misery, was cosily concocting a glorious bowl of punch; while Barbara, though years had left silvery traces of their passage on her silken curls, had all the matured charms of fat, fair, and forty. And well might both parents feel proud and happy as they gazed on their blooming, joyous children. The girls were not "poor governesses, interesting victims," but conscientious, well-informed women, who had entered on high duties, and were prepared to fulfill them to the best of their endeavors, and were in the meantime enjoying *home* with twofold pleasure; and Harry, no yellow-kid dawdle waiting for his friends' exertions, had already made a way for himself in the stirring world. But this was not all; the aim of Barbara's late years was achieved—Paul's debts were entirely paid off; by her own long-continued and little suspected savings, she had early laid by a small sum for that purpose; as each child was able to understand her,

the story of her trials was related, and each was devoted to the good work. Their economy was added to hers; and gradually the whole interest of her property was reserved also. Money makes money; it accumulates like a snow-ball; interest and compound interest heaped on each other soon form a round sum.

A happier family ne'er sat down to a Christmas table than the Chepstowes. They had self-respect and contentment to bless them, what cared they for the world? but little; and therefore, as is usual in these cases, the world chose to think a great deal of them. The only piece of plate on their modest sideboard was a handsome salver, a present from their creditors to P. Chepstowe, Esq., as a mark of respect, of which his wife and daughters were duly proud, and by this salver lay certain visiting tickets, dearer still to Harry. His employer's wife, a rich and high-born woman, visited his family on equal terms; two of his friends were always hovering round Annie and her sister Barbara; he had a shrewd suspicion that it was not for his sake only, that John Gray and Tom Frankland came so frequently to the cottage, no, nor even for the walk, though both declared it was the pleasantest in England.

Paul, was doomed to be a disappointed man, and to be happy withal. When his first emotions were over he hoped his daughters would now remain at home with him. But lo, Annie was to be married as soon as John was comfortably settled, and wished in the meanwhile to continue her exertions, for they now meant to lay by on Harry's account, that he might have a little capital to begin business upon without encroaching on their father's income. And thus they toiled on and each was provided for; while Paul at length, to please his admirable wife, gave up his post, and lives comfortably on the fruits of her settlement.

AN APOLOGY FOR BURNS.

BURNS, to be justly judged, must be estimated by a reference to the times in which he lived. If James I. and Sir Matthew Hale believed in witchcraft, and were agents in the burning of helpless, ignorant, and decrepit old women, was it not the cruel superstition and vice of their time? If Calvin condemned Servetus to the stake—aside from any personal motive, or from his own views of Christianity, "without the smile, the sweetness, or the grace"—was not the destruction of heretics equally the vice of *his* time? If the immortal Bacon—the "wisest, greatest, *meanest* (?) of mankind"—disgraced the judgment-seat, and stained his own great name—not, we believe, to pervert, but to expedite justice—was not bribery, which stained the ermine on infinitely *meaner* shoulders, also the vice of *his* time? If the great political martyrs, Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney, accepted bribes from Louis XIV—as shown by Mr. Macaulay, on the authority of Barillon, which authority we ourselves have consulted with astonishment and regret—was

such corruption not also the vice of *their* time, in which nearly the whole House of Commons participated? If the pious Addison was addicted to wine, and, as that vain and courtly sycophant, Horace Walpole, sneeringly asserted, "died drunk," was it not a propensity and a morbid craving, engendered by a diseased physical organization, and was not wine-bibbing pre-eminently the vice of *his* day? In those days, when Pope or Swift penned maudlin notes to Arbuthnot, night's candles being burnt out; and jocund day standing tiptoe on the misty mountain-top, and in drunken hilarity went reeling to bed, were not such orgies, in their day, almost without shame and without reproach? When the excellent and venerable Lord-President Forbes, as shown in Mr. Burton's valuable Memoir, was kept in a state of feverish crapulence for a whole month at a time, was not dissipation emphatically the raging and besetting sin of *his* day? But not to multiply more modern instances—and many such might be adduced—we would pause, to ask the charitable reader: Is Robert Burns to be held up to the never-dying desecration of posterity, as a man steeped in evil and impiety, because, with fiery ardor, he rushed into the polemic war then raging in Ayrshire, lashed with unsparing and terrible sarcasm and wit the vices and superstitions of his age, and, unfortunately, fell a victim to the social habits of the day, before his better judgment and nobler principles had gained the moral ascendancy over the burning passions of his youth? Following out this view of the infirmities of men, we are prepared to look with sad complacency on the rudeness and superstition of Johnson—the madness and misery of poor Chatterton, who "perished in his pride"—the gourmandizing of Pope—the sublime wailings of disappointed ambition in Young—the baffled rage and insanity of Swift—the misery of the exquisite Elia—the hallucinations of the inspired Coleridge, whose whole life was a distempered dream—the bright morning dream of Keats—the cruel disappointment and heart-breaking of poor Haydon, when he stood in solitude among his great pictures, and saw the whole world of London flocking to gaze on General Tom Thumb!—the solitary pride of Wordsworth—the egotism of the Ettrick Shepherd—the intolerance of Scott—the mirth and melancholy of Hood, who has given to the world the most powerful and pathetic song that has sounded from the poetic lyre in our day, illustrating the sad truth, that

"Laughter to sadness is so near allied,

But thin partitions do their bounds divide"—

in short, all the long and sorrowful catalogue of "mighty poets in their misery dead"—that terrible death-roll, inscribed with "fears of the brave and follies of the wise," and written within and without with mourning, and lamentation, and woe.

And so of Robert Burns. From his earliest years, we learn, he was subject to palpitation and nervous excitement. The victim of hypo-

chondria, with fitful glimpses or sunbursts, lighting up the waste of life with ineffable beauty and love, to escape from its terrible shadow, which haunted him through life, he, unfortunately, was driven to take refuge from himself in the excitement and vivacity of the social board, as Johnson fled from himself to the tavern dinner, to revel in his astonishing powers of conversation, while Burke and Beauclerk quailed under the eye of the critical dictator.

But Robert Burns was no drunkard, in the ordinary sense of drunkenness. From his physical organization, he paid dearly for every such, even the smallest deviation. It is the sentiment of social enjoyment, not the sensuality of the sot or drunkard, that inspires his convivial songs, however much they may be misunderstood; and it can not be denied that he purified, with exquisite genius and taste, the lyrical literature of his country, which, in Allan Ramsay's time, as shown by the "Tea-Table Miscellany," was polluted by false and filthy wit and obscenity. We may have written strongly, but we wish the reader to understand that we are writing from the best authority, and in the spirit of truth and sincerity. We wish to record our emphatic protest against the injustice hitherto done to the memory and name of Burns. Not only was he left to die in poverty and neglect, but he was singled out as a stricken deer from the herd, the galling arrows of the hunters entering into his soul, and, we fear, yet vibrating in the hearts of his near and dear friends.

A TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

IT was precisely on the 5th of November, 1821, that a terrible gale from the north-west set in. It rose very early in the morning, and blew hurricanes all day. There was a hasty and precipitate running and crowding of fishing-boats, colliers, and other vessels into the friendly ports of Scarborough and Filey, for these once past, excepting Burlington, which is far less sheltered, there is no place of refuge nearer than the Humber to flee to. As the morning broke dark and scowling, the inhabitants looking from their windows saw whole fleets of vessels thronging into the port. Men were seen on the heights, where the wind scarcely allowed them either to stand or breathe, looking out to descry what vessels were in the offing, and whether any danger were threatening any of them. Every one felt a sad certainty, that on that bleak coast, where this wind, when in its strength, drives many a luckless ship with uncontrollable force against the steep and inaccessible cliffs, such a day could not go over without fearful damage. Before noon the sea was running mountains high, and the waves were dashing in snowy foam aloft against the cliffs, and with the howling winds filling the air with an awful roar. Many a vessel came laboring and straining toward the ports, yet by all the exertions of the crews, kept with difficulty from driving upon the inevitable destruction of the rocky coast.

Among the fishing-vessels which made the Bay of Filey in safety, was one belonging to a young man of the name of George Jolliffe. By his own active labors, added to a little property left him by his father, also a fisherman, George Jolliffe had made himself the master of a five-man-boat, and carried on a successful trade. But the boat was his all, and he sometimes thought, with a deep melancholy, as he sat for hours through long nights looking into the sea, where his nets were cast—what would become of him if any thing happened to the "Fair Susan?" The boat was christened after his wife; and when George Jolliffe pictured to himself his handsome and good Susan, in their neat little home, in one of the narrow yet clean little lanes of Scarborough, with his two children, he was ready to go wild with an inward terror at the idea of a mishap to his vessel. But these were but passing thoughts, and only made him the more active and vigilant.

He had been out some days at the Dogger-bank, fishing for cod, and had taken little, when the sky, as he read it, boded a coming storm. He immediately hauled his nets, trimmed his sails, and made for home with all his ability. It was not long before he saw his own belief shared by the rest of the fishermen who were out in that quarter; and from whom all sail was bent landward. Before he caught sight of land, the wind had risen to a violent gale; and as he drew nearer the coast, he became quite aware that he should not be able to make his own port, and must use all energy to get into Filey. In the afternoon of this 5th of November, he found himself, after stupendous labor, and no little anxiety, under shelter of the land, and came to anchor in a crowd of other strange vessels.

Wearied, drenched with wet, and exhausted by their arduous endeavors to make this port; as he and his four comrades ascended the steps to Filey village, their attention was soon excited by the crowds of sailors and fishermen who were congregated at the foot of the signal-house, and with glasses and an eager murmur of talk were riveting their attention on something seaward. They turned, and saw at once the object of it. A fine merchant vessel, under bare poles, and apparently no longer obeying the helm, was laboring in the ocean, and driving, as it appeared, hopelessly toward that sheer stretch of sea-wall called the Spectan Cliff—against which so many noble ships had been pitched to destruction.

"Nothing can save her!" said several voices with an apparent calmness which would have struck a landsman as totally callous and cruel. Already there might, however, be seen a movement in the crowd, which George Jolliffe and his comrades knew from experience, meant that numbers were going off to assist, if possible, in saving the human life on board the vessel, which itself no power on earth could save. Little hope, indeed, was there of salvation of life, for the cliff was miles in extent, and for

the whole distance presented a perpendicular wall of two hundred feet in altitude, against which the sea was hurling its tremendous billows to a terrific height. But wearied as George Jolliffe was, he instantly resolved to join in the endeavor to afford what help *was* possible, or at least to give to the terrified people on board the doomed ship the satisfaction of perceiving that their more fortunate fellow-creatures on land were not indifferent to their misery.

Hurrying, therefore, into the Ship public-house close at hand, he drank a pint of beer as he stood, took a couple of stout pieces of bread and cheese in his hand, and in the next moment was hauled up into a cart which was going off with a quantity of fishermen on the same errand. One only of his crew accompanied him, and that was his younger brother; the three hired men declared themselves half-dead with fatigue, and staid behind.

The cart drove along at an almost furious rate, and there were numbers of others going the same road, with the same velocity; while they could see streams of young men on foot, running along the tops of the cliffs, taking the nearest course toward the scene of the expected catastrophe. Long before George Jolliffe and those with whom he went reached the point where they left their cart, and started forward bearing coils of rope, and even warm garments with them, they heard the firing of guns of distress from the jeopardized vessel. It would seem that up to a certain moment the people on board trusted to be able to bring the ship under shelter of the land, and then get an anchorage: but the dreadful reality of their situation had now evidently burst upon them; and the crowds hastening toward the cliff, hurried forward more anxiously as the successive boomings of these melancholy guns reached their ears.

When Jolliffe and his companions reached the crest of the cliff, and looked out on the sea, it was already drawing toward evening. The wind still blew furiously. The ocean was one chaos of tossing and rolling billows, and the thunder of their discharge on the face of the cliff, was awful. The first sight of the unhappy vessel made the spectator ejaculate "Oh Lord!" That was all that was uttered, and it spoke volumes. The throng stood staring intently down on the ship, amid the deafening thunder of the ocean, and the suffocating violence of the winds. On came the devoted vessel like a lamed thing, one of its masts already gone by the board, and but few people to be seen on the deck. These, however, raised their hands in most imploring attitude toward the people on the cliff, as if relying on them for that aid which they despaired to afford. As the helpless vessel came nearer the cliff, it encountered the reflux force of the waves that were sent with a stunning recoil from their terrible shock against the precipice. It staggered, stooped, and was turned about without power of self-guidance. One mountainous sea after another washed over her,

and the few human beings disappeared with shrieks that pierced even through the turbulent dissonance of the tempest. The assembled crowd on the cliff shuddered with horror, and felt that all need of their presence was at an end. But they stood and stared, as with a fascinated intensity, on the vessel that now came nearer and nearer to its final catastrophe; when all at once there was discerned an old man, with bare head and white streaming hair, lashed to the main-mast. He stood with lifted hands and face gazing up to them as if clinging firmly to the hope of their saving him. A simultaneous agitation ran through the crowd. The ship was lifted high on the back of the billows, and then pitched down again within a short distance of the cliff. A few more seconds—another such a heave, and she must be dashed to pieces. At once flew out several coils of ropes, but the fury of the wind, and the depth to which they had to go defeated them. They were hurled against the crags, and came nowhere near the vessel. Again were thrown out others, and among these one was seized by the old man. There was a loud shout at the sight; but the moment was too terrible to allow of much rational hope. The vessel was close upon the cliff—one more pitch, and she would perish. All eyes were strained to see when the old man had secured the rope round him. He was evidently laboring to do this before he loosed himself from the mast, lest he should be washed away by the next sea. But he appeared feeble and benumbed, and several voices exclaimed, "He will never do it!" A sea washed over him. As it went by they saw the old man still stand by the mast. He passed his arm over his face as if to clear his eyes from the water—and looked up. He still held convulsively by the rope which they had thrown; but it was evident he was too much exhausted to secure it round him. At that moment the huge vessel struck with a terrific shock against the solid wall, and staggering backward, became half buried in the boiling waters. Again it was plunged forward with a frightful impetus, and the next instant the mast fell with a crash—and the whole great hull seemed to dissolve in the liquid chaos. In another moment the black stern of the ship was seen to heave from the waves, and then disappear, and anon spars and casks were seen churning in the snowy surf, and tossed as playthings by the riotous sea again and again to the annihilating wall.

The next morning the wind had greatly abated; and, with the first peep of day, numbers of fishing-boats put out to see whether any thing of value which had floated from the wreck could be picked up. George Jolliffe was among the earliest of these wreckers; but in his mind the face and form of that old man were vividly present. He had dreamed of them all night; and while the rest of his crew were all alert on the look-out for corks or other floating booty, he could not avoid casting a glance far and wide, to see if he could descry any thing of a floating

mast. Though the wind was intensely still, the sea still rose high, and it was dangerous to approach the cliff. The vessels around them were busily engaged in securing a number of articles that were floating; but George still kept a steady look-out for the mast: and he was now sure that he saw it at a considerable distance. They made all sail for it; and, sure enough it was there. They ran their vessel close alongside of it, and soon saw, not only a sling rope encircling its lower end, but a human arm clutching fast by it. Jolliffe had the cobbler soon adrift, and, with a couple of rowers, approached the floating timber. With much difficulty, from the uneasy state of the sea, he managed to secure a cord round the drowned man's wrist, and with an ax severed the rope which tied him to the mast. Presently they actually had the old man in the boat, whom they last evening saw imploring their aid from the wreck. Speedily they got him hoisted into the yawl; and when they had on board, and saw him lying at his length on deck, they were astonished at his size and the dignity of his look. He was not, as he seemed from the altitude of the cliff, a little man: he was upward of six feet in height, of a large and powerful build; and though of at least seventy years of age, there was a nobility of feature, and a mild intelligence of expression in him, which greatly struck them.

"That," said George Jolliffe, "is a gentleman every inch. There will be trouble about him somewhere."

While saying this he observed that he had several jeweled rings on his fingers, which he carefully drew off; and said to his men, "You see how many there are:" and put them into his waistcoat-pocket. He then observed that he had a bag of stout leather, bound by a strong belt to his waist. This he untied, and found in it a large packet wrapped in oil-cloth, and sealed up. There was also a piece of paper closely and tightly folded together, which being with difficulty, from its soaked state, opened and spread out, was found to contain the address of a great mercantile house in Hull.

"These," said George Jolliffe, "I shall myself deliver to the merchants."

"But we claim our shares," said the men.

"They are neither mine nor yours," said George; "but whatever benefit comes of doing a right thing, you shall partake of. Beyond that, I will defend this property with my whole life and strength, if necessary. And now let us see what else there is to be got."

The men, who looked sullen and dogged at first, on hearing this resumed their cheerfulness, and were soon in full pursuit of other floating articles. They lashed the mast to the stern of their vessel, and in the course of a few hours were in possession of considerable booty. Jolliffe told them that, to prevent any interference of the police or the harbor-master with the effects of the old gentleman, he would put out near Filey, and they must steer the yawl home. He secured the bag under his tarpaulin coat, and was soon

set ashore at a part of the bay where he could make his way, without much observation, to the Hull road. He met the coach most luckily, and that night was in Hull. The next morning he went to the counting-house of the merchants indicated by the paper in the drowned gentleman's bag, and informed the principals what had happened. When he described the person of the deceased, and produced the bag, with the blotted and curdled piece of paper, the partners seemed struck with a speechless terror. One looked at the other, and at length one said, "Gracious God! too sure it is Mr. Anckersværd!"

They unfolded the packet, conferred apart for some time with each other, and then, coming to Mr. Jolliffe, said, "You have behaved in a most honorable manner: we can assure you that you will not fail of your reward. These papers are of the utmost importance. We tell you candidly they involve the safety of a very large amount of property. But this is a very sorrowful business. One of us must accompany you, to see respect paid to the remains of our old and valued friend and partner. In the mean time here are ten pounds for yourself, and the same sum to distribute among your men."

George Jolliffe begged the merchants to favor him with a written acknowledgment of the receipt of the packet and of the rings which he now delivered to them. This he obtained; and we may shorten our recital by here simply saying, that the remains of the drowned merchant were buried, with all respectful observance, in the old church-yard at Scarborough: a great number of gentlemen from Hull attending the funeral.

That winter was a peculiarly severe and stormy one. Ere it was over George Jolliffe himself had been wrecked—his "Fair Susan" was caught in a thick fog on the Filey rocks, his brother drowned, and only himself and another man picked up and saved. His wife, from the shock of her nerves, had suffered a premature confinement, and, probably owing to the grief and anxiety attending this great misfortune, had long failed to rally again. George Jolliffe was now a penniless man, serving on board another vessel, and enduring the rigors of the weather and the sea for a mere weekly pittance. It was in the April of the coming year that one Sunday his wife had, for the first time, taken his arm for a stroll to the Castle Hill. They were returning to their little house, Susan pale and exhausted by her exertions, with the two children trudging quietly behind, when, as they drew near their door, they saw a strange gentleman, tall, young, and good-looking, speaking with Mrs. Bright, their next neighbor.

"Here he is," said Mrs. Bright; "that is Mr. Jolliffe."

The stranger lifted his hat very politely, made a very low bow to Mrs. Jolliffe, and then, looking a good deal moved, said to George, "My name is Anckersværd." "Oh," said George; all that rushing into his mind which the stranger immediately proceeded to inform him.

"I am," said he, "the son of the gentleman who, in the wreck of the 'Danemand,' experienced your kind care. I would have a little conversation with you."

George stood for a moment as if confused, but Mrs. Jolliffe hastened to open the door with the key, and bade Mr. Anckersværd walk in. "You are an Englishman?" said George, as the stranger seated himself. "No," he replied, "I am a Dane, but I was educated to business in Hull, and I look on England as my second country. Such men as you, Mr. Jolliffe, would make one proud of such a country, if we had no other interest in it." George Jolliffe blushed, Mrs. Jolliffe's eyes sparkled with a pleasure and pride that she took no pains to conceal. A little conversation made the stranger aware that misfortune had fallen heavily on this little family since George had so nobly secured the property and remains of his father.

"Providence," said Mr. Anckersværd, "evidently means to give full effect to our gratitude. I was fast bound by the winter at Archangel, when the sad news reached me, or I should have been here sooner. But here I am, and in the name of my mother, my sister, my wife, my brother, and our partners, I beg, Mr. Jolliffe, to present you with the best fishing-smack that can be found for sale in the port of Hull—and if no first-rate one can be found, one shall be built. Also, I ask your acceptance of one hundred pounds, as a little fund against those disasters that so often beset your hazardous profession. Should such a day come—let not this testimony of our regard and gratitude make you think we have done all that we would. Send at once to us, and you shall not send in vain."

We need not describe the happiness which Mr. Anckersværd left in that little house that day, nor that which he carried away in his own heart. How rapidly Mrs. Jolliffe recovered her health and strength, and how proudly George Jolliffe saw a new "Fair Susan" spread her sails very soon for the deep-sea fishing. We had the curiosity the other day to inquire whether a "Fair Susan" was still among the fishing vessels of the port of Scarborough. We could not discover her, but learnt that a Captain Jolliffe, a fine, hearty fellow of fifty, is master of that noble merchantman, the "Holger-Danske," which makes its regular voyages between Copenhagen and Hull, and that his son, a promising young man, is an esteemed and confidential clerk in the house of Davidsen, Anckersværd, and Co., to whom the "Holger-Danske" belongs. That was enough; we understood it all, and felt a genuine satisfaction in the thought that the seed of a worthy action had fallen into worthy soil, to the benefit and contentment of all parties. May the "Holger-Danske" sail ever!

THE GIPSY IN THE THORN-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A RICH man once hired a boy, who served him honestly and industriously; he was the first to rise in the morning, the last to go to bed

at night, and never hesitated to perform even the disagreeable duties which fell to the share of others, but which they refused to do. His looks were always cheerful and contented, and he never was heard to murmur. When he had served a year, his master thought to himself, "If I pay him his wages he may go away; it will therefore be most prudent not to do so; I shall thereby save something, and he will stay." And so the boy worked another year, and, though no wages came, he said nothing and looked happy. At last the end of the third year arrived; the master felt in his pockets, but took nothing out; then the boy spoke.

"Master," said he, "I have served you honorably for three years; give me, I pray you, what I have justly earned. I wish to leave you, and see more of the world."

"My dear fellow," replied the niggard, "you have indeed served me faithfully, and you shall be generously rewarded."

So saying he searched his pockets again, and this time counted out three crown pieces.

"A crown," he said, "for each year; it is liberal; few masters would pay such wages."

The boy, who knew very little about money, was quite satisfied; he received his scanty pay, and determined now that his pockets were full, he would play. He set off therefore to see the world; up-hill and down-hill, he ran and sang to his heart's content; but presently, as he leaped a bush, a little man suddenly appeared before him.

"Whither away, Brother Merry?" asked the stranger, "your cares seem but a light burden to you!"

"Why should I be sad?" answered the boy, "when I have three years' wages in my pocket."

"And how much is that?" inquired the little man.

"Three good crowns."

"Listen to me," said the dwarf; "I am a poor, needy creature, unable to work; give me the money; you are young, and can earn your bread."

The boy's heart was good; it felt pity for the miserable little man; so he handed him his hard-gotten wages.

"Take them," said he, "I can work for more."

"You have a kind heart," said the mannikin, "I will reward you by granting you three wishes—one for each crown. What will you ask?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boy; "you are one of those then who can whistle blue! Well, I will wish; first, for a bird-gun, which shall hit whatever I aim at; secondly, for a fiddle, to the sound of which every one who hears me play on it must dance; and, thirdly, that when I ask any one for any thing, he shall not dare to refuse me."

"You shall have all," cried the little man, as he took out of the bush, where they seemed to have been placed in readiness, a fine fiddle, and bird-gun—"no man in the world shall refuse what you ask!"

"My heart, what more can you desire!" said the boy to himself, as he joyfully went on his way. He soon overtook a wicked-looking man, who stood listening to the song of a bird, which was perched on the very summit of a high tree.

"Wonderful!" cried the man, "such a small animal with such a great voice! I wish I could get near enough to put some salt on its tail."

The boy aimed at the bird with his magic gun, and it fell into a thorn-bush.

"There, rogue," said he to the other, "you may have it if you fetch it."

"Master," replied the man, "leave out the 'rogue' when you call the dog; but I will pick up the bird."

In his effort to get it out, he had worked himself into the middle of the prickly bush, when the boy was seized with a longing to try his fiddle. But, scarcely had he begun to scrape, when the man began also to dance, and the faster the music, the faster and higher he jumped, though the thorns tore his dirty coat, combed out his dusty hair, and pricked and scratched his whole body.

"Leave off, leave off," cried he, "I do not wish to dance!"

But he cried in vain. "You have flayed many a man, I dare say," answered the boy, "now we will see what the thorn-bush can do for you!"

And louder and faster sounded the fiddle, and faster and higher danced the gipsy, all the thorns were hung with the tatters of his coat.

"Mercy, mercy," he screamed at last; "you shall have whatever I can give you, only cease to play. Here, here, take this purse of gold!"

"Since you are so ready to pay," said the boy, "I will cease my music; but I must say that you dance well to it—it is a treat to see you."

With that he took the purse and departed.

The thievish-looking man watched him until he was quite out of sight; then he bawled insultingly after him:

"You miserable scraper! you ale-house fiddler! wait till I find you alone. I will chase you until you have not a sole to your shoe; you ragamuffin! stick a farthing in your mouth, and say you are worth six dollars!"

And thus he abused him as long as he could find words. When he had sufficiently relieved himself, he ran to the judge of the next town:

"Honorable judge," cried he, "I beg your mercy; see how I have been ill-treated and robbed on the open highway; a stone might pity me; my clothes are torn, my body is pricked and scratched, and a purse of gold has been taken from me—a purse of ducats, each one brighter than the other. I entreat you, good judge, let the man be caught and sent to prison!"

"Was it a soldier," asked the judge, "who has so wounded you with his sabre?"

"No, indeed," replied the gipsy, "it was one who had no sabre, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle from his neck; the rascal can easily be recognized."

The judge sent some people after the boy; they soon overtook him, for he had gone on very slowly; they searched him, and found in his pocket the purse of gold. He was brought to trial, and with a loud voice declared:

"I did not beat the fellow, nor steal his gold; he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might cease my music, which he did not like."

"He can lie as fast as I can catch flies off the wall," cried his accuser.

And the judge said, "Yours is a bad defense;" and he sentenced him to be hanged as a highway robber.

As they led him away to the gallows, the gipsy bawled after him, triumphantly, "You worthless fellow! you catgut-scraper! now you will receive your reward!"

The boy quietly ascended the ladder with the hangman, but, on the last step, he turned and begged the judge to grant him one favor before he died.

"I will grant it," replied the judge, "on condition that you do not ask for your life."

"I ask not for my life," said the boy, "but to be permitted to play once more on my beloved fiddle!"

"Do not let him, do not let him," screamed the ragged rogue.

"Why should I not allow him to enjoy this one short pleasure?" said the judge; "I have granted it already; he shall have his wish!"

"Tie me fast! bind me down!" cried the gipsy.

The fiddle-player began; at the first stroke every one became unsteady—judge, clerks, and bystanders tottered—and the rope fell from the hands of those who were tying down the tatterdemalion; at the second, they all raised one leg, and the hangman let go his prisoner, and made ready for the dance; at the third, all sprang into the air; the judge and the accuser were foremost, and leaped the highest. Every one danced, old and young, fat and lean; even the dogs got on their hind-legs, and hopped! Faster and faster went the fiddle, and higher and higher jumped the dancers, until at last, in their fury, they kicked and screamed most dismally. Then the judge gasped:

"Cease playing, and I will give you your life!"

The fiddler stopped, descended the ladder, and approached the wicked-looking gipsy, who lay panting for breath.

"Rogue," said he, "confess where you got that purse of ducats, or I will play again!"

"I stole it, I stole it!" he cried, pitifully.

The judge, hearing this, condemned him, as a thief and false accuser, to be hanged, instead of the boy, who journeyed on to see the world.

VISIT TO A COLLIERY.

ABE CORN Colliery is about ten miles from Newport, England. A very polite invitation had been sent from the proprietors or manager of this colliery to Dr. Pennington and myself to visit their pits, and instructions had

been given to the agent at Newport to provide us a conveyance, and to offer us every attention. Accordingly, on Friday morning, a handsome carriage and pair were at our door, and a very gentlemanly young man presented himself as our guide. It was a lovely day, and the ride up to the mountains a most delightful one; the scenery becoming more and more wild and picturesque as we approached the coal district; and our guide gave us much curious information connected with our local Welsh legends and superstitions. We were also accompanied by a very intelligent young man, a draper at Newport, who was quite at home with the Welsh language, and gave us many particulars connected with the etymology of the names of places that we passed. Thus we sped along most agreeably until we reached the region of tall chimneys, ponderous engines, and all the apparatus for disemboweling the mountains. Dismissing our carriage at the entrance to the works, we proceeded to the counting-house, where we were most courteously received by the head clerk, who first unrolled a large map, and explained to us the geography of the diggings, the mode in which the shafts and levels were cut, and the coal worked; we then proceeded to the robing-room, and under the care of one or two grimy *valets de chambre*, we were soon rigged out in toggerly that would render us the observed of all observers at a masquerade. Fancy the learned doctor in a coarse white flannel coat that was a sort of compromise between an Oxonian and a dustman, but with sleeves reaching only to the elbow; his trowsers turned half-way up his boots, and a coarse black felt sou-wester stuck on his head.

My costume was ditto. With a stout stick in our hand, we were conveyed to the pit's mouth, and handed over to the custody of "Thomas"—a great man, in every sense of the word. He was the overseer of the under-ground workings, and was one of the finest men I ever saw. The shaft down which we were to descend was a perpendicular well, I won't say how many hundred yards deep, up and down which traveled two platforms side by side, about the size of an ordinary breakfast table; one bringing up a full wagon of coal, while the other took down an empty wagon. The platform comes up, the full wagon is wheeled away; but instead of the empty one, Thomas takes his stand in the centre, and desires us four to stand round him, and hold on by his jacket, but not to grasp any part of the platform. We obey, with an unpleasantly vivid remembrance of the description given of the last moments of Rush and the Mannings. Thomas becomes a sort of momentary Calcraft; and when he roars out, "Go!" and we feel the platform give way beneath our feet, we cling desperately to him with a savage satisfaction that he is with us, and must share our fate. We are rattled, rumbled, jolted down a gigantic telescope, with just light enough from above to make us painfully aware that there is exactly sufficient room between the edge of our plat-

form and the sides of the shaft for us to fall through. We are conscious of clammy drops falling and clinging to us—they may be cold sweat, or perhaps dirty water from the sides of the pit—it occurs to us that five lives are at the mercy, or rather tenacity, of a rusty link, and I enter into unpleasant calculations of the time it might take to fall, say 350 feet. There is a sensation that may be vertigo, perhaps faintness—possibly an inclination to suicide, when a sudden jolt brings us to the ground, and, but for our hold on Thomas, would certainly capsize our perpendicular. We are at the bottom of the shaft, and quit the platform, very glad that the meeting is dissolved. We find ourselves in a small, dark vault, just visible by the glimmer of a single candle stuck in the wall. Thomas lights five candles, and we each take one. We then perceive that there is an iron tramway winding from under the shaft toward a couple of low doors. We are placed in single file in the centre of this tramway, and Thomas suggests a game of follow the leader. The gate-keeper (a most important person, upon whom depends very much the proper ventilation of the mine) opens the doors, and we enter a level—the doors being immediately closed behind us. We find it necessary at once to stoop, and we tramp forward through the dirtiest of all Petticoat-lanes—a thick, black mud coming half-way over our insteps, and our candles being now and then reflected in a running gutter that might be thought to discharge itself from a waste pipe from Day and Martin's. There is an incessant rumbling over our heads, as though a procession of railway trains were out for the day. Large lumps of coal, dropped from the wagons, and cross-beams connecting the tram-rails, render the footing very precarious, and produce a very oscillating wave-like line of march. I am following the sable dustman; he suddenly flounders, flourishes his stick and his candle desperately for a moment; I see the white coat dash forward; I hear a shout and a hiss; the doctor's candle is in the gutter, and he is groping his way up to his feet again. We are more cautious, and find it necessary to stoop still lower; the stratification of the rock is pointed out to us, and we are told that this is a layer of coal, that of ironstone, which we believe from our boundless faith in Thomas's word, not that we see any thing to remind us of the contents of our scuttle at home, or of the handle of our pump. We go on so many hundred yards, but we do not count, when we come to a side cutting, and are conscious of a ghostly apparition at the entrance. It moves on; we might mistake it for a block of coal set up endways. It is a miner, who speaks, and his language seems exactly to harmonize with the place. The deep, guttural Welsh, from its utter incomprehensibility to us, seems, like the man, a part of the mine; and our reverence for Thomas rises when we find that this gibberish is as intelligible to him as all the other dark mysteries of the pit. This is a cutting where they are mining out the coal. At a short dis-

tance huge blocks are lying scattered over the path; the place is about four feet high and six feet broad. We are invited to enter and see the process of mining out a block. We seat ourselves on lumps of coal, and at the end of the hole we see a miner crouched upon the ground, hacking out a space about eighteen inches deep, into the coal at the bottom, forming a sort of recess wide enough to slip in a six inch drawer the whole width of the place; the labor of doing this is inconceivably great in the miner's cramped position; he pants loudly at every stroke of the pick, and breathes an atmosphere of thick coal dust. When he has scooped out the bottom place, he cuts, with a very sharp pick, a slice down each side, leaving the mass supported only by its hold above; a wedge is now driven in close to the ceiling, and with about a dozen heavy blows, down tumbles the whole mass, the miner and the little candle boy who lights him keeping a sharp look out to dart back just as the mass falls. Thus are we supplied with coal; and it is impossible to see these poor fellows toiling in those dark, stifling holes, crouching in positions that threaten dislocation to every joint, and with deep, rapid inspirations drawing in dust that must convert their lungs into so many coal-beds, without feeling how much of our comfort we owe to a race of men, the real character of whose labor is so little understood and appreciated. They are paid so much per ton, and generally remain under-ground about ten hours at a stretch; but sometimes, when they wish to fetch up lost time after a holiday or a drinking bout, they will work for fourteen hours without stopping. Their wages range from twenty to thirty shillings a week. They have been much addicted to drink, but the Temperance movement has produced a beneficial change in this respect in some districts. We remained under-ground nearly an hour; now and then a rumbling noise warned us of the approach of a wagon, and, stepping aside, a spectral-looking horse flitted by, tugging its hubbly load, visible a moment in the dim light, and vanishing again instantly into utter darkness. Having completed our inspection, and returned to the entrance of the shaft, we again endured the process of suspended animation, and emerged into daylight with a higher estimate than ever of the blessed sunlight and the green fields. We were taken into a shed at the pit's mouth, where Thomas curried us down with a birch broom and a wisp of straw, after which we doffed our togs, had a good wash, and once more resumed our civilized appearance, highly gratified and instructed by our introduction to the shades below.

THE KAFIR TRADER; OR, THE RECOIL OF AMBITION.

YEARS, with their summers and winters, their joys and sorrows, have passed away, since the Cleopatra, her long and wearying voyage over, cast anchor in one of the extensive bays of Southern Africa. How eagerly and anxious-

ly her many passengers looked across the belt of heaving waters toward the land, which, low at first, gradually rose into ranges of lofty hills, stretching far into the distance! For most of them had crossed the ocean, and bidden adieu to their remoter kindred, in the hope of finding, amid its secluded valleys, some "forest sanctuary," where the bonds of the world that had hitherto chafed them might be unfelt, and their efforts at earning a livelihood for themselves and little ones be better rewarded.

Foremost among them stood a man, the eagle keenness of whose eye bespoke him one fitted to cope, and successfully, with the world, in whatever phase it might present itself. But it was not so; and Robert Tryon, despite years of unwearying effort, now stood gazing on the shores of the far south, a world-worn and almost penniless man, and one whose spirit was embittered, and his heart hardened, by seeing others, whom he deemed less worthy, victors in the arena where he could achieve nothing.

While thus he stood pondering with contracted brow, on what might be the result of this last decisive step of emigration, a sweet, childish voice by his side exclaimed,

"Let me see too, father."

Immediately the stern expression passed away, and with a bright smile he raised the little girl to stand where she might easily look over the bulwark. Robert Tryon was devotedly attached to his wife and family; and the more the chilling blasts of adversity had frozen his heart toward the world, the more did it gush forth in warm affection to those surrounding his own humble and sometimes ill-supplied fireside; and he felt that to see them possessed of the comforts of life befitting their station—more he asked not, wished not—would be a happiness that would, in his estimation, render the labor of even a galley-slave light.

But dearer than all was his little fairy Kate, as fair and beautiful a child as the eye need wish to rest upon, with soft, dark, earnest eyes, looking forth from among her brown clustering curls as though the misfortunes of her parents had dispelled the joyous beams of childhood, and awakened her already to the realities of life, and a sweet smile playing upon her rosy lips, as if, in the buoyancy of her innocent spirit, hoping and trusting a brighter future.

And the child's trust seemed not misplaced, for brighter days soon began to dawn upon them. Robert Tryon obtained a small farm in one of the deep fertile hollows branching off from the great valley of the Fish River; and though it needed both time and labor to render it productive, both were ungrudgingly bestowed; and some five or six years after his arrival, Willow Dell (so named from the fringe of Babylonian willows that swept the little streamlet murmuring through it), was as fair a scene of rural promise as the wide frontier could show.

And for a while Robert Tryon was a happy and contented man; his loved ones were growing up beautiful and joyous around him, and

the humble competence he once had sighed for was now theirs: few, indeed, are they whose wishes are so fully gratified! But it sufficed not long. With prosperity loftier ideas awoke in Tryon's breast; and after a time he began to pine for riches to bestow on the children whom every succeeding day rendered yet dearer, and whom he felt assured wealth would grace so well. How, as he wandered at evening beside the willows, he would dream of the proud future that—could his wishes be realized—might be in store for his promising sons and beautiful daughters, in some higher sphere; and how in years to come they might revisit their fatherland, and look scornfully down on those who in other days had despised himself!

Occupied with such visions, discontent began to take possession of his heart. It would be years—many years—ere by his farm he could hope to obtain such results; and ere that his children's youth would be passed—their lot in life decided, and riches not so precious; and again he felt that he could toil as man never yet had toiled, to bestow wealth on his children.

Of the many objects man pursues with avidity, gold is not the one that most frequently eludes him, for there are many modes by which it may be obtained, and one of these presented itself to Tryon.

He was riding with one of his nearest neighbors into Graham's Town, when on their way they passed an extensive and beautiful farm, and on a rising ground saw a large, well-built house peeping from among the trees. Tryon commented upon the beauty of the scene.

"Its owner's name is Brunt," observed his companion; "some twenty years ago he was sent out by the parish."

"How did he make his money?" demanded Tryon, almost breathlessly.

"As a Kafir trader."

A Kafir trader! It was strange that had never occurred to him, though he was aware that large fortunes had been made, were constantly being made, by taking into Kafirland various articles of British manufacture, and bartering them with the natives for ivory, skins, &c. That was a mode of acquiring wealth, that, amid all his search for a shorter road to riches, he had quite overlooked.

The farm at Willow Dell had so far improved Tryon's circumstances, that there was no difficulty in carrying out his new resolve; and a very short time saw him depart into Kafirland with two wagons heavily laden, two trusty drivers, and two boys, on the first of many journeys that brought more gold beneath his roof than had ever been there before.

Tryon was on his return from one of these expeditions. Evening was coming on; but he felt that, by riding fast, and using a nearer ford to cross the Fish River than that by which the wagons must pass, he might reach home that night, and he longed to see those for whose sake all this exertion was made. Therefore, leaving directions with his people to go round by the upper

and shallow ford, and setting spurs to his horse, he started for the nearer one, well known on the frontier as the Kafir drift (or ford), and as being nearly or quite the most dangerous along the border, consisting merely of a ledge of rock across the bed of the deep and turbid river, considered scarcely passable save when the tide is low, and in attempting which at undue seasons, many an unwary traveler has met his death.

The light was so dim, that when Tryon stood on the steep hill overlooking the valley, he could not discern the state of the river so far beneath him, and it was not until he emerged from the trees, and stood beside the brink, that he was aware that the tide was up, or rather just begun to ebb. But he knew that with due caution the river might be crossed in safety even then, by one accustomed to it, and he accordingly prepared to take advantage of the remaining daylight by passing without delay.

His horse's fore-feet were already in the water, when a man started up on the opposite bank, and called aloud. Tryon paused.

"Do not attempt to cross; it is dangerous!" cried the stranger.

"I am not afraid; I am used to the drift," replied Tryon.

"But it is spring-tide!"

Tryon looked again at the river; it was certainly higher than was its wont, but not sufficiently so to alarm him who had crossed it so often that he thought he knew every stone of the way; and, intimating as much to the stranger, he spurred his horse in. But his knowledge was less accurate, or the tide was stronger than he deemed; for scarce had he reached the middle of the stream, when the good steed lost his footing, and both horse and rider were borne down among the eddies of the impetuous current toward the sea, which, at a short ten miles' distance, was breaking in giant surges on its rocky bar.

His idolized children! they were provided for, but not too well! was Tryon's last thought, ere the waters overpowered him; and, with a wild rushing in his ears, both sense and sensation passed away.

But the stranger on the southern bank was not one to stand idly by and see a fellow-creature perish, without making an effort for his rescue, even though that effort might involve him in a like danger; and when Walter Hume threw himself into that dark, troubled water, he knew the chances were equal that he would never tread those banks again. But Walter's was too generous and fearless a heart to be chilled by such selfish considerations, and he exerted himself to the uttermost in his arduous task. His efforts were successful: and Tryon was drawn to the shore some distance down the river, insensible, but still living; while the steed, whose fate he had so nearly shared, was borne more and more rapidly toward the waves that seemed roaring impatiently for their victim.

After this, Walter Hume was a frequent guest at Willow Dell, and a most welcome one to all

save its master, for he soon divined that but for the dark eyes and sweet tones of his beautiful and gentle Kate, Walter had been less often seen. And Tryon destined not his Kate, the fairest flower in his fair parterre, to share the humble fortunes of a frontier farmer; though in bygone days he would have rejoiced to think so comfortable a home—and shared by one so worthy—would ever be hers. But now his hopes were higher far for her, his best beloved one; and though he might not receive otherwise than cordially the man who had risked life to save him from certain death, yet he looked with a displeased eye on Walter's evident devotion to Kate, and with a secret resolution that not even the weight of that obligation should induce him to sacrifice his daughter's welfare: rather, far rather, would he have perished among the dark eddies of the river.

Absorbed in his ambitious dreams, Tryon never thought of asking himself whether the true sacrifice to Kate might not consist in giving up one to whom, in the warmth of her gratitude and the worthiness of its object, her young heart was becoming deeply attached. And when at length he suspected that it was so, his regret and mortification knew no bounds; yet he shrunk from wounding the feelings of his child by any allusion to the subject, and contented himself by resolving that, even if redoubled efforts were required, they should be made to hasten the hour when he might be able to efface from his daughter's mind the impression which Walter Hume had made, by removing her to a sphere he considered more suited to her and her improving fortunes. Again he began to repine that wealth was so slow of attainment, and again he felt that he would willingly encounter any toil, any trial, ay, even any danger, to secure to his children—especially his Kate—riches and consideration.

With these feelings acting as a fresh incentive to exertion, Tryon started on another expedition into Kafirland. He had gained the territories of the chief Kuru, and was bartering with him some snuff for ivory; when, in the midst of the discussion that attends every mercantile transaction with the avaricious Kafirs, the chief turned pettishly away, exclaiming,

"You want too much for the brown powder; I will not give it; but I will give you ten times as much for *black*."

He stopped abruptly, and fixed his bright dark, searching eye on Tryon, as though eager to discover if his meaning was understood, and how the proposition was received.

The trader turned aside as if he heard it not. Nevertheless, it was both heard and comprehended. So the quick-witted Kafir suspected, and he resumed:

"Yes, I would give much ivory, white as the clouds in yonder sky, many skins, many horns, to him who will bring me the black powder and the fire-sticks. His wagons will be so heavy his oxen will scarce be able to draw them away, and he will never need to cross the rivers any

more, but may sit in the sun before his kraal, and make his women hoe his corn."

Still Tryon answered not, but the Kafir's words struck a wild chord in his heart. Could he but bring himself to do the chief's bidding, the gold over whose tardy coming he had so lately sighed would at once be his; his children would no longer be buried on a frontier farm, and his daughter would go where Walter Hume would be forgotten. But he shrunk from the means by which all these objects, which he had so much at heart, must be obtained; for, by carrying powder and arms across the border—save for self-defense—he would infringe the laws of the land wherein he had prospered far more than he had ever hoped when he landed on its shores. Tryon had been eager in his pursuit of riches; he had bought cheap and sold dear, and he had exacted from every one to the uttermost; but he had broken no law save that of leniency, and now he shrank from doing so, and bade the temptation stand off from him: but it would not. The spirit of Gain, that he had so long cherished, entered into this new form, and haunted him day and night, filling his waking thoughts, and shedding a golden hue over his slumbering visions.

When Tryon next entered his home at Willow Dell, the first object that presented itself was the smiling, happy face of Kate, the next the almost detested one of him who had drawn him from the depths of the Fish River. It required little penetration to perceive that Walter Hume was now the declared lover of Kate; and as soon as might be Walter confirmed Tryon's suspicions by entreating his sanction to the already given consent of Kate.

The father was silent for a few moments. But it was only to consider how he might best reject the man to whom he owed so much, and what effect that rejection would have on the happiness of Kate; but on this latter point he soon satisfied himself that once removed to other scenes, this ill-placed (for so he considered it) prepossession would soon pass away, and Kate be a far happier and more prosperous woman than if he had yielded to what he knew were her present feelings. Then, rising from his seat he turned to the anxious suitor, and spoke kindly but firmly.

"I owe you much, Hume, very much, even a life, and believe me I do not underrate the service, nor the risk at which it was rendered; and had you asked me almost any other gift, it had been given with pleasure; but I can not put my own life in comparison with my daughter's welfare."

"Whatever may be your decision, Mr. Tryon," said Walter, proudly, though he turned deadly pale with apprehension, "and I much fear it is against me, I do not wish an act of common humanity due from one man to another to be remembered, far less looked on as a claim. But your daughter has given me her heart," he added, earnestly; "and if you will trust her to me, it shall be the study of my life that she never repents the gift."

"Her heart!" said Tryon, lightly. "Pooh!—she is scarce of an age to know she has one. But I have other hopes for her," he continued, seriously; "higher hopes—far higher:" and the once poverty-stricken man drew himself up proudly, as he thought on the wealth his children would possess.

Hume felt that those words and that manner sealed his lips to farther entreaty, near as was the object to his heart; and, simply expressing a hope that Kate might be happier in the future her father designed for her, than he could have made her, he bowed, and left the house with a crushed and embittered heart.

But however great might be Walter's sorrow, it did not exceed that of Kate, when she learned her father's unlooked-for decision regarding one toward whom she felt so much both of affection and gratitude. But all her tears, and the yet more touching eloquence of her pale cheeks and faded smiles were unavailing, and it seemed as if naught could shake Tryon's resolution.

And yet the father's heart was only less sad than those of the lovers. For Robert Tryon loved his daughter too fondly to look on her grief with indifference; and it was but the hopes of a proud future, when Walter Hume's name should have lost all interest for Kate, that enabled him to remain steadfast to his resolves.

Meanwhile he was occupied with preparations for another journey into Kafirland. At length the day came for his departure.

"Let me see more rosy cheeks on my return, child," he said, fondly, as he took leave of her. "Don't you know I mean to make my Kate a lady?"

"I have no wish to be a lady, father," said Kate, with a subdued smile; "if I can only do my duty in the state to which I am called, it will suffice for me."

"Tush, girl, you know not of what you talk," replied Tryon, hastily; "ere long my beautiful Kate will be rich and happy."

Kate sighed, as though she had no such gladdening dreams; but her father heard her not—he was already watching the departure of his wagons, for whose safety he had never before appeared so solicitous. Little did those around him suspect they contained a secret whose discovery would prove their owner's ruin; whose safe-keeping and success he hoped would well-nigh complete the building-up of his fortunes. It might have been that Tryon had withstood the temptation longer, nay, perhaps, even overcome it altogether, had it not been for the attachment of Hume, and his anxiety to remove Kate from Willow Dell, where of course her recollection of him would be strongest.

Thus the voice of ambition spoke loudly within Tryon's heart, overpowering all others, and he no longer hesitated to avail himself of the opportunity fortune cast in his path; but at once applied himself to making the needful preparations for complying with the wish of Kuru.

"Oh, Kate, Kate," he thought, as he rode into Kafirland after his wagons, whose chief

contents were contraband, "while you are weakly mourning over your girlish disappointment, you little know the risk your father is running for your advantage; but you will yet have cause to thank him for it."

The speculation turned out even better than Tryon had ventured to hope. The guns and powder arrived unsuspected at the kraal of Kuru, and in the joy of his heart at obtaining such treasures, the chief was liberal beyond what the trader had anticipated. The finest ivory and the most valuable skins were given almost without limit, and Robert Tryon departed from the kraal a far richer man than he had entered it.

"Oh, Robert Tryon, Robert Tryon!" he murmured, as he mounted his horse, "you are now a happy and an enviable man, for you have lived to gain all your ends!" and in his exultation he recked not to obtain them he had offended against the law, and placed deadly weapons in the hands of savages.

In the same spirit of self-gratulation he entered his home. There the sight of Kate's dark mournful eyes, checked his gladness for a moment; but he rallied quickly, and gayly reproached her with being so sad when there was such cause for rejoicing, and then he told them his journey had been most successful, without confiding more.

"The greatest blessing in life, father, is happiness, and that we may enjoy without riches," said Kate, sadly. Poor girl! she felt that but for this vaunted wealth, the current of her love had been allowed to flow on unchecked.

How, then, could she rejoice in the announcement that gave such pleasure to all the rest? Gold might gild their lot, but it had cast a chill upon hers, and blighted it: and while they surveyed with pleasure the transfer of the rich lading of the wagons to the house, Kate Tryon wept bitterly in her little chamber, with the sound of light laughter from without ringing in her ears. They laughed, and she wept—and both from the same cause.

And now Tryon had resolved on relinquishing the trade by which he had reaped so rich a harvest, and removing himself and family to some place where their former humble station would be unknown; but ere that could be done, he must dispose of the immense quantity of Kafir produce in his house; and with that view he again left Willow Dell for Graham's Town.

He was on his return, and again he was proud-hearted and glad, as he was wont to be of late, for again he had prospered in his dealings. How different he was from the Robert Tryon who had landed on the South African shores a few years ago, poor, sad, and desponding. Now he was joyful and elated, not only with hope, but with success; and as he rode along his thoughts wandered afar into the future, where he saw no harder toil awaiting his children than to gather flowers in the world's bright sunshine, and the fairest were gathered by his Kate, his beautiful and then his joyous one. At length he started. Absorbed in those bright

visions, he had not heeded whither he went, and had strayed far from the right road. Farther on, however, was a path that led from another direction to Willow Dell.

The sun was sinking low in the heavens as he cantered over the flat beyond whose farther edge lay the Dell; and in the coolness of coming evening all the inhabitants of the wilds seemed arousing themselves to activity and joy. The birds were darting among the trees, the insects were floating in the sunshine, and the antelopes springing high into the air, and playfully chasing each other over the plain. There are few hearts that had not responded to such a scene, and Tryon's was now attuned to all that spoke of gladness; and beneath its influence the only dark spot in his sky—his Kate's sorrow—seemed to grow lighter; and he was again wandering through his dreamland, and seeing Kate the beloved and loving bride of some one he deemed well worthy, when he approached the edge of the declivity, and the Dell lay before him. He stopped abruptly, and gazed down as one lost in wonder, raised his hand, and passed it quickly across his brow, as though to clear his vision, then, uttering one loud cry of agony as the truth burst upon him, rushed rapidly down the hill.

The cottage, around whose dear inmates he had but now been raising such fairy structures, was no longer visible, and where it so late had stood a column of gray smoke was slowly curling upward, telling a dark tale of ruin, but to what extent as yet he knew not; though he was gazing on the site of his vanished home, and standing beside the spot that was once his hearth; for there was none by to tell him if the beloved ones by whom it had been shared had escaped, or if he now looked on their funeral pyre. He gazed eagerly and anxiously around. A person riding rapidly down the hill met his eye, and he sprang toward him.

It was Walter Hume. He was ashy pale—paler yet than when he last had passed from Tryon's presence; and even the latter could perceive that his hand trembled as he gave it to him in silence.

"My wife—my children?" murmured Tryon, in a broken voice.

Still Hume was silent, but he drew away his hand, and covering his face with both, sunk upon the grass in anguish he could no longer repress.

"My darlings! my precious ones! and is it come to this!" exclaimed the bereaved man, wringing his hands in agony. "And are you all taken from me—you for whom I toiled with so much pleasure—you for whom I even sinned? Tell me, Hume, tell me all my sorrow, all my misery!"

And Hume did tell him, gently and tenderly, the tale that his having lost his way alone prevented him from hearing earlier, as of the two servants who had escaped, one had gone along the Graham's Town road in quest of him, while the other had hurried off to Hume's farm, to

tell of how the Kafirs had burst upon them at dead of night, and how they two had fled in the darkness, and under cover of the trees had witnessed the fierce assailants deal death to all around, and even seen the noble-hearted Kate shot by a tall savage, in a vain attempt to shield her mother. And then the trader's vast stores of ivory and skins were rifled, and his cattle swept away; and, finally, firing the house of death, the murderers departed, carrying their plunder across the border.

"Who! who!" exclaimed Tryon, breathlessly, "who was the Kafir that has so bereft me?"

"I know not; I never thought of asking," replied Walter. "But here is something that perhaps may tell," and he lifted a new rifle from among the long grass where it had lain concealed.

"It is—it is my sin that has overtaken me!" cried the wretched man, throwing up his clasped hands. "It is one of the guns I sold to Kuru. Oh, I am well punished!" he continued, pacing to and fro distractedly. "I pined for wealth to aggrandize my children, and I sold arms to the Kafirs that I might do it more quickly: those arms they have turned against me, and have left me childless. My children, it is your father who is your murderer!"

Hitherto, amid all his own grief, Hume had appeared to feel deeply for the bereaved father; but now he started from his side with a look of horror and detestation; and wild were the words of reproach and indignation that burst from his lips as he realized the truth, that the being he had so deeply loved—whom still he loved, though now there was between them the barrier of a fearful death—had fallen a victim to Tryon's ambition—that it was no evil chance that had caused Willow Dell to be the scene of such a tragedy, but the deliberate resolve of the Kafir to regain possession of the valuable ivory and skins Tryon had received as his recompense—when he remembered that had not that fatal passion filled Tryon's heart, Kate and himself might have been among earth's happiest; and that now he stood well nigh broken-hearted beside the smoking ruin that was her grave. And in the anguish of those thoughts he forgot that Tryon was yet more unhappy than himself, for he had no self-reproach; and he poured forth upon him a flood of bitter accusations, which the miserable man's conscience echoed to the uttermost; nay, even more, for he mourned for all his children and the wife of his youth, for whom he had procured a violent death.

But the violence of these self-upbraidings could not last; and ere the sun again shone on the grave-ruin, Tryon, unconscious of all things, was writhing in the agony of a brain fever. Walter Hume attended him as though he were his son; for he saw in him for the time but the father of the gentle girl to whom his love had proved so terrible. But when that was once over (for Tryon did recover, as those to whom life is a burden often will), Walter shrunk from

him again, as one whose hand had fired the mine that overthrew his happiness.

Nor did Tryon seek his companionship, but wandered away none knew whither, a sad and solitary man, leaving his name and his story to haunt the once fair spot which his evil passions blighted.

THE WOODSTREAM.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE GERMAN.

THE pine had finished his story, uttering his last words in a low and melancholy tone. A deep silence lay over the whole forest; the babble of the Woodstream was the only sound which interrupted the solemnity, as it touched the stones and the roots with continued strokes—the eternal time-piece of the forest; and as it prattled, the pictures which its surface reflected sometimes clearly glittered in the sunshine, sometimes sadly wandered through the shadows of the trees and the clouds, while the monotonous sounds began to assume the form of rational discourse.

Though the little flowers and trees appeared to wait anxiously for the Woodstream to tell his story, the solemn stillness continued yet awhile. Ah, that silence of the forest! Who does not know it? To whom has it not appeared as a holy Sabbath for the young flowers that dwell there? Even the stag breathes more gently, and the sportsman himself, overwhelmed with a holy, loving awe, falls on the grass in the calm recesses of the wood. That is the time when the stream tells old stories; and thus he began. Do you know my origin? That of the meadow-stream is well known. He comes clearly out over some stone or little mound—a small but bright spring; and then he grows larger and larger, so that his short, grassy dress is no longer sufficient, however tall, for love of him it tries to make itself. He puts on at last a short bodice of rushes with loose, flowing feathers. The course of the mountain-stream is also known. Snow lies on the heights—that is the everlasting cap of the forests—dyed only by the rising and setting sun, and adorned by the clouds as they pass and repass with veils of unrivaled beauty. Notwithstanding its unchangeable appearance, gay life reigns within. There are little springs bubbling through the clefts, and drops of water playing eternal hide-and-seek. The all-powerful sun kisses these mountain-tops, and even this ice-cold heart is melted by his eternal love.

The fountains are the children of these kisses and there they play at hide-and-seek till their home is too narrow for them, and then they find an outlet. But when they first catch a glimpse of the far-world lying before them, they are frightened and overcome, and do not receive courage to go on till they are joined by other little curious streams; and then they proceed—first slowly and cautiously, afterward faster and faster, till at length a bright mountain stream bursts forth springing from rock to rock like the chamois-goat, whose origin is likewise hard by.

Sometimes he foams on high, like the snow of the mountain; sometimes he flows, shining clearly, an unbroken mirror, like the ice of the glaciers; and then descending into the valley, he reposes in the midst of nature's calm beauty.

But where do I, the Woodstream, originate? You will not find the source which gave me birth—neither the snow nor the ice whose child I am. Here you think he arises, and you peep behind a stone or moss-heap; but far off, behind a knotted tree-root, he laughs at you. Now hiding himself behind a thousand herbs and blossoms, then sinking into a whirl, among stones, old time-worn stones, which put green caps on their gray heads because they are jealous of the forest's verdure.

Now look farther on still, and there you will see me flowing, peeping out here and there—but you will not find my source. That remains the riddle of the forest. But if you listen I will unravel it.

Above, on a clear cloud which lightly passed over the plain, sat a little sprite, the favorite servant of the fairy queen, arranging her lady's ornaments. She took out of the casket a long string of costly pearls, a present from the ocean queen. Titania had ordered her to take great care of them, because they were her favorite ornaments. There are other pearls, but these, although tears, she does not weep; and they are only brought to light by the fisherman who wrenches them from her at the peril of his life. The little fairy, delighted in her occupation, held the string high in the air, thinking, perhaps, they would glitter more in the sunbeams; but these pearls are not like precious stones, which borrow their brilliancy from the world around them. The tear of the ocean incloses its lustre within itself, and sends forth radiance from within.

Behind the fairy sat Puck, the wag who provokes men and sprites; and while the little creature rejoiced over her pearls, he cut the string and down they rolled, gliding over the clouds, and at length alighting on the earth. For a moment the little fairy sat paralyzed with consternation; then putting forth all her strength she flew after the falling treasure.

Flying an unmeasured space between the earth and the clouds, and seeing the little balls roll glittering past her on all sides, she would have returned hopelessly, had she not remarked under her, in a green field, on the grass and flowers, a thousand lustrous pearls. She thought they were some of those she had lost, and began diligently to collect them into the casket she held in her hand. The box was nearly filled, when Titania's lovely servant remarked that they were not pearls, the tears of the ocean, but dew, the tears of the flowers.

Still she went on seeking the lost treasure. Seeing tears hanging from a mother's eye, who bent over her dying child, she collected them—these were tears of love. Going on, she found many other weeping eyes; so many tears that I can not give names to them all. Ah, how many

tears are shed on earth! Out of men's eyes spring a wondrous stream—its source is the heart. Against this, pain, melancholy, repentance, and sometimes also joy, must knock, and then the stream flows. It is a powerful talisman; it has a most potent charm. That man's heart must be hard indeed when even a stranger's tears fail to move him.

Though people contradict this, and say, I have no pity for those tears, they are deserved; but this is very false, for they are tears still; and perhaps come from the heart which has been most severely pierced. Well, our little fairy collected them, and holding the casket firm under her arm, she swept on high to the clouds. The little box became heavier and heavier—for tears do not weigh light—and lo! when she opened it, all the imaginary pearls liquified: and hopelessly she fled from cloud to cloud—for these loved her—and she poured her complaint into their ear. The clouds sent their rain down to the earth to fetch the lost. It streamed and flowed, and trees and leaves bent themselves, and the dew was wiped up, but the ocean's pearls were not found again.

Puck the wag, saw the poor little fairy's pain which he had caused, and it troubled him—for he liked to laugh at her, but not to give her pain. Down he dipped into the lap of earth, and fetched, by means of his friends the goblins and gnomes, gay, glittering ore, and shining spangles.

"There you have all your trash again," said he; "or, rather, better and more shining."

The little fairy rejoiced, and the clouds left off raining. But when she looked nearer to the gift, it was nothing better than glittering trumpery; and angrily she took the shell wherein it lay, and threw it afar off, making a wide, radiant circle over the whole horizon. That was the first rainbow.

Often since that time, when the clouds weep, Puck fetches his spangles, and the comedy is repeated.

Beautiful is the rainbow; we all rejoice to see it, and so does man. But it is a vain, deceitful object—a gift of the gnomes—a production of Puck, the wag. People know this quite well, because when they run after it, it disappears before their faces. And where does it go? It has fallen into the sea, say the children, the water-nymphs make their gay dresses of it. Well, it happened, as I say, by accident; but Puck repeated it intentionally, for he passed over with the remaining spangles, and so formed a second rainbow. This is why this brilliant appearance presents itself twice in the horizon at the same time.

The fairy continued to sit sadly on the cloud, and could not rejoice at the first rainbow. Presently Titania came by. Fortunately at that time the splenetic queen was in a good humor. Perhaps she could the more easily forget her loss because an ocean sprite, whose heart she had won, gave her the promise of another set. For the great are generous, even with tears

But what should she do with the heavy contents of the casket?

"Hasten down to the most secret part of the forest," said Titania, "and pour these drops in the midst of the salubrious plants; let the tears remain what they are, but united they shall remain one great tear of the forest."

The little servant obeyed the queen's order, and thus the Woodstream had its source. So you see the forest has likewise its tear—like that of man. So likewise do I spring from the heart—the hidden heart of the forest. When Sorrow, Desire, or Pain knock at it, then the tear streams forth. In the summer, when so many children of the forest are destroyed and annihilated, I flow gently, but unceasingly. In the autumn, when every thing says farewell, I weep in silent sorrow over the blossoms and leaves which fall in my way, that they also may be entombed with regret. In the wild solitude of winter I am benumbed, and the tear becomes a pearl, like the closed grief of the ocean. Thus I hang with faint lustre on stones and roots, which look like weeping eyes.

In the spring, when desire rises in every heart, then the tear of the forest flows in pensive joy. I overflow the borders of my course, greeting flowers and grass as far as I can. Often pity moves me; for when the clouds weep rain or the flowers dew, the Woodstream swells. Do you not perceive by the breath of feeling and melancholy which is exhaled from me, that I spring from the heart of the forest. The heaving rush presses itself nearer and nearer to me. Where I flow the sensitive forget-me-not more especially flourishes; it glances at me, as you have seen blue eyes at the hour of parting. The weeping willow hangs her branches down to my eternally murmuring waves. Every where, I excite feeling; even the stone which stops my course—the unchangeable stone, over which time passes unmarked—weeps over me transparent tears, and my kisses are the only things to which it does not oppose itself.

Now Puck, the wag, is envious of the Woodstream, whom he would surpass with his trash, but sees him, nevertheless, maintain continued importance; and often oddly puts a knotted root or pointed branch in my way, that my drops may spring up and be disturbed. You will then see in the sunbeams gay colors play around me, like those of the rainbow: that is Puck's trumpery, which he hangs about my lustre as if he would say, "Are not my gifts beautiful?" But soon they are gone, and I flow unchangeably: so often is the mirthful and ludicrous linked with sorrow and melancholy, as if contrived by the spirit of contradiction. Even the heart of man, when breaking beneath a load of sorrow, bursts forth into ludicrous sallies—a laugh is seen on the weeping face: in the midst of Nature's profoundest harmony a vacant distortion meets us; on the richest carpets of lawn a knotted root or faded dry branch stretches itself; between healthy, full-blown roses you will find a mis-shapen sister

obtruding her weird face. Puck causes all this. It is a deep mind that can see how Nature makes all these incongruities to end in harmony.

The Woodstream ceased. Once more deep silence prevailed; leaves and blossoms dared only to whisper and murmur. Presently a dead branch cracked, and then fell from an old oak-top, disturbing the leaves and blossoms as they fell into the stream. This was Puck's work. A moment, and all was still.

THE TALISMAN.—A FAIRY TALE.

IT was a lovely afternoon in "the leafy month of June," and the midsummer sun shone bright on the velvet slope of a smooth lawn, and glittered on the shining leaves of a large Portugal laurel which grew upon it, under the shadow of which sat a merry party of little people, busy with their dolls and play-things. Never had children a more glorious play-room than was this, with its sapphire roof, and its emerald floor. Here were music and perfumes, exquisite as a monarch could command, for the skylark was pouring down his flood of melody, and every breath of the soft west wind came laden with sweets from the roses and mignonnette which bloomed so luxuriantly around. It was one of nature's gala days—one of those festivals which are more frequent than great men's banquets, and to which all are right welcome without cards of invitation.

The young folks seemed to be taking their part in the universal gladness, for the merry talk and the light laugh went round, and all was harmony.

"Look," cried the eldest of the party, a girl about twelve years of age, lifting up her doll, triumphantly, "I have quite finished; does it not fit well?"

"Oh, how pretty!" cried the other three children in a breath.

"I should like just such a frock as that," said a very little girl. "Do make me one, Marian; you said you would."

"Yes, to be sure I did, Lucy, and so I will. Let us begin it directly." And so they set about selecting the materials. All the stores of silk and muslin were displayed, and now this and now that pattern proposed and admired, and in its turn rejected for a newly-unfolded rival. At last, Lucy's eye fell upon one which struck her as just the thing. "This is the prettiest," cried she; "I should like this, Marian, if you please, better than any of the others."

As ill-luck would have it, Marian at that very moment drew forth another, in her opinion, much more suitable for the purpose than the one selected by her little sister. "This will do much better, Lucy," she said, decidedly; "it will look much prettier made up, and as I am going to make it, I ought to know."

"But I don't like it so well," objected Lucy.

"You will like it when it is made," replied Marian, drawing out the pattern she had chosen, and pushing away the remainder.

"Let her have the one she likes best," said Caroline, "it is for her doll."

"Oh, very well, if she likes her doll to be a fright, she can have it," said Marian, and she snatched the objectionable piece from the pile with a jerk which threw the rest upon the lawn to gambol with the breeze, and a merry dance they had before they could be again collected into a bundle.

"See what you have done, Marian," cried Caroline; "the silks will be spoiled with rolling about the garden."

"How can I help the wind?" answered Marian, sharply, and she seated herself to her work with a scornful toss of the head.

The silks were collected, the chairs re-arranged, and the little party again settled to their occupations; but harmony and happiness were at an end. The same change had come over the moral atmosphere which sometimes takes place in that of the physical world, even in the sunny month of June. The storm, even when it only menaces from afar, chases all brightness from the landscape, and causes a chilly air, which makes one sad and shivery, to take the place of the balmy summer breeze. So cold and so cheerless were now our young friends under the laurel.

Caroline sat with averted face. Lucy looked anxious and uncomfortable—she would almost rather have been less obliged to Marian than she ought to feel just now. As to Marian, she seemed oppressed, as the clouds are when charged with electric fluid. She had not room enough. Lucy came too near her. Her scissors would not cut. The doll's figure was bad, there was no fitting it. Poor doll! well for it, it was no baby, or sharp would have been its cries under the hands of its mantua-maker? As it was, it did not escape unhurt. As Marian turned it round with a sudden movement, not the gentlest in the world, its nose, that feature so difficult to preserve entire in the doll physiognomy, came in contact with the sharp edge of the stool, which served as a table, and when it again presented itself to the alarmed gaze of Lucy, its delicate tip was gone.

"Oh, my doll!" cried the little girl, her fear of Marian's anger entirely vanishing in grief at this dire calamity; "you have quite spoiled her!"

"Where? I have not hurt her, child!"

"Yes, you have," said Caroline; "look at her nose, that is with putting yourself into a passion about nothing."

"Who said I was in a passion?" cried Marian. "I never said a word; but you are always accusing me of being in a passion."

"Because you are so angry if the least word is said," answered Caroline. "If you had not banged the doll down so, it would not have been broken."

"Oh, very well! if that is the case, the sooner I leave you the better!" said Marian, rising with an air of great dignity, but with a beating heart and flashing eye, and she went away.

She walked rapidly through the garden, very

hot and very angry, and with the painful feeling in her mind that she was one of the most persecuted, ill-used people in the world. It was very odd, very unkind; every body accused her of ill-humor, nobody loved her, her mamma reproved her, her sisters quarreled with her; she had not a friend in the world; what could be the reason she was treated thus?

Yes, Marian asked herself this question; but questions are sometimes asked without much desire for information, and perhaps Marian's was, for she did not reflect in order to solve it. She strolled through the garden sadly enough when the first feeling of indignation had in some measure subsided. She went to her own garden, but she found no pleasure there, though a rosebud which she had been watching for some days had opened at last, and proved to be a perfect beauty both in form and color. At any other time, Marian would have rushed into the house to look for mamma, and no matter how busy or how much engaged mamma might have been, she would have begged her to come out and see the last new nolette. But now she passed it with a cursory glance, and continued her walk through the gardens and shrubberies, till she was tired of walking, and tired of her own company, but still without any desire to seek that of others. She stood before the beehives for a while, and observed the bees as they returned home, their wings glittering in the sunshine, and their thighs laden with their golden spoil. At first she felt half vexed with them for being so busy, and working so harmoniously, but by degrees their soft hum soothed her ruffled spirits, and she sat down on a bank of turf at a little distance to watch their motions. It was a pretty seat that she had chosen. Close beside her blossomed some luxuriant roses, and among them, a large white lily raised its head, its snowy petals contrasting finely with the green leaves of the rose-bushes and the deep crimson of their blossoms. Marian's eyes were riveted by the magnificent flower, and she must have gazed upon it long, for, as she gazed, its form became indistinct, its petals looked like fleecy clouds, and its orange stamens stretched into long lines of gold. She rubbed her eyes, but the flower did not again resume its original form. A pillar of mist was rising from its cup, which by degrees took a solid form, and presented to the eyes of the astonished girl a female figure, of diminutive proportions, but of such exquisite grace and beauty, that she did not believe it was possible for any thing earthly to be equal to it. Fanciful as it may seem, the little sylph bore a striking resemblance to the flower from which she sprung. Her clothing was of the purest white, her hair like shining gold, and the small zephyr-like wings which adorned her shoulders, were of that delicate green with which we see the early snowdrop and the wings of the butterfly so tenderly streaked. Although she did not in the least resemble Cinderella's godmother, or any of the dear old ladies with spindles that we read of in the nursery tales, Marian had no doubt

that she was a fairy. Marian was an enterprising person, and her acquaintance with literature was not confined to that which was served up to her in the schoolroom and nursery. She had peeped into a big book on papa's library table, and she had read of fairies who could hide in acorn cups, and wrap themselves in the snake's enameled skin—who waged war with the humble bee for his honey-bag, and made them tapers from his waxen thighs. Here, perhaps, stood before her one of that very company!

The fairy then, for such we may venture to call her, descended gracefully, and alighting on a vase of mignonnette which stood at the feet of Marian, she surveyed the little girl for some moments with a look of tenderness and compassion. At last she spoke, and her voice, though not loud, was clear and distinct as the sound of a silver bell. "My poor child," said she, "you are lonely and unhappy; what ails you?"

Surprised as Marian was, she felt no fear of this gentle apparition, and would have answered, but, unluckily, she scarcely knew what to say. She had little idea how vague her grievances were before she was called upon to put them into words. She hung her head, and was silent.

"I need not ask you," continued the fairy; "perhaps I know your troubles better than you do yourself."

Marian sobbed. "I am very, very unhappy," said she.

"I know it, child," answered the fairy; "what will you say if I give you something which will cure your sorrow, something which will make you glad yourself, and cause you to bring gladness wherever you go—which will make all who know you love you, and which will prevent you from ever suffering again what you suffer to-day?"

"Ah!" sighed Marian, "if that could indeed be."

"Here is a talisman," said the fairy, "which, if worn about you constantly, will effect all I have promised."

Marian looked incredulous as she gazed on the jewel which was offered to her. It resembled a pearl, and reflected a mild and tranquil light; but beautiful as it was, it was not an ornament which Marian would have chosen. She loved brilliant colors and dazzling gems, and the sparkle of the diamond or the hue of the ruby would have possessed more attraction for her than the soft ray of the fairy talisman.

"How can a jewel like that do all you say?" she inquired.

The fairy smiled. "You shall go with me," she said, "and judge of its effects from your own observation." So saying, she waved her hand toward the lily, and behold another marvel! The flower expanded, and without losing altogether its original form, it became a chariot, drawn by milk-white doves. The fairy seated herself in it, and beckoned Marian to take her place by her side. The little girl obeyed. She had seen too much that was marvelous, to wonder how her mortal bulk could be supported in that

aerial vehicle; but there she was, sailing through the air, above the garden and the orchard, above the house and the fields, higher and higher, till there was nothing to be seen but mist and clouds.

Yes, Marian was among the clouds at last! How often when she had watched some gorgeous sunset, had she longed to penetrate the golden valleys of that bright cloud-land! But, alas! now that it was no longer distant, its glory had disappeared! Instead of silver seas, golden lakes, purple mountains, and ruby temples, here was nothing to be seen but gray vapor, nothing to be heard but the fluttering of their winged conductors; and before they descended, Marian had begun to be heartily tired of the monotony of this aerial journey. She was glad when they once more heard "the earth's soft murmuring," when they once more beheld groves, and fields, and waters, and the habitations of men. On and on they skimmed, now near the surface of the earth, till they hovered over a city, larger than any town Marian had ever seen before, so large, that there seemed no end to the mazes of its streets and alleys. Seemingly in the very centre of this city the fairy alighted. Marian shivered as she looked round on the wretchedness of the dwellings, the impurity of the streets, and the squalid aspect of their inhabitants. She shrank from the observation of the latter, as the fairy beckoned her onward. "Do not fear," said her guide, observing her embarrassment, "we are invisible to mortal eyes, and can go where we will without being noticed. This seems to you a strange place to look for jewels?"

Marian assented, but re-assured by the fairy's words and countenance, she followed her more boldly, and they entered a dwelling, which bore evidence of a degree of wretchedness and poverty of which Marian could not previously have formed an idea.

It was very full of people. Some men sat at a table playing with dirty cards; in a corner, on the floor, was a group of children, and Marian was almost surprised to observe that even here the children were at play. They were at play, and they seemed as much interested with the rags and potsherds which formed their playthings as ever Marian and her sisters had been with the costly trifles with which lavish godfathers and wealthy friends had furnished their nursery; and their play, too, was much like the play of other children in better clothing. Marian felt a fellow-feeling with them, as she looked on; for on those young faces sorrow and sin had not yet left the dark traces of their presence. Their eyes sparkled with joy, and they laughed merrily, as she often laughed herself; and when the brow of one grew dark at some slight offense given by another, and a sharp rebuke fell from his lips, she could not conceal from herself that neither was that feeling or that tone utterly incomprehensible to her. The rebuke was retorted with increased bitterness, and by-and-by words were uttered by those childish lips which made her shudder. The words were soon accompanied by blows, and the blows succeeded by cries, until

the uproar grew so loud as to excite the attention of their elders. And now, oh! Marian, you listened in vain for the mild reproof, the solemn admonition, from which you have often turned aside with secret vexation and disgust. Blows and horrid curses stilled this tumult, and brought the young rioters to silence, though their lowering brows and sullen eyes showed that the storm was still raging in their bosoms.

Marian turned away her head in disgust. The fairy pointed to the other group, among whom some disagreement had risen about their game, and the little girl's disgust was turned to terror, when she saw the expression which anger gave to the strong features, and heard the fierce tones which it imparted to the deep voices of the men. "Oh! take me from these horrid people," said she to the fairy, in an imploring voice.

"Presently," returned the fairy; "but let us think a while before we turn away from this terrible lesson. These men were once children like those little ones, and their anger was no more formidable. Now their feelings are the same, but they have greater power to work evil; therefore do their passions appear to you so much more fearful."

As she spoke, the door opened, and a woman entered. She was a pale, worn-looking creature, and she carried on her head a bundle so large that Marian wondered how she had contrived to support it. She placed it down with some difficulty, and then, looking at the card-players with a scornful countenance, she addressed some words to one among the number. The noise caused by the dispute was so great that Marian could not exactly catch their import, but they seemed mixed up with taunts and reproaches, and the woman pointed, as she uttered them, to the bundle which she had just before deposited upon the floor. The man, before angry, seemed irritated to madness by her words and her manner: he started up, and struck her violently—she fell to the ground. Marian covered her face with her hands. When she removed them, she found herself once more in the street.

As the fairy prepared to lead the way into another dwelling, Marian hung back. "Let me go away," said she; "I wish to see no more of such dreadful scenes."

"Fear not," said her guide; "you have not yet seen my talisman. It is worn in this dwelling, and where it is worn scenes such as you have just witnessed never occur."

Marian felt compelled to follow, but she did so unwillingly.

The room they now entered bore as strongly the evidences of poverty as had done the one they visited before, but it did not look so utterly wretched. There was a greater air of cleanliness and decency throughout the apartment, and also in the appearance of its inmates. A woman sat sewing by the side of a table. Her emaciated form, pallid features, and deeply-lined countenance, spoke of want, and toil, and

woe; but there was something that made the eye dwell with complacency on that wasted figure, clad in rags, and surrounded by all the externals of the most sordid poverty. Yes, that was it! There was the talisman! it shone serenely on this poor woman's brow, and lighted up all that wretched hovel with its heavenly radiance! It was reflected on the faces of the pallid children; the two younger of whom were playing on the floor, while the elder girl, seated on a stool at her mother's feet, was nursing a baby. The baby was poorly and fretful, and, at last, the little girl, wearied with its restlessness, looked beseechingly toward her mother. Her mother could ill spare a moment from her work, but she laid it down, and took up the suffering infant. Ill as it was, the talisman seemed to have a charm even for it—its cry became less frequent, and it soon fell into a quiet sleep. The woman laid it quietly down, and resumed her employment. She was scarcely seated, when a footstep approached the door. "Father!" cried one of the little ones, in a tone of pleasure, and toddled toward the door.

The father entered, but at the first sight of him the joy of the children was at an end. He looked as if he had been drinking—his face was flushed, and his brow dark and lowering. Marian shrunk, terrified at his appearance: he was one of the men who had been quarreling over the card-table.

The children appeared more frightened and unhappy than surprised at the mood in which he entered. They retreated hastily, seeming to anticipate his intention of pushing them out of the way, and he seated himself before the fire. His wife did not speak; as she glanced at him, she turned first red, then pale, but she bent her eyes over her work, making quiet answers to the rough words he from time to time addressed to her, and turning the wondrous talisman full upon him as she spoke. Its light soon worked a change. He looked less suspiciously around him, his brow relaxed, and the children began to steal nearer and nearer, till at last the youngest climbed to his knees, and prattled away to him in his childish way, as he had before prattled to his mother. The mother smiled, as she rose and prepared to take her finished work to her employer. She hoped to procure the evening meal with the wages of her labor. *He* had brought in no money to-day, she knew full well, but she did not ask; and with a kindly voice, she requested him to watch over the young ones in her absence, and glided from the door. The talisman must have dazzled his eyes as she went out, for they glistened with moisture; he muttered something, but Marian did not hear what it was, and before she had time to inquire of her conductor, she found herself once more seated in the fairy chariot, and rising rapidly above the smoke and gloom of these homes of misery and want. A little while ago, she would have hailed her escape from this sad region with delight; but now she would fain have seen more of the wearer of the talisman. Something of

this kind she remarked to the fairy: "Ah! Marian," answered her guide; "there are jewels which render even squalid poverty attractive, and without which wealth, decked in all its ornaments, is void of charms!"

On and on they floated, leaving far behind these scenes of destitution, and soon the city rose fair and bright below. Stately palaces bounded the spacious streets. The skill of the sculptor and of the architect had ornamented the exterior of every building, and in the balconies and gardens bloomed the choicest of flowers and shrubs, perfuming the air with their fragrance, and delighting the eye with their beauty. The fairy alighted, and, beckoning Marian to follow her, she entered one of the mansions. The little girl had been delighted by the aspect of the streets through which she had passed, but she was doubly charmed by the magnificence of the interior of the dwelling in which she now found herself. It seemed to her like one of the enchanted palaces of which she had read in the "Arabian Nights;" and, lost in admiration, she forgot all about the talisman as she passed through the gorgeous apartments, adorned with pictures, statues, and magnificent draperies. Gayly dressed people occupied some of these rooms, but the fairy and Marian did not stop until they reached one in which there were children. Some of these children were older than Marian, some younger. A party of the younger ones were busy at play, and, oh, what playthings were spread out before them! In her wildest flights of fancy, Marian had never imagined such appliances and means of amusement as were here exhibited. Such dolls! dressed in such exquisite style—such varieties of all kinds of toys; and, what Marian coveted more than all the rest, such shelves of gayly bound books, with smart pictures, and most tempting titles. What happy children must these be! But, strange to say, their play was not half so hearty as had been that of the poor children with the broken potsherds. Their laugh was less merry, and their manner more listless; but they became animated before long. They got angry, and then Marian could not but confess, that, in spite of the difference of all external things, there was indeed a resemblance between these children and those in the humble roof she had so lately visited; for the scowling brow, the loud voice, the scornful lip, were common to both parties. One of the elder boys, who was lounging over a book, interposed, in an authoritative tone, to end the quarrel. He laid his hand, as he spoke, on the arm of the little girl whose voice was loudest. Perhaps his touch was not very gentle, for she turned sharply round, and said something which brought the youth's color to his temples, and made his eyes flame with anger. He snatched the costly doll from the girl's arms, and threw it violently against the ground, kicked the little spaniel, which was crouching at her feet, till it fled howling to another asylum, and seemed about to proceed to other acts of violence, when the

entrance of a servant, announcing that the horses were ready for his ride, effected a diversion. A quarrel next arose between the boy and his sister, who was prepared to accompany him, and, in angry discussion, they quitted the apartment. Marian watched them from the window with a feeling somewhat akin to envy, for a pony, like one of those now mounted by these favored children, she had long thought would make her perfectly happy. But these young people did not seem happy. There was a look of gloom and discontent on the brow of either, as they rode off with averted faces and in sullen silence, which spoke of hearts but ill at ease.

Silence prevailed for some time in the room they had so lately left. Play was at an end, and the children sat, some at a solitary occupation, some in idleness, but all with dull and fretful faces, apparently little cheered by the many means of enjoyment so lavishly scattered around them. By-and-by, a new-comer entered. He was a pale, sickly-looking boy, very lame, and possessing few of the personal attractions which distinguished the rest of the children of the family. Even his dress seemed plainer and less becoming than that of the others; but he had not been long in the room before the charm which his presence diffused made Marian suspect that he was the wearer of the talisman—and so it proved. And now the children played again, if less noisily, more cheerfully than before, and all seemed happier. Even the little dog had a different expression, as he lay with his nose resting on his paws, ready to start up at the first playful word; and Marian obeyed her conductor's summons to depart with a lighter heart. But she had no wish to linger in that magnificent abode. The manners of these children, in spite of their gay clothes and their fashionable airs, filled her with disgust, which was probably expressed in her countenance; for the fairy smiled as she looked at her, and said, in a gentle voice—"Ah! Marian, it is one thing to be a beholder of a scene of variance, and another to be one of the actors in it. Passion does not now blind your eyes, and you can see strife and anger in their true and hateful colors. But is it always so?"

Marian blushed. She felt the rebuke the fairy's words conveyed, and she hung her head in silence.

"I have not wished to pain you needlessly by these scenes," continued the fairy; "but to make you more sensible of the value of the talisman which it is in my power to bestow upon you, and to cause you to guard it well. For I must warn you, Marian, that it is easily lost, and, when lost, most difficult to be regained. Neglect, and the want of regular use, will cause it to vanish, you know not where, and a miracle would be required to put it once more in your power. Are you willing to accept it, and to do your best to guard such an invaluable treasure?"

Marian's eyes shone with thankfulness, as she intimated her delight and gratitude. The fairy

attached the charm to her neck, and scarcely was it fastened, when a tranquil happiness, such as she had never before experienced, was diffused through her whole being. She felt so calm, so much at ease, that she was content to sit silent until they alighted in her father's garden, and there her guide immediately vanished. And now Marian's life was indeed a happy one. She seemed to walk surrounded by an atmosphere of love and joy. All loved her, and, for her part, her heart went forth in love to every one with whom she communicated. If any childish differences arose between herself and her brothers or sisters, it was but to show the talisman, and voices became once more gentle, brows once more bright. No wonder the precious talisman was the object of sedulous attention and most constant watchfulness! Well did it deserve all the care that could be lavished on it, and for a time that of Marian was unwearied. But this watchfulness relaxed, and on one or two occasions of extreme emergency, the talisman could not be found until after some moments of anxious search. This troubled its owner, and caused her to increase her vigilance. But again her efforts slackened, and one unlucky morning, when her brothers had been more than usually tormenting, she was horrified to perceive that it was entirely gone! In the vague hope of relief from the friendly fairy, she hurried down the garden, and sought the lily. But, alas! the lily was no longer to be seen. Nothing remained but the brown stalk and withered leaves, which was more melancholy than if the place of the fairy flower had been a perfect blank. Marian stretched forth her hands in despair toward the place where the fairy had disappeared, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Marian, where have you been all this time?" cried the voice of little Lucy, close to her. "Nobody has seen you since you left us on the lawn, two hours ago, and we want you. Cousin Fanny has come to tea, and I am to have my little tea-things, and you must make tea."

Marian rubbed her eyes, and looked much amazed; then she muttered something about the fairy.

"Fairy!" cried Lucy, with a merry laugh; "what nonsense you are talking! As if there were any real fairies! But do come; we can do nothing without you; and just give me one kiss first."

Marian pressed a kiss of reconciliation (for such the child meant it to be) on the lifted face. Then she said, as she took her hand to accompany her to the house, "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, you must have the talisman!"

And now my story is told, and you, young folks, must guess my riddle—What was the talisman?

MICHELET, THE FRENCH HISTORIAN.

IN 1847, three works, on the same important subject issued from the Parisian press. Lamartine published his "History of the Giron-

dins," Louis Blanc and Michelet the first volumes of their respective "Histories of the French Revolution." All three were strange productions, and all of them attracted much attention. It has even been said that they so powerfully affected the public mind, as greatly to have contributed to bring about the Revolution of February, 1849. This, however, is an exaggeration and an error. It is an exaggeration, inasmuch as, in the general case—whatever may be the ultimate influence which a writer produces on his age—it will seldom begin sensibly to operate in so short a space of time as a single year; it is an error, for a little consideration will show that the works in question were not the causes, but the signs or prognostics, of the approaching movement. They did not help to kindle the flame that was so soon to break forth: they were, on the contrary, a preliminary ebullition ejected by it. Beyond this, there was no real connection between these precursors and the events they foreshadowed; foreshadowings, however, they undoubtedly were, and each of a different kind—Lamartine being the symptom of the poetical, Louis Blanc of the political and social, Michelet of the philosophical agitation that had long been smouldering in the heart of France, and was at length to force its way into open existence.

The fate of these three authors has corresponded to their characteristics. The enterprise of February once accomplished, and the excitement of it past, men soon came to reckon the cost and value of the work, and the merits and qualifications of the workmen. The poet, in this estimate, was pronounced to be a dreamer, and his splendid visions were condemned as wanting reality; he was thrown aside into the shade. The socialist-politician, at the same time, was discovered to be half-charlatan, half-Utopian; his plans and theories were found to lead to no practical result, and, indeed, to stand no practical test; he was sent into exile. The philosopher alone remained, not more, not less than what he had been. And this shows the advantage which philosophy, be it true or false, possesses—in this, that, so long as it confines itself to the closet, and abstains from pushing forward into open action, it does not attract popular attention, needs no popular support, and thus escapes popular censure. The poet lives by applause, or the hope of gaining it; the politician by success, or the struggle to succeed: the one must have sympathy, the other, tools; but the philosopher depends on himself and his system; he is sustained by his own convictions, relies on his sturdy faith, and is thus as much beyond the want of external vindication as he is beyond the reach of external justice. So it has been with Michelet. He has remained in his obscurity; he has been a spectator, and not an actor; his name will not be written in the annals of these years; but, in return, he has maintained his position; and while the brilliant star of Lamartine is eclipsed, and the portentous but vapory blaze of Louis

Blanc has exhaled, the farthing candle of the retired sage remains unextinguished and visible.

Of course, when we speak of obscurity and farthing candles, we allude to Michelet only in his character of a public man—a character which can scarcely be said to belong to him at all. In other respects, he is sufficiently distinguished. His learning is considerable; his reasoning is generally specious; his style is almost always singular. As a thinker, if not very profound, he is often very original; as a rhetorician, he makes up by his earnestness what he lacks in eloquence; so that, if he does not carry his readers along with him, he at all events secures their attention; and, as a professor, he bears a reputation which, though not perhaps very enviable, is very great.

Of the two families from which he springs, the one was from Picardy, the other from the Ardennes; both were of the peasant class. Be it remarked, however, that the English word *peasant* does not adequately render the French word *paysan*; *yeoman*, perhaps, would be nearer the mark, for a French *paysan* may be comparatively a rich man, and he is almost always the owner of the land he tills. His paternal family, however, left the country, and settled in Paris, where, after the Reign of Terror, his father was employed in the office which printed the "Assignats." Printing at that time was a thriving trade, and the elder Michelet having found means to establish a press of his own, seemed in a prosperous way when his son was born. The future historian first saw the light in 1798—a dim religious light, for the hot assailant of priestcraft and Jesuitism was born in the church of a deserted convent, then "occupied, not profaned, by our printing-office; for what is the press in modern times but the holy ark?"

The fortune of the family flourished but for a short time. In 1800 it received a severe blow by a measure which suppressed a great number of journals, and in 1810 it was totally ruined by a decree of Napoleon, which limited the number of printers in Paris to sixty, suppressing a great number of the smaller establishments, and, among others, that of the Michelets. It seems, however, that they found means to print (it was for behoof of their creditors) some trivial works of which they possessed the copyright. They worked themselves, unaided. "My mother, in bad health, cut, folded, and sewed the sheets; I, a mere child set the types; my grandfather, very old and feeble, undertook the severe labor of the presswork, and printed with his trembling hands."

Michelet was now twelve years old, and knew nothing but a word or two of Latin, which he had learned from an old bookseller who had been a schoolmaster, and was still an enthusiast in grammar. "He left me, when he died, all he had in the world—a manuscript; it was a very remarkable grammar, but incomplete, he not having been able to devote to it but thirty or forty years." Michelet, we may take this opportunity of remarking, has a perpetual

under-current of humor. "Our place of work was in a cellar, where I had for companions my grandfather, when he came, and at all times a spider—an industrious spider, that worked beside me, and harder than I did—no doubt of it."

Michelet's religious education had been entirely neglected. However, among the few books he read, happened to be the "Imitation of Christ." "In these pages, I perceived all of a sudden, beyond this dreary world, another life and hope. The feeling of religion thus acquired was very strong in me; it nourished itself from every thing, fortifying itself in its progress by a multitude of holy and tender things in art and poetry which are erroneously believed alien to it." In the then existing museum of French monuments, he received "his first lively impressions of history." He peopled the tombs in his imagination, felt the presence of their occupants, and "never entered without a kind of terror those low vaults in which slumbered Dagobert, Chilpéric, and Frédégonde." As for any thing like a regular education, all he had of it at this time was a short daily lesson from his friend, the grammarian, to whom he went in the morning before his work began.

A friend of his father proposed to get the lad a situation in the Imperial Printing Office. It was a great temptation: things had become more and more gloomy with the family. "My mother grew worse, and France also (Moscow—1813!); we were in extreme penury." Yet his parents declined the offer; they had great faith in his future, and resolved to give him the education necessary to develop his talents. He was sent to the Collège de Charlemagne. Great indeed, must have been their faith, but it has not been unrewarded. If Michelet had entered the Imperial Printing Office, what would have become of him? He would soon have earned a livelihood, and would probably have now been a respectable master-printer, but nothing more. As many great men are spoiled for all great things, by tying them down to uncongenial professions, as there are little men spoiled for all useful things by hoisting them up to professions for which they are unqualified.

At college, the poor youth's difficulties were of course very great. He knew nothing of Greek, nor of classical versification, and he had no one to help him—"my father, however, set himself to making Latin verses—he who had never made any before." His professor, M. Andrieu d'Alba, "a man of heart, a man of God," was kind enough to him, but his comrades were very much the contrary; they ridiculed him and mocked his dress and his poverty. "I was in the middle of them like an owl at mid-day, quite scared." He began to feel, indeed, that he was poor; he fell into a state of misanthropy rare at such an age; he thought, "that all the rich were bad—that all men were bad," for he saw few that were not richer than he was. "Nevertheless," he adds, and this is singular, if true, "in all my excessive antipathy to mankind, so

much good remained in me, that I had no envy."

But one day—a Thursday morning—in the midst of all his troubles and privations (there was no fire, though the snow lay all round, and there were great doubts if there would be any bread that evening), "I struck my hand, burst open by the cold, on my oaken table (I have that table still), and felt a manly joy of vigor and a future for me." Doubtless, in the lives of many men, there have been such moments—moments when all is dark, when the necessities of life are wanting, and there is no friend to cheer or pity—moments when the tides of life and hope are equally at their ebb, and when, if ever it were allowable, a man might be permitted to despair—when, nevertheless, a confidence, an inspiration suddenly buoys up the spirit in triumph and exultation, and a determination arises, and a freshness is infused which bears them on thenceforth, conquering and to conquer. Thirty years afterward, Michelet is seated at the same oaken table, and looks at his hand, still showing the scar of 1813. But all else is changed: he is in easy circumstances; he is the popular author, the popular professor; but he remembers, and his heart says to him, "Thou art warm, and others are cold; this is not just. Oh! who will bring me comfort for this hard inequality?" And he consoles himself characteristically with the thought of working for the people by giving to his country her history; for, to Michelet, history and the people are much the same thing as grammar was to his old friend, the schoolmaster with the unfinished manuscript.

Notwithstanding all his difficulties, Michelet finished his studies at college quickly and well. He then looked out for the means of living; would not live by his pen; began giving lessons in languages, philosophy, and history, and seems to have been fortunate enough to find sufficient employment. He would not live by his pen, for he thought, he says, with Rousseau, "that literature should be the reserved treasure, the fair luxury and inner flower of the spirit," as if, when it is all these fine things, it could not be a ministering angel too. In 1821, he was made professor in a college (a college in France, be it remarked, generally corresponds to our public school). In 1827, two of his works, which appeared at the same time, his "Choice Works of J. B. Vico," and his "Summary of Modern History," procured him a professorship in the Normal School. "This I quitted with regret in 1837, when the eclectic influence was dominant in it. In 1838, the Institute and the Collège de France having both named me as their candidate, I obtained the chair I now occupy," that of professor of history in the Collège de France—a position similar to that of professor in our universities. From his teaching, Michelet says he found the happiest results. "If, as an historian, I have a special merit which maintains me beside my illustrious predecessors, I owe it to teaching, which to me was friendship. These

great historians have been brilliant, judicious, profound; but I, over and above, have loved." He should have added that, besides having loved much, he had also hated much; and that if as an historian he has "a special merit" in the eyes of those whose partisan he is, he owes it to the fierce animosity he shows to their opponents.

Michelet married young. He tells us no more of his mother. His father, however, it appears, survived till 1846, and so had the satisfaction of seeing his hopes of his son realized. The death of this parent is thus alluded to in the preface to the "History of the Revolution:" "And as every thing is of a mixed nature in this life, at the moment when I was so happy in renewing the tradition of France, my own was broken up forever. I have lost him who so often told me the story of the Revolution—him who was to me at once the image and the venerable witness of the great age: I mean the eighteenth century; I have lost my father, with whom I had lived all my life, eight-and-forty years." And then immediately follows a passage, part of which we quote, as well exemplifying Michelet's style and mode of thought: "When this happened, I was looking, I was elsewhere, I was realizing hastily this work so long dreamed of, I was at the foot of the Bastille, I was taking the fortress, I was planting on its towers the immortal flag. This blow came upon me, unexpected, like a bullet from the Bastille."

In his place of professor, Michelet, as we have said, still remains. In 1846, he formally renounced all intention of ever entering on public life, and so following the example of so many other distinguished men in France, who have considered and used the professorial chair only as a stepping-stone to the parliamentary tribune. "I have judged myself," he says in his "Peuple." "I have neither the health, nor the talent, nor the art of managing men necessary for such a thing." And in 1848, when tempted and urged to come prominently forward, he kept his resolution wisely. The particular reason he assigned for continuing in his retirement, was curious: "Now, more than ever, is the time," he said to his friends, "for me to teach the people of France their history, and to that, therefore, alone I devote myself."

From the foregoing sketch of his life, and from the extracts we have given from his writings, a good deal will have been gathered of the character of Michelet. To those who read his works at length, it will be exposed in full, for never did an author throw his individual personality more prominently forward. Whatever be his subject, he never for a moment allows you to forget that it is he who is treating of it. We do not say that this is offensive—we do not say he is egotistical from vanity or self-importance—we only note what must be evident to all his readers, that, from his passionate temperament, he puts *self* into the midst of every thing, and that his said self being of a very odd appearance and idiosyncrasy, Michelet, more than any thing else, is prominent in Michelet's pages.

Michelet is a man of very great research, and of very general information. True learning, however, is research and information well digested. Such digestion his partial organization does not admit of. With him, every thing takes the nature of his peculiar preconceived ideas, and his materials, instead of affording him healthy nutriment, promote only a most undue secretion of bile. As to his style, it is unique. It arrests the attention, but too often it is only the singularity of the expression, and not the merit of the thought which does so; too often we find little but words, words, words; too often what at first seemed striking proves, on examination, to be poor and commonplace. His style has been compared to that of Carlyle, and, in so far as it is abrupt and out of the way, with reason; but beyond this there is no likeness. The French writer is far inferior in originality and vigor to the English. As was said of an imitator of Dr. Johnson, "He has the nodosity of the oak, without its strength; the contortions of the sibyl, without her inspiration." Add to this, that a kind of maudlin sentimentality pervades all his writings, and gives them a sickly look and an air of affectation.

As a professor, Michelet does not shine. He is a bad lecturer, not having the art of conveying his ideas orally. He wanders sadly from his subject. His elocution is painful. Nevertheless, his lecture-room is always crowded long before the appointed hour. The reason is, that he holds a kind of political club. We were present on one occasion last year. The vast hall was filled to the ceiling. Students sang revolutionary songs. One read some verses. A hiss was heard. "Who hissed?" "I did." "*Sor-tions*." They were going to fight a duel. A gentleman of some five-and-thirty years made a conciliatory speech. They resolved not to fight a duel. More verses, noise, and tumult—all this in the presence of ladies, a number of whom occupied the lower benches. The professor entered—a thin, pale man, with grayish, ill-arranged hair, through which he passed his fingers at times. Shuffling to his chair, he seated himself, and then stretched his arms across the table before him, clutching it on the other side with one hand, as if he were afraid somebody was about to take it from him. The first half of his lecture was a reply to some newspaper attack on him; he said, however, that it was contrary to his usual practice to notice such things in that place, and we hope it was. The rest of the lecture was on education. Education should not be called education, but initiation—that was all. Not a word of history. Tremendous applause as he concluded.

FREAKS OF NATURE.

THE celebrated Hunterian Museum in London contains, perhaps, the largest collection of natural curiosities, especially in the department of anatomy, in the world. One of the most striking specimens, described in the catalogue, is the skeleton of a boy, born in Bengal

some seventy years ago, remarkable for the singular conformation of his head. The description states that the child was healthy and was more than four years old at the time of its death, which was occasioned by the bite of a poisonous snake. When born, the body of the child was naturally formed, but the head appeared double, there being, besides the proper head of the child, another of the same size, and to appearance almost equally perfect, attached to its upper part. This upper head was upside down, the two being united together by a firm adhesion between their crowns, but without any indentation at their union, there being a smooth continued surface from one to the other. The face of the upper head was not over that of the lower, but had an oblique position, the centre of it being immediately above the right eye. When the child was six months old, both of the heads were covered with black hair, in nearly the same quantity. At this period the skulls seemed to have been completely ossified, except a small space on the top. The eyelids of the superior head were never completely shut, but remained a little open, even when the child was asleep, and the eyeballs moved at random. When the child was roused, the eyes of both heads moved at the same time; but those of the superior head did not appear to be directed to the same object, but wandered in different directions. The tears flowed from the eyes of the superior head almost constantly, but never from the eyes of the other except when crying. The superior head seemed to sympathize with the child in most of its natural actions. When the child cried, the features of this head were affected in a similar manner, and the tears flowed plentifully. When it sucked the mother, from the mouth of the superior head the saliva flowed more copiously than at any other time, for it always flowed a little from it. When the child smiled, the features of the superior head sympathized in that action. When the skin of the superior head was pinched, the child seemed to feel little or no pain, at least not in the same proportion as was felt from a similar violence being committed on its own head or body. A fuller account of this remarkable case may be found in the "*Philosophical Transactions*," by those who like to seek it.

The crowning curiosities in this collection, however, are not named in the catalogue, though they stand in two small bottles, on a mahogany pedestal, in the centre of the smaller room. To a man with a soul for identicals, they must offer great attraction, for they are two portions of the small intestine of the Emperor Napoleon, showing the presence of the cancerous disease that killed him. These post-mortem relics were removed by a French surgeon who assisted in opening the body of the deceased conqueror, and were given by him to Barry O'Meara, who presented them to Sir Astley Cooper. They offer scientific and historical evidence of the cause of the great man's death. Some time ago a card leaned against the bottles, explaining the

nature of their contents, but more than once a French visitor to the place became excited, and even violent, on seeing the relics of their venerated chief. One day a perfect scene occurred: "Perfide Albion!" shrieked a wild Gaul, whose enthusiasm seemed as though it had been fed upon Cognac. "Perfide Albion!" again and more loudly rang through the usually quiet hall. "Not sufficient to have your Vaterloo Bridge, your Vaterloo Place, your Vaterloo boots, but you put violent hands on de grand Emperor himself. Perfide! perfide! perfide!" he yelled again, and had he not been restrained, would have run a Gallic muck among the bones and bottles, that would have been recollected for many a day. From that time the pathological record of Napoleon's fatal malady has been unnumbered, and—to the million—unrecognizable.

LAND, HO!—A SKETCH OF AUSTRALIA.

"LAND, ho!" cried the look-out. Blessed sound to the weary landsman!—a sound associated with liberty and society, a walk on turf, a dinner of fresh meat and green vegetables, clear water to drink, and something to do. The dark line in the horizon was Terra Australis, the land of my dreams. As we approached more near, I was not greeted, as I had hoped, by sloping shores of yellow sands, or hills covered with green pasture, or clad with the bright-colored forests of southern climes; but far above us towered an iron-bound coast, dark, desolate, barren, precipitous, against which the long, rolling swell of the Pacific broke with a dull, disheartening sound.

No wonder that the first discoverers, who coasted along its shores in the midst of wintry tempests, abandoned it, after little investigation, as an uninhabitable land, the dwelling-place of demons, whose voices they fancied they heard in the wailing of the wind among the inaccessible cliffs.

But soon a pilot boarded from a stout whale-boat, rowed by a dozen New Zealanders. He reached the rocks, which, divided by a narrow cleft, or canal, and towering above the coast line are the sailors' landmark, known as Sydney Heads—the cleft that Captain Cook overlooked, considering it a mere boat harbor. Steering under easy sail through this narrow channel, the scene changed, "as by stroke of an enchanter's wand," and Port Jackson lay before us, stretching for miles like a broad, silent river, studded with shrub-covered islands; on either hand of the shores, the gardens and pleasure-grounds of villas and villages descended to the water's edge; pleasure-boats of every variety of build and size, wherries and canoes, cutters, schooners, and Indians, glided about, gay with flags and streamers, and laden with joyous parties, zig-zagged around like a nautical masquerade. Every moment we passed some tall merchant-ship at anchor—for in this land-locked lake all the navies of the world might anchor safely.

It was Sunday evening, and the church-bells clang'd sweetly across the waters, mingling in

harmonious discord with the distant sounds of profane music from the pleasure parties. On we sailed, until we reached the narrow peninsula, where, fifty years previously, trees grew and savages dwelt, and where now stands one of the most prosperous cities in the world—there, in deep water, close along shore at Campbell's wharf, we moored.

In the buildings, there was nothing to denote a foreign city, unless it were the prevalence of green jalousés, and the extraordinary irregularity in principal streets—a wooden or brick cottage next to a lofty plate-glass fronted shop in true Regent-street style. There were no beggars, and no half-starved wretches among the working-classes. In strolling early in the morning through the streets where the working-classes live, the smell and sound of meat frizzling for breakfast was almost universal.

One day, while strolling in the outskirts of the town, above a cloud of dust, I saw approaching a huge lumbering mass, like a moving haystack, swaying from side to side, and I heard the creaking of wheels in the distance, and a volley of strange oaths accompanied the sharp cracking of a whip; presently the horns of a pair of monstrous bullocks appeared, straining solemnly at their yokes; then another and another followed, until I counted five pair of elephantine beasts, drawing a rude cart, composed of two high wheels and a platform without sides, upon which were packed and piled bales of wool full fourteen feet in height. Close to the near wheel stalked the driver, a tall, broad-shouldered, sun-burnt, care-worn man, with long, shaggy hair falling from beneath a sugar-loaf shaped grass hat, and a month's beard on his dusty chin; dressed in half-boots, coarse, short, fustian trowsers, a red silk handkerchief round his waist, and a dark-blue cotton shirt, with the sleeves rolled right up to the shoulders of his brown-red, brawny, hairy arms. In his hands he carried a whip, at least twenty feet long, with the thong of which, with perfect ease, he every now and then laid into his leaders, accompanying each stroke with a tremendous oath.

A little mean-looking man, shabbily dressed in something of the same costume, trotted humbly along on the off-side. Three huge, ferocious dogs were chained under the axle of the dray. This was a load of the golden fleece of Australia, and its guardians the bullock-driver and bullock watchman. The dust, the creaking of the wheels, and the ejaculation of the driver, had scarcely melted away, when up dashed a party of horsemen splendidly mounted, and sun-burnt, but less coarse and worn in features than the bullock-driver, with long beards and mustaches, and flowing hair, some in old shooting-jackets, some in colored woolen shirts, almost all in patched fustian trowsers; one, the youngest, had a pair of white trowsers, very smart, tucked into a pair of long boots—he was the dandy, I presume; some smoked short pipes; all were in the highest and most uproarious spirits. Their costume would have been dear in

Holywell-street at twenty shillings, and their horses cheap at Tattersall's at one hundred pounds. These were a party of gentlemen squatters coming down after a year or two in the bush, to transact business and refresh in the great city of Australia.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.

THUNDER-STORMS in Canada are rather frequent, and sometimes awful affairs. I remember one which occurred shortly after my coming to the country, in 1843. I was then residing on the banks of the St. Clair. The day had been beautiful, and the sun set gloriously, spreading around him a sea of gold, and tinging with his own essence the edges of some gloomy clouds which hung ominously over the place of his rest. I sat on the doorstep, watching the changing hues as the darkness crept on. Ere long it was night, but all was calm and lovely as before. Soon, flashes of lightning began to play rapidly in the west, but I could hear no thunder; and, after looking on till I was wearied, I retired to rest. How long I slept I can not tell; but I awoke with the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the wind; nor have I been witness to such a storm either before or since. In most thunder-storms, there is the vivid flash followed by a period of darkness, and the deep roar, followed by as deep a silence; but, in this instance, flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, without a moment's intermission. The wind, too, blew a perfect hurricane. Until that moment, scenes of a kindred nature had been fraught with pleasure to me rather than otherwise, but now I felt that eternity was unwontedly near, and that in another moment, I might stand before God. All nature seemed to heave. I tried to sleep but that was for a time impossible: I confess I lay expecting every moment to be my last. After a little, the doors began to slam, and the house filled with smoke. I immediately rose, but found that nothing had happened, and that the wind coming down the chimney, had caused the alarm. After this, I tried again to sleep, and finally succeeded, having become, after a time, accustomed to the uproar. When morning broke, all was still, and, on inquiring, I found that no other damage had been done than the killing of a poor horse in a neighboring stable.

Occasionally, also, we have, what may, I suppose be called a tornado. In the summer of 1848, I had the satisfaction of tracing the progress of one which, a few days before, had swept across the Brock district, Canada West. It had been exceedingly violent in the vicinity of a village called Ingersoll, and, from the narration of a friend who saw the whole, I now attempt to describe it.

The day had been very oppressive, and, about noon, a rushing noise, accompanied with the sound of crashing timber and falling trees, was heard, which at once attracted the notice of the whole village. On looking out, they perceived, as it were, a cloudy body rolling along the ground

on its lower side, while its upper rose above the trees. It was moving very rapidly from west to east, whirling like smoke as it passed, and accompanied by an intense heat. The smoky appearance, was, I suppose, attributable to the dust which it bore onward in its course. The air was filled with branches of trees; every thing gave way before it. The woods in the neighborhood were very heavy, but all standing in the direct line of the hurricane were snapped like pipe stems. A line, as even as if it had been measured, was cut through the forest; fortunately however, its width was not more than the eighth of a mile, otherwise the devastation would have been fearful. As it was, every thing was leveled which stood in its way. A house was blown down, and the logs of which it was composed scattered about like rods. A strong new barn was wrenched in pieces, and the timbers broken. Gate posts were snapt close to the ground. Heavy potash kettles, and wagons, were lifted up into the air. A wet log, which had lain in a swampy hollow till it was saturated and rotten, was carried up the acclivity some ten or twelve feet. No man could conceive such a complete devastation possible unless he had witnessed it. It ran on for some miles further, and twigs of the particular trees among which it wrought its strange work, were carried a distance of twenty miles. Providentially, there were no lives lost—a circumstance attributable to the fact that it passed over the forests and fields. Had it struck the village, not a home would have escaped. It seemed to move in a circle, since the trees were not knocked down before it, but twisted round as if with a wrench, and thrown backward with their tops toward the west, as it were *behind* the tempest. All the large trees were broken across, generally about three or four feet from the ground. Here and there a sapling escaped, but many of these were twisted round as a boy would twist a cane, and, with their tops hanging on the ground, they stood—most singular and decisive monuments of the great power which had assailed them. This year, something of a similar kind happened in the Home district.

The month of August ends our summer, for although we have warm weather through the most of September, still it is not the very warm weather of the preceding three months. Toward the close of the latter, the greenness of the trees begins to pass away, and the changing tints tell unmistakably of the "fall." Nor do I know any more beautiful sight than that of a Canadian forest at this time, when summer is slowly departing, and winter is yet a long way off. As the season advances, the variety and beauty of the colors increase, passing through every shade of red, orange, and yellow, and making up a gay and singular patchwork. Still, it is the beauty of decay, and I scarcely know whether more of sorrow or of joy passes through my mind as I gaze on it. A silvery-haired man is a noble sight when his life has been one of honor; but we never see him in his easy-chair, without remembering that death is crouching

on his footstool. And so is it with our lovely autumnal scenery: nature then wears the robe in which she means to die. We then look back on another precious period too swiftly gone, and forward to the long, unbroken one which lies before us. Moralizing in such a paper as this may be out of place, still one can scarcely help repeating some remark, as trite as true, about this "sear and yellow leaf," and our own short day. Indulgent reader, how quickly doth our summer pass! How soon, like the withered leaf, shall each man of this generation drop from his much-loved tree, and take his place, quietly and unnoticed, among the millions of his fellows who have already fallen!

By the end of September, the weather is cool, and, after that time, grows more so every day, till, after rain and wind, and not a few attempts at sunshine, toward the close of November, winter sets in, and gives a decided character to the scene. Previous to this consummation, however, we have witnessed a phenomenon peculiar to this continent, in the shape of the "Indian summer;" it generally comes in October. Many descriptions have been given of this singular appearance, still I will venture to attempt another.

It is a sort of supplementary season, though a very short one, lasting sometimes no more than two or three days, and never longer than about a week. Between summer and winter, it stands parenthetically: the former is gone, the latter is not come; and between the two, this steps in to exercise its brief and pleasant dominion. It has not the freshness of spring, nor yet the fruitfulness of summer, neither has it the deadness of winter. It is so unlike other seasons, as to admit of no comparison with them.

With the "Indian summer," there comes over all things a strange quiet. No wind disturbs the atmosphere; the sun shines, but you see little of him. His presence is indicated rather by a mellowness overspreading and enriching the picture, than by any brightness or glare. A hazy film rests on earth and sky. It is not mist, nor does it resemble the sickly dimness which sometimes accompanies the heat of summer. The air seems full of smoke, but there is no smoke—of mistiness, but there is no mist—of dampness, but there is no damp. A sense of repose creeps over every thing. You are not languid, but you would like to lie down and dream. One would not wish the season to last, yet we are glad when it comes, and sorry when it leaves. Under its influence, we can suppose that Irving wrote the legend of "Sleepy Hollow," or Thomson, the "Castle of Indolence;" and, under this influence, we would do well to read both.

To its brevity I have already alluded. I may add, that some seasons we do not perceive it at all. As to its cause, I can not even conjecture any thing. The poor Indian thinks that at this time the Great Spirit smokes his pipe, and the would-be philosophic white man, throwing poetry to the winds, talks scientific nonsense about some unknown volcano, which now gives forth

a great volume of smoke. The Indian's theory is about as rational as the other, and has this advantage over it, that it is eminently poetical. Better is it at once to say that we know nothing about the matter.

A WINTER VISION.

I SAW a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all-powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried, and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold, and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the gray, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a king, or now a laborer, now a queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied, be on the sceptre, or the plow, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp any thing: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and, sooner or later, turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a minister of state, sitting in his closet; and, round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low, dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But few heard. In the single city where this minister of state was seated, I saw thirty thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they, within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ~~over~~ among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The minister of state, whose heart was pierced

by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the priests and teachers of all denominations, and faintly said,

"Hearken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?"

One body of respondents answered, "Teach this!"

Another said, "Teach that!"

Another said, "Teach neither this nor that, but t'other!"

Another quarreled with all the three; twenty others quarreled with all the four, and quarreled no less bitterly among themselves. The voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among all mankind, went the Spirit, who never rested from its labor; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the minister of state,

"Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtuously lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!"

The minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the priests and teachers, saying to each, "In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry."

To which, each answered in like manner, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME." And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which life drooped. I saw disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, by-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts, fore-doomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator's Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and

loved mercy. They said to one another, "This is horrible, and shall not be!" and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

Then, the whisper went among those better lookers-on, saying, "Over the bodies of those fellows, to the remedy!"

But, each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!" And so *they* put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them, but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, "Better put up with a fraud or other injury than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system."

I saw a portion of this system, called (of all things) EQUITY, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none: a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in jail; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were gray.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, "In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this."

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chaffwaxes, and what not, singing (in answer) "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen;" making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scarecrows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, "If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!"

Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, "It is indeed a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!" and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit, with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their time, into its presence. Then it said, beginning with the minister of state,

"Of what duration is *your* time?"

The minister of state replied, "My ancient family has always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather, at ninety-

two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honors) many years."

"And you," said the Spirit to the priests and teachers, "what may *your* time be?"

Some believed they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than three-score and ten; others, were the sons of old incumbents, who had long outlived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers on. So, among the lawyers and laymen.

"But, every man, as I understand you, one and all," said the Spirit, "has his time?"

"Yes!" they exclaimed together.

"Yes," said the Spirit; "and it is—ETERNITY! Whosoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And, in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is Death!"

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among many trembling hearers the whisper, saying, "See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish men, that what will 'last your time,' be just enough to last forever!"

A LITTLE STIMULANT.—A TEMPERANCE TALE.

ROSA LINDSAY, when first I knew her, was a beautiful and elegant girl, the pride—and almost the support—of her mother and sisters, whom she assisted greatly by her exertions as an artist and drawing mistress, and the affianced bride of Walter Gardner, a young merchant, then abroad in one of our colonies. Their marriage had been delayed on account of the uncertainty of Walter's plans: he could not tell for some time whether he would settle in England, or be obliged to remain with the branch house abroad. Rosa was devotedly attached to him, and their separation weighed heavily on her spirits. Nor was this her only trial, poor thing! The Lindsays had first lost much property, and then their troubles were aggravated by the long and severe illness of one of the girls, who was seized with an incurable internal complaint which confined her entirely to her bed; and also by a far worse blow, the death of their fond, indulgent father, who sank beneath these varied sorrows. Man can not bear as woman does; he will fight hard with the world, and if he can not conquer it he perishes in the effort to submit. A fallen man can seldom raise himself; he dies and makes no sign; a woman strives on—endures all to the last.

This was the Lindsays' fate, left almost destitute by the father's death. Women who, till but a short time since, had never known a care—whose path through life seemed to have

been on velvet—now came forward prepared for the struggle for daily bread; casting aside the silken habits of luxurious ease, relinquishing the cherished appliances of refined opulence almost without a sigh; confronting the world almost cheerfully, if, by so doing, they could shield that dear father's name from reproach; nerving themselves for all the thousand undreamed-of stings that fall to the lot of those once rich when reduced to poverty, supported only by the hope of paying off some portion of his liabilities. How often might we see this! how little do we suspect it! Should such conduct be revealed to us, as it occasionally is, "I did not think it was in them!" we exclaim. Not one in ten thousand knows the heroism which lies hidden in the heart of a true woman.

But this is a digression: to return to my story. Rosa had one solace left, the best of all: Walter remained true to her. He did not turn from her now that she was poor; he did not look less kindly on her because the elegant talents he had been so proud of were now exerted for her maintenance; nor was he less anxious to call her his wife now that her helpless family were in a degree dependent on her—far from that; he but cherished her the more fondly now that she had so little left her. He was true to her and to himself. He would have gladly taken her abroad with him; but this could not be, for she had her duties to fulfill. Her sisters were too young to support themselves; and as her exertions were so necessary to the family, she decided on not marrying till she had put them all forward. Walter could not combat so praiseworthy a resolution, he could only sigh and acquiesce in it; and indeed Rosa did not keep it without severe self-sacrifice. Say, is it nothing, when love, worth, and competence are offered to our grasp, to put them by—to toil on day by day, year after year—to feel that he we love better than life itself, better than all the world holds (save duty) is alone, uncheered in his task, far from us, from his home, perhaps ill and no one near to minister to him, while we might be his all, his wife?—to doubt even his truth, as the year drags wearily on, and friends fall off in turn, and the world turns harsh and dreary, and we feel our own once-loved charms decrease, and we compare ourselves with bitter regret to what we were when he first knew us; and yet a word would unite us never more to part—would solve each dreading doubt, would set our trembling alarms at rest: is it nothing to feel and fear all this, and yet pursue the path which still keeps us from the haven? No, no, this indeed is the Battle of Life, when hopes and affections are opposed to duty. When duties themselves jar, then comes our bitter, bitter trial.

Rosa and Walter bore their burden nobly; but her mind was torn, worn out in the strife. The excitement of her art was wearing in itself. When the fancy paints what the unpracticed hand can not yet realize; when the unerring

decrees of a cultivated taste condemn the sketches which poverty forces before the world; when the exhausted soul and body would gladly renovate themselves by complete inaction; but the demon of want cries work, work, and the cry must be obeyed. And then the drudgery of teaching, when the clumsy attempts of a tasteless, often unwilling pupil, seem like desecration of the art we worship—oh, this indeed is torture! It needed not the sickening misery of hope deferred, the blight of early hopes in addition, to pale the poor girl's cheek and break her spirits. Her appetite grew uncertain, her eye and step were heavy; her art became a task; her temper even was rendered variable. Mrs. Lindsay was alarmed, and called in a physician.

"Miss Lindsay is merely nervous, my dear madam" (merely nervous, indeed! people never say, "her life is merely a curse to her"); "her system is too low; we must throw in a little stimulant. She wants bracing, that is all."

So spake Dr. —; he was right, doubtless: but those few words sealed his patient's doom. The glass of wine, warm, spicy wine, when she returned from her wearying lessons, was so invigorating! The world grew brighter as she drank; she had fresh hope, fresh strength. Again she sipped, and again she worked—little dreaming she was laying the foundation of a fearful habit. Do not blame her too severely, madam. Wait till your whole frame is overtasked either in action or endurance, till the world seems a blank before you; or worse, a cold, dreary, stagnant pond—you need not be poor to feel all this—then, when the cup is sanctioned by a mother, nay, ordered by your physician; when you quaff it and find your chilled energies renewed, your blood dancing in your veins, happy thoughts, gleams of sunshine crowding on your mind—then, if you can refuse a second draught, you are most happy. Be blest, even in your admirable firmness; but oh, pity, be merciful even to the drunkard!

She did not become that despicable thing at once; the path is slow though sure; it was long ere she reached its inevitable termination. "Wine gladdeneth the heart of man;" far be it from us to blame the generous juice which our Lord himself sanctioned by his first miracle and last command, "this do in memory of me;" it is the abuse, not the use, we deprecate; but there are some who insensibly become its slave—Rosa was one of these. The glass of wine gave so much strength, that instead of taking it sparingly, she flew to it on every demand on her tried energies. Her mother, seeing the benefit she derived from it, feeling how much was dependent on her, had not courage to check her, and was the first to offer it to her, never thinking of the fatal craving she was encouraging. No one suspected the gifted, animated girl we all so admired, of this degrading propensity; no one thought the sparkling eloquence which charmed our tiresome lessons, the fanciful sketches, now of fairies floating among green

leaves and flowers, where reality and imagination were gracefully blended, or of some cool glade and ivy capped tower which led us far from towns and man; but all beautiful, tender, and pure in their design; no one thought all these were inspired by the poison which debases us lower than the brute creation. No, Rosa Lindsay was a creature to be loved, admired, respected, emulated. What is she now? What indeed?

Her exertions redoubled at first, and money poured in; then they became fitful, she was no longer to be depended on. Pictures were ordered, sketched, and then they remained untouched for months; her outline was no longer as bold, her colors less skillfully arranged. The first was gorgeous and full of beauty, but it remained confused, as if the germ could not be developed—the tints were more glaring, the whole less well defined. Pupils too talked of unpunctual attendance, of odd, impatient, flighty manners; she was no longer the gentle, patient girl who had first directed their unformed taste, and had charmed out the lingering talent. There was nothing whispered as yet, but there was a feeling that all was not right. She was so respected by all, we dared not admit the suspicion of intoxication even silently to ourselves: still it *would* come, and we could not repel it; it was not mentioned, even among intimate friends, but there it lurked. Mrs. Lindsay became uneasy, but it was too late—her feeble exertions, her remonstrances could not check the habit: besides, Rosa had never openly exposed herself—been *drunk* in fact. Her mother only feared she sometimes took a little drop too much, and it was difficult to refuse this medicinal cheering draught to so exemplary a daughter.

They were now in easier circumstances: the sisters were educated and supporting themselves; one was well married; the only brother was now adding to the family fund, and Walter was returning: there was no longer any bar to Rosa's marriage. How anxiously we all looked forward to his return! At last she received a letter, written from Southampton: he had landed—he would be with her in a few hours. What joy, what delight for the Lindsays! Now Rosa would be rewarded for her noble sacrifices—at last she would be happy! The moments sped rapidly on in eager anticipation; the time drew nearer—he would soon be by her side. She grew restless, nervous, unable to bear the prolonged suspense: she who had endured a separation of years, sank under the delay of a few minutes. She had recourse to her accustomed solace, a little stimulant. Walter came; and she was prostrate on the sofa, in disgusting insensibility.

What a meeting for that ardent loving heart! Mrs. Lindsay in tears, the whole family evidently bent on concealment; and Rosa, who should have flown to his arms, drunk!—no, not drunk; he could not, would not believe it—his pure, noble-minded Rosa could not have sunk so far: even though a smell of ardent spirits per-

vaded the room, it was the last vice he could suspect in her. We all had long resolutely closed our eyes against the evidence of our senses: could he who once knew her inestimable worth, who had her precious letters, breathing the highest, most delicate, most womanly feelings, could he so pollute her image?

"What is this?" he cried, "Rosa ill! Oh, what is this? Good heaven, Mrs. Lindsay!" his eye rested on the half-empty tumbler.

The mother answered that mute question. "Rosa has not been well," she said; "she has over-exerted herself lately; the excitement of expectation was too much for her. Dr. — has prescribed a little occasional stimulant, and I am afraid I have over-dosed the poor child; she has been in violent hysterics."

Walter believed the explanation. The very shame and confusion around him, Mrs. Lindsay's candor, all re-assured him; besides, he was so willing to be convinced; and when Rosa recovered, horror-struck at her situation, and hid her tears and blushes on his shoulder, he rapturously kissed the lips yet fresh from the contaminating draught. Tears of shame and repentance poured down her cheek; and still she felt rejoiced—inexpressibly relieved—by Walter's evident belief that this was accidental. She felt that she would break this dreadful habit now he was with her; now she would be happy: she need not make any humiliating disclosure.

"Forgive me, save me!" she cried. "Dear, dear Walter, say you do not despise me?"

"Despise you, my own love, my sweet Rosa?—never! Now don't look cross; I have a hair in your neck, sweetest, and mean to pull it sometimes."

It was thus Walter laughed at what should have been a warning; but his nature was entirely unsuspecting, and he loved so tenderly. Rosa now put a strong restraint on herself, she was again what we had first known her; and all our fears were dispelled.

They were married. Not a cloud lowered to cast a shadow on their bliss but the slight disapprobation of some distant relations of Walter's, who, not knowing the Lindsays save by hearsay, thought he might have done better than wed not only a portionless bride, but one whose family he must assist. However, as these fault-finders had no right to interfere, their remonstrances remained entirely unheeded. No bride could be happier than Rosa, no husband prouder than Walter. They were not rich; but they had more than enough for elegant economy, and were not debarred any of those refined enjoyments which give value to life. Books, music—Rosa's art—a well-chosen though small circle of friends, a pretty house, with its cultivated garden, and enough of labor for each to sweeten their repose; luxuries were not required here, they had the best blessings of this world within their reach, and some months were indeed passed in supreme felicity.

Mr. Manson, an uncle of Walter's, and one

of those who had objected to his marriage, had come up to town on business, and his nephew was naturally anxious to pay him some attention and introduce his darling wife to him. The uncle was of the old school, fond of the pleasures of the table, an admirer of dinner-parties, and convinced that their cold formalities are the great bond of union in business and politics. It may be so; there is a certain look of respectability in a ponderous dinner-table—in the crimson flock-paper of the dining-room—in the large sideboard and heavy curtains: but unless the entertainer be a rich man, how the words "dinner-party" torture his poor wife! It is the prelude to a week's anxiety, to a day's hard work, to the headache, to the fidgets, to worried servants, to hired cooks, to missing spoons, to broken glass and china; and, after all, to black looks and cross words from her unreasonable husband, who votes the whole thing "a confounded bore," and cuts short the supplies, leaving her to make bricks without straw, to give a dinner without a double allowance. Walter, yet new in his spousedom, was more amenable than an older hand; but Rosa had no want of anxiety in this her first dinner-party. She felt sure that something would go wrong; that Mr. Manson would see some fault. How could she steer between the rock of meanness on which so many are split, and the whirlpool of extravagance where so many are engulfed?—the Scylla and Charybdis of housekeeping! She fitted incessantly from the kitchen to the dining-room, and long before the appointed time was wearied to death. A tempting bottle of port was decanted ready on the sideboard; she ventured on a glass—it refreshed her exceedingly, she was fitted for further exertions. Had she taken no more, she would have been a happy woman; but after the first drop she could no longer withstand temptation; she drank again and again: her orders were contradictory, her servants saw her state and were impertinent; and when Walter returned to dress for dinner, accompanied by Mr. Manson, his beautiful wife lay prostrate on the floor, with unmistakable proofs of her fault.

The uncle gave a contemptuous whistle, and withdrew from the disgraceful scene; the husband carried her up-stairs and flung her on the bed, while tears such as man seldom sheds showed his bitter shame, his agonized disgust, as he looked at the prospect life now presented. "She is my wife! my wife!" he cried. "Oh, God! would she were in her coffin; I could love her memory had she died; but now—oh! Rosa, Rosa!"

She roused herself at his voice, and feebly staggering toward him, offered her cheek for his accustomed kiss. He pushed her from him. She looked at her disordered dress, at his swollen eyes; a ray of reason penetrated even through the imbecility of drink.

"Walter, Walter!" she screamed; "my husband, my dear, dearest husband! tell me—am I?—am I?"

"You are drunk, madam," he answered.

"No, no, no; I am not; I can not be, now you are here! Walter, we shall be late; we must dress to see your uncle. I am sober, indeed I am."

Fresh guests now arrived; the miserable husband locked his no less wretched wife in her room, and hastened to apologize for her unexpected illness.

Again he forgave her, and again she sinned: the greatest pang, the shame of detection, was over—the demon of drink was now ascendant. A puny wailing child was born, that child for whom the father had once so fondly hoped, but whose advent was now a fresh link in misery's chain. Even the babe paid the penalty of its mother's vice by its enfeebled frame, its neglected state; its earliest nutriment was poisoned. Rosa was soon debarred one of the holiest pleasures of maternity—her child was taken from her fever-laden breast. It became very ill; nature's voice was heard, the mother sacrificed her habits to her child. A new and celebrated physician was called in: he carefully examined the poor infant. "Strange," he said; "now, had this child been born in a less respectable sphere, I should say it was suffering from a drunken parent."

A muttered curse escaped from Walter, a cry from Rosa. The doctor looked at her more narrowly; in her watery eye and shaking hand he read the truth of his accusation. "You have killed the child, madam," he continued. "Be thankful it is your only one."

Could not that little pallid face, peeping from its shroud, the father's mighty grief, her own despair, her agony, as each toll of the funeral bell fell on her crushed brain, and seemed to repeat the physician's words—could not this check her mad career? No, all was blighted around her—she had not a hope left; she drank for oblivion

And Walter?—alas! he now drank with her. He long struggled with his dreary discomforts at home, with the dull, companionless evenings, when his Rosa, that once highly-gifted creature, lay steeped in the coarsest Lethe, or would in wild intoxication hurl reproaches at him. He had taken the keys from her; she broke open the locks; she bribed the servants for drink; she parted from her valuables, even his books and plate, to procure the necessary stimulant; she made his disgrace and hers public. No friend could come to their house, such fearful scenes occasionally took place there: his home was blasted—drink became his solace. The wild orgies of their despair were indeed terrible: but I need not dwell on this repulsive theme; suffice it to say, Walter's affairs were now entirely neglected—he was soon irretrievably ruined.

The Lindsays made them a weekly allowance, for both were unfitted for any continuous exertion—they cumbered the earth. As soon as their pittance came in it was squandered in drink; and then they quarreled, and even fought. Rosa, the elegant, refined, graceful woman,

fought with her husband for drink, and often bore evident traces of his violence. Her beauty had long since vanished; her features were red and bloated, her voice cracked, her person neglected; who would have believed that genius and high, noble, womanly feelings had once been hers! At last, in one of their furious encounters Walter struck her brutally; she fell bleeding at his feet. The sight sobered him, and his cries raised their humble neighbors—(they had long since left their pleasant home, and were now in lodgings more suited to their circumstances). A crowd of screaming women filled the room, while he sat shivering in helpless imbecility.

"Ah, poor dear, her troubles are over now!" said the women. "See what you've done, you wretch! you cowardly wretch!—you've killed your poor wife; and a lady, too, as she was. But you'll hang for it, if there's justice to be had for love or money!"

The threat recalled his scattered senses: a razor lay near, its bright steel tempted him—one plunge, and all was over! A heavy fall disturbed the crowd around Rosa—her husband lay dead—a suicide.

She was slowly recovering her consciousness when the exclamations of those around told her there was still more to be dreaded; she hurriedly looked around: "Walter!" she shrieked; "my husband dead?—dead? I am unforgiven—he was angry with me—tell him to give me but one word, one look. Walter, you can not die thus!" She saw the self-inflicted wound: "Oh, God! Oh, God! I have been his bane through life: will the curse follow him to the other world?"

She is now mad, in an asylum. Thus ends the story of Rosa Lindsay. It may seem overdrawn: it is truth.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(Continued from Page 183.)

CHAPTER XXI.

OUR ALLIES.

I HAVE spent pleasanter, but I greatly doubt if I ever knew busier days, than those I passed at the Bishop's Palace at Killala; and now, as I look back upon the event, I can not help wondering that we could seriously have played out a farce so full of absurdity and nonsense! There was a gross mockery of all the usages of war, which, had it not been for the serious interest at stake, would have been highly laughable and amusing.

Whether it was the important functions of civil government, the details of police regulations, the imposition of contributions, the appointment of officers, or the arming of the volunteers, all was done with a pretentious affectation of order that was extremely ludicrous. The very institutions which were laughingly agreed at over

might, as the wine went briskly round, were solemnly ratified in the morning, and, still more strange, apparently believed in by those whose ingenuity devised them; and thus the "Irish Directory," as we styled the imaginary government, the National Treasury, the Pension Fund, were talked of with all the seriousness of facts! As to the Commissariat, to which I was for the time attached, we never ceased writing receipts and acknowledgments for stores and munitions of war, all of which were to be honorably acquitted by the Treasury of the Irish Republic.

No people could have better fallen in with the humor of this delusion than the Irish. They seemed to believe every thing, and yet there was a reckless, headlong indifference about them which appeared to say, that they were equally prepared for any turn fortune might take, and if the worst should happen, they would never reproach us for having misled them. The real truth was—but we only learned it too late—all those who joined us were utterly indifferent to the great cause of Irish independence; their thoughts never rose above a row and a pillage. It was to be a season of sack, plunder, and outrage, but nothing more! That such were the general sentiments of the volunteers, I believe none will dispute. We, however, in our ignorance of the people and their language, interpreted all the harum-scarum wildness we saw as the buoyant temperament of a high-spirited nation, who, after centuries of degradation and ill-usage, saw the dawning of liberty at last.

Had we possessed any real knowledge of the country, we should at once have seen, that of those who joined us none were men of any influence or station. If, now and then, a man of any name strayed into the camp, he was sure to be one whose misconduct or bad character had driven him from associating with his equals; and, even of the peasantry, our followers were of the very lowest order. Whether General Humbert was the first to notice the fact I know not; but Charost, I am certain, remarked it, and even thus early predicted the utter failure of the expedition.

I must confess the "volunteers" were the least imposing of allies! I think I have the whole scene before my eyes this moment, as I saw it each morning in the Palace-garden.

The inclosure, which, more orchard than garden, occupied a space of a couple of acres, was the head-quarters of Colonel Charost; and here, in a pavilion formerly dedicated to hoes, rakes, rolling-stones, and garden tools, we were now established to the number of fourteen. As the space beneath the roof was barely sufficient for the Colonel's personal use, the officers of his staff occupied convenient spots in the vicinity. My station was under a large damson tree, the fruit of which afforded me, more than once, the only meal I tasted from early morning till late at night; not, I must say, from any lack of provisions, for the Palace abounded with every requisite of the table, but that, such was the pressure of business, we were not able

to leave off work even for half-an-hour during the day.

A subaltern's guard of grenadiers, divided into small parties, did duty in the garden; and it was striking to mark the contrast between these bronzed and war-worn figures and the reckless, tatterdemalion host around us. Never was seen such a scare-crow set! Wild-looking, ragged wretches, their long, lank hair hanging down their necks and shoulders, usually barefooted, and with every sign of starvation in their features; they stood in groups and knots, gesticulating, screaming, hurraing, and singing, in all the exuberance of a joy that caught some, at least, of its inspiration from whisky.

It was utterly vain to attempt to keep order among them; even the effort to make them defile singly through the gate into the garden was soon found impracticable, without the employment of a degree of force that our adviser, Kerrigan, pronounced would be injudicious. Not only the men made their way in, but great numbers of women, and even children also; and there they were, seated around fires, roasting their potatoes in this bivouac fashion, as though they had deserted hearth and home to follow us.

Such was the avidity to get arms—of which the distribution was announced to take place here—that several had scaled the wall in their impatience, and as they were more or less in drink, some disastrous accidents were momentarily occurring, adding the cries and exclamations of suffering to the ruder chorus of joy and revelry that went on unceasingly.

The impression—we soon saw how absurd it was—the impression that we should do nothing that might hurt the national sensibilities, but concede all to the exuberant ardor of a bold people, eager to be led against their enemies, induced us to submit to every imaginable breach of order and discipline.

"In a day or two, they'll be like your own men; you'll not know them from a battalion of the line. Those fellows will be like a wall under fire."

Such and such like were the assurances we were listening to all day, and it would have been like treason to the cause to have refused them credence.

Perhaps, I might have been longer a believer in this theory, had I not perceived signs of a deceptive character in these, our worthy allies; many who, to our faces, wore nothing but looks of gratitude and delight, no sooner mixed with their fellows than their downcast faces and dogged expression betrayed some inward sense of disappointment.

One very general source of dissatisfaction arose from the discovery, that we were not prepared to pay our allies! We had simply come to arm and lead them, to shed our own blood, and pledge our fortunes in their cause; but we certainly had brought no military chest to bribe their patriotism, nor stimulate their nationality; and this, I soon saw, was a grievous disappointment.

In virtue of this shameful omission on our part, they deemed the only resource was to be made officers, and thus crowds of uneducated, semi-civilized vagabonds were every hour assailing us with their claims to the epaulet. Of the whole number of these, I remember but three who had ever served at all; two were notorious drunkards, and the third a confirmed madman, from a scalp wound he had received when fighting against the Turks. Many, however, boasted high-sounding names, and were, at least so Kerrigan said, men of the first families in the land.

Our general-in-chief, saw little of them while at Killala, his principal intercourse being with the Bishop and his family; but Colonel Charost soon learned to read their true character, and from that moment conceived the most disastrous issue to our plans. The most trustworthy of them was a certain O'Donnell, who, although not a soldier, was remarked to possess a greater influence over the rabble volunteers than any of the others. He was a young man of the half-squire class, an ardent and sincere patriot, after his fashion; but that fashion, it must be owned, rather partook of the character of class-hatred and religious animosity than the features of a great struggle for national independence. He took a very low estimate of the fighting qualities of his countrymen, and made no secret of declaring it.

"You would be better without them altogether," said he one day to Charost; "but if you must have allies, draw them up in line, select one third of the best, and arm them."

"And the rest?" asked Charost.

"Shoot *them*," was the answer.

This conversation is on record, indeed I believe there is yet one witness living to corroborate it.

I have said that we were very hard worked; but I must fain acknowledge that the real amount of business done was very insignificant, so many were the mistakes, misconceptions, and interruptions, not to speak of the time lost by that system of conciliation, of which I have already made mention. In our distribution of arms there was little selection practiced or possible. The process was a brief one, but it might have been briefer.

Thomas Colooney, of Banmayroo, was called, and not usually being present, the name would be passed on, from post to post, till it swelled into a general shout of Colooney.

"Tom Colooney, you're wanted; Tom, run for it, man, there's a price bid for you! Here's Mickey, his brother, maybe he'll do as well."

And so on; all this accompanied by shouts of laughter, and a running fire of jokes, which, being in the vernacular, was lost to us.

At last the real Colooney was found, maybe eating his dinner of potatoes, maybe discussing his poteen with a friend—sometimes engaged in the domestic duties of washing his shirt or his small-clothes, fitting a new crown to his hat, or a sole to his brogues—whatever his

occupation, he was urged forward by his friends, and the public, with many a push, drive, and even a kick, into our presence, where, from the turmoil, uproar, and confusion, he appeared to have fought his way by main force, and very often, indeed, this was literally the fact, as his bleeding nose, torn coat, and bare head attested.

"Thomas Colooney—are you the man?" asked one of our Irish officers of the staff.

"Yis, yer honor, I'm that same!"

"You've come here, Colooney, to offer yourself as a volunteer in the cause of your country?"

"Here a yell of 'Ireland for ever!' was always raised by the bystanders, which drowned the reply in its enthusiasm, and the examination went on:

"You'll be true and faithful to that cause till you secure for your country the freedom of America and the happiness of France? Kiss the cross. Are you used to fire-arms?"

"Isn't he?—maybe not! I'll be bound he knows a musket from a mealy pratie!"

Such and such like were the comments that rang on all sides, so that the modest "Yis, sir" of the patriot was completely lost.

"Load that gun, Tom," said the officer.

Here Colooney, deeming that so simple a request must necessarily be only a cover for something underhand—a little clever surprise or so—takes up the piece in a very gingerly manner, and examines it all round, noticing that there is nothing, so far as he can discover, unusual nor uncommon about it.

"Load that gun, I say."

Sharper and more angrily is the command given this time.

"Yis, sir, immediately."

And now Tom tries the barrel with the ramrod, lest there should be already a charge there—a piece of forethought that is sure to be loudly applauded by the public, not the less so because the impatience of the French officers is making itself manifest in various ways.

At length he rams down the cartridge, and returns the ramrod; which piece of adroitness, if done with a certain air of display and flourish, is unfailingly saluted by another cheer. He now primes and cocks the piece, and assumes a look of what he believes to be most soldier-like severity.

As he stands thus for scrutiny, a rather lively debate gets up as to whether or not Tom bit off the end of the cartridge before he rammed it down. The biters and anti-biters being equally divided, the discussion waxes strong. The French officers, eagerly asking what may be the disputed point, laugh very heartily on hearing it.

"I'll lay ye a pint of sperits she won't go off," cries one.

"Done! for two noggins, if he pulls strong," rejoins another.

"Devil fear the same gun," cries a third; "shé shot Mr. Sloan at fifty paces, and killed him dead."

"'Tisn't the same gun—that's a Frinch one—a bran new one!"

"She isn't."

"She is."

"No, she isn't."

"Yes, but she is."

"What is't you say?"

"Hould your prate."

"Arrah, teach your mother to feed ducks."

"Silence in the ranks. Keep silence there. Attention, Colooney!"

"Yis, sir."

"Fire!"

"What at, sir?" asks Tom, taking an amateur glance of the company, who look not over-satisfied at his scrutiny.

"Fire in the air!"

Bang goes the piece, and a yell follows the explosion, while cries of "Well done, Tom," "Begorra, if a Protestant got that!" and so on, greet the performance.

"Stand by Colooney!" and the volunteer falls back to make way for another and similar exhibition, occasionally varied by the humor or the blunders of the new candidate.

As to the Treasury orders, as we somewhat ludicrously styled the checks upon our imaginary bank, the scenes they led to were still more absurd and complicated. We paid liberally, that is to say in promises, for every thing, and our generosity saved us a good deal of time, for it was astonishing how little the owners disputed our solvency when the price was left to themselves. But the rations were indeed the most difficult matter of all; it being impossible to convince our allies of the fact that the compact was one of trust, and the ration was not his own, to dispose of in any manner that might seem fit.

"Sure if I don't like to ate it—if I haven't an appetite for it—if I'd rather have a pint of sperits, or a flannel waistcoat, or a pair of stockings, than a piece of mate, what harm is that to any one?"

This process of reasoning was much harder of answer than is usually supposed, and even when replied to, another difficulty arose in its place. Unaccustomed to flesh diet, when they tasted they couldn't refrain from it, and the whole week's rations of beef, amounting to eight pounds, were frequently consumed in the first twenty-four hours.

Such instances of gormandizing were by no means unfrequent, and stranger still, in no one case, so far as I knew, followed by any ill consequences.

The leaders were still more difficult to manage than the people. Without military knowledge or experience of any kind, they presumed to dictate the plan of a campaign to old and distinguished officers, like Humbert and Serazin, and when overruled by argument or ridicule, invariably fell back upon their superior knowledge of Ireland and her people, a defense for which, of course, we were quite unprepared, and unable to oppose any thing. From these and similar causes, it may well be believed that our labors were not light, and yet somehow, with

all the vexations and difficulties around us, there was a congenial tone of levity, an easy recklessness, and a careless freedom in the Irish character that suited us well. There was but one single point whereupon we were not thoroughly together, and this was religion. They were a nation of most zealous Catholics, and as for us, the revolution had not left the vestige of a belief among us.

A reconnaissance in Ballina, meant rather to discover the strength of the garrison than of the place itself, having shown that the royal forces were inconsiderable in number, and mostly militia, General Humbert moved forward on Sunday morning, the 26th, with nine hundred men of our own force, and about three thousand "volunteers," leaving Colonel Charost and his staff, with two companies of foot, at Killala, to protect the town, and organize the new levies, as they were formed.

We saw our companions defile from the town with heavy hearts. The small body of real soldiers seemed even smaller still from being enveloped by that mass of peasants who accompanied them, and who marched on the flanks or in the rear, promiscuously, without discipline or order. A noisy, half-drunken rabble, firing off their muskets at random, and yelling, as they went, in savage glee and exultation. Our sole comfort was in the belief, that, when the hour of combat did arrive, they would fight to the very last. Such were the assurances of their own officers, and made so seriously and confidently, that we never thought of mistrusting them.

"If they be but steady under fire," said Charost, "a month will make them good soldiers. Ours is an easy drill, and soon learned; but I own," he added, "they do not give me this impression."

Such was the reflection of one who watched them as they went past, and with sorrow we saw ourselves concurring in the sentiment.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY OF "CASTLEBAR."

We were all occupied with our drill at day-break on the morning of the 27th of August, when a mounted orderly arrived at full gallop, with news that our troops were in motion for Castlebar, and orders for us immediately to march to their support, leaving only one subaltern and twenty men in "the Castle."

The worthy Bishop was thunderstruck at the tidings. It is more than probable that he never entertained any grave fears of our ultimate success; still he saw that in the struggle, brief as it might be, rapine, murder, and pillage would spread over the country, and that crime of every sort would be certain to prevail during the short interval of anarchy.

As our drums were beating the "rally," he entered the garden, and with hurried steps came forward to where Colonel Charost was standing delivering his orders.

"Good day, Mons. l'Evêque," said the Colonel, removing his hat, and bowing low. "You see us in a moment of haste. The campaign has opened, and we are about to march."

"Have you made any provision for the garrison of this town, Colonel?" said the Bishop, in terror. "Your presence alone has restrained the population hitherto. If you leave us—"

"We shall leave you a strong force of our faithful allies, sir," said Charost; "Irishmen could scarcely desire better defenders than their countrymen."

"You forget, Colonel, that some of us here are averse to this cause, but as non-combatants, lay claim to protection."

"You shall have it, too, Mons. l'Evêque; we leave an officer and twenty men."

"An officer and twenty men!" echoed the Bishop, in dismay.

"Quite sufficient, I assure you," said Charost, coldly; "and if a hair of one of their heads be injured by the populace, trust me, sir, that we shall take a terrible vengeance."

"You do not know these people, sir, as I know them," said the Bishop, eagerly. "The same hour that you march out, will the town of Killala be given up to pillage. As to your retributive justice, I may be pardoned for not feeling any consolation in the pledge, for *certainly* neither I nor mine will live to witness it."

As the Bishop was speaking, a crowd of volunteers, some in uniform and all armed, drew nearer and nearer to the place of colloquy; and although understanding nothing of what went forward in the foreign language, seemed to watch the expressions of the speakers' faces with a most keen interest. To look at the countenances of these fellows, truly one would not have called the Bishop's fears exaggerated; their expression was that of demoniac passion and hatred.

"Look, sir," said the Bishop, turning round, and facing the mob, "look at the men to whose safeguard you propose to leave us."

Charost made no reply; but making a sign for the Bishop to remain where he was, re-entered the pavilion hastily. I could see through the window that he was reading his dispatches over again, and evidently taking counsel with himself how to act. The determination was quickly come to.

"Monsieur l'Evêque," said he, laying his hand on the Bishop's arm, "I find that my orders admit of a choice on my part. I will, therefore, remain with you myself, and keep a sufficient force of my own men. It is not impossible, however, that in taking this step I may be periling my own safety. You will, therefore, consent, that one of your sons shall accompany the force now about to march, as a hostage. This is not an unreasonable request on my part."

"Very well, sir," said the Bishop, sadly. "When do they leave?"

"Within half an hour," said Charost.

The Bishop, bowing, retraced his steps through

the garden back to the house. Our preparations for the road were by this time far advanced. The command said, "Light marching order, and no rations;" so that we foresaw that there was sharp work before us. Our men—part of the 12th demi-brigade, and a half company of grenadiers—were, indeed, ready on the instant; but the Irish were not so easily equipped. Many had strayed into the town; some, early as it was, were dead drunk; and not a few had mislaid their arms or their ammunition, secretly preferring the chance of a foray of their own to the prospect of a regular engagement with the Royalist troops.

Our force was still a considerable one, numbering at least fifteen hundred volunteers, besides about eighty of our men. By seven o'clock we were under march, and, with drums beating, defiled from the narrow streets of Killala into the mountain road that leads to Cloonagh; it being our object to form a junction with the main body at the foot of the mountain.

Two roads led from Ballina to Castlebar—one to the eastward, the other to the west of Lough Con. The former was a level road, easily passable by wheel carriages, and without any obstacle or difficulty whatever; the other took a straight direction over lofty mountains, and in one spot—the Pass of Burnageeragh—traversed a narrow defile, shut in between steep cliffs, where a small force, assisted by artillery, could have arrested the advance of a great army. The road itself, too, was in disrepair, the rains of autumn had torn and fissured it, while heavy sandlips and fallen rocks in many places rendered it almost impassable.

The Royalist generals had reconnoitred it two days before, and were so convinced that all approach in this direction was out of the question, that a small picket of observation, posted near the Pass of Burnageeragh, was withdrawn as useless, and the few stockades they had fixed were still standing as we marched through.

General Humbert had acquired all the details of these separate lines of attack, and at once decided for the mountain road, which, besides the advantage of a surprise, was in reality four miles shorter.

The only difficulty was the transport of our artillery, but as we merely carried those light field-pieces called "curricule guns," and had no want of numbers to draw them, this was not an obstacle of much moment. With fifty, sometimes sixty peasants to a gun, they advanced, at a run, up places where our infantry found the ascent sufficiently toilsome. Here, indeed, our allies showed in the most favorable colors we had yet seen them. The prospect of a fight seemed to excite their spirits almost to madness; every height they surmounted they would break into a wild cheer, and the vigor with which they tugged the heavy ammunition carts through the deep and spongy soil never interfered with the joyous shouts they gave, and the merry songs they chanted in rude chorus.

"Tra, la, la! the French is comin',
 What'll now the red coats do?
 Maybe they won't get a drubbin'
 Sure we'll lick them black and blue!
 "Ye little knew the day was near ye,
 Ye little thought they'd come so far;
 But here's the boys that never fear ye—
 Run, yer sows, for Castlebar!"

To this measure they stepped in time, and although the poetry was lost upon our ignorance, the rattling joyousness of the air sounded pleasantly, and our men, soon catching up the tune, joined heartily in the chorus.

Another very popular melody ran somewhat thus:

"Our day is now begun,
 Says the Shan van voght.
 Our day is now begun,
 Says the Shan van voght.
 Our day is now begun,
 And ours is all the fun!
 Be my sowl, ye'd better run!
 Says the Shan van voght!"

There was something like a hundred verses to this famous air, but it is more than likely, from the specimen given above, that my reader will forgive the want of memory that leaves me unable to quote others; nor is it necessary that I should add, that the merit of these canticles lay in the hoarse accord of a thousand rude voices, heard in the stillness of a wild mountain region, and at a time when an eventful struggle was before us; such were the circumstances which possibly made these savage rhymes assume something of terrible meaning.

We had just arrived at the entrance of Bunnageeragh, when one of our mounted scouts rode up to say, that a peasant, who tended cattle on the mountains, had evidently observed our approach, and hastened into Castlebar with the tidings.

It was difficult to make General Humbert understand this fact.

"Is this the patriotism we have heard so much of? Are these the people that would welcome us as deliverers? Parbleu! I've seen nothing but lukewarmness or downright opposition since I landed! In that same town we have just quitted—a miserable hole, too, was it—what was the first sight that greeted us? a fellow in our uniform hanging from the stanchion of a window, with an inscription round his neck, to the purport that he was traitor! This is the fraternity which our Irish friends never wearied to speak of!"

Our march was now hastened, and in less than an hour we debouched from the narrow gorge into the open plain before the town of Castlebar. A few shots in our front told us that the advanced picket had fallen in with the enemy, but a French cheer also proclaimed that the Royalists had fallen back, and our march continued unmolested. The road, which was wide and level here, traversed a flat country, without hedge-row or cover, so that we were able to advance in close column, without any precaution for our flanks; but before us there was a considerable ascent, which shut

out all view of the track beyond it. Up this our advanced guard was toiling, somewhat wearied with a seven hours' march and the heat of a warm morning, when scarcely had the leading files topped the ridge, than, plump went a round shot over their heads, which, after describing a fine curve, plunged into the soft surface of a newly plowed field. The troops were instantly retired behind the crest of the hill, and an orderly dispatched to inform the General that we were in face of the enemy. He had already seen the shot and marked its direction. The main body was accordingly halted, and, defiling from the centre, the troops extended on either side into the fields. While this movement was being effected Humbert rode forward, and crossing the ridge, reconnoitred the enemy.

It was, as he afterward observed, a stronger force than he had anticipated, consisting of between three and four thousand bayonets, with four squadrons of horse, and two batteries of eight guns, the whole admirably posted on a range of heights, in front of the town, and completely covering it.

The ridge was scarcely eight hundred yards' distance, and so distinctly was every object seen, that Humbert and his two aids-de-camp were at once marked and fired at, even in the few minutes during which the "reconnaissance" lasted.

As the General retired the firing ceased, and now all our arrangements were made without molestation of any kind. They were, indeed, of the simplest and speediest. Two companies of our grenadiers were marched to the front, and in advance of them about twenty paces were posted a body of Irish in French uniforms. This place being assigned them, it was said, as a mark of honor, but in reality for no other purpose than to draw on them the Royalist artillery, and thus screen the grenadiers.

Under cover of this force came two light six-pounder guns, loaded with grape, and intended to be discharged at point-blank distance. The infantry brought up the rear in three compact columns, ready to deploy into line at a moment.

In these very simple tactics no notice whatever was taken of the great rabble of Irish who hung upon our flanks and rear in disorderly masses, cursing, swearing, and vociferating in all the license of insubordination; and O'Donnel, whose showy uniform contrasted strikingly with the dark blue coat and low glazed cocked hat of Humbert, was now appealed to by his countrymen as to the reason of this palpable slight.

"What does he want? what does the fellow say?" asked Humbert, as he noticed his excited gestures and passionate manner.

"He is remonstrating, sir," replied I, "on the neglect of his countrymen; he says that they do not seem treated like soldiers; no post has been assigned nor any order given them."

"Tell him, sir," said Humbert, with a savage grin, "that the discipline we have tried in vain to teach them hitherto, we'll not venture to re-

hearse under an enemy's fire; and tell him also that he and his ragged followers are free to leave us, or, if they like better, to turn against us, at a moment's warning."

I was saved the unpleasant task of interpreting this civil message by Conolly who, taking O'Donnel aside, appeared endeavoring to reason with him, and reduce him to something like moderation.

"There, look at them, they're running like sheep!" cried Humbert, laughing, as he pointed to an indiscriminate rabble, some hundred yards off, in a meadow, and who had taken to their heels on seeing a round shot plunge into the earth near them. "Come along, sir: come with me, and when you have seen what fire is, you may go back and tell your countrymen! Serazin, is all ready? Well then, forward. March!"

"March!" was now re-echoed along the line, and steadily, as on a parade, our hardy infantry stepped out, while the drums kept up a continued roll as we mounted the hill.

The first to cross the crest of the ascent were the "Legion," as the Irish were called, who, dressed like French soldiers, were selected for some slight superiority in discipline and bearing. They had but gained the ridge, however, when a well-directed shot from a six-pounder smashed in among them, killing two and wounding six or seven others. The whole mass immediately fell back on our grenadiers. The confusion compelled the supporting column to halt, and once more the troops were retired behind the hill.

"Forward men, forward!" cried Humbert, riding up to the front, and in evident impatience at these repeated checks; and now the grenadiers passed to the front, and, mounting the height, passed over, while a shower of balls flew over and around them. A small slated house stood half way down the hill, and for this the leading files made a dash, and gained it, just as the main body were, for the third time, driven back to re-form.

It was now evident that an attack in column could not succeed against a fire so admirably directed; and Humbert quickly deployed into line, and prepared to storm the enemy's position.

Up to this the conduct of the Royalists had been marked by the greatest steadiness and determination. Every shot from their batteries had told, and all promised an easy and complete success to their arms. No sooner, however, had our infantry extended into line, than the militia unaccustomed to see an enemy before them, and unable to calculate distance, opened a useless, dropping fire, at a range where not a bullet could reach!

The ignorance of this movement, and the irregularity of the discharge, were not lost upon our fellows, most of whom were veterans of the army of the Rhine; and, with a loud cheer of derision, our troops advanced to meet them, while a cloud of skirmishers dashed forward, and secured themselves under cover of a hedge.

Even yet, however, no important advantage

had been gained by us; and if the Royalists had kept their ground in support of their artillery, we must have been driven back with loss; but, fortunately for us, a movement we made to keep open order was mistaken by some of the militia officers for the preparation to outflank them, a panic seized the whole line, and they fell back, leaving their guns totally exposed and unprotected.

"They're running! they're running!" was the cry along our line; and now a race was seen, which should be first up with the artillery. The cheers at this moment were tremendous from our "allies," who, having kept wide aloof hitherto, were now up with us, and, more lightly equipped than we were, soon took the lead. The temerity, however, was costly, for three several times did the Royalist artillery load and fire; and each discharge, scarcely at half-musket range, was terribly effective.

We were by no means prepared for either so sudden or complete a success, and the scene was exciting in the highest degree, as the whole line mounted the hill, cheering madly. From the crest of this rising ground we could now see the town of Castlebar beneath us, into which the Royalists were scampering at full speed. A preparation for defending the bridge into the town did not escape the watchful eyes of our general, who again gave the word "Forward!" not by the road alone, but also by the fields at either side, so as to occupy the houses that should command the bridge, and which, by a palpable neglect, the others had forgotten to do.

Our small body of horse, about twenty hus-sars, were ordered to charge the bridge; and had they been even moderately well mounted, must have captured the one gun of the enemy at once; but the miserable cattle, unable to strike a canter, only exposed them to a sharp musketry; and when they did reach the bridge, five of their number had fallen. The six-pounder was, however, soon taken, and the gunners sabred at their posts, while our advanced guard coming up, completed the victory; and nothing now remained but a headlong flight.

Had we possessed a single squadron of dragoons, few could have escaped us, for not a vestige of discipline remained. All was wild confusion and panic. Such of the officers as had ever seen service, were already killed or badly wounded; and the younger ones were perfectly unequal to the difficult task of rallying or restoring order to a routed force.

The scene in the market-square, as we rode in, is not easily to be forgotten; about two hundred prisoners were standing in a group, disarmed, it is true, but quite unguarded, and without any preparation or precaution against escape!

Six or seven English officers, among whom were two majors, were gathered around General Humbert, who was conversing with them in tones of easy and jocular familiarity. The captured guns of the enemy (fourteen in all) were being ranged on one side of the square, while

behind them were drawn up a strange-looking line of men, with their coats turned. These were part of the Kilkenny militia, who had deserted to our ranks after the retreat began.

Such was the "fight" of Castlebar; it would be absurd to call it a "battle;" a day too inglorious for the Royalists to reflect any credit upon us; but, such as it was, it raised the spirits of our Irish followers to a pitch of madness; and, out of our own ranks, none now doubted in the certainty of Irish independence.

Our occupation of the town lasted only a week; but, brief as the time was, it was sufficient to widen the breach between ourselves and our allies into an open and undisguised hatred. There were, unquestionably, wrongs on both sides. As for us, we were thoroughly, bitterly disappointed in the character of those we had come to liberate; and, making the egregious mistake of confounding these semi-civilized peasants with the Irish people, we deeply regretted that ever the French army should have been sent on so worthless a mission. As for them, they felt insulted and degraded by the offensive tone we assumed toward them. Not alone they were never regarded as comrades, but a taunting insolence of manner was assumed in all our dealings with them, very strikingly in contrast to that with which we conducted ourselves toward all the other inhabitants of the island, even those who were avowedly inimical to our object and our cause.

These things, with native quickness, they soon remarked. They saw the consideration and politeness with which the Bishop and his family were treated; they saw several Protestant gentlemen suffered to return to their homes "on parole." They saw, too—worst grievance of all—how all attempts at pillage were restrained, or severely punished, and they asked themselves, "To what end a revolt, if neither massacre nor robbery were to follow? If they wanted masters and rulers, sure they had the English that they were used to, and could at least understand."

Such were the causes, and such the reasonings, which gradually ate deeper and deeper into their minds, rendering them at first sullen, gloomy, and suspicious, and at last insubordinate, and openly insulting to us.

Their leaders were the first to exhibit this state of feeling. Affecting a haughty disdain for us, they went about with disparaging stories of the French soldiery; and at last went even so far as to impugn their courage!

In one of the versions of the affair of Castlebar, it was roundly asserted, that but for the Irish threatening to fire on them, the French would have turned and fled; while in another, the tactics of that day were all ascribed to the military genius of Neal Kerrigan, who, by-the-by, was never seen from early morning until late the same afternoon, when he rode into Castlebar on a fine bay horse that belonged to Captain Shortall of the Royal Artillery!

If the feeling between us and our allies was

something less than cordial, nothing could be more friendly than that which subsisted between us and such of the Royalists as we came in contact with. The officers who became our prisoners were treated with every deference and respect. Two field-officers and a captain of carbineers dined daily with the General, and Serazin entertained several others. We liked them greatly; and I believe I am not flattering if I say that they were equally satisfied with us. "Nos amis l'ennemie," was the constant expression used in talking of them; and every day drew closer the ties of this comrade regard and esteem.

Such was the cordial tone of intimacy maintained between us, that I remember well, one evening at Humbert's table, an animated discussion being carried on between the General and an English staff-officer on the campaign itself—the Royalist averring, that, in marching southward at all, a gross and irreparable mistake had been made, and that if the French had occupied Sligo, and extended their wings toward the north, they would have secured a position of infinitely greater strength, and also become the centre for rallying round them a population of a very different order from the half-starved tribes of Mayo.

Humbert affected to say that the reason for his actual plan was, that twenty thousand French were daily expected to land in Lough Swilly, and that the western attack was merely to occupy time and attention, while the more formidable movement went on elsewhere.

I know not if the English believed this; I rather suspect not. Certes, they were too polite to express any semblance of distrust of what was told them with all the air of truth.

It was amusing, too, to see the candor with which each party discussed the other to his face; the French general criticising all the faulty tactics and defective manœuvres of the Royalists; while the English never hesitated to aver, that whatever momentary success might wait upon the French arms, they were just as certain to be obliged to capitulate in the end.

"You know it better than I do, General," said the Major of Dragoons. "It may be a day or two earlier or later, but the issue will and must be—a surrender."

"I don't agree with you," said Humbert, laughing; "I think there will be more than one 'Castlebar.' But let the worst happen, and you must own that your haughty country has received a heavy insult—your great England has got a *soufflet* in the face of all Europe!"

This, which our General regarded as a great compensation—the greatest, perhaps, he could receive for all defeat—did not seem to affect the English with proportionate dismay, nor even to ruffle the equanimity of their calm tempers.

Upon one subject both sides were quite agreed—that the peasantry never could aid, but very possibly would always shipwreck, every attempt to win national independence.

"I should have one army to fight the English, and two to keep down the Irish!" was Humbert's

expression; and very little experience served to show that there was not much exaggeration in the sentiment.

Our week at Castlebar taught us a good lesson in this respect. The troops, wearied with a march that had begun on the midnight of the day before, and with an engagement that lasted from eight till two in the afternoon, were obliged to be under arms for several hours, to repress pillage and massacre. Our allies now filled the town, to the number of five thousand, openly demanding that it should be given up to them, parading the streets in riotous bands, and displaying banners with long lists of names, doomed for immediate destruction.

The steadiness and temper of our soldiery were severely tried by these factious and insubordinate spirits; but discipline prevailed at last, and before the first evening closed in, the town was quiet, and, for the time, at least, danger over.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

I. THE OLD GOVERNESS.

THE afternoon was come when the Morells must go on board. They were going to Canada at last, after having talked about it for several years. There were so many children, that it was with much difficulty they had got on for some years past; and there was no prospect for the lads at home. They had, with extreme difficulty, paid their way: and they had, to a certain extent, educated the children. That, however, was Miss Smith's doing.

"We shall always feel, every one of us," said Mrs. Morrell, with tears, to the elderly homely governess, "that we are under the deepest obligations to you. But for you, the children would have grown up without any education at all. And, for the greatest service you or any one could possibly render us, we have never been able to give you your due—even as regards the mere money."

"I can only say again," replied the governess, "that you do not look at the whole of the case. You have given me a home, when it is no easy matter for such as I am to earn one, with my old-womanish ways and my old-fashioned knowledge."

"I will not hear any disparagement of your ways and your knowledge," interrupted Mrs. Morell. "They have been every thing to my children: and if you could have gone with us"

This, however, they all knew to be out of the question. It was not only that Miss Smith was between fifty and sixty, too old to go so far, with little prospect of comfort at the end of the journey; but she was at present disabled for much usefulness by the state of her right hand. It had been hurt by an accident a long time before, and it did not get well. The surgeon had always said it would be a long case; and she

had no use whatever of the hand in the mean time. Yet she would not part with the baby till the last moment. She carried him on the left arm, and stood on the wharf with him—the mother at her side—till all the rest were on board, and Mr. Morrell came for his wife. It was no grand steamer they were going in, but a humble vessel belonging to the port, which would carry them cheap.

"Now, my love," said the husband. "Now, Miss Smith," taking the child from her. "Words can not tell. . . ."

And if words could have told, the tongue could not have uttered them. It was little, too, that his wife could say.

"Write to us. Be sure you write. We shall write as soon as we arrive. Write to us."

Miss Smith glanced at the hand. She said only one word, "Farewell!" but she said it cheerfully.

The steamer-tug was in a hurry, and down the river they went. She had one more appointment to keep with them. She was to wave her handkerchief from the rocks by the fort; and the children were to let her try whether she could see their little handkerchiefs. So she walked quickly over the common to the fort, and sat down on the beach at the top of the rocks.

It was very well that she had something to do. But the plan did not altogether answer. By the time the vessel crossed the bar it was nearly dark, and she was not quite sure, among three, which it was, and she did not suppose the children could see her handkerchief. She waved it, however, according to promise. How little they knew how wet it was!

Then there was the walk home. It was familiar, yet very strange. When she was a child her parents used to bring her here, in the summer time, for sea air and bathing. The haven and the old gray bathing houses, and the fort, and the lighthouse, and the old priory ruins crowning the rocks, were all familiar to her; but the port had so grown up that all else was strange. And how strange now was life to her! Her parents gone, many years back, and her two sisters since; and now, the Morells! She had never had any money to lose, and the retired way in which the Morells lived had prevented her knowing any body out of their house. She had not a relation, nor a friend, nor even an acquaintance, in England. The Morells had not been uneasy about her. They left her a little money, and had so high an opinion of her that they did not doubt her being abundantly employed, whenever her hand should get well. They had lived too much to themselves to know that her French, learned during the war, when nobody in England could pronounce French, would not do in these days, nor that her trilling, old-fashioned style of playing on the piano, which they thought so beautiful, would be laughed at now in any boarding school; and that her elegant needleworks were quite out of fashion; and that there were new ways of teaching even reading spelling, and writing.

She knew these things, and cautioned herself against discontent with the progress of society, because she happened to be left alone behind. She suspected, too, that the hand would not get well. The thing that she was most certain of was, that she must not rack her brain with fears and speculations as to what was to become of her. Her business was to wait till she could find something to do, or learn what she was to suffer. She thought she had better wait here. There was no call to any other place. This was more familiar and more pleasant to her than any other—the Morells' cottage being far away, and out of the question—and here she could live with the utmost possible cheapness. So here she staid.

The hand got well, as far as the pain was concerned, sooner than she had expected. But it was in a different way from what she had expected. It was left wholly useless. And, though the time was not long, it had wrought as time does. It had worn out her clothes; it had emptied her little purse. It had carried away every thing she had in the world but the very few clothes she had on. She had been verging toward the resolution she now took for three or four weeks. She took it finally while sitting on the bench near the fort. It was in the dusk; for her gown, though she had done her best to mend it with her left hand, was in no condition to show by daylight. She was alone in the dusk, rather hungry and very cold. The sea was dashing surlily upon the rocks below, and there was too much mist to let any stars shine upon her. It was all dreary enough; yet she was not very miserable, for her mind was made up. She had made up her mind to go into the workhouse the next day. While she was thinking calmly about it a fife began to play a sort of jig in the yard of the fort behind her. Her heart heaved to her throat, and the tears gushed from her eyes. In this same spot, fifty years before, she had heard what seemed to her the same fife. Her father was then sitting on the grass, and she was between his knees, helping to tassel the tail of a little kite they were going to fly: and, when the merry fife had struck up, her father had snatched up her gay harlequin that lay within reach, and made him shake his legs and arms to the music. She heard her own laugh again now, through that long course of fifty years, and in the midst of these tears.

All that night she pondered her purpose: and the more she considered, the more sure she was that it was right. "I might," thought she, "get maintained by charity, no doubt: I might call on any of the clergymen of this place, and the rich people. Or I might walk into the shops and tell my story, and I dare say the people would give me food and clothes. And, if it was a temporary distress, I would do so. I should think it right to ask for help, if I had any prospect of work or independence in any way. But I have none: and this, I am convinced, points out my duty. Hopeless cases like mine are those which public charity—legal charity—is

intended to meet. My father little dreamed of this, to be sure; and the Morells little dream of it at this moment. But when do our parents and friends, when do we ourselves dream of what our lot is really to turn out? Those old notions have nothing to do, if we could but think so, with the event. Nor has my disgust anything to do with my duty. The plain fact is, that I am growing old—that I am nearly helpless—that I am cold and hungry, and nearly naked—that I have no friends within reach, and no prospect whatever. I am, therefore, an object for public charity, and I will ask for what is my due. I am afraid of what I may find in the workhouse—the vicious people, the dirty people, the diseased people—and, I suppose, not one among them who can give me any companionship whatever. It is dreadful; but it can't be helped. And the worse the case is about my companions—my fellow-paupers—for I must learn to bear the word)—the greater are the chances of my finding something to do for them—something which may prevent my feeling myself utterly useless in the world. This is not being wholly without prospect, after all. I suppose nobody ever is. If it were not so cold now, I could sleep upon mine."

It was too cold for sleep; and when, in the morning, she offered her old shawl in payment for her bed, assuring the poor old woman who let it that she should not want the shawl, because she was going to have other clothes, the woman shook her head sorrowfully—her lodger looked so wan and chilled. She had no fear that there was any thought of suicide in the case. No one could look in Miss Smith's sensible face, and hear her steady, cheerful voice, and suppose that she would do any thing wild or impatient.

"Who is that woman with a book in her hand?" inquired the visiting commissioner, some months afterward, of the governor of the workhouse. The governor could only say she was a single woman of the name of Smith, who had no use of her right hand. As to who she was, he could tell no more than this; but his wife had sometimes mentioned her as a different sort of person from those they generally saw there. She could not only read, but she read very well; and she read a great deal aloud to the old people, and in the infirmary. She talked unlike the rest, too. She said little; but her language was good, and always correct. She could not do much on account of her infirmity: but she was always willing to do what could be done with one hand; and she must have been very handy when she had the use of both.

"I should have thought her eyes had been too weak for much reading," observed the commissioner. "Has the medical officer attended to her?"

The governor called his wife: and the wife called a pauper woman who was told the question. This woman said that it was not exactly a case for the doctor. Nobody that shed so many tears could have good eyes. Ah! the

governor might be surprised; because Smith seemed so brisk in the daytime, and cheered the old people so much. But she made up for it at night. Many and many a time she cried the night through.

"How do you know?" asked the commissioner.

"I sleep in the next bed, sir. I can't say she disturbs any body; for she is very quiet. But if any thing keeps me awake I hear her sobbing. And you need but feel her pillow in the morning. It is wet almost through."

"And does that happen often?"

"Yes, sir. Many a time when she has turned her back—gone into the infirmary, or been reading to the old people—I have got her pillow and dried it. And I have seen her do it herself, with a smile on her face all the time."

The commissioner walked away. Before he left the place, the woman Smith was beckoned out by the governor. She went with a beating heart, with some wild idea in her head that the Morells had sent, that some friends had turned up. While still in the passage, however, she said to herself that she might as well look to see her parents risen from the dead.

The commissioner had, indeed, nothing to tell. He wanted to ask. He did ask, as much as his delicacy would allow. But he learned nothing; except, indeed, what he ought to have considered the most important thing, the state of her mind about being there. About that she was frank enough. She said over again to him what she had said to herself, about this being the right place for one in her circumstances. She considered that it would be an abuse of private charity for her to be maintained in idleness at an expense which might set forward in life some person in a less hopeless position.

"You speak cheerfully, as if you were in earnest," said the commissioner.

"Of course, I am in earnest," she replied.

And cheerful she remained throughout the conversation. Only once the commissioner saw her eyes filled, and a quiver on her lips. He did not know it; but he had unconsciously called her "Madam."

Would she prefer the children's department of the house? There was no doubt that she could teach them much. Would she change her quarters? No. She was too old now for that. She should not be a good companion now for children; and they would be too much for her. Unless she was wanted—

By no means. She should be where she preferred to be.

She preferred to be where she was. The commissioner's lady soon after dropped in, and managed to engage Smith in conversation. But there was no result; because Smith did not choose that there should be. Perhaps she was more in the infirmary; and had oftener a warm seat by the fire, and was spoken to with more deference. But this might be solely owing to the way she made with the people by her own acts and manners. The invalids and the infirm

grew so fond of her that they poured out to her all their complaints. She was favored with the knowledge of every painful sensation as it passed, and every uneasy thought as it arose.

"I never thought to die in such a place as this," groaned old Johnny Jacks.

"I wonder at that," said his old wife; "for you never took any care to provide yourself a better—to say nothing of me." And she went on to tell how Johnny had idled and drank his life away, and brought her here at last. Much of Johnny's idling and drinking having been connected with electioneering in an abominably venal city, he was a great talker on politics, and the state was made responsible for all his troubles. He said it was a shame that any body should die in a workhouse; he appealed to his neighbor Smith, who was warming his broth, whether it was not so?"

"Which is best?" she answered; "being here, or on a common, or the sea-sands? Because," she added, "there was a time when old people like us were left to die wherever they fell. There are countries now where old people die so. I should not like that."

"You don't mean to say that you or any one likes being here?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean to say that. But things are better than they were once: and they may be better again."

"I shall not live to see that," groaned Johnny.

"No; nor I. But it is something to think of."

"D— it," said Johnny, "I am not the better for any good that does not happen to me, nor to any body I know."

"Are not you?" said neighbor Smith. "Well, now, I am."

And so she was to the end. She died in that infirmary, and not very long after. When the Morells' letter came, it was plain that they had enough to do to take care of themselves. So she did not let them know—in her reply, written by the hands of the schoolmaster—where she was. The letter was so cheerful that they are probably far from suspecting, at this moment, how she died and was buried. As "from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," there was so much in her letter as rather surprised them about her hope and expectation that the time would come, when hearty work in the vigorous season of life should secure its easy close; and when a greater variety of employment should be opened to women. There was more of this kind of speculation, and less news and detail of facts than they would have liked. But it was a household event to have a letter from Miss Smith; and the very little children, forgetting the wide sea they had passed, began shouting for Miss Smith to come to them just (as it happened) when her ear was closing to every human voice.

II. THE COLLEGIAN.

One day during the war, when the Orders in Council were producing more mischief in our

manufacturing districts than those decrees of Napoleon upon which they were meant to retaliate, the city of — was thrown into consternation by the news that Mr. Woodcock had failed. Bad news had become so frequent of late that any ordinary mishap would have been received with a sigh and a few shakes of the head, and then have been forgotten in the next incident that occurred; but that Mr. Woodcock should fail came upon the city like a great fire, or an earthquake, or the news that Napoleon had really landed on the neighboring coast. The ladies wept, as when the news came of Lord Nelson's death; the gentlemen met at one another's houses to see if any thing could be done. The poorest people in the street spoke of it as of a personal misfortune. And so it was to them, for Mr. Woodcock had always been as kind a neighbor as he was an upright magistrate. He had been sheriff and alderman; and then his portrait, in his robes, had been hung up among those of the mayors in the city hall. In that hall his mayoralty feasts had been of the highest order ever given; and his balls in the assembly rooms were talked of years after others were forgotten. Liberal as his expenditure had been, well as his wife was always dressed, and large as were his benefactions in the city, there was no sign of extravagance in himself or his household; but, on the contrary, so much prudence and sagacity, that he was as much consulted for his wisdom as appealed to for his benevolence. Therefore, when the news spread from house to house that Mr. Woodcock had failed, the first remark made by every hearer was that there could be no fault in the case.

There was no fault. A sudden depreciation in the value of his stock—a fall which no wisdom could have foreseen or guarded against, was the cause of the misfortune. And the mischief done was small to any but the Woodcocks themselves. There were no tradesmen's bills. The deficiency was small; for Mr. Woodcock had stopped the very hour that he had reason to fear that he was insolvent, and his few creditors were those who had profited largely by their preceding engagements with him. Not an ill word was known to be spoken against him or his; but many a kind and sorrowful one when the family removed from their sunny house near the cathedral, and went, with one servant, into a small "right up," just outside the city; and when the phaeton was laid down, and young Master Edward's pony was sold, and Mrs. Woodcock was seen going to market, dressed as plainly as any Quaker.

Hitherto they had never been thought proud. Now people began to think them so—Mrs. Woodcock certainly—and perhaps her husband, too. He grew very grave, and more retired and dignified than formerly. Mrs. Woodcock had always been remarkably clever. But for the high principle and sound judgment which gave moral weight to what she said, her sayings would have been sharp and satirical. Now there was more sharpness and satire, and they showed the

more, from her saying less, and carrying herself in a higher manner. Her intimate friends knew that a single mortification lay heavy at her heart, and made her more unhappy than she acknowledged to herself. She was grieving for the blight which had come upon the prospects of her only child—"my Edward," as she was wont to call him—she, from whom tender words were very rare.

Her Edward was a clever boy—a very clever boy, and such a wag that other boys did not care about his cleverness in any other direction. He made such capital fun wherever he went that it was a secondary matter that he could learn whatever he chose in no time, and do better than the best whatever he set about. He had his mother's keen, observant—one might say, experienced eye, under his curly light hair. He was not a handsome boy, but he had a bright, healthy face; brows that he knit very close when he was learning his lessons; and a mouth so incessantly working with fun that the question was how he ever kept grave while within the cathedral walls on Sundays. He had been destined, however, to spend a good many hours of gravity in a church, in the course of his life; for he was to have been a clergyman. It was the overthrow of this aim which was the heavy mortification to Mrs. Woodcock. Her husband thought they must give up the idea of a university education for Edward, and prepare him for trade. The mother tried to remember that we do not know what is good for us, and that it might possibly be better for her son to be in trade; but when some such reflection was immediately followed by a few sarcasms on human life or human beings, her husband knew that she had been thinking how her Edward would have been sure to distinguish himself at Oxford, if he could have been allowed to show what he could do.

Before many years all was bright again. A good fortune was unexpectedly left to Mr. Woodcock. First, he paid all his creditors, debts, interest, and compound interest. Then he went into his old house again; and his old servants came back to him joyfully. His fellow-citizens made him mayor again; and the guild-feast was as handsome as before. There are many now who remember Edward's curly head in the mayor's carriage, and the wonder of his school-fellows as to how the boy would behave at the great dinner, among all the grown-up people. He sat beside his mother; and she would not laugh, say what he might, more than became her position as hostess to six hundred people. He asked the young ladies to dance very properly at the ball afterward; but he amused them so excessively that they were almost glad at last to change partners and rest from laughing. What a thing this would be to remember when he became a bishop! Of course the university was again before him; and his mother was now as gracious and right-minded in her shrewdness as ever.

Before Edward went to Oxford his father died. The honest and benign face, under the

brown wig, was no more seen in the market-place, nor was the cheerful voice, with a reasoning tone, heard in the magistrates' hall; nor, for a while, were pleasant parties assembled in the bright and handsome drawing-room, before whose windows the cathedral tower and spire uprose in the sunset, like a sculptured mountain reflecting the western lights. In those summer evenings the mother was seen, leaning on her son's arm, taking the last walks with him before his going to Oxford.

There was less gossip about the Woodcocks than might have been expected by those who hear much of the vulgarities of provincial towns. Edward gave such fair occasion for talk, that it is surprising there was not more of it. When he came home for the first vacation it was remarked—it could not but be remarked—that he and his mother were rarely seen together. When once she had his arm, he did not at all condescend to her short stature; he twirled his cane about, fidgeted, and struck the pebbles as he walked. But he was often seen galloping out of the city on a spirited horse, or lounging near the news-room, or lolling out of the window of the billiard-room there. His mother walked alone. She was seldom visible when neighbors called; and, when found at home, she appeared to be growing caustic again. With this there was a slight affectation about her son; a little ostentation about deriving all her information from Oxford, or from Edward's lips. "My son writes"—"My son tells me"—was the preface to most things she said. One incident which occurred during this vacation could not escape remark. She was now just out of mourning, and had declared her intention of inviting her friends again, as soon as Edward should come home. She had one party the week after his arrival. He did not appear. Flushed, fidgety, and with that knit of the brow which in her countenance told so much, she exerted herself to the very utmost, talking and setting every body talking, moving about and letting nobody sit too long. Some of the party had to return home through the market-place that summer night. The windows of the billiard-room were open, and it was well lighted; and among the moving figures within they perfectly distinguished Edward Woodcock.

After that vacation, it was long—I think it must have been three years—before he appeared again at home. Little was said, but much was understood, of the weariness of those years to his mother. It was known that there had somehow been losses. Her great charities were much contracted. She went out so little that she had no occasion for any kind of carriage; but the livery-servant disappeared. If any stranger called or met her, she still said, when college or church was mentioned, "My son is intended for the Church;" but it was as if she was stung to say it. It was said so tartly that the conversation never lingered upon the Church. As for old acquaintances, they found it required some resolution now to go to the house—Mrs.

Woodcock's manner had become so sharp, and her eye so suspicious. One autumn she was going to the sea. It was only twenty miles off; but it was long since she had gone from home at all. A family of neighbors were there, too, and they saw what they can never forget. Now and then she walked alone, frowning, and lost in thought, along the cliffs. Sometimes she sat on a bench below, glancing about up and down the sands, and turning restlessly when any foot-step approached. Oftener she sat at an open window, in a little common, ugly cap and a cheap gown, gazing at the jetty below.

And why at the jetty? Because he was there. Hardly any one would have known it was he, but for the direction of his mother's gaze. His bright eyes were hidden under green goggles; his once curly hair was lank and thin; it is impossible to fancy the cheeks of a living person more hollow—the whole face more ghastly. He walked with two sticks; but his time was spent chiefly in sitting at the end of the jetty or the window of the billiard-room, quizzing, giggling, and striving after a mirth which brought tears from some who were within hearing. His giggle was a convulsion; his quizzing was slander; his mirth was blasphemy. He once or twice appeared in his native place, painfully making his way to the billiard-room; and once with his mother on his arm: but it is thought that they met such looks in the streets—such astonishment—such involuntary grief—that they could not bear it; at least, she could not; and he ceased to appear.

He was heard of for two years more. Not in connection with the Church. No one could, for shame, join the ideas of Edward Woodcock and the Church. In connection with Oxford he was often spoken of. Mothers of sons trembled, and even fathers doubted, when they were told that Edward Woodcock's case was by no means a remarkable one. He had lost his ability altogether under the exhaustion of disease and dissipation. He had lost his health in debauchery; he had lost his money and his mother's fortune in gaming: but so had many other young men of promise equal to his. If any asked how such things could be common in such a place, some answered that they did not know, and others had always been told they could not be helped.

At last Mrs. Woodcock's door was closed against all visitors except the physician. Edward was there; and he was dying. Great decorum and tenderness were observed about the secrets of that dreary house; but it was known to those who most cared to know that there was no solace to the mother's heart—no softening of the son's. He treated her like a servant; and in the way that good-natured people never treat servants. He repelled her affection; he mocked. . . . But I can not dwell on this.

One summer morning the hearse and two mourning coaches were seen moving from the door under the shady trees in the close. Old friends hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry

that all was over. They would have been glad if there had been any domestic resource for the mother; any other survivor to make the old home somewhat like itself. But was ever any worn-out being more lonely? One old acquaintance, by no means an intimate friend, saw that it would now be right to go. She dreaded the visit inexpressibly; but she saw that it was right to go. She went; and she shed a lapful of tears when she came home.

She found Mrs. Woodcock immeasurably more haughty than ever before. She could scarcely rise at first from the rheumatism she had caught by night-watching; and when she sat down on her faded old sofa she worked her thumbs and twitched her fingers as if impatient of her visitor, and cut short or contradicted every thing that was said. She still harped on Oxford; on which, however, it was impossible to say any thing to please her. At last—whether it was that the effort was of itself too much for her, or that old tones of voice and a kindly expression of countenance touched the spring of tears, I do not know—but she was overtaken by such a passion of weeping as it was heart-rending to witness. She well-nigh choked before she would acknowledge her own tears; but when she laid her head against the back of the sofa, her sobs shook the very room. She did not stop speaking for this. She said but one thing, but she said it incessantly. ‘Don’t pity me, Mrs. A—. I can not bear to be pitied. I am not at all unhappy. I can not bear to be pitied. You must not pity me,’ and so on.

Such a life could not last long. I forget exactly how long it was. Probably, in the suspense of our compassion, it seemed longer than it would now in the retrospect. It could not, I think, have been many months before the hearse was again moving away from the door under the trees, and we felt that the household which had been once so much to the city was extinguished. Nothing was left but that which still remains—the portrait of the mayor in his robes in the great hall, and the aching remembrance in many hearts of the fate of his wife and only child.

III. THE MAID-SERVANT.

“Where is Jemima? I want Jemima,” said a feeble voice, interrupted by coughing, from a bed in a sick room.

“My dear,” said an elderly woman, who entered through an open door from the west chamber, “Jemima is gone to lie down. What can I do for you?”

“I want Jemima,” was the reply: and Jemima appeared. In she came, with her young, innocent, chubby face, looking as fresh as if she had been accustomed of late to sleep every night, as other people do, whereas she had been night and day for some weeks, by the bedside of her mistress, who was dying of consumption. Her master was very ill too, and the whole of the nursing rested upon his mother, and upon this, their little maid-of-all-work, who was then fifteen.

When Jemima had comforted and refreshed her poor mistress, the mother-in-law whispered to her that she must go and lie down again; but Jemima said a little fresh air would do her more good than lying down with the feeling that she was wanted. The medicines for the evening had not come, and she would go for them, and to the grocer’s.

Thus it went on to the end. Jemima always found that her best refreshment was in doing something that was wanted. She was always at her mistress’s call; and, when that call was unreasonable, she was the first to observe that dying persons did not always know the night from the day, or judge how time went with other people, when it was all so long to them, and they could get no rest. When the funeral was over, her elder mistress made her go to bed for nearly a week. At first she cried so much, as she lay thinking of the one who was gone, that she would rather have been up and busy; but soon a deep sleep fell upon her; and when she rose, her face was as chubby and her voice as cheerful as ever.

The same scene had to be gone over with her master. He died of consumption two months after his wife. As there were now two nurses to one patient, Jemima’s work was not quite so trying; but she did more than most trained nurses could have done. When the funeral was over, she helped the bereaved mother to clear the house, and put away every thing belonging to those that lay in the church-yard. The tears were often running down her cheeks; but her voice was always cheerful, as she said things were best as they were, her friends having gone together to a better place.

One summer evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Barclay and their family returned from a walk, they found at their door a genteel-looking little girl, who had just knocked. She was in a black stuff gown, with a gray handkerchief crossed over her bosom; and a black straw hat, under which was the neatest little quaker cap. She courtesied, and said she came after the housemaid’s place. Mrs. Barclay would have dismissed her at once, as too young, but for something in her face and manner which seemed to show that her mind was that of an older person. She said she was very strong, and willing to be taught and trained. Mrs. Barclay promised to inquire her character, and the inquiry settled the business.

“Ma’am,” said the bereaved mother, “I would never part with Jemima, if I could by any means keep her. I never saw such a girl. It seems impossible to exhaust her, body or mind, on account, I think, of her good will.” And she gave the whole story of the two illnesses. When asked what the girl’s faults were, as she must have some, she said she really did not know: she supposed there must be some fault; but she had never seen any. She had known Jemima only six months, and under peculiar circumstances; she could not tell how she would get on in a regular housemaid’s

place; but she had never had to find fault with her. Of course, Jemima went to Mrs. Barclay. Her wages were to be £5 a year at first, and to increase to £8 as she grew up, and became trained.

The training was no trouble to any body. When she **had once** learned where every thing was in the house, and what were the hours and ways of the family, her own sense and quickness did the rest. She was the first person awake and up. She never lost, or broke, or forgot any thing. Never, during the years of her service, was there a dusty, dark corner in her pantry, nor a lock of "slut's wool" under any bed, nor a streaky glass on the sideboard, nor a day when the cloth was not laid to a minute. She never slammed a door; and if there was a heavy foot overhead it was not hers. She and her fellow-servants had their time, after seven in the evening, for their own work; and Jemima was a capital needlewoman, and worked for somebody else besides herself. She would ask the nursemaid to read aloud, and, in return, she would make or mend a gown for her. She reduced her own gowns, when they began to wear, for her little sister Sally. The wonder was how she could afford this, out of her small wages; but she was always nicely dressed; and she soon began to spare money for other objects which her friends thought should not have been pressed upon one in her circumstances. This was after a great change had come over her mind and life.

It was true that Jemima was not without a fault, any more than other people. Her temper was not perfectly good. Her mistress soon perceived this, by certain flashes from her eyes, and flushes of her cheeks, and quick breathing, and hurry of speaking. It was not much at first; no more than just enough to show that Jemima could be in a passion, and probably would some day. The sufferings of her deceased master and mistress had kept this down while she was with them. Their deaths had made a deep impression upon her, and had disposed her naturally religious temper to be strongly wrought upon by the first religious influence which should come in her way. A new Methodist minister had been very acceptable to the people who attended the Apple-lane meeting-house; and, within a year after going to the Barclays, Jemima requested permission to attend that place of worship, instead of following the family to their own chapel on Sundays. Mrs. Barclay was sorry, because she liked to see her servants at worship near her own pew: but Jemima was always so trustworthy, and on this occasion so earnest, that it did not seem right to deny her; and she became a member of the Apple-yard Meeting Society. Very soon she asked leave to go an hour sooner on Sunday mornings to attend class; and then to go there one evening in the week, and sometimes two. As her work was never neglected, this, too, was permitted. Very soon it appeared that she was subscribing annually, quarterly, weekly, to missionary objects

and sectarian funds. How she managed it nobody could understand; but she did it and honestly. Her dress reached the last point of plainness and cheapness; but it was as neat as ever; so that it was wholly her own affair. A less pleasant change was, that her temper was far from improving. She would have none but religious books read in the kitchen, and could tolerate no singing but hymns. She winced when any body laughed. A contraction came over her open brow, and a sharpness into her once cheerful voice. Not satisfied with pressing her views upon her fellow servants, she became critical upon the ways of the family. One of their customs was to receive, on Sunday evenings, two or three young men, who living alone, liked to spend their Sunday evenings in a sociable manner. There was always Scripture-reading and prayer, and often sacred music. In summer there was a country walk; in winter cheerful conversation, with an occasional laugh, which could be heard in the kitchen. This was too much for Jemima; but a worse thing was the supper. Like most old-fashioned Dissenters, the Barclays dined at one o'clock on Sundays, and, naturally, they had some supper at nine. It was simple enough; but the servant whose turn it was to stay at home had sometimes to poach eggs or dress a cutlet; and Jemima's repugnance to this was so far from being concealed that it amounted at last to extreme impertinence; and she went so far as to express her contempt and abhorrence to the child, whom it was her business to put to bed. Her mistress always hoped that the fit of fanaticism would pass off with months or years and the sooner for not being interfered with; but this behavior could not be passed over. When the rebuke was given, poor Jemima emptied her heart completely; and very curious the contents proved to be. It appeared that she despised the family she lived with, though she was fully resolved to do her duty by them. She feared they were lost people; but they might yet be saved, and it was her business to serve them, and not to judge them. She hoped she had not failed in her duty; but her feelings and her thoughts were her own. If she must not speak them, she could hold her tongue, and bear the cross of so doing; but nobody could take them from her. There was so much that was respectable and really fine in her ardor and conscientiousness, that she was gently treated, and only forbidden to make any complaints to the younger members of the family. One most important disclosure at this time was that she was engaged to be married; not yet, but some time or other.

Her lover was a class-mate, apprenticed to a shoemaker, with two years of his apprenticeship still to run. On inquiry he was found to be thoroughly respectable as to character, diligent in his business, and likely to be an able workman. So he was allowed to call for Jemima on class evenings, and to come now and then to the house. The Barclays knew when he was

there by hearing a man's voice reading in the kitchen, when the door was opened, or by the psalm-singing, which needed no open doors to make itself heard.

Jemima was now, however, unsettled; not at all by her engagement, for nothing could be more sober and rational than the temper and views of the young people as regarded each other and their prospects; but the poor girl felt that she was living in a sort of bondage, while yet she could blame nobody for it. She sighed for freedom to lead the sort of religious life she wished, without interruption from persons of a different way of thinking. I believe she was nineteen or twenty when she told Mrs. Barclay what she had been planning; and Mrs. Barclay was not altogether sorry to hear about it, for Jemima had lost much of her openness and cheerfulness, bounced about when doing her work, and knocked hard with her brushes when cleaning floors overhead. There was evidently an internal irritation, which might best be relieved by total change.

The plan was for Jemima and a pious friend, about her own age, to take a room and live together, maintaining themselves by working for the upholsterers. The girls thought they could make money faster this way than at service, as both were good workwomen, and could live as cheaply as any body could live. If they found themselves mistaken they could go back to service. Jemima avowed that her object was to lay by money, as Richard and she had resolved not to marry till they could furnish their future dwelling well and comfortably. This might have been a rash scheme for most girls; but these two friends were so good and so sensible, and knew their own purposes so well, that nobody opposed their experiment.

It was really a pleasure to go and see them when they were settled. They chose their room carefully, for the sake of their work, as well as their own health. Their room was very high upstairs; but it was all the more airy for that, and they wanted plenty of light. And very light it was—with its two windows on different sides of the room. The well-boarded floor looked as clean as their table. There were plants in the windows; and there was a view completely over the chimneys of the city to the country beyond. Their most delicate work could get no soil here. They were well employed, and laid by money as fast as they expected.

Still it seemed, after a time, that Jemima was not yet happy. Her face was anxious, and her color faded. She often went to work at the Barclays; as often as Mrs. B. could find any upholstery, or other needlework, for her to do. One object was to give her a good hot dinner occasionally; for it seemed possible that she might be living too low, though she declared that this was not the case. One day she happened to be at work in the dining-room with Mrs. Barclay, when one of the young ladies went in. Jemima was bending over her work; yet Miss B. saw that her face was crimson, and heard that her

voice was agitated. On a sign from her mother, the young lady withdrew. One evening the next week Richard called, and saw Mrs. Barclay alone. Little was said in the family; but in many parts of the city it became presently known that the preacher who had so revived religion among the young people was on bad terms with some of them. Either he was a profligate, or some dozen young women were slanderers. Jemima was growing thin and pale under the dread of the inquiry which must, she knew, take place. Either her own character must go, or she must help to take away that of the minister. It was no great comfort to her that Richard told her that Mrs. Barclay could and would carry her through. She had many wretched thoughts that this certainty could not reach.

It was some weeks before the business was over. The Miss Barclays and Jemima were sitting at work together, with the parlor-door open, when there was a knock, and then the shuffling of the feet of four gentlemen in the hall, just as Mrs. Barclay was coming down stairs. She invited them into the drawing-room; but the spokesman (an acquaintance of the Barclays) declined, saying that a few words would suffice; that he and his friends understood that Mrs. Barclay was thoroughly well acquainted with Jemima Brooks, and they merely wished to know whether Jemima was, in that house, considered a well-conducted young woman, whose word might be trusted. All this was heard in the parlor. Jemima's tears dropped upon her needle; but she would not give up; she worked on, as if her life depended on getting done. The young ladies had never seen her cry; and the sight moved them almost as much as their mother's voice, which they clearly heard, saying,

"I am glad you have come here, Mr. Bennett; for I *can* speak to Jemima Brooks's merits. She lived in my family for some years; and she is in the house at this moment. There is no one in the world whom I more cordially respect; and, when I say that I regard her as a friend, I need not tell you what I think of the value of her word."

"Quite enough, Mrs. Barclay. Quite enough. We have nothing more to ask. We are greatly obliged to you, ma'am. Good morning—good morning."

When Mrs. Barclay had seen them out, and entered the parlor, the quick yet full gaze that Jemima raised to her face was a thing never to be forgotten. Mrs. Barclay turned her face away; but immediately put on her thimble, sat down among the party, and began to tell her daughters the news from London. Jemima heard no more of this business. It is probable that the gentlemen received similar testimony with regard to the other young people implicated; for the preacher was dismissed the city, without any ceremony, and with very brief notice.

From this time might clearly be dated the decline of Jemima's spiritual pride and irrita-

bility of temper. She was deeply humbled; and from under the ruins of her pride sprang richly the indigenous growth of her sweet affections. She was not a whit less religious; but she had a higher view of what religion should be. Her smile, when she met any of the Barclays in the street, and the tenderness in her voice when she spoke to them, indicated a very different state of mind from that in which she had left them.

She was looking well, and her friend and she were doing well, and Richard and she were beginning to reckon how many months, at their present rate of earning, would enable them to furnish a dwelling, and justify their going home to it, when they were called upon for a new decision, and a new scene opened in Jemima's life.

The eldest of Mrs. Barclay's sons, who had been married about two years before, was so ill as to be ordered to Madeira to save his life. There was more rashness formerly than there is now about sending persons so very ill far away from their own homes; and Madeira was then a less comfortable residence for Englishmen than it has since been made. A large country-house was taken for the invalid and his family; and all that forethought could do was done for their comfort. The very best piece of forethought was that of Mrs. Barclay, when she proposed that Jemima should be asked to go as one of their servants. Jemima asked a few days to consider; and during those few days the anxiety of the family increased as they saw how all-important the presence of such a helper would be. Nothing could be more reasonable than Jemima's explanation, when she had made up her mind. She said that if she was to engage herself for two years, and defer her marriage, it must be for the sake of some advantage to Richard, and to their affairs afterward, that she would make such a sacrifice. It was Richard's object and hers to save at present; if, therefore, she went to Madeira it must be on high wages. She would devote herself to do the best she could for the family: but she must see that Richard did not suffer by it. Of course, this was agreed to at once, and she went to Madeira.

It is always a severe and wearing trial to servants to travel in foreign countries, or remain long abroad. They usually have all the discomfort without the gratifications which their employers seek and enjoy. Their employers can speak the languages of the people among whom they go; and they have intellectual interests, historical, philosophical, or artistical, which their servants know nothing about. Thus we hear of one lady's maid who cried all through Italy, and another who scolded or sulked all the way up the hill and down again; and another who declared every morning for some weeks in the Arabian deserts that she would bear it no longer, but would go straight home—that she would. Jemima and her fellow-servants had much to bear, but she and another bore it well. The voyage was trying, the sea-sickness was bad

enough; but a worse thing was, that the infant, five months' old, got no proper sleep, from the noises and moving on board; and the foundation was thus laid for brain disease, of which he died in the winter. Then, when they landed, the great house was dreadfully dirty, and wanted airing; as it was not like a dirty house in England, which can always be cleaned when desired. The Portuguese at Madeira were found to have no notion of cleanliness; and as they could speak no English, and the servants no Portuguese, the business was an irritating one. There were great privileges about the abode. The view over land and sea was most magnificent; and there was in the grounds a hedge several hundred yards long of geraniums, fuchsias, and many glorious foreign blossoms, in flower and fragrance all the winter through; and the air was the most delicious that could be breathed; but Jemima would have given all these things, at any moment, for English food, and English ways, and the sound of English church bells, or the familiar voice of her own preacher. Her master visibly declined, on the whole, and the infant pined and died. She could not but know that she was the mainstay of the party, as to their external comfort. She must have had some sweet moments in the consciousness of this. When she considered, however, the great luxury of all was watching for the English packet from the top of the house. The house itself was on the mountains, and when she and a fellow-servant went up to the flat roof, and steadied the telescope on the balustrade, they could see very far indeed over the ocean, and sometimes watched the approach of the vessel, in which she knew there was a letter from Richard, for some hours before it reached the harbor. These days of the arrival of letters were the few days of animation and good cheer of that dreary and mournful season, which was more dismal among sunshine, and flowers, and sweet airs, than the gloomiest winter the party had ever known in England. If it had been for an unlimited time, even Jemima's steady spirits could hardly have borne it; but she said to herself that it was only for two years, and she should never repent it.

It did not last two years. When the heats came on, in May, the physicians said that the invalid must go home; and in June the family embarked in the only vessel in which they could have a passage—a wine-vessel going to a French port. It was dirty, and almost without comforts. Its discomforts were too great to be dwelt upon. In the Bay of Biscay there was a dead calm, in which they lay suffering for so many days that it seemed as if they were never to get on. Under this the invalid sank. He was buried at sea. The widow and her servants landed at Bordeaux, and traveled homeward through France. Never, perhaps, had Jemima felt so happy as when she saw again the cathedral spire of her native city, and was presently met by Richard, and welcomed by the

grateful blessings of the Barclay family. She had well discharged her trust, and now her own domestic life was to begin.

Not immediately, however. It was a season of fearful distress in England—the year 1826, the time of the dreadful commercial crash, which, having ruined thousands of capitalists—from bankers to tradesmen—was now bringing starvation upon hundreds of thousands of artisans and laborers. Richard's business, till now a rising one, had become slack. During the few months longer that the young people waited, they bought what they could get to advantage of good furniture, and despised no small earnings. A certain clock—a thoroughly good one—was to be had for £8, which a year before would have cost £10 at least. Mrs. Barclay saw the longing there was to have this clock; while nothing like £8 was left to buy it with. She offered to buy it for them, and let them work it out; and the offer was gladly accepted. When they married she wished to send it home, but they both said they could never look at the clock in their own house without reproach while it was not truly their own. They actually craved permission to have it stand in Mr. Barclay's warehouse. Once a week they brought what money they could spare, and then they always stepped into the warehouse and took a long look at their clock; and at last the day came when they paid the last shilling, and took it home, where, no doubt, they gave it a longer gaze than ever.

Poor things! they little knew what was before them. Richard had plenty of business; and his stock of leather was used up, again and again; but, as the winter wore on, he could obtain no payment. One of the Miss Barclays, in speaking of the state of the times, thoughtlessly congratulated Jemima on her husband being a shoemaker, saying that one of the last things people could do without was shoes. A sort of spasm passed over Jemima's face when she tried to smile, and she stopped a moment before she said, very quietly, yes, that that was true: people still had shoes; but they could not pay for them. In a little while longer, she was making gowns, or doing any other sewing for any body, for any thing they could pay. As she worked, Richard sat by and read to her. He had no more leather; and there was no use trying his credit when he knew he should not get paid for the shoes he might make. At Christmas, they were sitting thus without a fire. A little later still, the Barclays found Jemima rubbing up her furniture, which was as clean and polished before as it could well be. No careless observer, seeing a neat young woman, in a snow-white cap, polishing substantial furniture, of her own, with a handsome clock ticking in the corner, could have supposed that she was wanting food. But it was so, and there was something in her face—a pinched look about the nose, a quivering about the chin, which betrayed the fact to the Barclays. It was partly to warm herself in the absence of fire, that Je-

mima was rubbing up her furniture. As for pawning or selling it—it would have gone very hard with the young couple to do that if it had been possible. But it was not possible; and they had no conflict of mind on that point. The furniture brokers had no money—any more than other people; and the pawnbrokers' houses were so crowded, from cellar to garret, that every one of them in the city had for some time refused to take any thing more whatever. The Barclays themselves were sorely embarrassed, and eventually ruined, by the same crash. The very little they could do was needed by multitudes even more than by Richard and Jemima. They found the weaver hanging fainting over his loom, and the reduced schoolmistress sitting on the bottom stair, too dizzy with hunger to mount to her own room. They found the elderly widow too proud to own her need to the district visitors, lending her pitcher, without a handle, to the sinking family above stairs, to fetch the soup from the public kitchen; while they, sinking as they were, divined her case, and left some soup at the bottom of the pitcher as if by accident. No one was more ready than Jemima to point out to the Barclays the sufferers who, while saying least about it, most wanted bread. All that her friends could do for her was to get their shoes mended by Richard, and to give her a few days' employment, now and then, by their good fire, and with three good meals in the day.

How they managed it, the young couple could themselves hardly tell; but they got through. The worst times of commercial crisis must come to an end; and the end found the young people somewhat sunk in health and spirits, but clear of debt, and with all their little property safe about them. Of course their credit was good; and when people were again able to pay for their shoes, Richard was as safe as any man can be who is bound up with a system of fluctuations.

As safe, that is, about money matters. But the next autumn showed him by how frail a tenure he held his very best earthly blessing. Jemima was confined; and almost before he had seen his little daughter, his wife was in the last extremity of danger. She well knew it; and the surgeon said afterward that in all his experience, he had never seen such an instance of calm and amiable good sense under the strongest possible circumstances of proof. She understood the case—her affections were all alive—her husband and child were in the room—a bright life was before her—and she was slipping away from all; yet there was no fear, and, amidst excessive exhaustion, no perturbation. The surgeon said she saved her own life, for he could not have saved her. In a few weeks she brought her little daughter to the Barclays' house; and, as she sat there, they could not help thinking that her face was almost as childlike as her infant's. It was at least much the same in its innocence and brightness, as it was on that summer evening, so many years ago, when they

found it on their steps, on returning from their walk.

The infant was extremely pretty. In connection with it happened the severest trial that Jemima had ever known; certainly, a severer one than she had looked for in her married life. She wished to have the child vaccinated. Richard objected. He had committed all he had to God, and it would be taking the child out of the hands of Providence to have it vaccinated. Jemima, whose fanaticism had gradually melted all away, saw the mistake he was in. She said, plainly and earnestly what she thought; but, when she saw that her husband's religious feelings were engaged in the matter, and that his will was roused, she let the subject drop. When the child could run about and prattle, and was so pretty that the Quaker-like young mother actually put the glossy hair in papers, and made dressy pinafores for her darling, the dreaded small-pox appeared. The child escaped death, but very narrowly; and her face was pitted and seamed so as to leave no trace of beauty. It did not lighten the affliction, that Richard still declared he was right. She bore it quietly and there was little alteration in her cheerful voice when she spoke of the ravage.

They rose steadily, on the whole, with occasional drawbacks. There were more children; there was a larger business. At last, on Saturday nights there was a respectable shop-front to close and a considerable stock to arrange for Monday morning. On Sundays a group of children came out to walk hand-in-hand to chapel, with their father in good broad cloth, and their mother in black silk behind them. The Barclays left the city long ago; but when one of them pays an occasional visit in the neighborhood, the brisk little woman in black silk, is sure to be seen presently coming up to the house; her innocent face looks in eagerly at the window, and the chirping voice is heard in the hall. There was nothing in her young days so impetuous as the grasp of the hand that the Barclays have from her when they meet at intervals of years.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 263.)

BOOK III.—INITIAL CHAPTER:—SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE CALLED "MY NOVEL."

"I AM not displeased with your novel, so far as it has gone," said my father graciously; "though as for The Sermon—"

Here I trembled; but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had taken Parson Dale under their special protection; and, observing that my father was puckering up his brows critically, they rushed boldly forward in defense of The Sermon, and Mr. Caxton was forced to beat a retreat. However, like a skillful general, he renewed the assault upon outposts less gallantly guarded. But as it is not my business to betray my weak points, I leave it to the ingenuity of cavers to

discover the places at which the Author of *Human Error* directed his great guns.

"But," said the Captain, "you are a lad of too much spirit, Pisistratus, to keep us always in the obscure country quarters of Hazeldean—you will march us out into open service before you have done with us?"

PISISTRATUS, magisterially, for he has been somewhat nettled by Mr. Caxton's remarks—and he puts on an air of dignity, in order to awe away minor assailants.—"Yes, Captain Roland—not yet awhile, but all in good time. I have not stinted myself in canvas, and behind my foreground of the Hall and the Parsonage I propose, hereafter, to open some lengthened perspective of the varieties of English life—"

MR. CAXTON.—"Hum!"

BLANCHE, putting her hand on my father's lip.—"We shall know better the design, perhaps, when we know the title. Pray, Mr. Author, what is the title?"

MY MOTHER, with more animation than usual—"Ay, Sisty—the title?"

PISISTRATUS, startled.—"The title! By the soul of Cervantes! I have never yet thought of a title!"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, solemnly.—"There is a great deal in a good title. As a novel-reader, I know that by experience."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly; there is not a catchpenny in the world but what goes down, if the title be apt and seductive. Witness 'Old Parr's Life Pills.' Sell by the thousand, sir, when my 'Pills for Weak Stomachs,' which I believe to be just the same compound, never paid for the advertising."

MR. CAXTON.—"Parr's Life Pills! a fine stroke of genius! It is not every one who has a weak stomach, or time to attend to it, if he have. But who would not swallow a pill to live to a hundred and fifty-two?"

PISISTRATUS, stirring the fire in great excitement.—"My title! my title! what shall be my title!"

MR. CAXTON, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat, and in his most didactic of tones. "From a remote period, the choice of a title has perplexed the scribbling portion of mankind. We may guess how their invention has been racked by the strange contortions it has produced. To begin with the Hebrews. 'The Lips of the Sleeping,' (*Labia Dormientium*)—what book do you suppose that title to designate?—A Catalogue of Rabbinical writers! Again, imagine some young lady of old captivated by the sentimental title of 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' and opening on a treatise on the Jewish Ceremonials! Let us turn to the Romans. Aulus Gellius commences his pleasant gossiping 'Noctes' with a list of the titles in fashion in his day. For instance, 'The Muses' and 'The Veil,' 'The Cornucopia,' 'The Beehive,' and 'The Meadow.' Some titles, indeed, were more truculent, and promised food to those who love to sup upon horrors

—such as ‘*The Torch*,’ ‘*The Poniard*,’ ‘*The Stiletto*’—”

PISISTRATUS, impatiently.—“Yes, sir; but to come to My Novel.”

MR. CAXTON, unheeding the interruption.—“You see, you have a fine choice here, and of a nature pleasing, and not unfamiliar to a classical reader; or you may borrow a hint from the early Dramatic Writers.”

PISISTRATUS, more hopefully.—“Ay! there is something in the Drama akin to the Novel. Now, perhaps, I may catch an idea.”

MR. CAXTON.—“For instance, the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* (from whom, by the way, I am plagiarizing much of the information I bestow upon you) tells us of a Spanish gentleman who wrote a Comedy, by which he intended to serve what he took for Moral Philosophy.”

PISISTRATUS, eagerly.—“Well, sir?”

MR. CAXTON.—“And called it ‘The Pain of the Sleep of the World.’”

PISISTRATUS.—“Very comic, indeed, sir.”

MR. CAXTON.—“Grave things were then called Comedies, as old things are now called Novels. Then there are all the titles of early Romance itself at your disposal—‘Theagenes and Chariclea,’ or ‘The Ass’ of Longus, or ‘The Golden Ass’ of Apuleius, or the titles of Gothic Romance, such as ‘The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful History of Pereforest, King of Great Britain.’”—And therewith my father ran over a list of names as long as the Directory, and about as amusing.

“Well, to my taste,” said my mother, “the novels I used to read when a girl (for I have not read many since I am ashamed to say)—”

MR. CAXTON.—“No, you need not be at all ashamed of it, Kitty.”

MY MOTHER, proceeding.—“Were much more inviting than any you mention, Austin.”

THE CAPTAIN.—“True.”

MR. SQUILLS.—Certainly. Nothing like them nowadays!”

MY MOTHER.—“Says she to her Neighbor, What?”

THE CAPTAIN.—“‘The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery’—”

MR. SQUILLS.—“‘There is a Secret; Find it Out!’”

PISISTRATUS, pushed to the verge of human endurance, and upsetting tongs, poker, and fire-shovel.—“What nonsense you are talking, all of you! For heaven’s sake, consider what an important matter we are called upon to decide. It is not now the titles of those very respectable works which issued from the Minerva Press that I ask you to remember—it is to invent a title for mine—My Novel!”

MR. CAXTON, clapping his hands gently.—“Excellent—capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—”

PISISTRATUS.—“What is it, sir—what is it! Have you really thought of a title to My Novel?”

MR. CAXTON.—“You have hit it yourself—‘My Novel.’ It is your Novel—people will

know it is your Novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will—be as allegorical as Hebrew, Greek, Roman—Fabulist or Puritan—still, after all, it is your Novel, and nothing more nor less than your Novel.”

PISISTRATUS, thoughtfully, and sounding the words various ways.—“‘My Novel’—um—um! ‘My Novel!’ rather bald—and curt, eh?”

MR. CAXTON.—“Add what you say you intend it to depict—Varieties in English Life.”

MY MOTHER.—“‘My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life’—I don’t think it sounds amiss. What say you, Roland? Would it attract you in a catalogue?”

My Uncle hesitates, when Mr. Caxton exclaims, imperiously,

“The thing is settled! Don’t disturb Camarina.”

SQUILLS.—“If it be not too great a liberty, pray who or what is Camarina?”

MR. CAXTON.—“Camarina, Mr. Squills, was a lake apt to be low, and then liable to be muddy; and ‘Don’t disturb Camarina’ was a Greek proverb derived from an Oracle of Apollo; and from that Greek proverb, no doubt, comes the origin of the injunction, ‘*Quieta non movere*,’ which became the favorite maxim of Sir Robert Walpole and Parson Dale. The Greek line, Mr. Squills (here my father’s memory began to warm) is preserved by STEPHANUS BYZANTINUS, de *Urbibus*—

‘Μὴ κίνει Καμάριναν, ἀκίνητος γὰρ ἀμείνων.’

ZENOBIUS explains it in his Proverbs; SUIDAS repeats ZENOBIUS; LUCIAN alludes to it; so does VIRGIL in the Third Book of the *ÆNEID*; and SILIUS ITALICUS imitates Virgil—

‘Et cui non licitum fatis Camarina moveri.’

Parson Dale, as a clergyman and a scholar, had, no doubt, these authorities at his fingers’ end. And I wonder he did not quote them,” quoth my father; “but, to be sure, he is represented as a mild man, and so might not wish to humble the Squire over-much in the presence of his family. Meanwhile, My Novel is My Novel; and now that that matter is settled, perhaps the tongs, poker, and shovel may be picked up, the children may go to bed, Blanche and Kitty may speculate apart upon the future dignities of the Neogilos, taking care, nevertheless, to finish the new pinbefore he requires for the present; Roland may cast up his account-book, Mr. Squills have his brandy and water, and all the world be comfortable, each in his own way. Blanche, come away from the screen, get me my slippers, and leave Pisistratus to himself. Μὴ κίνει Καμάριναν—don’t disturb Camarina. You see, my dear,” added my father, kindly, as, after settling himself into his slippers, he detained Blanche’s hand in his own—“you see, my dear, every house has its Camarina. Man, who is a lazy animal, is quite content to let it alone; but woman, being the more active, bustling, curious creature, is always for giving it a sly sti—”

BLANCHE, with female dignity.—“I assure you, that if Pisistratus had not called me, I should not have—”

MR. CAXTON, interrupting her, without lifting his eyes from the book he has already taken.—“Certainly you would not. I am now in the midst of the great Puseyite Controversy. *Mḡ kίνει Καμάριναν*—don't disturb Camarina.”

A dead silence for half an hour, at the end of which,

PISISTRATUS, from behind the screen.—“Blanche, my dear, I want to consult you.”

Blanche does not stir.

PISISTRATUS.—“Blanche, I say.”

Blanche glances in triumph toward Mr. Caxton.

MR. CAXTON, laying down his theological tract, and rubbing his spectacles mournfully.—“I hear him, child; I hear him. I retract my vindication of Man. Oracles warn in vain; so long as there is a woman on the other side of the screen—it is all up with Camarina!”

CHAPTER II.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Stirn was not present at the Parson's Discourse—but that valuable functionary was far otherwise engaged—indeed, during the summer months he was rarely seen at the afternoon service. Not that he cared for being preached at—not he; Mr. Stirn would have snapped his finger at the thunders of the Vatican. But the fact was, that Mr. Stirn chose to do a great deal of gratuitous business upon the day of rest. The Squire allowed all persons who chose, to walk about the park on a Sunday; and many came from a distance to stroll by the lake, or recline under the elms. These visitors were objects of great suspicion, nay, of positive annoyance, to Mr. Stirn—and, indeed, not altogether without reason, for we English have a natural love of liberty, which we are even more apt to display in the grounds of other people than in those which we cultivate ourselves. Sometimes, to his inexpressible and fierce satisfaction, Mr. Stirn fell upon a knot of boys pelting the swans; sometimes he missed a young sapling, and found it in felonious hands, converted into a walking-stick; sometimes he caught a hulking fellow scrambling up the ha-ha! to gather a nosegay for his sweetheart from one of poor Mrs. Hazeldean's pet parterres; not unfrequently, indeed, when all the family were fairly at church, some curious impertinents forced or sneaked their way into the gardens, in order to peep in at the windows. For these, and various other offenses of like magnitude, Mr. Stirn had long, but vainly, sought to induce the Squire to withdraw a permission so villainously abused. But though there were times when Mr. Hazeldean grunted and growled, and swore “that he would shut up the park, and fill it (illegally) with man-traps and spring-guns,” his anger always evaporated in words. The park was still open to all the world on a Sunday; and that blessed day was

therefore converted into a day of travail and wrath to Mr. Stirn. But it was from the last chime of the afternoon service bell until dusk that the spirit of this vigilant functionary was most perturbed; for, amidst the flocks that gathered from the little hamlets round to the voice of the Pastor, there were always some stray sheep, or rather climbing, desultory, vagabond goats, who struck off in all perverse directions, as if for the special purpose of distracting the energetic watchfulness of Mr. Stirn. As soon as church was over, if the day were fine, the whole park became a scene animated with red cloaks, or lively shawls, Sunday waistcoats, and hats stuck full of wild flowers—which last Mr. Stirn often stoutly maintained to be Mrs. Hazeldean's newest geraniums. Now, on this Sunday especially, there was an imperative call upon an extra exertion of vigilance on the part of the superintendent—he had not only to detect ordinary depredators and trespassers; but, first, to discover the authors of the conspiracy against the Stocks; and secondly, to “make an example.”

He had begun his rounds, therefore, from the early morning; and just as the afternoon bell was sounding its final peal, he emerged upon the village green from a hedgerow, behind which he had been at watch to observe who had the most suspiciously gathered round the Stocks. At that moment the place was deserted. At a distance, the superintendent saw the fast disappearing forms of some belated groups hastening toward the church; in front, the Stocks stood staring at him mournfully from its four great eyes, which had been cleansed from the mud, but still looked bleared and stained with the marks of the recent outrage. Here Mr. Stirn paused, took off his hat, and wiped his brows.

“If I had sum un, to watch here,” thought he, “while I takes a turn by the water-side, praps summat might come out; praps them as did it ben't gone to church, but will come sneaking round to look on their willany! as they says murderers are always led back to the place where they ha' left the body. But in this here willage there ben't a man, woman, nor child, as has any consarn for Squire or Parish, barring myself.” It was just as he arrived at that misanthropical conclusion that Mr. Stirn beheld Leonard Fairfield walking very fast from his own home. The superintendent clapped on his hat, and stuck his right arm akimbo. “Hollo, you sir,” said he, as Lenny now came in hearing, “where be you going at that rate?”

“Please, sir, I be going to church.”

“Stop, sir—stop, Master Lenny. Going to church!—why, the bell's done; and you knows the Parson is very angry at them as comes in late, disturbing the congregation. You can't go to church now!”

“Please, sir—”

“I says you can't go to church now. You must learn to think a little of others, lad. You sees how I sweats to serve the Squire! and you

must serve him too. Why, your mother's got the house and premises almost rent free: you ought to have a grateful heart, Leonard Fairfield, and feel for his honor! Poor man! *his* heart is wellnigh bruk, I am sure, with the goings on."

Leonard opened his innocent blue eyes, while Mr. Stirn dolorously wiped his own.

"Look at that ere dumb cretur," said Stirn suddenly, pointing to the Stocks—"look at it. If it could speak, what would it say, Leonard Fairfield? Answer me that!—'Damn the Stocks, indeed!'"

"It was very bad in them to write such naughty words," said Lenny gravely. "Mother was quite shocked when she heard of it, this morning."

MR. STIRN.—"I dare say she was, considering what she pays for the premises: (insinuatingly), you does not know who did it—eh, Lenny?"

LENNY.—"No, sir; indeed I does not!"

MR. STIRN.—"Well, you see, you can't go to church—prayers half over by this time. You recollect that I put them Stocks under your 'sponsibility,' and see the way you's done your duty by 'em. I've half a mind to—"

Mr. Stirn cast his eyes on the eyes of the Stocks.

"Please, sir," began Lenny again, rather frightened.

"No, I won't please; it ben't pleasing at all. But I forgives you this time, only keep a sharp look-out, lad, in future. Now you just stay here—no, there—under the hedge, and you watches if any persons come to loiter about or looks at the Stocks, or laughs to hisself, while I go my rounds. I shall be back either afore church is over or just arter; so you stay till I comes, and give me your report. Be sharp, boy, or it will be worse for you and your mother: I can let the premises for four pounds a year more, to-morrow."

Concluding with that somewhat menacing and very significant remark, and not staying for an answer, Mr. Stirn waved his hand, and walked off.

Poor Lenny remained by the Stocks, very much dejected, and greatly disliking the neighborhood to which he was consigned. At length he slowly crept off to the hedge, and sate himself down in the place of espionage pointed out to him. Now, philosophers tell us that what is called the point of honor is a barbarous feudal prejudice. Among the higher classes, wherein those feudal prejudices may be supposed to prevail, Lenny Fairfield's occupation would not have been considered peculiarly honorable; neither would it have seemed so to the more turbulent spirits among the humbler orders, who have a point of honor of their own, which consists in the adherence to each other in defiance of all lawful authority. But to Lenny Fairfield, brought up much apart from other boys, and with a profound and grateful reverence for the

Squire instilled into all his habits of thought, notions of honor bounded themselves to simple honesty and straightforward truth; and as he cherished an unquestioning awe of order and constitutional authority, so it did not appear to him that there was any thing derogatory and debasing in being thus set to watch for an offender. On the contrary, as he began to reconcile himself to the loss of the church service, and to enjoy the cool of the summer shade, and the occasional chirp of the birds, he got to look on the bright side of the commission to which he was deputed. In youth, at least, every thing has its bright side—even the appointment of Protector to the Parish Stocks. For the Stocks, themselves, Leonard had no affection, it is true; but he had no sympathy with their aggressors, and he could well conceive that the Squire would be very much hurt at the revolutionary event of the night. "So," thought poor Leonard in his simple heart—"so if I can serve his honor, by keeping off mischievous boys, or letting him know who did the thing, I'm sure it would be a proud day for mother." Then he began to consider that, however ungraciously Mr. Stirn had bestowed on him the appointment, still it was a compliment to him—showed trust and confidence in him, picked him out from his contemporaries as the sober moral pattern boy; and Lenny had a great deal of pride in him, especially in matters of repute and character.

All these things considered, I say, Leonard Fairfield reclined in his lurking-place, if not with positive delight and intoxicating rapture, at least with tolerable content and some complacency.

Mr. Stirn might have been gone a quarter of an hour, when a boy came through a little gate in the park, just opposite to Lenny's retreat in the hedge, and, as if fatigued with walking, or oppressed by the heat of the day, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the great tree which overhung the Stocks.

Lenny pricked up his ears, and peeped out jealously.

He had never seen the boy before: it was a strange face to him.

Leonard Fairfield was not fond of strangers; moreover, he had a vague belief that strangers were at the bottom of that desecration of the Stocks. The boy, then, was a stranger; but what was his rank? Was he of that grade in society in which the natural offenses are or are not consonant to, or harmonious with outrages upon Stocks? On that Lenny Fairfield did not feel quite assured. According to all the experience of the villager, the boy was not dressed like a young gentleman. Leonard's notions of such aristocratic costume were naturally fashioned upon the model of Frank Hazeldean. They represented to him a dazzling vision of snow-white trowsers, and beautiful blue coats, and incomparable cravats. Now the dress of this stranger, though not that of a peasant nor

of a farmer, did not in any way correspond with Lenny's notions of the costume of a young gentleman: it looked to him highly disreputable; the coat was covered with mud, and the hat was all manner of shapes, with a gap between the side and crown.

Lenny was puzzled, till it suddenly occurred to him that the gate through which the boy had passed was in the direct path across the park from a small town, the inhabitants of which were in very bad odor at the Hall—they had immemorably furnished the most daring poachers to the preserves, the most troublesome trespassers on the park, the most unprincipled orchard-robbers, and the most disputatious assertors of various problematical rights of way, which, according to the Town, were public, and, according to the Hall, had been private since the Conquest. It was true that the same path led also directly from the Squire's house, but it was not probable that the wearer of attire so equivocal had been visiting there. All things considered, Lenny had no doubt in his mind but that the stranger was a shop-boy or 'prentice from the town of Thorndyke; and the notorious repute of that town, coupled with this presumption, made it probable that Lenny now saw before him one of the midnight desecrators of the Stocks. As if to confirm the suspicion, which passed through Lenny's mind with a rapidity wholly disproportionate to the number of lines it costs me to convey it, the boy, now standing right before the Stocks, bent down and read that pithy anathema with which it was defaced. And having read it, he repeated it aloud, and Lenny actually saw him smile—such a smile!—so disagreeable and sinister! Lenny had never before seen the smile Sardonic.

But what were Lenny's pious horror and dismay when this ominous stranger fairly seated himself on the Stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and, taking out a pencil and a pocket-book, began to write. Was this audacious Unknown taking an inventory of the church and the Hall for the purposes of conflagration? He looked at one, and at the other, with a strange, fixed stare as he wrote—not keeping his eyes on the paper, as Lenny had been taught to do when he sate down to his copy-book. The fact is, that Randal Leslie was tired and faint, and he felt the shock of his fall the more, after the few paces he had walked, so that he was glad to rest himself a few moments; and he took that opportunity to write a line to Frank, to excuse himself for not calling again, intending to tear the leaf on which he wrote out of his pocket-book, and leave it at the first cottage he passed, with instructions to take it to the Hall.

While Randal was thus innocently engaged, Lenny came up to him, with the firm and measured pace of one who has resolved, cost what it may, to do his duty. And as Lenny, though brave, was not ferocious, so the anger he felt, and the suspicions he entertained, only

exhibited themselves in the following solemn appeal to the offender's sense of propriety:

"Ben't you ashamed of yourself? Sitting on the Squire's new Stocks! Do get up, and go along with you!"

Randal turned round sharply; and though, at any other moment, he would have had sense enough to extricate himself very easily from his false position, yet, *Nemo mortalium*, &c. No one is always wise. And Randal was in an exceedingly bad humor. The affability toward his inferiors, for which I lately praised him, was entirely lost in the contempt for impertinent snobs natural to an insulted Etonian.

Therefore, eying Lenny with great disdain Randal answered, briefly:

"You are an insolent young blackguard."

So curt a rejoinder made Lenny's blood fly to his face. Persuaded before that the intruder was some lawless apprentice or shop-lad, he was now more confirmed in that judgment, not only by language so uncivil, but by the truculent glance which accompanied it, and which certainly did not derive any imposing dignity from the mutilated, rakish, hang-dog, ruinous hat, under which it shot its sullen and menacing fire.

Of all the various articles of which our male attire is composed, there is perhaps not one which has so much character and expression as the top-covering. A neat, well-brushed, short-napped, gentlemanlike hat, put on with a certain air, gives a distinction and respectability to the whole exterior; whereas a broken, squashed, higgledy-piggledy sort of a hat, such as Randal Leslie had on, would go far toward transforming the stateliest gentleman that ever walked down St. James's-street into the ideal of a ruffianly scamp.

Now, it is well known that there is nothing more antipathetic to your peasant-boy than a shop-boy. Even on grand political occasions, the rural working-class can rarely be coaxed into sympathy with the trading town-class. Your true English peasant is always an aristocrat. Moreover, and irrespectively of this immemorial grudge of class, there is something peculiarly hostile in the relationship between boy and boy when their backs are once up, and they are alone on a quiet bit of green. Something of the game-cock feeling—something that tends to keep alive, in the population of this island (otherwise so lamb-like and peaceful), the martial propensity to double the thumb tightly over the four fingers, and make what is called "a fist of it." Dangerous symptoms of these mingled and aggressive sentiments were visible in Lenny Fairfield at the words and the look of the unprepossessing stranger. And the stranger seemed aware of them; for his pale face grew more pale, and his sullen eye more fixed and more vigilant.

"You get off them Stocks," said Lenny, disdaining to reply to the coarse expressions bestowed on him; and, suiting the action to the word, he gave the intruder what he meant for a shove, but which Randal took for a blow. The

Etonian sprang up, and the quickness of his movement, aided but by a slight touch of his hand, made Lenny lose his balance, and sent him neck-and-crop over the Stocks. Burning with rage, the young villager rose alertly, and, flying at Randal, struck out right and left.

CHAPTER III.

AID me, O ye Nine! whom the incomparable Persius satirized his contemporaries for invoking, and then, all of a sudden, invoked on his own behalf—aid me to describe that famous battle by the Stocks, and in defense of the Stocks, which was waged by the two representatives of Saxon and Norman England. Here, sober support of law and duty and delegated trust—*pro aris et focis*; there, haughty invasion, and bellicose spirit of knighthood, and that respect for name and person, which we call honor. Here, too, hardy physical force—there, skillful discipline. Here—the Nine are as deaf as a post, and as cold as a stone! Plague take the jades!—I can do better without them.

Randal was a year older than Lenny, but he was not so tall nor so strong, nor even so active; and after the first blind rush, when the two boys paused, and drew back to breathe, Lenny, eyeing the slight form and hueless cheek of his opponent, and seeing blood trickling from Randal's lip, was seized with an instantaneous and generous remorse. "It was not fair," he thought, "to fight one whom he could beat so easily." So, retreating still farther, and letting his arms fall to his side, he said, mildly, "There, let's have no more of it; but go home and be good."

Randal Leslie had no remarkable degree of that constitutional quality called physical courage; but he had all those moral qualities which supply its place. He was proud—he was vindictive—he had high self-esteem—he had the destructive organ more than the combative;—what had once provoked his wrath it became his instinct to sweep away. Therefore, though all his nerves were quivering, and hot tears were in his eyes, he approached Lenny with the sternness of a gladiator, and said between his teeth, which he set hard, choking back the sob of rage and pain:

"You have struck me—and you shall not stir from this ground—till I have made you repent it. Put up your hands—I will not strike you so—defend yourself."

Lenny mechanically obeyed; and he had good need of the admonition: for if before he had had the advantage, now that Randal had recovered the surprise to his nerves, the battle was not to the strong.

Though Leslie had not been a fighting boy at Eton, still his temper had involved him in some conflicts when he was in the lower forms, and he had learned something of the art as well as the practice of pugilism—an excellent thing, too, I am barbarous enough to believe, and which I hope will never quite die out of our public

schools. Ah, many a young duke has been a better fellow for life from a fair set-to with a trader's son; and many a trader's son has learned to look a lord more manfully in the face on the hustings, from the recollection of the sound thrashing he once gave to some little Lord Leopold Dawdle.

So Randal now brought his experience and art to bear; put aside those heavy roundabout blows, and darted in his own, quick and sharp—supplying the due momentum of pugilistic mechanics to the natural feebleness of his arm. Ay, and the arm, too, was no longer so feeble; so strange is the strength that comes from passion and pluck!

Poor Lenny, who had never fought before, was bewildered; his sensations grew so entangled that he could never recall them distinctly: he had a dim reminiscence of some breathless impotent rush—of a sudden blindness followed by quick flashes of intolerable light—of a deadly faintness from which he was roused by sharp pangs—here—there—every where; and then, all he could remember was, that he was lying on the ground, huddled up and panting hard, while his adversary bent over him with a countenance as dark and livid as Lara himself might have bent over the fallen Otho. For Randal Leslie was not one who, by impulse and nature, subscribed to the noble English maxim—"Never hit a foe when he is down;" and it cost him a strong if brief self struggle, not to set his heel on that prostrate form. It was the mind, not the heart, that subdued the savage within him, as, muttering something inwardly—certainly not Christian forgiveness—the victor turned gloomily away.

CHAPTER IV.

JUST at that precise moment, who should appear but Mr. Stirn! For, in fact, being extremely anxious to get Lenny into disgrace, he had hoped that he should have found the young villager had shirked the commission intrusted to him; and the Right-hand man had slyly come back, to see if that amiable expectation were realized. He now beheld Lenny rising with some difficulty—still panting hard—and with hysterical sounds akin to what is vulgarly called blubbering—his fine new waistcoat sprinkled with his own blood, which flowed from his nose—nose that seemed to Lenny Fairfield's feelings to be a nose no more, but a swollen, gigantic, mountainous Slawkenbergian excrescence—in fact, he felt all nose! Turning aghast from this spectacle, Mr. Stirn surveyed, with no more respect than Lenny had manifested, the stranger boy, who had again seated himself on the Stocks (whether to recover his breath, or whether to show that his victory was consummated, and that he was in his rights of possession). "Hollo," said Mr. Stirn, "what is all this?—what's the matter, Lenny, you blockhead?"

"He *will* sit there," answered Lenny, in broken gasps, "and he has beat me because I would not

let him; but I doesn't mind that," added the villager, trying hard to suppress his tears, "and I'm ready again for him—that I am."

"And what do you do, lolloping there on them blessed stocks?"

"Looking at the landscape; out of my light, man!"

This tone instantly inspired Mr. Stirn with misgivings; it was a tone so disrespectful to him that he was seized with involuntary respect; who but a gentleman could speak so to Mr. Stirn?

"And may I ask who you be?" said Stirn, falteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat. "What's your name, pray, and what's your business?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's family—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr. Hazeldean's plowman!"

So saying, Randal rose; and, moving on a few paces, turned, and throwing half-a-crown on the road, said to Lenny, "Let that pay you for your bruises, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As for you, fellow," and he pointed his scornful hand toward Mr. Stirn, who with his mouth open, and his hat now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth, "as for you, give my compliments to Mr. Hazeldean, and say that, when he does us the honor to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean."

O my poor Squire! Rood Hall ashamed of Hazeldean! If that message had ever been delivered to you, you would never have looked up again!

With those bitter words, Randal swung himself over the stile that led into the parson's glebe, and left Lenny Fairfield still feeling his nose, and Mr. Stirn still bowing to the earth.

CHAPTER V.

RANDAL LESLIE had a very long walk home: he was bruised and sore from head to foot, and his mind was still more sore and more bruised than his body. But if Randal Leslie had rested himself in the Squire's gardens, without walking backward, and indulging in speculations suggested by Marat and warranted by my Lord Bacon, he would have passed a most agreeable evening, and really availed himself of the Squire's wealth by going home in the Squire's carriage. But because he chose to take so intellectual a view of property, he tumbled into a ditch; because he tumbled into a ditch, he spoiled his clothes; because he spoiled his clothes, he gave up his visit; because he gave up his visit, he got into the village green, and sat on the Stocks with a hat that gave him the air of a fugitive from the treadmill; because he sate on the Stocks—with that hat, and a cross face under it—he had been forced into the most discreditable squabble with a clodhopper, and was now limping home, at war with gods and men; *ergo* (this is a moral that will bear repetition), *ergo*, when you walk in

a rich man's grounds, be contented to enjoy what is yours, namely, the prospect; I dare say you will enjoy it more than he does

CHAPTER VI.

IF, in the simplicity of his heart, and the crudeness of his experience, Lenny Fairfield had conceived it probable that Mr. Stirn would address to him some words in approbation of his gallantry, and in sympathy for his bruises, he soon found himself woefully mistaken. That truly great man, worthy prime-minister of Hazeldean, might, perhaps, pardon a dereliction from his orders, if such dereliction proved advantageous to the interests of the service, or redounded to the credit of the chief; but he was inexorable to that worst of diplomatic offenses—an ill-timed, stupid, over-zealous obedience to orders, which, if it established the devotion of the *employé*, got the employer into what is popularly called a scrape! And though, by those unversed in the intricacies of the human heart, and unacquainted with the especial hearts of prime-ministers and Right-hand men, it might have seemed natural that Mr. Stirn, as he stood still, hat in hand, in the middle of the road, stung, humbled, and exasperated by the mortification he had received from the lips of Randal Leslie, would have felt that that young gentleman was the proper object of his resentment; yet such a breach of all the etiquette of diplomatic life as resentment toward a superior power was the last idea that would have suggested itself to the profound intellect of the Premier of Hazeldean. Still, as rage like steam must escape somewhere, Mr. Stirn, on feeling—as he afterward expressed it to his wife—that his "buzzom was a-burstin," turned with the natural instinct of self preservation to the safety-valve provided for the explosion; and the vapor within him rushed into vent upon Lenny Fairfield. He clapped his hat on his head fiercely, and thus relieved his "buzzom."

"You young willain! you howdacious wiper! and so all this blessed Sabbath afternoon, when you ought to have been in church on your marrow bones, a-praying for your betters, you has been a-fitting with a young gentleman, and a wisiter to your master, on the werry place of the parridge hinstitution that you was to guard and pectect; and a-bloodying it all over, I declares, with your blaggard little nose!" Thus saying, and as if to mend the matter, Mr. Stirn aimed an additional stroke at the offending member; but Lenny mechanically putting up both his arms to defend his face, Mr. Stirn struck his knuckles against the large brass buttons that adorned the cuff of the boy's coat-sleeve—an incident which considerably aggravated his indignation. And Lenny, whose spirit was fairly roused at what the narrowness of his education conceived to be a signal injustice, placing the trunk of the tree between Mr. Stirn and himself, began that task of self-justification which it was equally impolitic to conceive and

imprudent to execute, since, in such a case, to justify was to recriminate.

"I wonder at you, Master Stirn—if mother could hear you! You know it was you who would not let me go to church; it was you who told me to—"

"Fit a young gentleman, and break the Sabbath," said Mr. Stirn, interrupting him with a withering sneer. "O yes! I told you to disgrace his honor the Squire, and me, and the partridge, and bring us all into trouble. But the Squire told me to make an example, and I will!" With those words, quick as lightning flashed upon Mr. Stirn's mind the luminous idea of setting Lenny in the very Stocks which he had too faithfully guarded. Eureka! the "example" was before him! Here, he could gratify his long grudge against the pattern boy; here, by such a selection of the very best lad in the parish, he could strike terror into the worst; here he could appease the offended dignity of Randal Leslie; here was a practical apology to the Squire for the affront put upon his young visitor; here, too, there was prompt obedience to the Squire's own wish that the Stocks should be provided as soon as possible with a tenant. Suiting the action to the thought, Mr. Stirn made a rapid plunge at his victim, caught him by the skirt of his jacket, and, in a few seconds more, the jaws of the Stocks had opened, and Lenny Fairfield was thrust therein—a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. This done, and while the boy was too astounded, too stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity for the resistance he might otherwise have made—nay, for more than a few inaudible words—Mr. Stirn hurried from the spot, but not without first picking up and pocketing the half-crown designed for Lenny, and which, so great had been his first emotions, he had hitherto even almost forgotten. He then made his way toward the church, with the intention to place himself close by the door, catch the Squire as he came out, whisper to him what had passed, and lead him, with the whole congregation at his heels, to gaze upon the sacrifice offered up to the joint Powers of Nemesis and Themis.

CHAPTER VII.

UNAFFECTEDLY I say it—upon the honor of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by Lenny Fairfield, as he sat alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suf-

fered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was pre-eminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and he had no means to right himself. Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honorable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support—he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage; for he heard steps approaching. And he began to picture to himself the arrival of all the villagers from church, the sad gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle, ill-suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unblotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sat in the Stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. "A sad disgrace Lenny—you'll never be in such a quandary." "Quandary," the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"KETTLES and frying-pans! what has us here?" cried the tinker.

This time Mr. Sprott was without his donkey; for, it being Sunday, it is to be presumed that the donkey was enjoying his Sabbath on the Common. The tinker was in his Sunday's best, clean and smart, about to take his lounge in the park.

Lenny Fairfield made no answer to the appeal.

"You in the wood, my baby! Well that's

the last sight I should ha' thought to see. But we all lives to larn," added the tinker, sententiously. "Who gave you them leggins? Can't you speak, lad?"

"Nick Stirn."

"Nick Stirn! Ay, I'd ha' ta'en my davy on that: and cos vy?"

"'Cause I did as he told me, and fought a boy as was trespassing on these very Stocks; and he beat me—but I don't care for that; and that boy was a young gentleman, and going to visit the Squire; and so Nick Stirn—" Lenny stopped short, choked by rage and humiliation.

"Augh," said the tinker, staring, "you fit with a young gentleman, did you? Sorry to hear you confess that, my lad! Sit there, and be thankful you ha' got off so cheap. 'Tis salt and battery to fit with your betters, and a Lunnon justice o' peace would have given you two months o' the treadmill. But vy should you fit cos he trespassed on the Stocks? It ben't your natural side for fitting, I takes it."

Lenny murmured something not very distinguishable about serving the Squire, and doing as he was bid.

"Oh, I sees, Lenny," interrupted the tinker, in a tone of great contempt, "you be one o' those who would rayther 'unt with the ounds than run with the 'are! You be's the good pattern boy, and would peach agin your own horder to curry favor with the grand folks. Fie, lad! you be sarved right: stick by your horder, then you'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally 'espised—as you'll be arter church-time! Vell, I can't be seen 'sorting with you, now you are in this here drogotary fix; it might hurt my craeter, both with them as built the Stocks, and them as wants to pull 'em down. Old kettles to mend! Vy, you makes me forgit the Sabbath. Sarvent, my lad, and wish you well out of it; 'specks to your mother, and say we can deal for the pan and shovel all the same for your misfortin."

The tinker went his way. Lenny's eye followed him with the sullenness of despair. The tinker, like all the tribe of human comforters, had only watered the brambles to invigorate the prick of the thorns. Yes, if Lenny had been caught breaking the Stocks, some at least would have pitied him; but to be incarcerated for defending them, you might as well have expected that the widows and orphans of the Reign of Terror would have pitied Dr. Guillotin when he slid through the grooves of his own deadly machine. And even the tinker, itinerant, ragamuffin vagabond as he was, felt ashamed to be found with the pattern boy! Lenny's head sank again on his breast, heavily as if it had been of lead. Some few minutes thus passed, when the unhappy prisoner became aware of the presence of another spectator to his shame: he heard no step, but he saw a shadow thrown over the sward. He held his breath, and would not look up, with some vague idea that if he refused to see he might escape being seen.

CHAPTER IX.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Dr. Riccabocca, putting his hand on Lenny's shoulder, and bending down to look into his face—" *Per Bacco!* my young friend, do you sit here from choice or necessity?"

Lenny slightly shuddered, and winced under the touch of one whom he had hitherto regarded with a sort of superstitious abhorrence.

"I fear," resumed Riccabocca, after waiting in vain for an answer to his question, "that, though the situation is charming, you did not select it yourself. What is this?"—and the irony of the tone vanished—"what is this, my poor boy? You have been bleeding, and I see that those tears which you try to check come from a deep well. Tell me, *povero fanciullo mio*, (the sweet Italian vowels, though Lenny did not understand them, sounded softly and soothingly),—tell me, my child, how all this happened. Perhaps I can help you—we have all erred; we should all help each other."

Lenny's heart, that just before had seemed bound in brass, found itself a way as the Italian spoke thus kindly, and the tears rushed down; but he again stopped them, and gulped out sturdily—

"I have not done no wrong; it ben't my fault—and 'tis that which kills me!" concluded Lenny, with a burst of energy.

"You have not done wrong? Then," said the philosopher, drawing out his pocket handkerchief with great composure, and spreading it on the ground—"then I may sit beside you. I could only stoop pityingly over sin, but I can lie down on equal terms with misfortune."

Lenny Fairfield did not quite comprehend the words, but enough of their general meaning was apparent to make him cast a grateful glance on the Italian. Riccabocca resumed, as he adjusted the pocket-handkerchief, "I have a right to your confidence, my child, for I have been afflicted in my day; yet I too say with thee, 'I have not done wrong.' *Cospetto!* (and here the Dr. seated himself deliberately, resting one arm on the side column of the Stocks, in familiar contact with the captive's shoulder, while his eye wandered over the lovely scene around)—" *Cospetto!* my prison, if they had caught me, would not have had so fair a look-out as this. But, to be sure, it is all one: there are no ugly loves, and no handsome prisons!"

With that sententious maxim, which, indeed, he uttered in his native Italian, Riccabocca turned round and renewed his soothing invitations to confidence. A friend in need is a friend indeed, even if he come in the guise of a Papist and wizard. All Lenny's ancient dislike to the foreigner had gone, and he told him his little tale.

Dr. Riccabocca was much too shrewd a man not to see exactly the motives which had induced Mr. Stirn to incarcerate his agent (barring only that of personal grudge, to which Lenny's account gave him no clew). That a man high

in office should make a scape-goat of his own watch-dog for an unlucky snap, or even an indiscreet bark, was nothing strange to the wisdom of the student of Machiavelli. However, he set himself to the task of consolation with equal philosophy and tenderness. He began by reminding, or rather informing, Leonard Fairfield of all the instances of illustrious men afflicted by the injustice of others that occurred to his own excellent memory. He told him how the great Epictetus, when in slavery, had a master whose favorite amusement was pinching his leg, which, as the amusement ended in breaking that limb, was worse than the Stocks. He also told him the anecdote of Lenny's own gallant countryman, Admiral Byng, whose execution gave rise to Voltaire's celebrated witticism, "*En Angleterre on tue un admiral pour encourager les autres.*" ("In England they execute one admiral in order to encourage the others.") Many more illustrations, still more pertinent to the case in point, his erudition supplied from the stores of history. But on seeing that Lenny did not seem in the slightest degree consoled by these memorable examples, he shifted his ground, and reducing his logic to the strict *argumentum ad rem*, began to prove, 1st, that there was no disgrace at all in Lenny's present position, that every equitable person would recognize the tyranny of Stirn and the innocence of its victim; 2dly, that if even here he were mistaken, for public opinion was not always righteous, what was public opinion, after all? "A breath—a puff," cried Dr. Riccabocca, "a thing without matter—without length, breadth, or substance—a shadow—a goblin of our own creating. A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom 'opinion' than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the church-yard at dark."

Now, as Lenny did very much fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the church-yard at dark, the simile spoiled the argument, and he shook his head very mournfully. Dr. Riccabocca was about to enter into a third course of reasoning, which, had it come to an end, would doubtless have settled the matter, and reconciled Lenny to sitting in the Stocks till doomsday, when the captive, with the quick ear and eye of terror and calamity, became conscious that church was over, that the congregation in a few seconds more would be flocking thitherward. He saw visionary hats and bonnets through the trees, which Riccabocca saw not, despite all the excellence of his spectacles—heard phantasmal rustlings and murmurings which Riccabocca heard not, despite all that theoretical experience in plots, stratagems, and treasons, which should have made the Italian's ear as fine as a conspirator's or a mole's. And with another violent but vain effort at escape, the prisoner exclaimed,

"Oh, if I could but get out before they come! Let me out—let me out. O, kind sir, have pity—let me out!"

"*Diavolo!*" said the philosopher, startled,

"I wonder that never occurred to me before. After all, I believe he has hit the right nail on the head;" and looking close, he perceived that though the partition wood had hitched firmly into a sort of spring-clasp, which defied Lenny's unaided struggles, still it was not locked (for, indeed, the padlock and key were snug in the justice-room of the Squire, who never dreamt that his orders would be executed so literally and summarily as to dispense with all formal appeal to himself). As soon as Dr. Riccabocca made that discovery, it occurred to him that all the wisdom of all the schools that ever existed can't reconcile man or boy to a bad position, the moment there is a fair opportunity of letting him out of it. Accordingly, without more ado, he lifted up the creaking board, and Lenny Fairfield darted forth like a bird from a cage—halted a moment as if for breath, or in joy; and then, taking at once to his heels, fled, fast as a hare to its form—fast to his mother's home.

Dr. Riccabocca dropped the yawning-wood into its place, picked up his handkerchief, and restored it to his pocket; and then, with some curiosity, began to examine the nature of that place of duress, which had caused so much painful emotion to its rescued victim.

"Man is a very irrational animal at best," quoth the sage, soliloquizing, "and is frightened by strange buggaboos! 'Tis but a piece of wood!—how little it really injures; and, after all, the holes are but rests to the legs, and keep the feet out of the dirt. And this green bank to sit upon—under the shade of the elm-tree—verily the position must be more pleasant than otherwise! I've a great mind—" Here the Doctor looked around, and, seeing the coast still clear, the oddest notion imaginable took possession of him; yet not indeed a notion so odd, considered philosophically—for all philosophy is based upon practical experiment—and Dr. Riccabocca felt an irresistible desire practically to experience what manner of thing that punishment of the Stocks really was. "I can but try!—only for a moment," said he, apologetically, to his own expostulating sense of dignity. "I have time to do it before any one comes." He lifted up the partition again: but Stocks are built on the true principle of English law, and don't easily allow a man to criminate himself—it was hard to get into them without the help of a friend. However, as we before noticed, obstacles only whetted Dr. Riccabocca's invention. He looked round and saw a withered bit of stick under the tree—this he inserted in the division of the Stocks, somewhat in the manner in which boys place a stick under a sieve for the purpose of ensnaring sparrows: the fatal wood thus propped, Dr. Riccabocca sat gravely down on the bank, and thrust his feet through the apertures.

"Nothing in it!" cried he, triumphantly, after a moment's deliberation. "The evil is only in idea. Such is the boasted reason of mortals!" With that reflection, nevertheless, he

was about to withdraw his feet from their voluntary dilemma, when the crazy stick suddenly gave way, and the partition fell back into its clasp. Doctor Riccabocca was fairly caught—"Facilis descensus—sed revocare gradum!" True, his hands were at liberty, but his legs were so long that, being thus fixed, they kept the hands from the rescue; and as Dr. Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness of adhesion which things newly painted possess, so, after some vain twists and contortions, in which he succeeded at length (not without a stretch of the sinews that made them crack again) in finding the clasp and breaking his nails thereon, the victim of his own rash experiment resigned himself to his fate. Dr. Riccabocca was one of those men who never do things by halves. When I say he resigned himself, I mean not only Christian but philosophical resignation. The position was not quite so pleasant as, theoretically, he had deemed it; but he resolved to make himself as comfortable as he could. And first, as is natural in all troubles to men who have grown familiar with that odoriferous comforter which Sir Walter Raleigh is said first to have bestowed upon the Caucasian races, the Doctor made use of his hands to extract from his pocket his pipe, match-box, and tobacco-pouch. After a few whiffs he would have been quite reconciled to his situation, but for the discovery that the sun had shifted its place in the heavens, and was no longer shaded from his face by the elm-tree. The Doctor again looked round, and perceived that his red silk umbrella, which he had laid aside when he had seated himself by Lenny, was within arm's reach. Possessing himself of this treasure, he soon expanded its friendly folds. And thus doubly fortified within and without, under the shade of the umbrella, and his pipe composedly between his lips, Dr. Riccabocca gazed on his own incarcerated legs, even with complacency.

"He who can despise all things," said he, in one of his native proverbs, "'possesses all things!'—if one despises freedom, one is free! This seat is as soft as a sofa! I am not sure," he resumed, soliloquizing, after a pause, "I am not sure that there is not something more witty than manly and philosophical in that national proverb of mine which I quoted to the *fanciullo*, that there are no handsome prisons! Did not the son of that celebrated Frenchman, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, write a book not only to prove that adversities are more necessary than prosperities, but that among all adversities a prison is the most pleasant and profitable? But is not this condition of mine, voluntarily and experimentally incurred, a type of my life? Is it the first time that I have thrust myself into a hobble?—and if in a hobble of mine own choosing, why should I blame the gods?"

Upon this, Dr. Riccabocca fell into a train of

musings so remote from time and place, that in a few minutes he no more remembered that he was in the Parish Stocks, than a lover remembers that flesh is grass, a miser that mammon is perishable, a philosopher that wisdom is vanity. Dr. Riccabocca was in the clouds.

CHAPTER X.

THE dullest dog that ever wrote a novel (and, *entre nous*, reader—but let it go no farther—we have a good many dogs among the fraternity that are not Munitos),* might have seen with half an eye that the Parson's discourse had produced a very genial and humanizing effect upon his audience. When all was over, and the congregation stood up to let Mr. Hazeldean and his family walk first down the aisle, (for that was the custom at Hazeldean,) moistened eyes glanced at the Squire's sun-burned, manly face with a kindness that bespoke revived memory of many a generous benefit and ready service. The head might be wrong now and then—the heart was in the right place, after all. And the lady, leaning on his arm, came in for a large share of that gracious good feeling. True, she now and then gave a little offense when the cottages were not so clean as she fancied they ought to be—and poor folks don't like a liberty taken with their houses any more than the rich do; true, that she was not quite so popular with the women as the Squire was, for, if the husband went too often to the alehouse, she always laid the fault on the wife, and said, "No man would go out of doors for his comforts, if he had a smiling face and a clean hearth at his home;" whereas the Squire maintained the more gallant opinion, that "if Gill was a shrew, it was because Jack did not, as in duty bound, stop her mouth with a kiss!" Still, notwithstanding these more obnoxious notions on her part, and a certain awe inspired by the stiff silk gown and the handsome aquiline nose, it was impossible, especially in the softened tempers of that Sunday afternoon, not to associate the honest, comely, beaming countenance of Mrs. Hazeldean with comfortable recollections of soups, jellies, and wine in sickness, loaves and blankets in winter, cheering words and ready visits in every little distress, and pretexts afforded by improvement in the grounds and gardens (improvements which, as the Squire, who preferred productive labor, justly complained, "would never finish") for little timely jobs of work to some veteran grandsire, who still liked to earn a penny, or some ruddy urchin in a family that "came too fast." Nor was Frank, as he walked a little behind, in the whitest of trowsers and the stiffest of neckcloths—with a look of suppressed roguery in his bright hazel eye, that contrasted his assumed stateliness of mien—without his portion of the silent blessing. Not that he had done any thing yet to deserve

* "*Entre tout, l'état d'une prison est le plus doux, et le plus profitable!*"

* Munito was the name of a dog famous for his learning (a Parson of a dog) at the date of my childhood. There are no such dogs nowadays.

it; but we all give youth so large a credit in the future. As for Miss Jemima, her trifling foibles only rose from too soft and feminine a susceptibility, too ivy-like a yearning for some masculine oak, whereon to entwine her tendrils; and so little confined to self was the natural lovingness of her disposition, that she had helped many a village lass to find a husband, by the bribe of a marriage gift from her own privy purse; notwithstanding the assurances with which she accompanied the marriage gift,—viz., that “the bridegroom would turn out like the rest of his ungrateful sex; but that it was a comfort to think that it would be all one in the approaching crash.” So that she had her warm partisans, especially among the young; while the slim Captain, on whose arm she rested her forefinger, was at least a civil-spoken gentleman, who had never done any harm, and who would doubtless do a deal of good if he belonged to the parish. Nay, even the fat footman, who came last with the family Prayer-book, had his due share in the general association of neighborly kindness between hall and hamlet. Few were there present to whom he had not extended the right-hand of fellowship, with a full horn of October in the clasp of it: and he was a Hazeldean man, too, born and bred, as two-thirds of the Squire’s household (now letting themselves out from their large pew under the gallery) were.

On his part, too, you could see that the Squire was ‘moved withal,’ and a little humbled moreover. Instead of walking erect, and taking bow and courtesy as matter of course, and of no meaning, he hung his head somewhat, and there was a slight blush on his cheek; and as he glanced upward and round him—shyly, as it were—and his eye met those friendly looks, it returned them with an earnestness that had in it something touching as well as cordial—an eye that said, as well as eye could say, “I don’t quite deserve it, I fear, neighbors; but I thank you for your good-will with my whole heart.” And so readily was that glance of the eye understood that I think, if that scene had taken place out of doors instead of in the church, there would have been an hurrah as the Squire passed out of sight.

Scarcely had Mr. Hazeldean got well out of the church-yard, ere Mr. Stirn was whispering in his ear. As Stirn whispered the Squire’s face grew long, and his color changed. The congregation, now flocking out of the church, exchanged looks with each other; that ominous conjunction between Squire and man chilled back all the effects of the Parson’s sermon. The Squire struck his cane violently into the ground. “I would rather you had told me Black Bess had got the glanders. A young gentleman, coming to visit my son, struck and insulted in Hazeldean; a young gentleman—’sdeath, sir, a relation—his grandmother was a Hazeldean. I do believe Jemima’s right, and the world’s coming to an end! But Leonard Fairfield in the Stocks! What will the Parson say? and after

such a sermon! ‘Rich man, respect the poor!’ And the good widow too; and poor Mark, who almost died in my arms. Stirn, you have a heart of stone! You confounded, lawless, merciless miscreant, who the deuce gave you the right to imprison man or boy in my parish of Hazeldean without trial, sentence, or warrant? Run and let the boy out before any one sees him: run, or I shall.”—The Squire elevated the cane, and his eyes shot fire. Mr. Stirn did not run, but he walked off very fast. The Squire drew back a few paces, and again took his wife’s arm. “Just wait a bit for the Parson, while I talk to the congregation. I want to stop ’em all if I can, from going into the village; but how?”

Frank heard, and replied readily—

“Give ’em some beer, sir.”

“Beer! on a Sunday! For shame, Frank!” cried Mrs. Hazeldean.

“Hold your tongue, Harry. Thank you, Frank,” said the Squire, and his brow grew as clear as the blue sky above him. I doubt if Riccabocca could have got him out of his dilemma with the same ease as Frank had done.

“Halt there, my men—lads and lasses too—there, halt a bit. Mrs. Fairfield, do you hear?—halt! I think his reverence has given us a capital sermon. Go up to the Great House all of you, and drink a glass to his health. Frank, go with them; and tell Spruce to tap one of the casks kept for the haymakers. Harry, [this in a whisper] catch the Parson, and tell him to come to me instantly.”

“My dear Hazeldean, what has happened? you are mad.”

“Don’t bother—do what I tell you.”

“But where is the Parson to find you?”

Where, gad zooks, Mrs. H., at the Stocks to be sure!”

CHAPTER XI.

DR. RICCABOCCA, awakened out of his reverie by the sound of footsteps—was still so little sensible of the indignity of his position, that he enjoyed exceedingly and with all the malice of his natural humor, the astonishment and stupor manifested by Stirn, when that functionary beheld the extraordinary substitute which fate and philosophy had found for Lenny Fairfield. Instead of the weeping, crushed, broken-hearted captive whom he had reluctantly come to deliver, he stared, speechless and aghast, upon the grotesque but tranquil figure of the Doctor, enjoying his pipe and cooling himself under his umbrella, with a *sang-froid* that was truly appalling and diabolical. Indeed, considering that Stirn always suspected the Papisher of having had a hand in the whole of that black and midnight business, in which the Stocks had been broken, bunged up, and consigned to perdition, and that the Papisher had the evil reputation of dabbling in the Black Art, the hocus-pocus way in which the Lenny he incarcerated was transformed into the Doctor he found, conjoined with

the peculiarly strange, eldritch, and Mephistophelean physiognomy and person of Riccabocca, could not but strike a thrill of superstitious dismay into the breast of the parochial tyrant. While to his first confused and stammered exclamations and interrogatories, Riccabocca replied with so tragic an air, such ominous shakes of the head, such mysterious, equivocating, long-worded sentences, that Stirn every moment felt more and more convinced that the boy had sold himself to the Powers of Darkness; and that he himself, prematurely, and in the flesh, stood face to face with the Arch-Enemy.

Mr. Stirn had not yet recovered his wonted intelligence, which, to do him justice, was usually prompt enough—when the Squire, followed hard by the Parson, arrived at the spot. Indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean's report of the Squire's urgent message, disturbed manner, and most unparalleled invitation to the parishioners, had given wings to Parson Dale's ordinarily slow and sedate movements. And while the Squire, sharing Stirn's amazement, beheld indeed a great pair of feet projecting from the stocks, and saw behind them the grave face of Doctor Riccabocca, under the majestic shade of the umbrella, but not a vestige of the only being his mind could identify with the tenancy of the Stocks, Mr. Dale, catching him by the arm, and panting hard, exclaimed with a petulance he had never before been known to display—except at the whist-table—

"Mr. Hazeldean, Mr. Hazeldean, I am scandalized—I am shocked at you. I can bear a great deal from you, sir, as I ought to do; but to ask my whole congregation, the moment after divine service, to go up and guzzle ale at the Hall, and drink my health, as if a clergyman's sermon had been a speech at a cattle-fair! I am ashamed of you, and of the parish! What on earth has come to you all?"

"That's the very question I wish to Heaven I could answer," groaned the Squire, quite mildly and pathetically—"What on earth has come to us all! Ask Stirn:" (then bursting out) "Stirn, you infernal rascal, don't you hear?—what on earth has come to us all?"

"The Papisher is at the bottom of it, sir," said Stirn, provoked out of all temper. "I does my duty, but I is but a mortal man, arter all."

"A mortal fiddlestick—where's Leonard Fairfield, I say?"

"*Him* knows best," answered Stirn, retreating mechanically, for safety's sake, behind the Parson, and pointing to Dr. Riccabocca. Hitherto, though both the Squire and Parson had indeed recognized the Italian, they had merely supposed him to be seated on the bank. It never entered into their heads that so respectable and dignified a man could by any possibility be an inmate, compelled or voluntary, of the Parish Stocks. No, not even though, as I before said, the Squire had seen, just under his nose, a very long pair of soles inserted in the aperture—that sight had only confused and bewildered him, un-

accompanied as it ought to have been with the trunk and face of Lenny Fairfield. Those soles seemed to him optical delusions, phantoms of the overheated brain; but now, catching hold of Stirn, while the Parson in equal astonishment caught hold of him—the squire faltered out, "Well, this beats cock-fighting! The man's as mad as a March hare, and has taken Dr. Rick-eybockey for little Lenny!"

"Perhaps," said the Doctor, breaking silence, with a bland smile, and attempting an inclination of the head as courteous as his position would permit—"perhaps, if it be quite the same to you, before you proceed to explanations—you will just help me out of the Stocks."

The Parson, despite his perplexity and anger, could not repress a smile, as he approached his learned friend, and bent down for the purpose of extricating him.

"Lord love your reverence, you'd better not!" cried Mr. Stirn. "Don't be tempted—he only wants to get you into his claws. I would not go a-near him for all the—"

The speech was interrupted by Dr. Riccabocca himself, who now, thanks to the Parson, had risen into his full height, and half a head taller than all present—even than the tall Squire—approached Mr. Stirn, with a gracious wave of the hand. Mr. Stirn retreated rapidly toward the hedge, amidst the brambles of which he plunged himself incontinently.

"I guess whom you take me for, Mr. Stirn," said the Italian, lifting his hat with his characteristic politeness. "It is certainly a great honor; but you will know better one of these days, when the gentleman in question admits you to a personal interview in another and—a hotter world."

CHAPTER XII.

"But how on earth did you get into my new Stocks?" asked the Squire, scratching his head.

"My dear sir, Pliny the elder got into the crater of Mount Etna."

"Did he, and what for?"

"To try what it was like, I suppose," answered Riccabocca.

The Squire burst out a-laughing.

"And so you got into the Stocks to try what it was like. Well, I can't wonder—it is a very handsome pair of Stocks," continued the Squire, with a loving look at the object of his praise. "Nobody need be ashamed of being seen in those Stocks—I should not mind it myself."

"We had better move on," said the Parson drily, "or we shall be having the whole village here presently, gazing on the lord of the manor in the same predicament as that from which we have just extricated the Doctor. Now pray what is the matter with Lenny Fairfield? I can't understand a word of what has passed. You don't mean to say that good Lenny Fairfield (who was absent from church by-the-by) can have done any thing to get into disgrace?"

"Yes, he has thought," cried the Squire. "Stirn, I say—Stirn." But Stirn had forced his way through the hedge and vanished. Thus left to his own powers of narrative at second-hand, Mr. Hazeldean now told all he had to communicate: the assault upon Randal Leslie, and the prompt punishment inflicted by Stirn; his own indignation at the affront to his young kinsman, and his good-natured merciful desire to save the culprit from the addition of public humiliation.

The Parson, mollified toward the rude and hasty invention of the beer-drinking, took the Squire by the hand. "Ah, Mr. Hazeldean, forgive me," he said repentantly; "I ought to have known at once that it was only some ebullition of your heart that could stifle your sense of decorum. But this is a sad story about Lenny, brawling and fighting on the Sabbath-day. So unlike him, too—I don't know what to make of it."

"Like or unlike," said the Squire, "it has been a gross insult to young Leslie; and looks all the worse because I and Audley are not just the best friends in the world. I can't think what it is," continued Mr. Hazledean, musingly, "but it seems that there must be always some association of fighting connected with that prim half-brother of mine. There was I, son of his own mother—who might have been shot through the lungs, only the ball lodged in the shoulder—and now his wife's kinsman—my kinsman, too—grandmother a Hazeldean—a hard-reading sober lad, as I am given to understand, can't set his foot into the quietest parish in the three kingdoms, but what the mildest boy that ever was seen—makes a rush at him like a mad bull. It is FATALITY!" cried the Squire solemnly.

"Ancient legend records similar instances of fatality in certain houses," observed Riccabocca. "There was the House of Pelops—and Poly-nices and Eteocles—the sons of Œdipus!"

"Pshaw," said the Parson; "but what's to be done?"

"Done?" said the Squire; "why, reparation must be made to young Leslie. And though I wished to spare Lenny, the young ruffian, a public disgrace—for your sake, Parson Dale, and Mrs. Fairfield's; yet a good caning in private—"

"Stop, sir!" said Riccabocca mildly, "and hear me." The Italian then, with much feeling and considerable tact, pleaded the cause of his poor protégé, and explained how Lenny's error arose only from mistaken zeal for the Squire's service, and in the execution of the orders received from Mr. Stirn.

"That alters the matter," said the Squire, softened; "and all that is necessary now will be for him to make a proper apology to my kinsman."

"Yes, that is just," rejoined the Parson; "but I still don't learn how he got out of the Stocks."

Riccabocca then resumed his tale; and, after

confessing his own principal share in Lenny's escape, drew a moving picture of the boy's shame and honest mortification. "Let us march against Philip!" cried the Athenians when they heard Demosthenes—

"Let us go at once and comfort the child!" cried the Parson, before Riccabocca could finish.

With that benevolent intention, all three quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the widow's cottage. But Lenny had caught sight of their approach through the window; and not doubting that, in spite of Riccabocca's intercession, the Parson was come to upbraid, and the Squire to re-imprison, he darted out by the back way, got among the woods, and lay there *perdu* all the evening. Nay, it was not till after dark that his mother—who sate wringing her hands in the little kitchen, and trying in vain to listen to the Parson and Mrs. Dale, who (after sending in search of the fugitive) had kindly come to console the mother—heard a timid knock at the door and a nervous fumble at the latch. She started up, opened the door, and Lenny sprang to her bosom, and there buried his face, sobbing loud.

"No harm, my boy," said the Parson, tenderly; "you have nothing to fear—all is explained and forgiven."

Lenny looked up, and the veins on his forehead were much swollen. "Sir," said he, sturdily, "I don't want to be forgiven—I ain't done no wrong. And—I've been disgraced—and I won't go to school, never no more."

"Hush, Carry!" said the Parson to his wife, who, with the usual liveliness of her little temper, was about to expostulate. "Good-night, Mrs. Fairfield. I shall come and talk to you to-morrow, Lenny; by that time you will think better of it."

The Parson then conducted his wife home, and went up to the Hall to report Lenny's safe return; for the Squire was very uneasy about him, and had even in person shared the search. As soon as he heard Lenny was safe—"Well," said the Squire, "let him go the first thing in the morning to Rood Hall, to ask Master Leslie's pardon, and all will be right and smooth again."

"A young villain!" cried Frank, with his cheeks the color of scarlet; "to strike a gentleman and an Etonian, who had just been to call on *me*! But I wonder Randal let him off so well—any other boy in the sixth form would have killed him!"

"Frank," said the Parson, sternly, "if we all had our deserts, what should be done to him who not only lets the sun go down on his own wrath, but strives with uncharitable breath to fan the dying embers of another's?"

The clergyman here turned away from Frank, who bit his lip, and seemed abashed—while even his mother said not a word in his exculpation; for when the Parson did reprove in that stern tone, the majesty of the Hall stood awed before the rebuke of the Church. Catching

Riccabocca's inquisitive eye, Mr. Dale drew aside the philosopher, and whispered to him his fears that it would be a very hard matter to induce Lenny to beg Randal Leslie's pardon, and that the proud stomach of the pattern-boy would not digest the Stocks with as much ease as a long regimen of philosophy had enabled the sage to do. This conference Miss Jemima soon interrupted by a direct appeal to the Doctor respecting the number of years (even without any previous and more violent incident) that the world could possibly withstand its own wear and tear.

"Ma'am," said the Doctor, reluctantly summoned away, to look at a passage in some prophetic periodical upon that interesting subject—"ma'am, it is very hard that you should make one remember the end of the world, since, in conversing with you, one's natural temptation is to forget its existence."

Miss Jemima blushed scarlet. Certainly that deceitful, heartless compliment justified all her contempt for the male sex; and yet, such is human blindness, it went far to redeem all mankind in her credulous and too confiding soul.

"He is about to propose," sighed Miss Jemima.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he drew on his nightcap, and stepped majestically into the four-posted bed, "I think we shall get that boy for the garden now!"

Thus each spurred his hobby, or drove her car, round the Hazeldean whirligig.

(To be continued.)

ON BIRDS, BALLOONS, AND BOLUSES.

THE bird of ÆSCULAPIUS ought, certainly, to have been a goose; for "Quack, quack, quack," should be the great motto of medicine. One professor invents an ointment for other people's bad legs, which keeps him comfortably on his own, while another makes a harvest of every body's corn, and a third publishes a pill to smooth the pillow of every invalid, or a bolus to render his bolster bearable. In another phase of quackery, we find specifics for the hair recommended to those who are ready to take any nonsense into their heads, and will boldly stand "the hazard of the dye," in the vain hope that the gray, indicating the twilight or winter time of life, may be exchanged for the dark, brown tints of summer, or autumn at the latest; and we are constantly being invited to "remove our baldness" in advertisements, which we know to be the very essence of balderdash.

Quackery, however, seems to be successful in some cases, for the public will swallow any thing from a puff to a pill, from music to medicine, from a play to a plaster, and there is no doubt that (to paraphrase MACBETH, when speaking of the possibility that Birnam Wood being come to Dunsinane:)

"If BARNUM would but come to Drury Lane," he would, by his force of quackery, make that

pay him which has paid no one else during the last quarter of a century. Such is the spirit of the age, that, reading the accounts from America relative to our own *protégée*, JENNY LIND, we are disposed to think that the nightingale is being made a goose of in the United States—so vast is the amount of quackery with which her name is just now identified.

As there is good to be got from every evil, we are justified in expecting that the puff and quack malady will cure itself, and if things are likely to mend when they get to the worst, we may congratulate ourselves upon humbug having reached almost the antipodes of sense and propriety. The balloon mania has already nearly exhausted the utmost resources of absurdity; for M. POITEVIN on a donkey—how very like putting butter upon bacon!—has failed to attract, and three or four women suspended in the air are, now necessary to tempt the curiosity of the Parisian public when a balloon ascends from the Hippodrome. We expect to hear next that POITEVIN intends going up attached to the balloon by the hair of his head, for he seems quite silly enough to become the victim of such a very foolish attachment.—*Punch*.

CAROL FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light.
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The Year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of God.

"Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

THE EDIBLE BIRDS'-NESTS OF CHINA.

AMONG the various articles exposed for sale to the natives, in the innumerable streets of Canton, the edible birds'-nests deserve especial notice. They owe their celebrity only to the whimsical luxury of the Chinese, and are brought principally from Java and Sumatra, though they are found on most of the rocky islets of the Indian Archipelago.

The nest is the habitation of a small swallow, named (from the circumstance of having an edible house) *hirundo esculenta*. They are composed of a mucilaginous substance, but as yet have never been analyzed with sufficient accuracy to show the constituents. Externally, they resemble ill-concocted, fibrous isinglass, and are of a white color, inclining to red. Their thickness is little more than that of a silver spoon, and the weight from a quarter to half an ounce.

When dry, they are brittle, and wrinkled; the size is nearly that of a goose's egg. Those that are dry, white, and clean, are the most valuable. They are packed in bundles, with split rattans run through them to preserve the shape. Those procured after the young are fledged are not salable in China.

The quality of the nests, varies according to the situation and extent of the caves, and the time at which they are taken. If procured before the young are fledged, the nests are of the best kind; if they contain eggs only, they are still valuable; but, if the young are in the nests, or have left them, the whole are then nearly worthless, being dark-colored, streaked with blood, and intermixed with feathers and dirt.

These nests are procurable twice every year; the best are found in deep, damp caves, which, if not injured, will continue to produce indefinitely. It was once thought that the caves near the sea-coast were the most productive; but some of the most profitable yet found, are situated fifty miles in the interior. This fact seems to be against the opinion, that the nests are composed of the spawn of fish, or of *bêche-de-mer*.

The method of procuring these nests is not unattended with danger. Some of the caves are so precipitous, that no one, but those accustomed to the employment from their youth, can obtain the nests, being only approachable by a perpendicular descent of many hundred feet, by ladders of bamboo and rattan, over a sea rolling violently against the rocks. When the mouth of the cave is attained, the perilous task of taking the nests must often be performed by torch-light, by penetrating into recesses of the rock, where the slightest slip would be instantly fatal to the adventurers, who see nothing below them but the turbulent surf, making its way into the chasms of the rock—such is the price paid to gratify luxury.

After the nests are obtained, they are separated from feathers and dirt, are carefully dried and packed, and are then fit for the market. The Chinese, who are the only people that

purchase them for their own use, bring them in junks to this market, where they command extravagant prices; the best, or *white* kind, often being worth four thousand dollars per pecul,* which is nearly twice their weight in silver. The middling kind is worth from twelve to eighteen hundred, and the worst, or those procured after fledging, one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars per pecul. The majority of the best kind are sent to Pekin, for the use of the court.

It appears, therefore, that this curious dish is only an article of expensive luxury among the Chinese; the Japanese do not use it at all, and how the former people acquired the habit of indulging in it, is only less singular than their persevering in it.

They consider the edible bird's-nest as a great stimulant, tonic, and aphrodisiac, but its best quality, perhaps, is its being perfectly harmless. The labor bestowed to render it fit for the table is enormous; every feather, stick, or impurity of any kind, is carefully removed; and then, after undergoing many washings and preparations, it is made into a soft, delicious jelly. The sale of birds'-nests is a monopoly with all the governments in whose dominions they are found. About two hundred and fifty thousand peculs, at a value of one million four hundred thousand dollars, are annually brought to Canton. These come from the islands of Java, Sumatra, Macassar, and those of the Sooloo group. Java alone sends about thirty thousand pounds, mostly of the first quality, estimated at seventy thousand dollars.

I am indebted for much information on this curious article of commerce, to the captain of a Java ship, a very well informed man, trading regularly to China, who had large quantities on board, and whose wife, a native of that country, to satisfy my curiosity, prepared a dinner for me of Chinese dishes, including the bird's-nest and the sea-slug, both of which I partook of, and found them very palatable.—*Berncastle's Voyage to China*.

THE PASSION FOR COLLECTING BOOKS.

OF all the passions to which the human mind can surrender itself, there is none more absorbing than the mania of book-collecting. Let those speak honestly who have indulged in it. It is a species of *bulimia*—an insatiable appetite, which “grows by what it feeds on.” I have purchased my experience of this matter rather dearly, having at one period occupied much time, and laid out more money than I like to think of, in forming a select and curious library. My books formed my chief solace and amusement during many years of an active and unprofitable professional life. The pressure of pecuniary difficulties forced me to part with them, and taught me practically, though not pleasantly, the vast distinction between buying and selling. It was something to see placarded in imposing type, “Catalogue of the valuable

* A Chinese weight, equal to 133½ lbs. avoirdupois.

and select library of a gentleman, containing many rare and curious editions." But, alas! the sum produced was scarcely a third of the intrinsic value, and less than half of the original cost. There have been instances—but they are "few and far between"—where libraries have been sold at a premium. Take for an example the collection of Dr. Farmer, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, singularly rich in Shakspearian authorities and black-letter lore, which produced above £2200, and was supposed to have cost the owner not more than £500. Many were presents. When you get the character of a collector, a stray gift often drops in, and scarce volumes find their way to your shelves, which the quondam owners, uninitiated in bibliomania, know not the worth of. I once purchased an excellent copy of the quarto "Hamlet," of 1611, of an unsuspecting bibliopoliſt, for ten shillings; my conscience smote me, but the temptation was irresistible.* The best copy in existence of the Caxtonian edition of Gower's "De Confessione Amantis," fol., 1483, one of the rarest among printed books, when found perfect, was purchased by a Dublin bookseller, at Cork, with a lot of old rubbish (in 1832), for a mere trifle. and was sold afterward for more than £300. It is now in the celebrated Spenser Library, at Althorp. For some time after the sale of my library I was very miserable. I had parted with old companions, every-day associates, long-tried friends, who never quarreled with me, and never ruffled my temper. But I knew the sacrifice was inevitable, and I became reconciled to what I could not avoid. I thought of Roscoe, and what he must have suffered in the winter of life, when a similar calamity fell on him, and he was forced by worldly pressure to sell a library ten times more valuable. I recollected, too, the affecting lines he penned on the occasion:

"TO MY BOOKS.

(By W. Roscoe, on parting from his Library.)

"As one, who, destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smile,
 And tempers, as he may, affliction's dart;
 Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,
 I now resign you; nor with fainting heart;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowship restore;
 When, freed from earth, unlimited its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

What time does book-collecting occupy! what anxiety it excites! what money it requires! The great use of books is to read them; the mere possession is a fantasy. Your genuine book-collector seldom reads any thing but catalogues, after the mania has fully possessed him, or such bibliographical works as facilitate his purchases. If you are too poor to buy, and want to read, there are public libraries abundantly accessible. There is a circulating library in every village,

and there are plenty of private collections undisturbed by their owners. Subscribe or borrow; don't *steal*! a common practice enough, notwithstanding, and not without authority.* If your friends are churlish and won't lend, and your pockets are empty, and you can't even subscribe, still you can *think*—you must try to remember what you *have* read, and live on your recollections of past enjoyment, as the wife of Bath did, in old Chaucer's tale. You'll save your eyes, too; and when you get beyond forty-five that point is worth attending to. After all, what do we collect for? At most, a few years' possession of what we can very well do without. When Sir Walter Raleigh was on his way to execution, he called for a cup of ale, and observed, "That is good drink, if a man could only stay by it." So are rare and curious libraries good things, if we could stay by them; but we can't. When the time comes, we must go, and then our books, and pictures, and prints, and furniture, and China go, too; and are knocked down by the smirking, callous auctioneer, with as little remorse as a butcher knocks a bullock on the head, or a poulterer wrings round the neck of a pullet, or a surgeon slips your arm out of the socket, chuckling at his own skill, while you are writhing in unspeakable agony.

Don't collect books, and don't envy the possessors of costly libraries. Read and recollect. Of course you have a Bible and Prayer-book. Add to these the Pilgrim's Progress, Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Byron (if you like), a History of England, Greece, and Rome, Boswell's Life of Johnson, and Napier's Peninsular War. A moderate sum will give you these; and you possess a cabinet encyclopedia of religious, moral, and entertaining knowledge, containing more than you want for practical purposes, and quite as much as your brains can easily carry. Never mind the old classics; leave them to college libraries, where they look respectable, and enjoy long slumbers. The monthly periodicals will place you much more *au courant* with the conversation and acquirements of the day. Add, if you can, a *ledger*, with a good sound balance on the right side, and you will be a happier, and, perhaps, a better read man, than though you were uncontrolled master of the Bodleian, the National Library of France, and the innumerable tomes of the Vatican into the bargain.

Don't collect books, I tell you again emphatically. See what in my case it led to—"one modern instance more." Collect wisdom; collect experience; above all, collect *money*—not as our friend Horace recommends, "*quocunque modo*," but by honest industry alone. And when you have done this, remember it was my advice, and be grateful.

What I say here applies to private collecting only. Far be it from me to discourage great public libraries, which, under proper arrangements, are great public benefits; useful to soci-

* This small and dingy volume, originally published at sixpence, has sold for £12!

* "This borrow, *steal*, don't buy."—*Vide* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

ety, and invaluable to literature. But as they are regulated at present, fenced round with so many restrictions, and accessible chiefly to privileged dignitaries, or well-paid officials, who seldom trouble them, they are little better than close boroughs, with a very narrow constituency.

A BACHELOR'S CHRISTMAS.

A BACHELOR'S life is not without its attractions. Freedom of will and action are, at least, among a bachelor's joys; but experience has taught me that, after a certain time, such absence from restraint resolves itself into that species of liberty which Macaulay touchingly designates "the desolate freedom of the wild ass."

I came to London about ten years ago to study for the bar. I was entered at the Inner Temple, and, as far as the dinner-eating went, I can safely assert that I was an ornament to the Hall. I adorned the margin of my copy of "Burn's Justice" with caricatures of the benchers; and my friends appended facetious notes to my "Blackstone." I went to the masquerade in my gown; and strolled down to my law-tutor's chambers for the ostensible purpose of reading, about two P.M., daily. In short, I went through the usual routine of young gentlemen of ardent temperaments and competent means when they begin life: like most men, also, the pace of my fast days moderated in due time. About the time of my call to the bar I began to study. My old companions, finding that I was becoming, what they were pleased to designate, "slow," dropped off. I entered into the solitude of lodgings, near Brunswick-square, and read eagerly. Still I found it necessary to relieve my legal studies with copious draughts from all the great fountains of inspiration, and I fear, that even when I was endeavoring to crack the hardest passages of "Blackstone," my ideas continually reverted either to the grace of Montaigne, the wit of Congreve and Pope, the sparkle and depth of Shakspeare, or the massive grandeur of Milton. By degrees my books became my dearest, my only associates. Though as a companion and friend I had decidedly fallen off, I improved as a lodger: I kept regular hours, and paid all my bills punctually.

My landlady grew confidential, in proportion as I grew domestic. She favored me with her history from the time of her birth. I knew how she took the measles; the precise effect of her visit to a vaccine establishment; the origin of a scar over her left eyebrow; the income of her brother in Somersetshire; the number of kittens which her cat annually produced; the character she gave her last servant; and the fond affection she had lavished upon a brute of a husband. These matters, however, were intrusted to me in confidence; and, to use an original phrase, they shall be buried with me in my grave! I had no occasion to repay my landlady's confidence with my own, because she paid herself. I could keep no secrets from her. She knew

the contents of my trunks, desks, and drawers, as well as I did—better, for, if I lost any little article, I never, perhaps, missed it. I was seldom allowed to wear a pair of dress gloves more than once: when a collar was not to be had, "them washerwomen was," I was told, "always a-losing of something or other." I am sure the flavor of my tea, the quality of my mutton, and the excellence of my coals, were no secrets to my landlady: but she had many good qualities, so I ate what she left me in silence and in peace.

Despite my but too prying landlady, however, I got on very well by myself; and, like men who live alone, I became egotistic and lazy. I thought of the weaver at his loom; the lawyer burning the midnight composition over his brief; the author, with his throbbing temples, hard at work; and I rejoiced quietly by my fire and in my books. There was a selfish pleasure in the conviction that my case was so much better than that of thousands of the toilers and strugglers of the earth. This I found a capital philosophy for every day in the year—except one. On that day my landlady entered my room, and, with a few words, blighted my happiness, and made me miserable as the veriest outcast.

"Beg pardon for interrupting you," the worthy soul said, "but I wish to know whether you dine at home on Christmas Day. Though, of course, you will be with your friends—but I thought I might as well make sure."

The good woman must have noticed my confusion. I stammered out something in the most awkward manner; but contrived to make her understand, in the end, that I *should* dine at home.

"On *Christmas* Day, sir?" the woman repeated, with particular emphasis. "I'm talking about Christmas Day, when every gentleman dines with his friends and relations; leastways, all the gentlemen I ever had, have done so."

"My friends live in Scotland, where Christmas is no festival," I replied, rather relieved at the opportunity of explaining my solitary condition.

"Well, dear a-me!" my landlady went on to say, "that's very awkward, very awkward, sir, indeed. Dear, dear a-me, what shall I do? My table, down stairs, won't hold any thing like fifteen!"

Fifteen persons to greet my landlady on Christmas Day, and not a soul to break bread with me! I saw, at once, the tendency of her observation as to the size of her table; and willingly offered to vacate my room for her great annual festivity. This offer was eagerly accepted, and once more I was left to my solitude. From that moment my fortitude deserted me. I knew that the weaver would enjoy his Christmas feast; that the lawyer would throw aside his brief, and, abating his professional solemnity, would, on Christmas Day, make merry; and that the author would leave the pen in the ink

stand to be jolly during a great portion of those twenty-four happy hours. Let me confess that I felt sick at heart—stupidly and profoundly dejected.

On Christmas eve the maid came into my room, and, with a beaming face, begged that I would allow her to decorate it with holly: she said nothing about the misletoe which she carried under her apron, but I saw her dextrously fasten it above the door-way. I was very lonely that evening. The six square yards of space which I occupied were the only six square yards in the neighborhood not occupied by laughing human creatures. The noise of my landlady and her relatives below made me savage; and when she sent up the servant to ask whether I would like to step below, and take a stir at the pudding, my "no!" was given in such a decided tone that the poor girl vanished with miraculous celerity.

The knocks at the street-door were incessant. First it was the turkey, then the apples, oranges, and chestnuts, for dessert, then the new dinner-set, then the sirloin. Each separate item of the approaching feast was hailed with smothered welcomes by the women, who rushed into the passage to examine and greet it. Presently a knock sounded through the house, that had to me a solemn and highly unpleasant sound, though it could not have differed from the preceding knocks. I listened to the opening of the door, and heard my landlady, in a sympathetic tone of voice, declare, that "it was only the first-floor's steak; poor fellow!" My loneliness, then, was a theme of pitiful consideration with the people below! I was very angry, and paced my room with rapid strides. I thought I would wear cotton-wool for the next four-and-twenty hours, to shut out the din of general enjoyment. I tried, after a short time, to compose myself to my book; but, just as I was about to take it down from the shelf, the servant, having occasion to enter my room, informed me in a high state of chuckling excitement, that "missis's friends was a-going to light up a snap-dragon!" and the shouts that burst upon me a few minutes afterward confirmed the girl's report. I was now fairly savage, and, having called for my candle, in a loud, determined voice, went to bed, with the firm conviction that the revelers below were my sworn enemies, and with the resolution of giving warning on the following morning—yes, on Christmas Day.

Brooding over the revenge I promised myself for the following morning, I went to sleep, and dreamed of the Arctic solitudes and the Sahara Desert. I was standing at a dry well, surrounded, on all sides, by endless sand, when a loud rumbling noise broke upon my dream. I awoke, and heard a heavy footstep passing my chamber. I started from my bed, flung open my door, and shouted, "Who's there?"

"It's only me, sir, a-going for to put the puddin' in the copper," said an uncommonly cheerful voice.

Here was a delightful opening scene of my

Christmas Day. I believe I muttered a wish, that my landlady's pudding had been in a locality where it might boil at any time without disturbing any lodger.

That morning I rang four times for my hot water, three times for my boots, and was asked to eat cold ham instead of my usual eggs, because no room could be spared at the fire to boil them. I occupied my landlady's back parlor, and was intruded upon, every minute, because a thousand things wanted "for up-stairs" were left in odd nooks and corners of the room. I had no easy-chair. My books were all "put away," save a copy of "Jean Racine," which I had taken down by mistake for a volume of *the* "Racine." My breakfast-table could not be cleared for three hours after I had finished my meal. I was asked to allow a saucepan to be placed upon my fire. It was suggested to me that I might dine at two o'clock, in order to have my repast over and cleared away before the feast up-stairs began. I assented to this proposition with ill-feigned carelessness—although my blood boiled (like the pudding) at the impertinence of the request. But I was too proud to allow my landlady the least insight into the real state of my feelings. Poor soul! it was not her fault that I had no circle within my reach; yet I remember that throughout the day I regarded her as the impersonation of fiendish malice.

After I had dined she came to ask me if there was any thing she could do for me? I regarded her intrusion only as one prompted by a vulgar wish to show me her fine ribbons and jaunty cap, and curtly told her that I did not require her services. To relieve myself of the load of vexation which oppressed me, I strolled into the streets; but I was soon driven back to my landlady's little parlor—the gayety that resounded from every house, and the deserted streets without, were even more annoying than her marked attention. I sat down once more, and doggedly read the heavy verse of Jean. I called for my tea; and, in reply, I was informed that I should have it directly the dinner was over up-stairs. My patience was giving way rapidly. My tea was produced, however, after a considerable delay; and I then thought I would make a desperate attempt to forget the jovial scenes that were going forward in every nook and corner of the country—save in my desolate, sombre, close back parlor. I swung my feet upon the fender, leisurely filled the bowl of my meerschaum, and was about to mix my first fragrant cup, when that horrible servant again made her appearance, holding a dark steaming lump of something, on a plate.

"Please, sir, missis's compliments, and p'raps you'd accept this bit of Christmas puddin'?"

I could have hurled it, plate and all, into the yard below. I saw myself at once an object of profound pity and charity to the company above. Although I am extremely fond of that marvelous compound of good things eaten with brandy-sauce on Christmas Day, I could not have

touched my landlady's proffered plateful for any consideration. I gave a medical reason for declining the dainty, and once more turned to my pipe and my tea. As the white smoke curled from my mouth a waking dream stole over me. I fancied that I was Robinson Crusoe: my parrot dead, and my dog run away. I cursed fate that had consigned me to a solitude.

I recited a few verses from Keats aloud, and the sound of my voice seemed strange and harsh. I poked the fire, and whistled, and hummed—to restore myself to the full enjoyment, or rather to the misery, of my senses. The tea on that evening only was green tea. I felt its effects. I grew nervous and irritable.

The servant once more invaded my seclusion—what could she want now?

"Please, sir, have you done with the tea-things? I'm a-going to wash 'em for upstairs."

"Take them," I replied, not very gracefully. The servant thanked me, as I thought, with impertinent good-nature, and cleared the table.

About this time, sounds of merriment began to resound from the Christmas party. The shrill laughter of children was mingled with the hoarse guffaws of their parents; and the house shook at intervals with the romps of both parties. In the height of my desolate agony it gave me no little consolation to think that those children who were at their games, would probably dance to the tune of a tutor's cane at no distant interval. Such was my envy at the exuberant mirth that reached me in fitful gusts as the doors were opened or shut, that I felt all sorts of uncharitableness. Presently there was a lull in the laughter-storm. I began to hope that the party was about to break up. A gentle footstep was audible, descending the stairs. There was a smothered call for Mary. Mary obeyed the summons; and the following dialogue was whispered in the passage:

"Did he eat the pudding?"

"No, mum—he was afraid of it: and he was so cross!"

"Cross! I was going to ask him to join us: do you think he would, Mary?"

"Bless you, no, mum! *He jine!* I think I see him a-jining! Nothing pleases him. He's too high for any body. I never see the likes of him!"

The feet then ascended the stairs, and after another pause of a few moments, the din of merriment was resumed. I was furious at the sympathy which my loneliness created. I could bear the laughter and shouting of the Christmas party no longer, and once more with a determination of having my revenge, I went to bed. I lay there for several hours; and did not close my eyes before I had vowed solemnly that I would not pass another Christmas Day in solitude, and in lodgings—and I didn't.

In the course of the following year, I married the lovely daughter of Mr. Sergeant Shuttleface. My angel was a most astonishing piano-forte performer, and copied high art pictures in Berlin

wool with marvelous skill, but was curiously ignorant of housekeeping; so, we spent the beginning of our wedded bliss in furnished apartments in order that she might gain experience gradually.

On one point, however, I was resolute; I would not spend a second Christmas Day in lodgings. I took a house, therefore, toward the close of the year, and repeatedly urged my wife to vacate our apartments that we might set up for ourselves. This responsibility she shrunk from with unremitting reluctance. There were besides innumerable delays. Carpets wouldn't fit; painters wouldn't work above one day a week: paper-hangers hung fire; and blacksmiths, charging by the day, did no more than one day's work in six. Time wore on. December came, advanced, and it seemed to be my fate to undergo another Christmas torment. However, to my inexpressible joy, every thing was announced to be in readiness on the twenty-fourth. My sposa had by this time learned enough of housekeeping to feel strong enough for its duties, and on Christmas Eve we left our rooms in Bedford-square, and took our Christmas pudding, in a cab, to my suburban villa near Fulham. And a merry Christmas we made of it! I don't think I ever ate a better pudding, though I have eaten a good many since then.

CRAZED.

BY SYDNEY YENDYS.

"THE Spring again hath started on the course
Wherein she seeketh Summer thro' the earth.
I will arise and go upon my way.

It may be that the leaves of Autumn hid
His footsteps from me; it may be the snows.

"He is not dead. There was no funeral;
I wore no weeds. He must be in the Earth,
Oh where is he, that I may come to him
And he may charm the fever of my brain.

"Oh, Spring, I hope that thou wilt be my friend.
Thro' the long weary summer I toiled sore;
Having much sorrow of the envious woods
And groves that burgeoned round me where I came,
And when I would have seen him, shut him in

"Also the Honeysuckle and wild bine
Being in love did hide him from my sight;
The Ash-tree bent above him; vicious weeds
Withheld me; Willows in the River-wind
Hissed at me, by the twilight, waving wands.

"Also, for I have told thee, oh dear Spring,
Thou knowest after I had sunk outworn
In the late summer gloom till Autumn came,
I looked up in the light of burning Woods
And entered on my wayfare when I saw
Gold on the ground and glory in the trees.

"And all my further journey thou dost know
My toils and outcries as the lusty world
Grew thin to winter; and my ceaseless feet
In Vales, and on stark Hills, till the first snow
Fell, and the large rain of the latter leaves.

"I hope that thou wilt be my friend, oh Spring,
And give me service of thy winds and streams.
It needs must be that he will hear thy voice
For thou art much as I was when he woo'd
And won me long ago beside the Dee.

"If he should bend above you, oh ye streams
And any where you look up into eyes
And think the star of love hath found her mate
And know, because of day, they are not stars;
Oh streams, they are the eyes of my beloved!
Oh murmur as I murmured once of old
And he will stay beside you, oh ye streams,
And I shall clasp him when my day is come.

"Likewise I charge thee, west wind, zephyr wind,
If thou shalt hear a voice more sweet than thine
About a sunset rose-tree deep in June,
Sweeter than thine, oh wind, when thou dost leap
Into the tree with passion, putting by
The maiden leaves that ruffle round their dame,
And singest and art silent—having dropt
In pleasure on the bosom of the rose—
Oh wind, it is the voice of my beloved.
Wake, wake, and bear me to the voice, oh wind!

"Moreover I do think that the spring birds
Will be my willing servants. Wheresoe'er
There mourns a hen-bird that hath lost her mate
Her will I tell my sorrow—weeping hers.

"And if it be a Lark whereto I speak
She shall be ware of how my Love went up
Sole singing to the cloud; and evermore
I hear his song, but him I can not see.

"And if it be a female Nightingale
That pineth in the depth of silent woods,
I also will complain to her that night
Is still. And of the creeping of the winds,
And of the sullen trees, and of the lone
Dumb Dark. And of the listening of the Stars.
What have we done, what have we done, oh Night!

"Therefore, oh Love, the summer trees shall be
My watch-towers. Wheresoe'er thou liest bound
I will be there. For ere the Spring be past
I will have preached my dolor through the Land,
And not a bird but shall have all my woe.
—And whatsoever hath my woe hath me.

"I charge you, oh ye flowers fresh from the dead,
Declare if ye have seen him. You pale flowers
Why do you quake and hang the head like me?

"You pallid flowers, why do ye watch the dust
And tremble? Ah, you met him in your caves
And shrank out shuddering on the wintry air.

"Snowdrops, you need not gaze upon the ground,
Fear not. He will not follow ye; for then
I should be happy who am doomed to woe.

"Only I bid ye say that he is there,
That I may know my grief is to be borne
And all my fate is but the common lot."

She sat down on a bank of Primroses
Swayed to and fro, as in a wind of Thought
That moaned about her, murmuring alow,
"The common lot, oh for the common lot."

Thus spoke she, and behold a gust of grief
Smote her. As when at night the dreaming wind
Starts up enraged, and shakes the Trees and sleeps.

"Oh, early Rain, oh passion of strong crying,
Say dost thou weep, oh Rain, for him or me?
Alas, thou also goest to the Earth
And enterest as one brought home by fear.

"Rude with much woe, with expectation wild,
So dashest thou the doors and art not seen.
Whose burial did they speak of in the skies?

"I would that there were any grass-green grave
Where I might stand and say, 'Here lies my Love.'
And sigh, and look down to him, thro' the Earth,
And look up thro' the clearing skies, and smile."

Then the day passed from bearing up the Heavens
The sky descended on the Mountain-tops
Unclouded; and the stars embower'd the Night.

Darkness did flood the Valley; flooding her.
And when the face of her great grief was hid
Her callow heart, that like a nestling bird
Clamored, sank down with plaintive pipe and slow
Her cry was like a strange fowl in the dark;
"Alas, Night," said she; then like a faint ghost,
As tho' the owl did hoot upon the hills,
"Alas, Night." On the murky silence came
Her voice like a white sea-mew on the waste
Of the dark deep a-sudden seen and lost
Upon the barren expanse of mid-seas
Black with the Thunder. "Alas, Night," said she,
"Alas, Night." Then the stagnant season lay
From hill to hill. But when the waning Moon
Rose, she began with hasty step to run
The wintry mead; a wounded bird that seeks
To hide its head when all the trees are bare.
Silent—for all her strength did bear her dread—
Silent, save when with bursting heart she cried,
Like one who wrestles in the dark with fiends.
"Alas, Night." With a dim, wild voice of fear
As tho' she saw her sorrow by the moon.

The morning dawns; and earlier than the Lark
She murmureth, sadder than the Nightingale.

"I would I could believe me in that sleep
When on our bridal morn I thought him dead,
And dreamed and shrieked and woke upon his
breast.

"Oh God I can not think that I am blind.
I think I see the beauty of the world.
Perchance but I am blind, and he is near

"Even as I felt his arm before I woke,
And clinging to his bosom called on him,
And wept, and knew, and knew not it was he.

"I do thank God I think that I am blind.
There is a darkness thick about my heart
And all I seem to see is as a dream.

My lids have closed, and have shut in the world.

"Oh Love, I pray thee take me by the hand;
I stretch my hand, oh Love, and quake with dread
I thrust it, and I know not where. Ah me,
What shall not seize the dark hand of the blind?

"How know I, being blind, I am on Earth?

I am in Hell, in Hell, oh Love! I feel
There is a burping gulf before my feet!

I dare not stir and at my back the fiends!

I wind my arms, my arms that demons scorch,
Round this poor breast and all that thou shouldst
save,

From rapine. Husband, I cry out from Hell;
There is a gulf. They seize my flesh. (She shriek-
ed.)

"I will sink down here where I stand. All round
How know I but the burning pit doth yawn?
Here will I shrink and shrink to no more space
Than my feet cover. (She wept.) So much up
My mortal touch makes honest. Oh my Life,
My Lord, my Husband! Fool, that cryest in vain!
Ah, Angel! What hast thou to do with Hell?

"And yet I do not ask thee, oh my Love,
To lead me to thee where thou art in Heaven
Only I would that thou shouldst be my star,
And whatsoever Fate thy beams dispense
I am content. It shall be good to me.

But tho' I may not see thee, oh my Love,
Yea tho' mine eyes return and miss thee still,
And thou shouldst take another shape than thine,
Have pity on my lot, and lead me hence

Where I may think of thee. To the old fields
And wonted valleys where we once were blest.
Oh Love all day I hear them, out of sight,
The far Home where the Past abideth yet
Beside the stream that prates of other days.

"My punishment is more than I can bear.
My sorrow groweth big unto my time.
Oh Love, I would that I were mad. Oh Love,
I do not ask that thou shouldst change my Fate,
I will endure; but oh my Life, my Lord,
Being as thou art a thronèd saint in Heaven,
If thou wouldst touch me and enchant my sense,
And daze the anguish of my heart with dreams,
And change the stop of grief; and turn my soul
A little devious from the daily march
Of Reason, and the path of conscious woe
And all the truth of Life! Better, oh Love,
In fond delusion to be twice betrayed,
Than know so well and bitterly as I.
Let me be mad. (She wept upon her knees.)
"I will arise and seek thee. This is Heaven.
I sat upon a cloud. It bore me in.
It is not so, you heavens! I am not dead.
Alas! There have been pangs as strong as Death.
It would be sweet to know that I am dead.

"Even now I feel I am not of this world
Which sayeth day and night, 'For all but thee,'
And poureth its abundance night and day,
And will not feed the hunger in my heart.

"I tread upon a dream, myself a dream,
I can not write my Being on the world,
The moss grows unrespective where I tread.

"I can not lift mine eyes to the sunshine,
Night is not for my slumber. Not for me
Sink down the dark inexorable hours.

"I would not keep or change the weary day;
I have no pleasure in the needless night
And toss and wail that other lids may sleep.

"I am a very Leper in the Earth.
Her functions cast me out; her golden wheels
That harmless roll about unconscious Babes
Do crush me. My place knoweth me no more.

"I think that I have died, oh you sweet Heavens.
I did not see the closing of the eyes.
Perchance there is one death for all of us
Whereof we can not see the eyelids close.

'Dear Love, I do beseech thee answer me.
Dear Love, I think men's eyes behold me not.
The air is heavy on these lips that strain
To cry; I do not warm the thing I touch;
The Lake gives back no image unto me.

"I see the Heavens as one who wakes at noon
From a deep sleep. Now shall we meet again!
The Country of the blest is hid from me
Like Morn behind the Hills. The Angel smiles.
I breathe thy name. He hurleth me from Heaven.

"Now of a truth I know thou art on Earth.
Break, break the chains that hold me back from
thee.

I see the race of mortal men pass by;
The great wind of their going waves my hair;
I stretch my hands, I lay my cheek to them,
In love; they stir the down upon my cheek;
I can not touch them, and they know not me.

"Oh God! I ask to live the saddest life!
I care not for it if I may but live!
I would not be among the dead, oh God!
I am not dead! oh God, I will not die!"

So throbbed the trouble of this crazed heart.
So on the broken mirror of her mind
In bright disorder shone the shatter'd World.

So, out of tune, in sympathetic chords,
Her soul is musical to brooks and birds
Winds, seasons, sunshine, flowers, and maunder-
ing trees.

Hear gently all the tale of her distress.
The heart that loved her loves not now, yet lives.
What the eye sees and the ear hears—the hand
That wooing led her thro' the rosy paths
Of girlhood, and the lenten lanes of Love,
The brow whereon she trembled her first kiss,
The lips that had sole privilege of hers,
The eyes wherein she saw the Universe,
The bosom where she slept the sleep of joy,
The voice that made it sacred to her sleep
With lustral vows; that which doth walk the
World

Man among Men, is near her now. But He
Who wandered with her thro' the ways of Youth,
Who won the tender freedom of the lip,
Who took her to the bosom dedicate
And chaste with vows, who in the perfect whole
Of gracious Manhood, was the god that stood
In her young Heaven, round whom the subject stars
Circled; in whose dear train, where'er he passed
Thronged charmed powers; at whose advancing
feet

Upspringing happy seasons and sweet times
Made fond court caroling; who but moved to stir
All things submissive, which did magnify
And wane as ever with his changing will
She changed the centre of her infinite; He
In whom she worshiped Truth, and did obey
Goodness; in whose sufficient love she felt,
Fond Dreamer! the eternal smile of all
Angels and men; round whom, upon his neck,
Her thoughts did hang; whom lacking they fell
down

Distract to the earth; He whom she *loved* and who
Loved her of old—in the long days before
Chaos, the empyrean days!—(Poor heart
She phrased it so) is no more: and oh, God!
Thorough all Time and that transfigured Time
We call Eternity, will be no more.

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

ACTORS AND THEIR SALARIES.

IN all ages successful actors have been an un-
commonly well paid community. This is a
substantial fact, which no one will deny, how-
ever opinions may differ as to the comparative
value of the histrionic art, when ranked with
poetry, painting, and sculpture. The actor
complains of the peculiar condition attached to
his most brilliant triumphs—that they fade with
the decay of his own physical powers, and are
only perpetuated for a doubtful interval through
the medium of imperfect imitation—very often
a bad copy of an original which no longer ex-
ists to disprove the libel. In the actor's case,
then, something must certainly be deducted from
posthumous renown; but this is amply balanced
by living estimation and a realized fortune.
There are many instances of great painters,
poets, and sculptors (ay, and philosophers, too),
who could scarcely gain a livelihood; but we
should be puzzled to name a great actor with-
out an enormous salary. I don't include man-
agers in this category. They are unlucky ex-
ceptions, and very frequently lose in sovereignty
what they had gained by service. An income

of three or four thousand per annum, *argent comptant*, carries along with it many solid enjoyments. The actor who can command this, by laboring in his vocation, and whose ears are continually tingling with the nightly applause of his admirers, has no reason to consider his lot a hard one, because posterity may assign to him in the Temple of Fame a less prominent niche than is occupied by Milton, who, when alive, sold "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, or by Rembrandt, who was obliged to feign his own death, before his pictures would provide him a dinner. If these instances fail to content him, he should recollect what is recorded of "Blind Mæonides :

"Seven Grecian cities claim'd great Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begg'd his bread."

No doubt it is a grand affair to figure in the page of history, and be recorded among the "shining lights" of our generation. But there is good practical philosophy in the homely proverb which says, "Solid pudding is better than empty praise:" the reputation which wins current value during life is more useful to the possessor than the honor which comes after death; and which comes, as David says, in the *Rivals*, "exactly where we can make a shift to do without it." To have our merits appreciated two or three centuries hence, by generations yet unborn, and to have our works, whether with the pen or pencil, admired long after what was once our mortal substance is "stopping a beer-barrel," are very pleasing, poetical hallucinations for all who like to indulge in them; but the chances are, we shall know nothing of the matter, while it is quite certain that if we do, we shall set no value on it. Posterity, then, will be the chief gainers, and of all concerned the only party to whom we owe no obligations. The posterity, too, which emanates from the nineteenth century is much more likely to partake of the commercial than the romantic character, and to hold in higher reverence the memory of an ancestor who has left behind him £30,000 in bank stock or consols, than of one who has only bequeathed a marble monument in "Westminster's Old Abbey," a flourishing memoir in the "Lives of Illustrious Englishmen," or an epic poem in twenty-four cantos. I would not have it supposed that I depreciate the love of posthumous fame, or those "longings after immortality," which are powerful incentives to much that is good and great; but I am led into this train of reasoning, by hearing it so constantly objected as a misfortune to the actor, that his best efforts are but fleeting shadows, and can not survive him. This, being interpreted fairly, means that he can not gain *all* that genius toils for, but he has won the lion's share, and ought to be satisfied.

Formerly the actor had to contend with prejudices which stripped him of his place in society, and degraded his profession. This was assuredly a worse evil than perishable fame; but all this has happily passed away. The *taboo* is removed, and he takes his legitimate place with

kindred artists according to his pretension. His large salary excites much wonder and more jealousy, but he is no longer exposed to the insult which Le Kain, the Roscius of France, once received, and was obliged to swallow as he might. Dining one day at a restaurateur's, he was accosted by an old general officer near him. "Ah! Monsieur Le Kain, is that you! Where have you been for some weeks—we have lost you from Paris?" "I have been acting in the south, may it please your excellency," replied Le Kain! "Eh bien! and how much have you earned?" "In six weeks, sir, I have received 4000 crowns." "Diable!" exclaimed the general, twirling his mustache with a truculent frown, "What's this I hear? A miserable mimic, such as thou, can gain in six weeks double the sum that I, a nobleman of twenty descents, and a Knight of St. Louis, am paid in twelve months. *Voilà une vraie infamie!*" "And at what sum, sir," replied Le Kain, placidly, "do you estimate the privilege of thus addressing me?" In those days, in France, an actor was denied Christian burial, and would have been *roué vif* if he had presumed to put himself on an equality with a gentleman, or dared to resent an unprovoked outrage.

The large salaries of recent days were even surpassed among the ancients. In Rome, Roscius, and Æsopus, his contemporary, amassed prodigious fortunes by their professional labors. Roscius was paid at the rate of £45 a day, amounting to more than £15,000 per annum of our currency. He became so rich that at last he declined receiving any salary, and acted gratuitously for several years. A modern manager would give something to stumble on such a Roscius. No wonder he was fond of his art, and unwilling to relinquish its exercise. Æsopus at an entertainment produced a single dish, stuffed with singing birds, which, according to Dr. Arbuthnot's computation, must have cost about £4883 sterling. He left his son a fortune amounting to £200,000 British money. It did not remain long in the family, as, by the evidence of Horace and Pliny, he was a notorious spendthrift, and rapidly dissipated the honest earnings of his father.

Decimus Laberius, a Roman knight, was induced, or, as some say, compelled, by Julius Cæsar, to appear in one of his own mimes, an inferior kind of dramatic composition, very popular among the Romans, and in which he was unrivaled, until supplanted by Publius Syrus. The said Laberius was consoled for the degradation by a good round sum, as Cæsar gave him 20,000 crowns and a gold ring, for this his first and only appearance on any stage. Neither was he "alone in his glory," being countenanced by Furius Leptinus and Quintus Calpenus, men of senatorial rank, who, on the authority of Suetonius, fought in the ring for a prize. I can't help thinking the money had its due weight with Laberius. He was evidently vain, and in his prologue, preserved by Macrobius, and translated by Goldsmith, he

laments his age and unfitness quite as pathetically as the disgrace he was subjected to. 'Why did you not ask me to do this,' says he, "when I was young and supple, and could have acquitted myself with credit?" But, according to Macrobius, the whole business was a regular contract, with the terms settled beforehand. "*Laberium asperæ libertatis equitem Romanum, Cæsar quingentis millibus invitavit, ut prodiret in scenam.*" Good encouragement for a single amateur performance!

Garriek retired at the age of 60, having been 35 years connected with the stage. He left behind him above £100,000 in money, besides considerable property in houses, furniture, and articles of vertu. He lived in the best society, and entertained liberally. But he had no family to bring up or provide for, and was systematically prudent in expenditure, although charitable, to the extreme of liberality, when occasion required. Edmund Kean might have realized a larger fortune than Garriek, had his habits been equally regular. George Frederick Cooke, in many respects a kindred genius to Kean, threw away a golden harvest in vulgar dissipation. The sums he received in America alone would have made him independent. John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons both retired rich, though less so than might have been expected. She had through life heavy demands on her earnings, and he, in evil hour, invested much of his property in Covent-garden Theatre. Young left the stage in the full zenith of his reputation, with undiminished powers and a handsome independence. Macready is about doing the same, under similar circumstances. Liston and Munden were always accounted two of the richest actors of their day, and William Farren, almost "the last of the Romans," is generally reputed to be "a warm man." Long may he continue so! Miss Stephens, both the Keans, father and son, Macready, Braham, and others, have frequently received £50 a night for a long series of performances. Tyrone Power would probably have gone beyond them all, such was his increasing popularity and attraction, when the untimely catastrophe occurred which ended his career, and produced a vacancy we are not likely to see filled up.

John Bull has ever been remarkable for his admiration of foreign artists. The largest sums bestowed on native talent bear no comparison with the salaries given to French and Italian singers, dancers, and musicians. An importation from "beyond seas" will command its weight in gold. This love of exotic prodigies is no recent passion, but older than the days of Shakspeare. Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, thus apostrophizes the recumbent monster, Caliban, whom he takes for a fish: "Were I in England now (as I was once), and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver. There would this monster make a man—any strange beast there makes a man."

Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Grisi, Tag-

lioni, Rubini, Mario, Tamburini, Lablache, *cum multis aliis*, have received their thousands, and tens of thousands; but, until the Jenny Lind mania left every thing else at an immeasurable distance, Paganini obtained larger sums than had ever before been received in modern times. He came with a prodigious flourish of trumpets, a vast continental reputation, and a few personal legends of the most exciting character. It was said that he had killed his wife in a fit of jealousy, and made fiddle-strings of her intestines; and that the devil had composed a sonata for him in a dream, as he formerly did for Tartini. When you looked at him, you thought all this, and more, very likely to be true. His talent was almost supernatural; while his "get up" and "mise en scene" were original and unearthly, such as those who saw him will never forget, and those who did not can with difficulty conceive. The individual and his performance were equally unlike any thing that had ever been exhibited before. No picture or description can convey an adequate idea of his entrance and his exit. To walk simply on and off the stage appears a commonplace operation enough, but Paganini did this in a manner peculiar to himself, which baffled all imitation. While I am writing of it, his first appearance in Dublin, at the great Musical Festival of 1830, presents itself to "my mind's eye," as an event of yesterday. When he placed himself in position to commence, the crowded audience were hushed into a death-like silence. His black habiliments, his pale, attenuated visage, powerfully expressive; his long, silky, raven tresses, and the flash of his dark eye, as he shook them back over his shoulders; his thin, transparent fingers, unusually long, the mode in which he grasped his bow, and the tremendous length to which he drew it; and, climax of all, his sudden manner of placing both bow and instrument under his arm, while he threw his hands behind him, elevated his head, his features almost distorted with a smile of ecstasy, and his very hair instinct with life, at the conclusion of an unparalleled fantasia! And there he stood immovable and triumphant, while the theatre rang again with peals on peals of applause, and shouts of the wildest enthusiasm! None who witnessed this will ever forget it, nor are they likely again to see the same effect produced by mere mortal agency.

In Dublin, in 1830, Paganini saved the Musical Festival, which would have failed but for his individual attraction, although supported by an army of talent in every department. All was done in first rate style, not to be surpassed. There were Braham, Madame Stockhausen, H. Phillips, De Begnis, &c., &c.; Sir G. Smart for conductor, Cramer, Mori, and T. Cooke for leaders, Lindley, Nicholson, Anfossi, Lidel Herrmann, Pigott, and above ninety musicians in the orchestra, and more than one hundred and twenty singers in the chorus. The festival was held in the Theatre-Royal, then, as now, the only building in Dublin capable of accommodating the vast number which alone could render such a specu-

lation remunerative. The theatre can hold two thousand six hundred persons, all of whom may see and hear, whether in the boxes, pit, or galleries. The arrangement was, to have oratorios kept distinct on certain mornings, and miscellaneous concerts on the evenings of other days. The concerts were crushers, but the first oratorio was decidedly a break down. The committee became alarmed; the expenses were enormous, and heavy liabilities stared them in the face. There was no time to be lost, and at the second oratorio, duly announced, there stood Paganini, in front of the orchestra, violin in hand, on an advanced platform, overhanging the pit, not unlike orator Henley's tub, as immortalized by the poet. Between the acts of the Messiah and the Creation, he fiddled "the Witches at the Great Walnut Tree of Benevento," with other equally appropriate interpolations, to the ecstatic delight of applauding thousands, who cared not a pin for Haydn or Handel, but came to hear Paganini alone; and to the no small scandal of the select few, who thought the episode a little on the north side of consistency. But the money was thereby forthcoming, every body was paid, the committee escaped without damage, and a hazardous speculation, undertaken by a few spirited individuals, was wound up with deserved success.

When the festival was over, the town empty, and a cannon-ball might have been fired down Sackville-street without doing much injury, Paganini was engaged by himself for a series of five performances in the theatre. For this he received £1143. His dividend on the first night's receipts amounted to £333 (*horresco referens*!) without a shilling of outlay incurred on his part. He had the lion's share with a vengeance, as the manager cleared with difficulty £200.

ENCOUNTER WITH AN ICEBERG.

FOR ten days we had fine weather and light winds, but a southerly gale sprung up, and drove us to the northward, and I then found out what it was to be at sea. After the gale had lasted a week, the wind came round from the northward, and bitter cold it was. We then stood on rather further to the north than the usual track, I believe.

It was night and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half an hour when the look-out forward sung out "ship ahead—starboard—hard a starboard."

These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather rigging. "A ship," he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is rather, and—". All hands wear ship," he shouted in a tone which showed there was not a moment to lose.

The watch sprung to the braces and bowlines while the rest of the crew tumbled up from

below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins; the helm was kept up, and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned toward the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be brailled up, and the main topsail to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres; for before the ship had quite wore round, I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg, and attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field or very extensive floe of ice, against which the ship would have run, had it not been discovered in time, and would in all probability instantly have gone down with every one on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness, it was dangerous to sail either way; for it was impossible to say what other floes or smaller cakes of ice might be in the neighborhood, and we might probably be on them, before they could be seen. We, therefore, remained hove to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

When daylight broke the next morning, the dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared large floes of ice, with several icebergs floating, like mountains on a plain, among them; while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the northeast, through which we must have come. What made our position the more perilous was, that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape.

As the light increased, we saw, at the distance of three miles to the westward, another ship in a far worse predicament than we were, inasmuch that she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage, should it remain open long enough. She by this time had discovered her own perilous condition, as we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress, and we heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard to our own safety compelled us to disregard them till we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for, in that case, we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship could carry to be set on her, in hopes of carrying her out before this should occur. It was a chance, whether or not we should be nipped. However, I was not so

much occupied with our own danger as not to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizen-top, and as I possessed a spy-glass, I could see clearly all that occurred. The water on which she floated was nearly smooth, though covered with foam, caused by the masses of ice as they approached each other. I looked; she had but a few fathoms of water on either side of her. As yet she floated unharmed. The peril was great; but the direction of the ice might change, and she might yet be free. Still, on it came with terrific force; and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together.

The ice closed on the ill-fated ship. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up, but it was not so, I suspect. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in—her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments—her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion; for, as I gazed, the wrecked mass of hull, and spars, and canvas, seemed drawn suddenly downward with irresistible force, and a few fragments which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance, were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape to the ice.

I looked anxiously; not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the four hundred and forty human beings on board this ship, ere many minutes are over.

I believe that I was the only person on board who witnessed the catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress.

Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the parts we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held fair, and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in on us, it yet favored our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports, but though at times it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction.

Every one held their breaths, as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I thought it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than for myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and looking round, I saw that we were on the outside of the floe. We were just in time, for, the instant after, the ice met, and the passage through which we had come, was completely closed up. The order was now given, to keep the helm up, and to square away the yards, and with a flowing sheet we ran

down the edge of the ice for upward of three miles, before we were clear of it.

Only then did people begin to inquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitudes.

THE DOG AND DEER OF THE ARMY.

MANY of the citizens of Edinburgh will remember a beautiful deer which, many years ago, accompanied the Forty-second Highlanders, and how thousands in Princes-street were wont to admire the stately step, the proud and haughty toss of the antlers, and the mild, and we may almost say benignant eye of this singularly-placed animal. Few persons, however, thought of inquiring into the history of this denizen of the hills, or how it came to pass that an animal naturally shy to an extraordinary degree, should have been so tamed as to take evident delight in military array, and the martial music of a Highland regiment. Still fewer, immersed in their city life, were acquainted with the amazing swiftness, the keen scent, and the daring bravery of the stag; whose qualities, indeed, might be taken as a type of those of the distinguished regiment to which it became attached. The French could abide the charge of British cavalry; they had some sort of understanding of such a mode of warfare; indeed, to do them justice, they were both skillful and brave in the use and knowledge of arms. But the deadly charge of the Highlanders was a puzzler both to their science and courage, and they could by no effort face the forests of cold steel—the bristling bayonets of the kilted clans. Among these regiments none suffered more—excepting, perhaps, the Ninety-Second—than the regiment which afterward adopted the deer as a living memorial of their mountain fastnesses; and a dog likewise, which became attached to, and for years accompanied the same regiment, may be supposed to symbol the fidelity so strikingly characteristic of the Highlanders.

Both the animals adopted by the regiment made their appearance in the ranks about the year 1832, at St. Ema, in Malta. The deer was presented by a friend of one of the officers, and the dog belonged originally to an officer of the navy, who happened to dine at the mess. The latter animal, from that very night, formed a strong attachment for the officers and men of the Forty-second; no commands or enticements could induce him to quit the corporate object of his affection, and his master at length, yielding to a determination he could not conquer, presented the animal, which was of the noble Newfoundland breed, to the regiment. The attachment very soon became mutual, and thereafter the dog would follow no one who did not wear the uniform and belong to the corps. The men subscribed a trifle each, with which a handsome collar was provided for their friend, inscribed

"Regimental Dog, Forty-second Royal Highlanders." They gave him the name of "Peter," and it was a strange and notable day in the calendar of the soldiers when Peter and the deer, who were strongly attached to each other, did not appear on parade. Peter, it may be supposed, was a great frequenter of the cook-house, where a luxurious bone, together with a pat on the head, and a word or two of recognition, was his daily dole from the cooks—with one exception. When this churlish person officiated, Peter was frequently obliged to retire minus his rations, and sometimes even with blows instead—a kind of treatment which he could by no means reconcile with the respect due to him as the faithful adherent of so distinguished a corps. At any time when Peter happened to meet the delinquent, he was seen just to give a look over his head and a wag with his tail, and walk off, as much as to say, "I have a crow to pluck with you."

By-and-by the season of bathing parades came round, and he used to accompany the soldiers in the mornings in such recreations, and was generally the first to take the water, and the last to leave it; he wished to see all safe. He knew his own power in this element, as well as his enemy's power out of it; and it was with a savage joy he saw one day the churlish cook trust himself to the waves. Peter instantly swam toward him, and pulled him down under the water, and would doubtless have drowned him, had not some of the soldiers come to the rescue. A still more curious exercise of his instinct is related of his residence at Fort Neuf in Malta, which is situated to the north of Corfu, and the entrance to which is a subterranean passage of considerable length. Beyond the mouth of this cavern Peter was in the habit of ranging to the distance of thirty-two feet, and as the hour of recall approached, would there sit with eyes intent and ears erect waiting the return of the soldiers. When the trumpet sounded, he showed evidences of some excitement and anxiety; and at the last note went at once to the right-about, and, as fast as his legs could carry him, made for the entrance, and was in a few seconds in the interior of the fort. The reason he went no farther than the thirty-two feet was apparently a consciousness that he had *no pass*, without which the men, he observed, were not permitted to exceed the boundary! That Peter actually understood this regulation was firmly believed both by the non-commissioned officers and soldiers.

The police at Malta, especially at Corfu, are very particular with respect to dogs in warm weather. They may be seen almost daily going about with carts, on which are set up wooden screens garnished with hooks, such as butchers use for suspending meat; and it is no uncommon thing to see from nine to a dozen canine corpses suspended from these hooks. Peter, it may be imagined, had a great horror of this ghastly show; and indeed he made many narrow escapes from the dog-hangman.

The regimental collar, however, was put on him, and every precaution used by the men to prevent his being destroyed. He was still allowed to go at large, but was always observed to look with a suspicious and uneasy eye at the death-cart.

Both the dog and the deer preferred to abide by the head of the regiment, in and out of quarters. They always remained with the band. The men composing the band have generally quarters apart from the other soldiers, this being more convenient for their musical studies and practice. Peter, although he would follow any of the soldiers in their Highland dress out of doors, generally preferred the quarters of the band; and should one-half or a part of the regiment be stationed at one place, and the other at another, whenever they separated on the road to their respective quarters, Peter would give a wistful look from one to the other, but invariably follow the party which was accompanied by the band. The same was the case with the stag. He likewise took up his quarters with the band, and followed closely behind them on their march. This individual was in the habit of going into the rooms of his friends for a biscuit, of which he was very fond; but if the article had received the contamination of the men's breath, he would at once reject it. Experiments were tried by concealing the biscuit that had been breathed upon, and then presenting it as a fresh one; but the instinct of the deer was not to be deceived. Latterly, this animal became extremely irritable, and if a stranger attempted to pass between the band and the main body of the regiment, he attacked the offender with his antlers. The combativeness of Peter was mingled in a remarkable manner with prudence. Being once attacked by a mastiff of greatly superior size and strength, he fled for upward of a mile before his enemy, till he came to his own ground at the entrance of the fort; he then turned to bay, and gave his adversary effectual battle.

One day in 1834, while the deer was grazing and eating herbs on the top of Fort Neuf, situated to the north of Corfu, a cat in the vicinity, startled perhaps by the appearance of the animal, bristled up as puss does to a dog. On this slight alarm the deer was seized with a sudden panic, and with one bound sprung over the precipice—a height of two hundred feet—and was killed on the spot. It was remarkable that its friend the dog, although not immediately on the spot, rushed to the battlements instantly, and barked and yelled most piteously. The death of Peter, which occurred in 1837, was also of a tragical kind. He chanced to snarl at an officer (who had ill-used him previously) on his entrance into Edinburgh Castle, of which the two-legged creature took advantage, and ordered him to be shot. This was accordingly done; and so poor Peter, in the inexorable course of military law, fell by the arms of the men who had so long been his kind comrades, and who continue to lament him to this hour.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE Political Intelligence of the past month is of less than usual interest. In our last number we gave a very full analysis of the various documents transmitted to Congress at the opening of the session. The proceedings of that body have been comparatively unimportant. One or two motions have been made in the House of Representatives for the purpose of inducing action on the law of the last session concerning fugitives from labor, but they have been rejected by large majorities. All the indications, thus far, clearly show that Congress is disposed to leave the several measures of the last session, relating to slavery, entirely untouched. There have been discussions in both branches upon the construction of a railroad to the Pacific, upon the land titles of California, and upon other projects of more or less importance: but as no decisive action has been had upon them, it is not necessary to make further reference to them here.

While the issue of the Hungarian contest was yet doubtful, President TAYLOR dispatched Mr. A. DUDLEY MANN to Vienna as special agent, with instructions to watch the progress of the movement, and in case of its success to recognize the Hungarian Republic. Any such action was prevented by the overthrow of the Hungarian cause; but the Austrian Chargé at Washington, Chevalier HULSEMANN, took occasion of the communication to the Senate of the instructions given to Mr. Mann, to enter, in the name of his government, a formal protest against the procedure of the United States, as an unwarrantable interference in the affairs of a friendly power; and as a breach of propriety in national intercourse, jeopardizing the amity between the two countries. He took special exceptions to the epithet *iron rule*, said to be applied to the government of Austria, to the designation of KOSSUTH as an illustrious man, and to "improper expressions" in regard to Russia, "the intimate and faithful ally of Austria." He said that Mr. Mann had been placed in a position which rendered him liable to the treatment of a spy; and concluded by hinting that the United States were not free from the danger of civil war, and were liable to acts of retaliation. To this protest a most masterly and conclusive reply was furnished by Mr. WEBSTER. Seizing upon the fatal admission of Mr. Hulsemann, that his government would not have felt itself constrained to notice the matter, but for the Message of the President to the Senate, he showed that in taking exception to any communication from one department of our government to another, Austria was guilty of that very interference in the affairs of a foreign power, of which she complained. But waiving this decisive advantage, Mr. Webster went on to show that the conduct of the United States was in perfect accordance with the practice of all civilized governments, and Austria in particular; that the epithet "iron rule," applied to the Austrian government, did not occur in the instructions, that the designation of Kossuth as illustrious was

precisely parallel to the favorable notice—no where more favorable than in Austria—accorded to Washington and Franklin, while they were technically rebels against Great Britain; and that as Russia had taken no exception to any mention of her, all such exception on the part of Austria was officious and uncalled for. He says that had the Austrian government subjected Mr. Mann to the treatment of a spy, it would have placed itself beyond the pale of civilized nations, and the spirit of the people of this country would have demanded immediate hostilities to be waged by the utmost exertion of the power of the Republic. In respect to the hypothetical retaliation hinted at, he says that the United States were quite willing to take their chance, and abide their destiny; but that any discussion of the matter now, would be idle; but in the meanwhile, the United States would exercise their own discretion in the expression of opinions upon political events. The reply concludes, with the most exquisite irony, by assuring Mr. Hulsemann that, believing the principles of civil liberty upon which our government is founded, to be the only ones which can meet the demands of the present age, "the President has perceived with great satisfaction that, in the Constitution recently introduced into the Austrian empire, many of these great principles are recognized and applied, and he cherishes a sincere wish that they may produce the same happy effect throughout his Austrian Majesty's extensive dominions that they have done in the United States."

The Legislature of the State of New York met at Albany on the 7th of January. Lieutenant-Governor CHURCH presides in the Senate, which consists of seventeen Whigs and fifteen Democrats. H. J. RAYMOND, of New York City, was elected Speaker of the Assembly, which consists of eighty-two Whigs and forty-six Democrats, and R. U. SHERMAN, of Oneida County, was elected Clerk. The Message of Governor HUNT was sent in on the first day of the session. It presents an able and explicit exposition of the affairs of the State. The financial condition of the State is very satisfactory. The General Fund has met all the current expenses of the year, and has a surplus of \$54,520. The aggregate debt of the State is \$22,530,802, of which \$16,171,109 is on account of the canals. The amount received for canal tolls during the year was \$3,486,172. The Governor recommends an amendment of the Constitution, so as to allow the State to contract a debt for the more speedy enlargement of the Erie Canal, and submits considerations growing out of the increasing business and wants of the State, sustaining this suggestion. The Governor recommends a thorough revision of the Free School Law, the establishment of an Agricultural School, an amendment of the laws, so as to insure a more equal assessment of property, and an exploration of the wild lands in the northern part of the State. In regard to the difficulties that have hitherto prevailed in the Anti-Rent districts, the Message suggests that they may be obviated by the purchase of the lands in question by the State, and their sale to the tenants on equitable terms

Upon national topics the Message says but little. It urges the importance of faithfully fulfilling the provisions of all existing laws, and deprecates very warmly all discussions or suggestions looking toward a dissolution of the Union. The provision of the Federal Constitution for the surrender of fugitives from labor, it says, is of paramount importance, and must be observed in good faith. But "while the claim of the Southern slaveholder to re-capture his slave is fully admitted," the Governor says, "the right of the Northern freeman to prove and defend his freedom is equally sacred." The existing law upon this subject, he says, must be obeyed, though he thinks it contains defects which men of the South and of the North will, at the proper time, unite to remedy. "In the mean time," he adds, "our people must be left free to examine its provisions and practical operation. Their vital and fundamental right to discuss the merits of this or any other law passed by their representatives, constitutes the very basis of our republican system, and can never be surrendered. Any attempt to restrain it would prove far more dangerous than its freest exercise. But in all such discussions we should divest ourselves of sectional or partisan prejudice, and exercise a spirit of comprehensive patriotism, respecting alike the rights of every portion of our common country." The Message closes by urging the necessity of amending the present Tariff, so as to make it more protective, and of making more effectual provision for improving the rivers and harbors of the country.

Gov. WRIGHT of Indiana transmitted his Message to the Legislature of that State on the first day of its session. The expenses of the State Government, for the past year, were \$83,615 10. The whole amount of revenue paid into the State Treasury was \$450,481 65. The total value of taxable property, as returned for 1850, is \$137,443,565, which is an increase over the previous year of \$4,014,504. The entire population of the State is about 988,000, being an increase since 1840 of upward of 300,000. The total valuation of real estate and live stock, exclusive of other personal property, is about \$200,000,000—being \$63,000,000 over the entire assessment for taxation. If to this be added other descriptions of personal property, the entire State valuation can not be less than \$250,000,000. The Governor estimates that by the year 1852 the State will be able to appropriate the sum of \$100,000 to the payment of the principal of the public debt. It is believed entirely practicable to liquidate the entire debt in seventeen years from the first payment. Works of public improvement are progressing rapidly; there are 400 miles of plank road, costing from \$12,000 to \$25,000 per mile, and 1200 miles additional are surveyed and in progress. There are 212 miles of railroad in successful operation, of which 120 were completed the past year; and more than 1000 miles of railroad are surveyed and in a state of progress. The Message strongly recommends a scrupulous fulfillment of all the obligations of the Federal Constitution connected with slavery.

In the FLORIDA Legislature resolutions have been passed, declaring that the perpetuity of the Union depends on the faithful execution of the Fugitive Slave law—that in case of its repeal or essential modification, it will become the duty of the State authorities to assemble the people in convention, with a view to the defense of their violated rights; and that Florida, in acquiescing in the Compromise measures, has gone to a point beyond which she could not go with honor.

The ILLINOIS Legislature met on the 7th. The

Message of Governor FRENCH represents the accruing revenue as more than sufficient to meet current demands on the Treasury. The entire debt of the State is \$16,627,509. Unsold canal lands are expected to realize \$4,000,000. The Governor is in favor of homestead exemption—declares against all bank charters—recommends the acceptance of Holbrook & Co.'s conditional surrender of their charter to build the Central Railroad, and its disposal to the company that offers the best terms. He speaks favorably of the "Compromise Measures," and says that they will be faithfully observed and obeyed by the people of Illinois, as the only means of restoring and preserving harmony.

From CALIFORNIA our intelligence is to the 1st of December. Nothing of interest has occurred there since our last advices. The cholera was still prevailing at San Francisco. There had been a battle between the force under the command of Gen. Morehead and the Youma Indians near Colorado City, on the Gila, in which the general, after one hour and a half fighting, was glad to retreat beneath the guns of the little fort, the Indians having lost ten men. The American force under Morehead was 104; their loss is not stated. Subsequently they had completely vanquished the Indians, none being found within fifty miles of the old planting grounds. A fight is also reported between the Indians and Americans, in the vicinity of Mokelumne Hill, in which fifteen of the latter were killed, and probably as many of the Indians. No particulars are given.

The rainy season had commenced. Many new veins of auriferous stone have been discovered, and various companies have embarked and are engaged in mining operations with good prospects of success. Among these operations, in addition to those on the Mariposa, Merced, and in the northern mines, great hopes and expectations are entertained from those further south, generally known as the Los Angeles Company mines, several companies being engaged in that section, either in mining or in exploring that great and almost unknown region for its treasures.

The result of the State election has been such that doubt prevails as to the political complexion of the next Legislature, both parties claiming it by small majorities. A United States Senator having to be chosen, makes it rather an interesting question, as the election for that office will probably turn upon party politics.

The PENNSYLVANIA Legislature is now in session. The message of Gov. JOHNSTON states the amount of the Public Debt at \$40,775,485. The Governor recommends that all the elections be hereafter held in October. The project of erecting an Agricultural Department is commended to favorable consideration. An appropriate arrangement of the geological specimens belonging to the State is also urged. The large body of original papers in the State Department connected with the Colonial and Revolutionary History of the State are in an exposed and perishing condition, and are recommended for better preservation. In the early spring the buildings of the Insane Asylum will be ready for the reception of patients. The school system, although still imperfect, is rapidly improving in its general condition, and promises the beneficial results it was designed to accomplish. The full repair of the canals and railroads of the State is urged as an important measure. A system of banking, based upon State stocks, under proper restrictions, is recommended to the attention of the Legislature. It is thought that the present banking facilities are unequal to the wants of the business community.

On national questions, Gov. JOHNSTON takes ground in favor of a revision and alteration of the revenue laws, so as to give adequate and permanent protection to the industry of the country, the reduction of postage, and the construction of railway communications to the Pacific—and in regard to the question of slavery and the Fugitive Law, counsels obedience to the laws and respect to national legislation; but excepts to that part of the law which authorizes the creation of a new and irresponsible tribunal under the name of Commissioners.

MEXICO.

Intelligence from the city of Mexico is to the 30th of November. Congress was still engaged in discussing various propositions concerning the public debt, and a bill had passed both houses for regulating the interior debt, the original amount of which was about seventy-five millions of dollars, the new law, however, reduces it about one-third. It is believed that the new steps taken upon this subject will prove highly advantageous to the country.

The magnetic telegraph is in operation in the city of Mexico merely as an experiment, and gives general satisfaction. Efforts are being made to form a company for placing it from Mexico to Vera Cruz.

Accounts from the MEXICAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION to the 24th November have reached St. Louis. Mr. BARTLETT arrived at El Paso on the 18th November, in advance of the main body, in thirty-three days from San Antonio. He was detained seven days to recruit the animals, and ten days by a severe snow storm. He had agreed to meet the Mexican Commissioner on the 1st November. He was accompanied by a party of young engineers as an escort, well mounted and armed, together with spies and hunters, and seven wagons with provisions, equipments, &c., forming a party of forty. On the way Mr. BARTLETT was visited by five of the principal chiefs of the Lipan Indians, accompanied by warriors. The interview was friendly, but great care was taken to show them that the party was well armed.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATES OF EUROPE.

We take advantage of a moment of apparent pause in the current of European affairs to present a concise view of the political, financial, and civil condition in which the close of the first half of the nineteenth century leaves the leading states of Europe. We do this in order to furnish a standpoint from which, in the future numbers of our Monthly Record, the changes which are apparently about to take place may be observed. The present population of Europe may be estimated at 262,000,000, upon an area of 3,816,936 square miles, showing an average of 70 inhabitants to a square mile. If, however, we exclude Russia, together with Sweden and Norway, which with almost two-thirds of the area have but one fourth of the population, and are therefore altogether exceptional, the remaining portion will have 138 inhabitants to a square mile; while Asia has but 32, Africa 13, North and South America 3, and Australia and Polynesia only 1. Of this population about 250,000,000, are Christians, of whom there are 133,000,000 Catholics, 58,000,000 Protestants, and 59,000,000 belonging to the Greek Church; of the remainder there are seven or eight millions of Mohomedans, and two or three millions of Jews. Europe is now politically divided into 55 independent states, of which 33 belong wholly to Germany, and are included in the Germanic Confederation; 7 to Italy; and two

to the Netherlands. Of these states 47 have an essentially monarchical form of government, and 8 are republics. Of the monarchical governments 3 are technically called Empires, 15 Kingdoms, 7 Grand-duchies, 9 Duchies, 10 Principalities, 1 Electorate, 1 Landgraviate, and 1 Ecclesiastical State.

The UNITED KINGDOM of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, as it is officially denominated, contains an area of 117,921 square miles, with a population at the last census of 26,861,000 (1841), which is now increased to about 28,500,000. The Colonies and Possessions of the Crown contained in 1842 5,224,447 inhabitants. The possessions of the East India Company have a population of somewhat more than 100,000,000; and the countries over which that Company has assumed the right of protection, which is rapidly changing to sovereignty, about 35,000,000 more. The political authority of the Kingdom is vested in the three Estates, sovereign, lords, and commons. The House of Peers consists at present of 457 members of whom 30 are clerical; 28 Irish and 16 Scotch representative peers, elected, the former for life, the latter annually; the remainder being hereditary peers. The privileges of the peerage consist in membership of the Upper House of Parliament; freedom from arrest for debt, and from outlawry or personal attachment in civil actions; the right of trial, in criminal cases by their own body, whose verdict is rendered, not upon oath, but upon their honor; in the law of *scandalum magnatum*, by which any person convicted of circulating a scandalous report against a peer, though it be shown to be true, is punishable by an arbitrary fine, and by imprisonment till it be paid; and in the right of sitting covered in any court of justice, except in the presence of the sovereign. The House of Commons, which, by gradual encroachments upon the other Estates, and especially by the prerogative which it has acquired of originating all money-bills, has become the paramount power of the state, consists of 656 members, of whom 469 are for England, 29 for Wales, 53 for Scotland, and 105 for Ireland. The revenues for the current year, according to the estimate of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, amount to £52,285,000, and the expenditures to £50,763,582, leaving a surplus of £1,521,418. The national debt of Great Britain and Ireland, funded and unfunded, amounted, Jan. 5, 1850, to £798,037,277, involving an annual expenditure of more than £28,000,000, absorbing considerably more than one half of the public revenues. The military force of the Kingdom is as follows:

Household Troops.....	6,568
Soldiers of the Line, in pay of the Crown.....	91,956
“ “ “ East India Company.....	31,100
Colonial Corps.....	6,272

Making in all 129,625. The whole number of troops stationed in the United Kingdom is about 61,000, of whom 24,000 are in Ireland. The force of the British navy in Dec. 1848 is thus given in the Royal Calendar for 1849:

Ships of 100 or more guns ; 750 or more men . . .	26
“ 80-100 . . . “ . . . 700-750 . . . “ . . .	42
“ 70-80 . . . “ . . . 600-700 . . . “ . . .	45
“ 50-70 . . . “ . . . 400-600 . . . “ . . .	39
“ 36-50 . . . “ . . . 250-400 . . . “ . . .	68
“ 24-36 . . . “ . . . 250 or less . . . “ . . .	184

Making a total of 404 armed vessels, with 17,023 guns. To these, the Calendar adds the names of 74 yachts, hulks, quarter-service vessels, etc.; 125 steamers, and 21 steam-packets, making 614 vessels of every description. The British Almanac

for 1851, probably a more reliable authority, gives the whole number, on July 30, 1849, as 339 sailing vessels, 161 steamers of all classes, besides 47 steamers employed under contract as packets, and capable of being converted, in case of need, into vessels of war.

The REPUBLIC OF FRANCE covers an area of 204,825 square miles, and its population, as given in the *Moniteur*, February, 1847, was 35,400,486; besides which, the French colonies have about 1,000,000 inhabitants. The Constitution of the Republic was voted by the National Assembly at its sitting, November 4, 1848. The Introduction recites that France constitutes herself a Republic, and that her object in so doing is a more free advance in progress and civilization. The Constitution consists of twelve chapters, containing 116 articles, as follows: I. The sovereignty is in the body of citizens. II. The rights of citizens are guaranteed by the Constitution. III. Of public powers. IV. Of the Legislative power. The representatives of the people to be 750 (since increased to 900), elected for three years, by direct and universal suffrage, by secret ballot. All Frenchmen of the age of 21 years to be electors, and to be eligible to office at 25 years. This article is, in effect, modified by a subsequent law, passed May 31, 1850, by which the electoral lists are to comprehend all Frenchmen who have completed their 21st year, enjoy civil and political rights, and have resided in the commune, or canton, for a period of not less than three years; the law embraces, moreover, many further restrictions, which greatly limit the right of suffrage. V. The executive power is vested in the President, elected for four years, by an absolute majority, by secret ballot; he is not eligible for re-election until after an interval of four years. VI. The Council of State consists of 40 members, elected for six years, by the National Assembly, who are to be consulted in certain prescribed cases; but government is not obliged to consult the Council respecting the budget, the state of the army, or the ratification of treaties. The Vice-President of the Republic is the President of the Council; he is chosen by the National Assembly from three candidates proposed by the President. VII. Of the domestic administration. VIII. Of judicial powers. IX. Of the public forces. X. Of the Legion of Honor, Algiers, and the colonies. XI. Of the revision of the Constitution, in case the National Assembly in the last year of its term shall vote any modification to be advisable. XII. Contains various temporary dispositions. The finances of France have long been in an extremely unsatisfactory condition. The immediate cause of the revolution of 1789 was the enormous and increasing deficiency of the revenue. Upon the accession of Louis Philippe, in 1830, the expenditures of government began again to exceed the receipts, until 1846, when the expenditures amounted to 2,793,000,000 francs, exceeding the revenues by 421,462,000f. The budget presented by the Minister of Finance for the financial year 1851, estimates the receipts at 1,292,633,639f., exceeding the expenditures by 10,370,390f., being the first year when there has been a surplus since the revolution of 1830. The consolidated public debt of France amounts to 4,509,648,000f., to which is to be added a floating debt of 515,727,294f., making in all more than 5000 millions of francs, the interest upon which amounts to above 327,000,000f., absorbing about one-fourth of the revenue. The French army now on foot amounts to 396,000 men; by the law of June 19, the number was fixed at

106,893, to which, according to the late Message of the President, it will be speedily reduced, should political affairs warrant the reduction. The navy, according to an ordinance of 1846, was to consist of 226 sailing vessels, and 102 steamers, of all classes, which number, however, was never reached. The present force is 125 vessels (a reduction of 100 vessels during the year), and 22,561 men. Since the election of Louis Bonaparte as President of the Republic, his whole policy has been directed to the effort of perpetuating his authority, either as President for life, or Emperor. The Duke of Nemours and Count of Chambord, the respective representatives of the lines of Orleans and Bourbon, have each a large number of partisans; while opposed to all of these are the Democrats and Socialists, of every shade, who are utterly averse to any form of monarchical government.

We gave in our last Number a view of the general state of the German Confederation. It is needless to present the statistics of the minor German States, as they do not possess sufficient weight to act except in subservience to either Austria or Prussia.

The Kingdom of PRUSSIA consists of two distinct territories, at a distance of about forty miles from each other, with Hesse-Cassel and Hanover intervening. It has an area of 108,214 square miles, with a population, at the end of 1849, of 16,331,187, of whom about 10,000,000 are Protestants, and 6,000,000 Catholics. The finances are in a very healthy condition. According to the budget of 1850, the amount of the revenue was 91,338,449 crowns; the ordinary expenses of government, including the sinking fund of the public debt, of two and a half millions, were 90,974,393 crowns, to which is to be added expenses extraordinary and accidental, to the amount of 4,925,213 crowns, showing a deficit of 4,561,158 crowns. The public debt, of every description, including treasury notes, not bearing interest, is 187,160,272 crowns of which the interest amounts to 4,885,815, absorbing less than one-eighteenth of the public revenues. The army, upon a peace-footing, consists of 121,100 regular troops, and 96,100 *Landwehr* of the first class, forming a total of 217,200. Upon the war-footing the numbers are augmented to 528,800. The *Landwehr* is divided into two classes, the first embracing every Prussian between the ages of twenty and thirty-two, not serving in the standing army, and constitutes an army of reserve, not called out in time of peace except for drill, in the autumn; but called into active service upon the breaking out of war. The whole country is divided into *arrondissements*, and no one belonging to the *Landwehr* can leave that to which he belongs, without permission of the sergeant-major. In every considerable town *dépôts* of stores are established, sufficient to provide for this force, and a staff under pay, so that they may be at once organized. When assembled for drill, the *Landwehr* receive the same pay as the regular army. When they are ordered beyond their own *arrondissement*, their families become the legal wards of the magistracy, who are bound to see that they are provided for. The *Landwehr* of the second class consists of all from thirty-two to forty years who have quitted the first class. To them, in case of war, garrison duty is committed. The *Landsturm* or *levy en masse*, embraces all Prussians between the ages of seventeen and fifty, not belonging to either of the above classes; this forms the final resource and reserve of the country, and is called out only in the last extremity.

The Empire of AUSTRIA, containing an area of 258,262 square miles, embraces four principal divisions, inhabited by different races, with peculiar laws, customs, and institutions. Only about one-fourth of its population is comprehended within the German Confederation, though she now seeks to include within it a great portion of her Slavic territories. The population, as laid down in the chart of the "Direction Impériale de la Statistique Administrative," is made up of the following elements:

Germans	7,980,920
Slavonians	15,170,602
Italians	5,063,575
Romano-Valaques and Moldavians...	2,686,492
Magyars	5,418,773
Jews	746,891
Miscellaneous races	525,873
Total	37,593,125

The national debt, after deducting the effects belonging to the sinking-fund, amounts at the beginning of the present year to 997,706,654 florins, the interest upon which, 54,970,830 florins, absorbs more than one-third of the revenues. The receipts for the year 1848 were 144,003,758 and the expenditures 283,864,674 florins, showing a deficit of about 140,000,000; this, however, is exceptional; the deficit for the first quarter of 1850, reaching only to 18,000,000 florins. The regular army, prior to the revolutions of 1848, consisted of about 230,000 men, which might be increased in time of war to 750,000. But so large a portion of the forces of Austria are required to keep in subjection her discontented Italian and Hungarian territories, that she could not probably detach, if unsupported by Russia, 200,000 men for effective service. The navy consists of 31 armed vessels, carrying 544 guns; 15 steamers, of which two are of 300 horse-power. the others smaller; besides gun-boats.

The RUSSIAN Empire occupies considerably more than one-half of Europe, its area being 2,099,903 square miles. The population according to the most recent estimates is about 62,000,000. Of these about 21,000,000 are serfs of the nobles, and belong to the soil; 17,500,000 formerly serfs of the crown, who may be considered personally as freemen, having been emancipated; 4,500,000 burghers; and the remainder are nobles, either hereditary or personal; the latter dignity being conferred upon all civil and military officers, and upon the chief clergy and burghers. No satisfactory statistics exhibiting the present state of the financial and military affairs of the empire are accessible. The *Almanach de Gotha* of the present year omits the statistical details previously given; and is unable to furnish more recent details. It is understood, that the revenues and expenditures for some years past have been about \$81,000,000. The public debt is stated at 336,219,492 silver roubles. The army is given, in round numbers, at 1,000,000. It is supposed that in case of war Russia is able to send into the field not less than 800,000 men. This immense disposable force, absolutely under the control of the Emperor, renders the power of Russia imminently dangerous to the peace of Europe. By a course of masterly policy, directed to one end, the influence of the empire has been gradually extended toward the centre of Europe; and the only conceivable means of checking it seems to be a confederation of all the German States, so close, that they shall in effect constitute but one nation. It is this consideration which, underlying the whole current of European politics, renders the present juncture of affairs so

critical. The great question of the supremacy of race—the question whether the Teutonic or the Slavic race shall predominate, and direct in the affairs of Europe—rests apparently upon the events which are about to transpire.

The remaining nations of Europe are too feeble in numbers, or too enervated in character, to exercise any great influence upon the current of events. The hope once entertained, that a union of the ITALIAN race was to take place has been frustrated, and the Peninsula, containing a population of nearly 25,000,000 inhabitants is broken up into petty governments each more despicable than the other. TURKEY in Europe has about 15,500,000 inhabitants, but the Ottoman race, is hardly more than a military colony, and numbers but little above a million; while the Mohammedan religion has less than four millions of adherents; the Greek church alone numbering eleven and a half millions. Three-fourths of the population, therefore, both in race and faith have less affinity for Turkey than Russia, into whose hands they are ready to fall. SPAIN, to check whose power was the great object of all Europe two centuries and a half since, is now utterly bankrupt in character and means. Every year shows a large deficit in her revenues, although she pays the interest upon but a fraction of her public debt, which amounts to fifteen thousand five hundred millions of reals, the interest of which, at six per cent. would, if paid, absorb the whole of the revenue. The navy, which as late as 1802 numbered 68 ships of the line and 40 frigates had sunk in 1849 to 2 ships of the line, 5 frigates, 14 brigs and corvettes, and 15 small steamers of from 40 to 350 horse-power, and of these hardly any, it is said, were fit for service. PORTUGAL has experienced a like decline, every year showing a deficit; the interest of her debt of about \$90,000,000, absorbing fully one-third of her revenues. GREECE is hardly worthy of the name of a kingdom. In a word, incurable decay seems to have fallen upon all the nations of Southern Europe. The political condition of HOLLAND, BELGIUM, SWITZERLAND, DENMARK, and SWEDEN may be called prosperous, but they have little weight in the affairs of Europe. Last and least of all, the little Republic of SAN MARINO, in reality the oldest of all the existing governments of Europe, with a population of but 8000, sits upon her rock, where for fourteen centuries she has watched the rise and fall of the mighty states around her. In all except her venerable antiquity she seems a caricature upon larger nations, with her army of 27 men, her three estates, nobles, burghers, and peasants, her two "capitani regenti," elected for six months, and her secretaries for foreign and domestic affairs. But weak as she seems, she was a state when Britain was but a hunting-field for Danish and Saxon pirates; and may still exist when Britain shall have become as Tyre and Carthage.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The opening of Parliament is fixed to take place on the third of February; in the meanwhile Government will have leisure to decide upon its course with respect to the Catholic excitement, which has continued to rage with an intensity out of all proportion to the cause which has excited it. The simple act of appointing bishops to the various dioceses, has been construed into an arrogant encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Crown, and an attack upon the liberties and independence of the people. The surprise of Hannibal, when lying before the walls of Rome in hourly expecta-

tion of the surrender of the city, could not have been greater at learning that an army had just been dispatched for foreign conquest, and the very spot where he was encamped sold for a high price at public auction, than that of the English at the news that the sovereign of a petty principality, who had been driven from his dominions by his own subjects, and was brought back and sustained only by foreign arms, should coolly map out their country among his own dependents. The papers are filled with remonstrances, addresses, petitions, speeches, and protests from every body to every body. Twenty-six archbishops and bishops, comprising the whole episcopal bench, with two exceptions, united in a solemn protest to the Queen against this treatment of England as a heathen country, and the assumption of ecclesiastical dominion by the Pope. The Bishop of Exeter, having his hands rid of the Gorham difficulty, refused to sign this document, and prepared for presentation to her Majesty an address of his own, of portentous length, couched in that cumbrous phraseology affected by ecclesiastical writers. This was returned to the author by the Secretary of State, with the very curt announcement that it was not a document which he could properly lay before her Majesty. Addresses were presented on one day from the authorities of London, and from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. That from Oxford was read by the Duke of Wellington, that from Cambridge by Prince Albert, as the Chancellors of the respective universities. The addresses expressed attachment to the royal person and the principles of the Reformation; and indignation at the Papal aggressions upon the royal supremacy; with earnest petitions that prompt measures might be taken to repress all foreign encroachments upon the rights of the Crown and the independence of the people. The London address contained, moreover, significant hints at innovations, principles, and practices nearly allied to those of Rome, sanctioned by some of the clergy, and expressed a desire for the preservation and purity of the Protestant faith. The replies of the Queen, having of course been prepared beforehand by the Ministry, are of some consequence, as foreshadowing the probable course of Government. They were all to the same general purport: she thanked them for their expressions of attachment to her person and Government; and declared that it should be her constant endeavor, as supreme governor of the realm, to maintain the rights of the Crown and the independence of the people, against all encroachments of foreign powers; and to promote the purity and efficiency of the Reformed Church. It was noted as a somewhat singular circumstance that the room at Windsor where these deputations were received, contained portraits of Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Gonsalves. Among the most singular petitions to the Queen, was one from the women of Windsor, urging her Majesty to guard them from the "intolerable abuses of the Papal hierarchy," which would "enforce upon as many of the people as possible the practice of auricular confession; and from the bare possibility of this practice being pressed upon us and our children, we shrink with instinctive horror." The Scottish Bishops have addressed a letter to their English brethren, sympathizing with them under this attack, and pledging their "influence and ability in restraining this intolerable aggression on the rights of the venerable church." An old law of Elizabeth has been hunted out, making the importation of relics, crucifixes, and the like a penal offense, and though the penalties are repealed, it is still a

misdeemeanor; some of the more zealous opponents of Romanism demand that this should be put in force; and also that all such articles be stopped at the custom-house. They would also have the exhibition and sale of them prohibited, as being "a means of enticing men into idolatry," and they add, as idolatry is "no less a sin than fornication, there seems no solid reason why those who obtrude idolatrous objects upon the public gaze, should not be punished as offenders against public morals, as much as the venders of obscene prints." The general excitement has manifested itself in some unlooked-for quarters. During the performance at the theatre of *King John*, the representative of Cardinal Pandulph was hissed continually, and could hardly go on with his part; when Mr. Macready, as King John, pronounced the passage—

"No Italian priest

Shall tithe or toll in our dominions,"

the whole theatre rang with deafening applause. The immediate effect of this agitation will, undoubtedly, be most severely felt by what is known as the Tractarian party in the Church of England, one portion of whom will be forced forward to Catholicism, and the other driven back to the great body of the English Church. Mr. Bennett, whose church in London was attacked by a mob, on account of certain alleged Romish practices, has resigned his charge. This is looked upon as of some importance, from the fact of its being the church attended by Lord John Russell in London; and that the resignation was brought about by the Bishop of London, who has himself been accused of similar tendencies. The general sentiment of the Nonconformist and Dissenting Press is, that the quarrel is one between two hierarchical establishments equally hostile to them; and that, whoever gets worsted, it must result in their own advantage. The conduct of Cardinal Wiseman has throughout been marked with great skill and foresight. The ceremony of his enthronization took place as privately as possible, in order to avoid a mob; on this occasion he delivered a sermon, characterized by his usual ability and tact, which was of course published in all the papers, thus obtaining all desirable publicity. It is as yet uncertain what steps Government will take. There are rumors of dissensions on this question in the Cabinet, which must result in its dissolution; but they seem to come from quarters where the wish is father to the thought; at least they are not authenticated.

The most important economic movement is the effort which is made in every direction to increase the sources of supply of cotton, or to find some means of substituting flax for those manufactures, of which cotton is now the sole material. The importance of these measures becomes obvious when it is recollected how great a portion of British capital and industry is invested in the cotton manufacture, and to what an extent they are indebted to the United States for the supply of the indispensable material. The United States furnish about four-fifths of the cotton used in Great Britain; and the supply from other sources is diminishing; a decided failure of the cotton-crop here, or a war, which should interrupt the supply, would produce greater distress in England than did the failure of the potato-crop in Ireland. The West Indies can not be looked to at present for any large supply. The cotton of India, though well adapted for the old method of manufacture, is too short in staple to be advantageously wrought by the machinery now in use, and it has been found that American cotton

transplanted there soon deteriorates, and on the whole, efforts to extend the culture there have failed. Australia seems at present the most promising quarter from which to expect a future supply.

The Highlands of Scotland are now suffering as severely from famine as did Ireland during the worst year of the potato failure. The cause of the distress is said to be the absolute entailment of the landed property, which keeps the country in the hands of those who are too poor to cultivate it; and the only remedy is to break the entails, so as to suffer capital to be laid out upon the land, and thereby furnish employment, and produce subsistence for the resident population.

The Cunard steamers, finding that the Collins and the New York and Havre lines have at last equaled them in the speed and safety of their vessels, and far exceeded them in beauty and comfort, have apparently resolved to test the question of the supremacy of the sea by the relative capacity of purses. While the Franklin was loading at Havre, the Cunarders suddenly reduced the price of freight from \$40 per ton to \$20, and finally to \$10, from Havre to New York by way of Liverpool; which is, in fact, carrying from Liverpool to New York gratis, the cost of conveyance from Havre to Liverpool, and transshipment, being fully \$10. This is understood to be the commencement of an opposition, undertaken in a like paltry spirit, against all the lines of American steamers. It remains to be seen whether those who have been defeated in a fair and honorable competition in science and skill, will succeed in so contemptible a contest as that they purpose to wage.

The present increased value of silver, in all countries, is accounted for in the commercial papers, not by the excess of gold from California, but by special and temporary circumstances in the commercial world. The enormous armaments in Germany require a large amount of silver to pay off the soldiers. The prevalent feeling of insecurity has caused the hoarding of large amounts in small sums, of course in silver, which has reduced the amount in circulation. In addition to which, Holland has made silver only, a legal tender, which has occasioned a desire on the part of bankers who have gold on deposit, to convert it into silver; these, together with an apprehension that the amount of gold from California would in time diminish its relative value, have caused a temporary demand for silver, which has, of course, raised its price.

FRANCE.

The Legislative Assembly continues in session, but the proceedings are mostly of local interest. The committee presented a report in favor of the policy of neutrality, recommended by the President in relation to the affairs of Germany, and brought in a bill appropriating a credit of 8,640,000*f.* to defray the expenses of the 40,000 additional men demanded by the President's Message. After a sharp discussion, the resolutions were adopted, and the bill passed, by a majority of more than two to one. This is the only test-question, thus far, between the Government and the Opposition, and shows that the "Party of Order" are in a decided majority. A bill has been passed appropriating 600,000*f.* toward establishing cheap baths and wash-houses. The communes desiring aid from this fund are to furnish plans for the approval of the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, and to provide two-thirds of the necessary funds, Government providing the other third, in no case, however, to exceed

50,000*f.* A report was presented by M. Montalembert, in favor of a bill for the better observance of the Sabbath in France. The prominent points were: that labor on public works should be suspended on the Sabbath and fête days, except in cases of public necessity; and that all agreements binding laborers to work on the Sabbath or on fête days should be prohibited; this provision, however, not to apply to the venders of comestibles, or to carriers, and those engaged upon railways, the post, and similar employments. The proposition met with no favor.

Letter-writers say that the Elysée is marked by scenes of luxury and profligacy scarcely paralleled in the days of the Regent Orleans and of Louis XV. The President is known to be deeply involved in debt, and the Assembly has been called upon for a further dotation, which will of course be granted, in spite of the resistance of the Opposition. Fines and imprisonments of the conductors of the newspapers are growing more and more frequent.

GERMANY.

The scales have turned on the side of peace. The Gordian knot is to be untied, if possible, not cut. The affairs of Germany are to be decided by articles, not by artillery. The crisis seems to have been brought about by a peremptory demand from Austria, that Prussia should evacuate the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel within forty-eight hours, under the alternative of a declaration of war. At the same time a dispatch arrived from Lord Palmerston, hinting that in the event of war, the other powers could not preserve their neutrality. Thus brought face to face with war, both Austria and Prussia were frightened. A conference was proposed between Prince Schwartzenberg and Baron Manteuffel, the Austrian and Prussian Ministers. This took place at Olmutz, where articles of agreement were speedily entered into. The essential point of the agreement is, that all measures for the pacification of Germany shall be taken jointly by Austria and Prussia. If the Elector of Hesse-Cassel can not come to terms with his subjects, a Prussian and Austrian battalion are to occupy the Electorate. Commissioners from the two powers are to demand the cessation of hostilities in the Duchies, and to propose terms to Denmark. The formation of a new German Constitution is to be undertaken by a Conference, meeting at Dresden, Dec. 23, to which invitations have been sent jointly by the two powers, who are to stand in all respects on an equality. In the mean time both are to reduce their armies, as speedily as possible, to the peace footing. This agreement of the Ministers was ratified by the two sovereigns. In Prussia the opposition in the Chambers was so vehement that the Ministry dared not meet it, and adjourned that body for a month, till Jan. 3, the longest period practicable, in the hope that by that time the issue of the Dresden Conference might be such as to produce a favorable change. In the mean time, opposition to the proposed measure has sprung up from an unexpected quarter. Austria had hitherto acted in the name of the Diet; she now coolly ignores the existence of that body, and proceeds to parcel out all the power and responsibility between herself and Prussia. The minor German States find themselves left entirely out of the account. They remember the old habit of powerful states, to indemnify themselves at the expense of the weaker ones, for any concessions they have been forced to make to each other; and

suspecting some secret articles; or, at least, some understanding not publicly avowed, between the two powers, they tremble for their own independence. The sense of a common danger impels them to a close union, but they are destitute of a rallying point. A portion of them, with Austria at their head, had declared themselves the Diet; but if Austria, the constitutional president, withdraws, the Diet can not have a legal existence. The Dresden Conference, therefore, meets, with three parties, having separate interests and fears: Austria, Prussia, and the minor States—the governments, that is, of all these—while behind and hostile to the whole, is the Democratic element, predominant probably among the Prussians, strong in the lesser States, and not powerless even in Austria, hostile to all existing governments, or to any confederation they may form, whether consisting of a *duality* of Austria and Prussia, or a *triad*, composed of these and a coalition of the minor States; but longing, instead, for a German *unity*. The cannon is still loaded; the priming has only been taken out.

The last advices from Dresden, of Dec. 28, bring us an account of the opening of the Conference by speeches from the Austrian and Prussian Ministers. That of the former was highly conservative in its tone, dwelling mainly upon the advantages secured by the old Confederation. The speech of the Prussian Minister, on the contrary, hinted strongly at the inefficiency which had marked that league. The proceedings, thus far, have been merely preliminary. The return of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel to his dominions, under the escort of Austrian and Prussian troops, was marked by sullen gloom on the part of the people. Preparations for the forcible disarmament of Schleswig-Holstein by Austrian and Prussian forces are actively going on; it is feared that the Duchies will make a bloody and desperate resistance.

The internal condition of Austria is far from settled. So arbitrary have been the proceedings of Government, that even the *Times* is forced to disapprove of them, and to wish that instead of Russia, the Empire had a constitutional ally. The discontents among the Croats and Servians are as predominant as were those among the Hungarians, and a coalition between the Slavic and Magyar races, whom Government has hitherto played off against each other, is by no means improbable. Government dares not assemble the Provincial Diets, being fully aware that they would set themselves in opposition to its measures. In Hungary, the few natives who have accepted office under Austria, are treated by their countrymen as the veriest Pariahs, and the officials of Government are thwarted and harassed in every way possible.

ITALY.

The political affairs of the different Italian States are in no wise improving. The Roman Government finds its Austrian allies somewhat burdensome guests. They demand that the Austrian corps of 20,000 men, which entails an expense upon the impoverished Ecclesiastical States of 6,000,000 francs per annum, should be reduced to 12,000. Austria declines, at present, to make the reduction. The American Protestants have been allowed to have a chapel within the city, while the English have been compelled to be satisfied with one without the walls; this privilege has been withdrawn.—The Austrian Governor of Venice has issued a proclamation directing that the subscriptions for the relief of Brescia, which was destroyed by

Austrian bombardment, shall be closed; on the ground that the pretense of philanthropy was merely a cloak for political demonstrations.—At Leghorn domiciliary visits of the police have been made, the reasons for which have not transpired.—The state of affairs in Sardinia has been set forth in the following terms in a speech in its Parliament: "There is in Sardinia no safety for property; there is neither law nor justice. Not to speak of thefts, assaults, injuries to property innumerable—look at the assassinations: two hundred within a short time. Assaults and highway robberies have increased and are daily increasing. There is one assassination to every thousand inhabitants. Murders are committed by day and by night, in towns and villages, in castles and dwellings. Children of thirteen years are murderers. The judges are terrified, and dare not execute justice. In England you must pay, but you have safety for your life. But here Ministers take one half our income for the State, and then suffer scoundrels to rob us of the other half. Let Government look to it. If it says it can do nothing, it does not deserve the name of Government: it is the very opposite of what should be called Government." The correspondent of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* declares this to be a true account of the state of things in Sardinia.

SPAIN.

There has been a disruption in the Cabinet. The Minister of Finance, finding that there would be a deficit of some 240,000,000 of reals, nearly one-fourth of the entire revenue, proposed a reduction of expenditures in various departments. This the other Ministers would not consent to; and the Minister of Finance, finding that he would be called to solve the difficult problem of making payments without funds, or resign his post, chose the latter as the more feasible if not the more agreeable alternative. A surplus of revenue is, of course, anticipated the coming year. But the calculations of Spanish financiers never prove to be correct.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

UNITED STATES.

At the New England Society's Dinner, Mr. WEBSTER made a most felicitous allusion to the *Mayflower*, à propos to a confectionary model of that vessel which graced the table: "There was," said he, "in ancient times a ship which carried Jason in his voyage for the acquisition of the Golden Fleece; there was a ship at the battle of Actium which made Augustus Cæsar master of the world; there have been famous ships which bore to victory a Drake, a Howe, a Nelson; there are ships which have carried our own Hull, Decatur, and Stewart in triumph. But what are they all, as to their chances of remembrance among men, to that little bark *Mayflower*? That *Mayflower* was and is a flower of perpetual blossom. It can stand the sultry blasts of Summer, resist the furious tempests of Autumn, and remain untouched by the gales and the frosts of Winter. It can defy all climates and all times; it will spread its petals over the whole world, and exhale a living odor and fragrance to the last syllable of recorded time!"

Mr. STEPHENSON, of Charlestown, has lately completed a statue of great merit both in conception and execution. It represents a North American Indian who has just received a mortal wound from an arrow; he has fallen forward upon his right

knee, the left leg being thrown out in advance. The right hand which has drawn the arrow from the wound, rests upon the ground, the arm with its little remaining strength preventing the entire fall of the body. The statue is wrought from a block of marble from a quarry just opened in Vermont, which is pronounced not inferior to the famous quarries of Carrara.

The literalism of the Panorama has lately been invaded by an effort toward the Ideal. Pilgrim's Progress has been made the subject of an extensive work of this kind by two young artists of New York, Messrs. MAY and KYLE. They have met with great and well deserved success. Their work embodies the spirit of BUNYAN, and presents all the scenes of any interest in his famous dream. The seizing of the popular preference for panoramas for the purpose of converting it from a wondering curiosity at the reproduction of actual scenes, to the admiring interest awakened by an imaginative subject, was a happy instance of tact too rarely found in artists; and the eagerness with which the public welcomed the change is another evidence of the general advancement in taste to which we have before alluded.

W. S. MOUNT, the only artist among us who can delineate "God's image carved in ebony," or mahogany, has just finished a picture in his happiest style. It represents a genuine sable Long-Islander, whom a "lucky throw" of the coppers has made the owner of a fat goose. He holds his prize in his hands, his dusky face radiant with joy as he snuffs up in imagination the fragrant odors to come. The details of the picture—the rough coat, the gay worsted, comforter and cap, disposed with that native tendency to dandyism, which forms so conspicuous an element of the negro character, are admirably painted. The effect, like that of every true work of art, and unlike that of the vulgar and brutal caricatures of the negro which abound, is genial and humanizing. The picture is in possession of Messrs. Goupil and Company, 239 Broadway, by whom it will soon be sent to Paris, to be lithographed in a style uniform with the "Power of Music," and "Music is Contagious," of the same artist. This house will soon publish engravings from one of WOODVILLE's characteristic pictures, "Politics in an Oyster House," and from SEBRON's two admirable views of Niagara Falls.

W. H. POWELL is in Paris, at work on his large picture for the Capitol at Washington. He has recently finished "The Burial of Fernando de Soto in the Mississippi," of which a fine print, executed in Paris by Lemoine, has been published. The committing of the body of the grand old enthusiast to the turbid current of the Father of Waters, of which he was the discoverer, is a splendid subject, and is treated by Powell in a manner full of deep poetic feeling.

Prof. HART, of Philadelphia, one of our most elegant belle-lettre scholars, is preparing a volume of "The Female Prose Writers of America." It is to form a royal octavo of five hundred pages, elegantly printed, with numerous portraits, executed in London, in the best style of line and stipple engraving. We are authorized to state that the Editor will be happy to receive from authors and their friends materials for the biographical and critical notices.

Mrs. HALE's "Female Biography," from which we furnished some extracts in our last Number, is nearly ready for publication. It will form a large octavo of about eight hundred pages, containing numerous authentic portraits.

Mr. G. P. Putnam announces as in preparation for speedy publication a series of Manuals for popular reference, designed to compress into a compact form a comprehensive and accurate view of the subjects of general history, science, literature, biography, and the useful arts. They are to be prepared by authors of undoubted qualifications, on the basis of Maunder's and other recent compilations; and to be published in a style uniform with the "World's Progress." The office of a compiler and classifier in literature assumes a new importance, and has new claims upon the gratitude of the student, in these days when the life of a man is too short for him to make himself acquainted, from the original sources, with any one branch of knowledge. The same publisher also announces a "Life of Washington," by WASHINGTON IRVING; "The Monuments of Central and Western America," by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D.; a "Commentary on Ecclesiastes," by MOSES STUART; and new works by Dr. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah," by J. FENNIMORE COOPER, Hon. E. G. SQUIER, and the Author of "Rural Hours."

The Opera has not had the success of last season, in spite of the addition of Signorina PARODI to the company of last year. Parodi is admitted to have a remarkably fine voice, and to be not without dramatic talent, although prone to exaggeration, but she is not generally thought equal to the claims set up for her, and, what is of more importance, she does not fill the house so well at two dollars and a half as was expected. Toward the end of her first series of performances at New York she drew quite large audiences, and made many admirers among persons of acknowledged taste.

A project is on foot to build a very large Opera House near the site of the old one. The proprietors are in Paris, we believe, and they hope to join MARTI, the great Havana manager, with them. The undertaking is based on the supposition that in this country it is better to appeal to the many than the few. The basis is good, where the many have the taste to which to appeal; but an opera audience must be a steady one, and it remains to be seen whether a taste for the opera is yet sufficiently diffused here to insure large audiences always, at remunerating prices. The Havana company do not make their expenses on their summer visits, even at Castle Garden, but in the summer all that they receive is gain.

MR. PAINE's "water-gas," after serving for months as the butt for ridicule, appears about to take its place among the ascertained facts of science. Whatever may be true respecting his theory that water is wholly converted into hydrogen or oxygen, which we certainly believe to be erroneous, there is little room to doubt that he possesses the means of producing hydrogen from water, with great facility, and in any quantity; and that the hydrogen acquires a high illuminating power by passing through spirits of turpentine. If one-half that well-informed men believe in respect to this discovery is true, it is the most important one made in the department of physical science within the century.

Count DEMBINSKI, who bore so prominent a part in the Hungarian struggle, and who is represented as a very accomplished engineer, is now engaged as a dealer in cigars in New York. The condition of the political refugees from Germany in other parts of the world is less desirable than even this. In London many of them hawk Lucifer matches about the streets. In Australia doctors and professors break stone on the highways. Two barons and an artist, from Berlin, are thus employed: a

Hamburgh physician deals in milk; and the son of a Berlin manufacturer is a cattle-driver.

Missionaries in Western Africa report the existence of a regularly written language among a people there discovered. The alphabet is said to be syllabic like the Ethiopic and Cherokee; each character, of which there are about a hundred, representing a syllable. This fact, if authenticated, taken in connection with the existence of a very highly developed language in some of the rude African tribes, suggests many interesting problems in ethnographical science.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Earl of CARLISLE, formerly Lord Morpeth, delivered recently two lectures before the Mechanics' Institute at Leeds. One of these, upon the Poetry of Pope, was a pleasant criticism and eulogy upon the poet. The second lecture was devoted to an account of his own travels in America, some eight years since; being the first account he has publicly given of his observations and impressions. In speaking of persons he confined himself to those whose historical celebrity has made them in a manner public property; and his observations upon individuals and institutions were characterized throughout by a tone of moderation and good-feeling. The phenomenon of a live lord lecturing before an association of mechanics seems to have startled the good people of Leeds no little; and to have caused an excitement that reminds one of an American Jenny Lind ovation viewed through a telescope reversed. A due sense was manifested of the noble lord's condescension in appearing in a character so novel as that of a public lecturer, and afterward revising the lectures for publication. Copies of the lectures are to be sent to similar associations in the neighborhood that they may be read to the members. The lectures, though very creditable to his lordship, would certainly not have received such an enthusiastic reception had the author been Mr. Brown or Smith.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR writes through the Examiner, to and at Lord Brougham, respecting the claims upon the nation of literary men in general, and of Southey in particular. He says that since Southey commenced writing in behalf of the Church, more than twenty millions have been paid to the English bishops, of which the Bishop of London—the Master C. J. London of the exquisite satire in the last Number of the New Monthly, entitled "A Crisis in the Affairs of Mr. John Bull," than which nothing keener has been written since the days of Swift, and which is worthy of forming a supplementary chapter to the "Tale of a Tub"—has received well-nigh a million; all of whom have not done for the Church a tithe of what Southey accomplished. He thinks that if money enough to reward amply a half-score of the men whose genius has adorned and exalted their age, can be expended in building stables for a prince hardly tall enough to mount a donkey, the nation would not be ruined by appropriating five hundred a year to six, and three hundred a year to as many more of the chief living geniuses.

Sir CHARLES NAPIER—(there are three Napiers, all equally ready with the sword and pen, and with the Bishop of Exeter probably the four most impracticable and crochety men now alive: William, major-general, author of the "Peninsular War," "Conquest of Scinde," and other works; Charles J., major-general, commander-in-chief in India, author of the oddest dispatches and general-orders on record; and Charles, rear-admiral, and author of the

pamphlet of which we are about to speak)—has issued a publication in which all the horrors which Sir Francis Head foresees in a French invasion and conquest of England are abundantly magnified. The admiral proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that England is at any moment liable to fall a prey to French, Russian, or American rapacity.

A life of EDWARD WILLIAMS, a Welsh poet of the last century, has just been published in London, which is said to contain a good deal of pleasant literary gossip. We find mentioned in it a rencontre with the great Dr. Johnson, which is characteristic, and interesting enough to be repeated. Mr. Williams seems to have been fond of lounging in book stores, and on one such occasion was thus occupying a leisure hour, and quiet corner, in this banqueting-room, "when a large, ungraceful man entered the shop, and seating himself abruptly by the counter, began to inspect some books and pamphlets lying there. This austere-looking personage held the books almost close to his face, as he turned over the leaves rapidly, and the Bard thought petulantly; then replaced them on the counter, and finally gave the whole a stern kind of shove out of the way, muttering as he rose, 'The trash of the day, I see!' then, without word or sign of recognition to the bookseller, rolled himself out of the shop. When he was gone, the Bard inquired of his friend who that bluff gentleman might be. The reply was, 'That bluff gentleman is the celebrated Dr. Johnson.'" This excited the desire of Mr. Williams to see him again, and he accordingly took another opportunity to meet him; and in order to have an excuse for speaking to him, presented three Grammars to him, and "solicited the favor of Dr. Johnson's advice which of them to choose, observing that the judgment of such a masterly writer must be the most valuable he could possibly obtain. Johnson either disregarded this really graceful compliment to him as a model author, or he was in an ungracious temper—no uncommon condition with him—for taking the volumes into his hands, he cast an equivocal look, between a glance and a scowl, at the humble stranger before him, hastily turned over the several title-pages, then surveyed him from head to foot, with an expression rather contemptuous than inquisitive; and, thrusting back the Grammars in his huge fist, rather at the inquirer than toward him, delivered this oracular reply 'Either of them will do for you, young man.'"

The portrait of Sir ROBERT PEEL, painted by Lawrence some years ago, is said to be the only one by which the statesman wished his person to be handed down to posterity. The judgment of a person of his exquisite taste, as well as the reputation of the painter, stamps this as the only truly historical portrait. An engraving from this picture, which is pronounced to do full justice to the painter has been executed, and can not fail of a wide circulation. Copies will soon, without doubt, be brought to this country.

The question of copyright in England, to authors not subjects, is not yet decided. Mr. Ollendorf, author of the "New Method" of learning languages, who though not a British subject, resides a part of the time in England, authorized a publishing house to issue an edition of one of his works. Another publisher imported an edition of this work, published at Frankfort, without the author's consent, and sold it at half the price of the former. Mr. Ollendorf and his publishers applied for an injunction to restrain the sale of the pirated edition, and to compel an account of the money already received

This was granted provisionally, the court deciding that the decision which has been supposed to deny the privilege of copyright to foreigners, did not apply to cases where the author was a resident in England, and had assigned his rights to British subjects.

A copying telegraph has been invented by Mr. F. C. BAKEWELL. The message to be transmitted is written with varnish upon a strip of tin-foil, which is rolled around a cylinder which is made to revolve by clockwork. A point of steel presses upon this cylinder, which is so arranged as to form part of the electric circuit, which is of course interrupted when the point is in contact with the non-conducting varnish-letters. Upon the receiving cylinder at the other end of the line, is placed a slip of paper, saturated with muriatic acid and prussiate of potash; upon this paper a steel point presses, connected with the conducting wire, the electric current passing along which changes the color of the paper to blue; but when the current is broken by the varnish-letters at the other end, the color is not affected. Both cylinders are then made to revolve at precisely the same rate, in such a manner that the points of steel describe a series of lines upon their surface. These lines become blue on the paper, except at the point where the current is broken, so that the letters appear white on a ground composed of blue lines. By varying the relative size of the cylinders, the copy may be made either larger or smaller than the original. By this telegraph, therefore, communications in cipher may be dispatched. The chief difficulty thus far experienced, is in producing a perfectly corresponding rate of revolution of the two cylinders; but this is certainly not insurmountable.

It has been determined to devote the money raised for a memorial to the late Duke of Cambridge, to the foundation of a charitable institution. Two plans have been proposed, between which the choice will probably be made. One is to build a set of almshouses for the widows of non-commissioned officers. The projector supposes that if the building can be erected, the institution may be maintained by contributions from the army. The other plan is to establish a sanitary institution, open to the poor of every class. The merits of the "good duke," as far as they have been made apparent, appear to be comprised in the fact of his having been the least disreputable of all the sons of George III.; in having eaten more charitable dinners than any man upon record; in having spent the £17,000 a year, given him by the nation, to the last penny; and having left behind him two children to be supported by public bounty. Punch thinks that the £12,000 a year given to his son, the present Duke of Cambridge, is quite sufficient to prevent the English nation from forgetting the father.

There are in London 491 charitable institutions, exclusive of local and parochial trusts, many of them having branches and auxiliaries. Of these 97 are medical and surgical charities; 103 institutions for the aged; 31 asylums for orphans and destitute children; 40 school, book, and visitation societies; 35 Bible and missionary societies. These associations disburse annually about £1,765,000, of which £1,000,000 is raised by voluntary contributions; and the remainder arises from funded property and the sale of publications.

A society has recently been formed at Windsor, under the patronage of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent, for improving the condition of the laborers in several adjacent parishes. At a recent meeting 21 persons were selected, on

account of superior neatness, industry, and general good character, who received a reward of from 15 to 30 shillings, together with a framed certificate signed by Prince Albert.

Great attention on the part of philanthropists continues to be paid, in several of the large cities of England, to the subject of Ragged Schools, though the most formidable obstacles are encountered to their success. Mere teaching is found to be of little avail, unless means of industry can also be provided. A curious anecdote, illustrating this point, is told of one of these schools in London. A clergyman went to the school on Sunday evening to address the larger class of boys. There was a good attendance; and he addressed the children on the sanctities of the Sabbath and the penalties of a life of crime. He thought he had made a powerful impression on his hearers; and was about to conclude with a suitable peroration, when as the minute finger of the clock touched the five minutes to eight mark on the dial, the whole audience rose, and without a word left the room. The teachers followed in surprise; and overtaking one of the urchins in the street, asked where he was going. "To work," was the brief reply. "To work! Why, don't you know this is Sunday?" asked the religious instructor. "Of course," said the lad, "and aint the folks just a goin' to come out of chapel?" The clergyman was enlightened: after his persuasive discourse, as he thought, the audience had risen to pick pockets! Incidents like this have led nearly all the schools to combine labor with their instruction.

The projected "excursion trips" to the Great Exhibition, which have been started by some enterprising Americans, have attracted the attention of intelligent persons in England, who predict that this will be found to be the commencement of a very important movement for cheapening intercommunication between the two countries. Hitherto the improvements in ocean navigation, have only been attained by keeping the rates of passage at a high mark; but with the experience of railways as a starting point, it can not be doubted that a voyage to Europe will soon be brought within the means of all.

Mr. Stephenson, the engineer of the Britannia Bridge, has gone to Egypt to examine the route proposed for a ship canal between the Mediterranean and Red Seas. The survey is undertaken jointly by England, France, and Austria, each sending an engineer for the purpose. When the route is fixed upon, it is hoped that funds for the work will be furnished by the three powers; if not, the Pacha will concede the privilege of constructing it to a joint stock company.

The whole of the household goods left by Daniel O'Connell, at Derrynane Abbey, have been sold by sheriff's sale at public auction. A short time since they would have produced an immense sum as relics of the Liberator; they now brought no more than £364 3s. 6d.

FRANCE.

Some months since a committee at the head of which was LEVERRIER, the astronomer, reported to the French Chambers in favor of a telegraphic apparatus submitted by Mr. Bain. Messages were transmitted between Paris and Lille, at the rate of 1500 letters per minute. In accordance with the report an apparatus was placed upon the line between Paris and Calais. The dispatch of the Paris correspondent of the *Times* of Dec. 5, was transmitted by this apparatus at the rate of 1200 letters

a minute, in a character perfectly legible. On the first of March the French telegraphs are to be opened to the public. By the proposed tariff a message of 300 words from Paris to Calais, 235 miles, will cost about nine dollars.

GUIZOT, has prefixed to the republications of his treatises on Monk and Washington two characteristic prefaces, in which the opinion is more than hinted that what France wants at present is Monk, the restorer of Monarchy, rather than Washington, the founder of a Republic.

A LIFE OF TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE, by M. St. Remy, a native of Hayti, has been published at Paris, of which *La Semaine* says: "Toussaint Louverture, the heroic personification of the black race, was one of the most extraordinary men of modern times. A son of a race hitherto oppressed, filled with a noble emulation, and desirous of sculpturing the figure of some of those great men who have fixed the destiny of their country, has commenced the pious task with the history of this old slave, whose genius raised him to the rank of general of the French army in St. Domingo. The sophisms of the partisans of negro slavery have too long held up to ridicule the efforts made by a people of African origin to take rank among civilized nations; and it belonged to a man of color to prove by an illustrious example that the Deity wished but to vary his works, not to establish a hierarchy of subjection, by giving to the skin a color black or white. The great crime of Toussaint was that of having bravely resisted Leclerc, who came to reduce again to slavery a country which had been made free. On the 8th of October, 1801, Bonaparte said, in a proclamation addressed to the inhabitants of St. Domingo: 'The Government has sent to you General Leclerc. He brings with him a large force to protect you against your enemies, and the enemies of the Republic. If you are told, these forces are destined to deprive you of your liberties, do you reply, The Republic will not suffer them to be taken from us.' On the 2d of May, 1802, slavery was re-established by a decree under the same signature. When he was embarking aboard the vessel which was to convey him to Europe, Toussaint uttered these words: 'In overthrowing me, they have only overthrown the trunk of the tree of the liberty of the blacks. It will spring up again, for the roots are many and deep.' He was a true prophet; for of 50,000 soldiers successively embarked for St. Domingo, not a fourth part ever returned to France. The old troops of Moreau, who had covered themselves with glory upon the banks of the Rhine, were decimated in that fratricidal contest, in which both parties fought, singing the Marseillaise Hymn. But, says M. St. Remy, 'while the mulattoes and the blacks mingled together, fought for their freedom, the First of the Blacks died of inanition on the 27th of April, 1803. The rats, it was said, had gnawed his feet.' From the commencement of his captivity, Toussaint had repeatedly written to the First Consul that he might be brought to trial; but his letters, replete with touching simplicity, remained unanswered. The man who had once held in his hand the destinies of the American Archipelago, was but an old Negro, torn from his wife and children, buried alive, and condemned, by an implacable policy, to death. And so died Toussaint Louverture, who, born a slave, was in turn a brave soldier, a victorious commander, an intelligent administrator, and an enlightened legislator. The Constitution which he gave to Hayti, before the arrival of Leclerc, shows him to have been fully aware of the wants of his country. He proclaimed

civil and political equality, and encouraged agriculture and commerce, by abolishing monopolies; and in view of what is now taking place in Hayti, we may be astonished that this old slave was more enlightened than those who have succeeded him in the government. We have not pretended to give an analysis of the work, but the facts we have recounted may serve to give an idea of the interest which attaches to this new publication of M. St. Remy, who has been heretofore known by his *History of Hayti*."

A TREATISE ON THE THEORY OF CONSTITUTIONAL LAW, by M. Berryat St. Prix, is spoken off as a work great interest and ability. It is preceded by a General Introduction, setting forth the fundamental principles of Constitutional Law, and the characteristics which distinguish it from Administrative Law. The author then proceeds to treat in detail of the difficult question of sovereignty, traces the history of the numerous changes in the political relations of France, and analyzes the ten or a dozen different Constitutions which have succeeded each other. A parallel is drawn between the new Constitution and its immediate predecessor, and that of the United States. The questions of the natural right to property, and of the right to labor are also discussed.

Some curious facts have been stated illustrating the effect of the French Revolution of February upon the circulation of newspapers. It stimulated their publication and sale to an almost incredible extent. It is stated that one single printer, M. Boulé, actually sold for months together between 200,000 and 300,000 copies *daily*, of four or five different journals of which he was the printer. He had eleven presses at work day and night, and in the course of a short time not only managed to pay off several thousand pounds of debt, but even to make a very considerable fortune. The journals he printed were chiefly what is called Red or Ultra-Democratic; and such was the *furor* of the public for them, that the hawkers used to demand "papers" without caring what they were. All the newspapers were paid for in pence, and it was literally *sou* by *sou* that Boulé enriched himself.

The four principal cemeteries of Paris contain in all 23,340 permanent tombs. Of these Père-Lachaise has 15,750, Montmartre 4260, and Mont Parnasse 3330. The total number of interments in all these cemeteries since they were opened in 1804, is 1,380,000; so that these four cemeteries contain 300,000 more inhabitants than the living city from which their population is drawn.

GERMANY, Etc.

CARL FERDINAND BECKER, the celebrated writer on the Philosophy of Grammar, whose death we noticed in a recent Number of the New Monthly, presents a somewhat singular instance of eminence being attained in a pursuit not commenced till late in life. He was born in 1775, and studied at the seminary for priests at Hildesheim, where he received an appointment, which he subsequently resigned rather than embrace an ecclesiastical life. He then studied medicine, and published several medical treatises. We afterward find him sub-director of the gunpowder and saltpetre manufactory at Göttingen, into the mechanical processes of which he introduced many improvements. In 1813, he was appointed physician to the General Army Hospital, at Frankfort; this being subsequently discontinued, he settled as a private physician at Offenbach. Here his long-suppressed fondness for philological pursuits was renewed;

but he had reached his fiftieth year before he published his first grammatical work. The older German grammarians founded their systems upon the bare forms of the parts of speech, while Beoker assumed the signification of them, in as far as they are components of a sentence, and serve as the expression of thought, as the foundation of his system. He looked upon language as the organic expression of thought, and all special forms of speech, as the expression of particular relations of thoughts and ideas. By this mode of treatment he avoided much of the dryness and insipidity belonging to mere grammatical speculations, and brought to view the more genial elements of the philosophy of language. His mode of treating his materials was philosophical rather than historical—in which he offers a striking contrast to Jacob Grimm, whose works show an equally familiar acquaintance with the history and the philosophy of language.

BRUNO BAUER, the Coryphæus of German Rationalism (unless Strauss may be thought to be a rival for that questionable eminence) whose last work is devoted to the somewhat useless task of proving, with a superabundance of logic and contemptuous irony, that the late Frankfort Parliament effected nothing, and knew nothing, has run through a singular career. He was born in 1809, and in his twentieth year commenced the study of theology at Berlin. Five years later he became private teacher in the University, at which time he belonged to Hegelian school of orthodoxy. The germ of his subsequent views, however, may be found in his "Kritik of the Old Testament Writings," in which he represents "the myths of Judaism in their successive transformations, as a development of the national sentiment of the Jews." He first fairly broke ground with orthodoxy in 1839, when he began to apply his principles of criticism to the New Testament narratives. He commenced with the Gospel of John, which he regarded as a work of the imagination, with but here and there a historical trace—a work merely "founded upon facts." He had, meanwhile, been transferred to the University of Bonn, where he proceeded with his three volumes of criticisms upon the other Evangelists, at the conclusion of which he found he had reached a point which he could hardly have anticipated at the outset. In the first volume he had begged that the judgment of his readers might be suspended, "for however bold and far-reaching the negations of this volume might appear, it would be manifest that the most searching criticism would most fully set forth the creative power of Jesus and of his principles;" and even in the second volume he seems to allow to the main facts set forth in the life of Jesus a historical verity; but at the conclusion of the work he makes it doubtful whether such a person as Jesus ever existed. Bauer now occupied the anomalous position of a theological teacher who represented the Gospels to be mere works of the imagination, possessing no higher historical value than Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, or Fénelon's *Telemachus*, characterized Matthew and Luke as stupid copyists of Mark, denounced theologians as hypocrites, and the science of theology as the dark stain upon modern history. It is no wonder that the Prussian Minister of Worship felt himself impelled to inquire of the Theological Faculty, what was the position of Bauer in relation to Christianity, and whether he should be allowed to exercise his functions. The Faculty were embarrassed: on the one hand, they feared that freedom of inquiry would be trenced upon

were he silenced; and, on the other, that the cause of religion would be injured were he allowed to teach. Finally, a middle course was adopted, and he was allowed to teach in the philosophical faculty; and his former friend and admirer, Marheineke proposed that he should be appointed to a professorship, on the ground that he might thus "get his bread, and not be compelled by necessity to write." The next year (1842) the permission to teach in the University was withdrawn, and now commenced a warfare of journals, pamphlets, and books, in which Bauer's colossal irony and cold, trenchant logic shone conspicuous. He proved to his old Hegelian friends, that the true Atheist was their master himself, and strove to force from them the confession that they had either been deceived themselves, or had been willfully deceiving others. In 1843, Bauer closed his career as a writer upon theology by a work entitled "Christianity Revealed," in which he recapitulates all the views he had put forth. This was confiscated by the government of Zurich, where it was published, and his publisher, Fröbel, punished by imprisonment. He now turned his attention to criticism of social and civil affairs, through which we have not space to follow him. He opened a bookstore, in conjunction with his brother Edgar, a congenial, and still more violent spirit, who was subsequently sentenced to a four years' imprisonment, for some publication displeasing to government. Here the brothers published their own works, and became involved in a dispute with the Prussian censorship, and the elder was obliged to modify many passages in a book already printed, before he was allowed to publish it. He commenced an extensive history of the French Revolution, but we can not learn that he brought it further than to the close of the last century. He established a periodical which continued but a year, in which he entered into contest with the "masses, in that sense of the word which includes also the so-called educated classes—the masses, who will not take the trouble to find out the truth by its proofs"—a body including, apparently, in his opinion, every one except himself. The political convulsions of the last two years, have brought out the veteran Ishmaelite in two characteristic works. The first of these, *The Revolution of the Burgesses in Germany*, is devoted to a bitter and unsparing denunciation of every sect and party, as pusillanimous, and insignificant; and the second, recently published, is a cool and contemptuous dissection of the dead carcass of the late Frankfort Parliament.

The printing and bookselling house of Brockhaus at Leipzig, is one of the most complete and extensive in the world. It was founded by Friedrich Aug. Brockhaus, the father of the present proprietors. He was born in 1772, and was educated for the mercantile profession. He established himself at first in his native town of Dortmund, from whence in 1802 he emigrated to Holland. Here he was altogether unsuccessful, gave up his business, and set up a bookstore in Amsterdam. This was in 1805, when the state of things in Holland was extremely unpropitious for every undertaking of a literary nature. The kingdom was united to the Republic of France, and the French officials, on some pretext or other, confiscated a great part of Brockhaus's stock. Advanced into middle life, and three times unfortunate in business, the stout struggler determined upon one more throw for fortune, and won. Having, while in Holland, obtained the copyright of Lobel's *Conversations-Lexicon*, he settled at Altona, and devoted himself to the

preparation and publication of this work with a zeal and energy that commanded success. He soon felt that Leipzig was the only sphere commensurate with his talents, and removed to the intellectual centre of Germany in 1817. There he established several periodicals, which gained for him both reputation and profit. Among these were the *Zeitgenossen*, the *Literarische Conversationsblatt*, which is still published under the name of *Blätter für Literarischen Unterhaltungen*, and the *Urania*, for a long time the repository of the choicest gems of German poetry. He also undertook the publication of Ersch's *Handbuch der Deutschen Literatur* and Ebert's *Bibliographischen Lexicon*. His greatest enterprise, however, was the publication of the celebrated *Conversations-Lexicon*, of which he was himself the principal editor, and to which more than two hundred of the most eminent literary and scientific men of the time were contributors. He died in 1823, leaving his business to his two elder sons, by whom it has been greatly extended. The oldest of these, Friedrich, born in 1800, after having made himself practically acquainted with the art of printing, traveled abroad for the purpose of learning all improvements in the art, and upon the death of his father assumed the direction of the mechanical portion of the establishment. The second brother, Heinrich, born in 1804, took charge of the literary and commercial department. They carried on the publication of the great work of their father, of which the ninth edition, into which are incorporated two supplements, which they had previously published under the title of the *Conversations-Lexicon of the Present*, and the *Conversations-Lexicon of the most recent Times and Literature*, has just been issued. The establishment of Brockhaus at Leipzig is a fine quadrangular pile of buildings, with an open square in the centre, in which is carried on every operation connected with publication, from casting the type to issuing the completed work.

The Leipzig Book-Fair is the index by which the literary activity of Germany is measured. It is the custom in Germany for every German publisher to have his agent in Leipzig for the sale and distribution of his works. The Easter Fair is the principal one for the sale of new books. The catalogue for the present Michaelmas Fair contains the names of 5033 new works published in Germany since the Easter Fair, at which the number was 1200 or 1300 less. The present catalogue forms a volume of 384 pages, and contains more works than that of any fair since the revolution of 1848. The number of new books published in Germany averages 175 weekly, or 9100 a year. Taking the literary life of a student at 30 years, he must read nearly 300,000 volumes, in order to keep up with the current literature of Germany alone.

The Royal Foundry at Berlin, which has for a long time been occupied by artists for studios and workrooms, has during the late warlike demonstrations in Germany been devoted to its original purpose, the fabrication of the "ultima ratio regum." Among the works of art which are nearly completed is a colossal monument to Frederick the Great. The sculptor Rauch has been commissioned to execute a *bas-relief* for the pedestal, representing the well-known incident when the prince, a lad of some seven years, was playing at ball in the room where Frederick was writing. The king forbade the sport, and took away the ball. The prince asked that it might be given back to him, and getting no answer placed himself sturdily before the king, with the words: "The ball is mine, and I wish to

know if your Majesty means to give it up peaceably?" Frederick restored the ball, saying, with a laugh, "This lad here would certainly not have suffered Silesia to be taken."

A biographical sketch of the life of Alexander von Humboldt, by Prof. Klincke, of Brunswick, which has just appeared, possesses peculiar interest to scholars from the minuteness with which Humboldt's course of study is detailed; and for the idea which it affords of the multifarious and vast attainments of this greatest of living scholars.

A publication, resembling in appearance and design "the Gallery of Illustrious Americans," has been commenced at Leipzig. The first number contains portraits from Daguerreotypes, with accompanying biographical notices, of the King of Prussia, Alexander von Humboldt, and the painter Cornelius.

The third volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* has been announced by Cotta, of Stuttgart and Tübingen. It will appear almost simultaneously in a translation both in England and America. The same publisher has issued a charming volume of tales by Gottfried and Johanna Kinkel. It is rare that a true poet, like Kinkel, is blessed with a wife equal to him in poetic gifts; and the two, perhaps, have never before united in the production of a work which leaves the impression that in the authors one and the same soul is pitched upon the masculine and the feminine key. The volume contains a series of tales and sketches in which happy invention is combined with great powers of construction; deep feeling with broad and genial humor, developed now in the masculine and now in the feminine aspects. Running like an undertone through the feelings of gladness excited by these tales, is a melancholy remembrance of the gloomy fate which in these ominous times has befallen two beings who but a short time ago were contending in such pleasant rivalry in the exercise of the imaginative power.

To the voluminous correspondence of Goethe already published, another series has been added, in the letters between him and Reinhard, a German diplomatist in the French service, possessed of many high and excellent qualities. These letters add another to the many illustrations of the rare completeness and universal accomplishments of Goethe.

The Austrian military commander at Buda Pesth, in Hungary, has forbidden the transmission of all pecuniary or other contributions to be sent to the London Exhibition; and threatens the execution of martial law against all who infringe the decree.

A tunnel under the Neva, at St. Petersburg, similar to that under the Thames, has been projected by the Emperor Nicholas, who has directed plans for the work to be prepared by M. Falconnet, a distinguished French engineer. The bridges of boats which connect the portions of the city lying on the two banks of the Neva, are all withdrawn in anticipation of the freezing over of the stream, after which the only practicable communication is by the ice. Before the ice has become firm, and while it is breaking up, the communication is difficult and hazardous. If the tunnel be practicable, it will therefore be a work of the highest utility.

The Russian government has prohibited the publication of translations of the modern French novels, in consequence of which the attention of the caterers for public taste, has been turned to the less exciting comestibles of the English novels. We see announced three separate translations into Russian, of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*; Jane Eyre. The

Caxtons, Maryatt's *Valérie*, Dombey and Son, are also translated,

SPINDLER, whose "*Jew*" has been pronounced the best historical romance of Germany, has published a humorous novel, under the title of "*Putsch and Company*," which is highly praised.

The Neapolitan government has prohibited the circulation of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Shakspeare, Goldsmith, Heeren's *Historical Treatises*, Ovid, Lucian, Lucretius, Sophocles, Suetonius, Paul de Kock, Victor Hugo, E. Girardin, G. Sand, Lamartine, Valéry's *L'Italie*, Goethe, Schiller, Thiers, A. Dumas, Molière, all the German philosophers, and Henry Stephens's *Greek Dictionary*. We happened not long since to have occasion to examine the Prohibitory Index of Gregory XVI., issued in 1819; the names of the books prohibited in which reminded one of lists taken from the muster-rolls of Michael and Satan, only there were more from the former. Among the forbidden books were Grotius on the Law of War and Peace, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, Milton's *Areopagitica*, and *Paradise Lost*, unless corrected. The *Paradise Lost* or *Lycidas*, after having undergone the requisite inquisitorial corrections, would be a rare curiosity of literature. If Italy does not degenerate into barbarism, it will not be for the want of the most strenuous endeavors of her rulers.

One of the most beautiful alabaster vases in the Vatican, possessing a historical interest, as being the one in which were deposited the ashes of the sons of Germanicus, or as some say, those of Augustus himself, has been recently destroyed by an accident. It stood upon a pedestal near a window which was burst open by a violent wind. The heavy curtains of the window were blown against the vase, dashing it to the floor, and shattering it into so many fragments that restoration is pronounced impossible.

OERSTED, the celebrated chemist, the discoverer of Electro-magnetism, has just completed the fiftieth year of his professorship in the Royal University of Copenhagen. On this anniversary the King of Denmark presented him with the grand cross of the order of Dannebrog. The University presented him with a new insignia of his Doctor's degree, including a gold ring, bearing the head of Minerva in cameo. And the citizens made him a present of the use for life of a beautiful villa in the outskirts of Copenhagen, which was still more acceptable and valuable from having been the former residence of the poet Oehlenschläger. Oersted is nearly in his eightieth year; but his recently-published work, "*The Spirit in Nature*," evinces that he retains the full possession of his mental powers.

The "passion-plays" or "mysteries," which were such favorites during the middle ages, have their sole remaining representative in the village of Ammergau, in Upper Bavaria, where they are celebrated, every ten years, with great pomp and solemnity. In the year 1633, a fearful pestilence fell upon that district, and the inhabitants made a solemn vow, that if it were removed, they would every ten years set forth a solemn representation of the "Passion and death of the Saviour." The pestilence ceased, and from that time the vow has been most religiously observed among that secluded and enthusiastic people. The representation consists of a series of tableaux representing the principal incidents in the closing scenes of the life of the Saviour, which are given in a sort of amphitheatre, of which the stage is roofed over, the audience being exposed to those sudden storms common in all mountainous regions. The representa-

tion lasts some eight hours, and is witnessed by many thousands of spectators. The German and French papers contain long accounts of that which took place a few months since; and speak in high terms of the artistic character, and solemn and devotional effect of the whole performance.

A life of UGO FOSCOLO, an Italian refugee in England, has appeared at Florence. He is held up as a model and example to his countrymen. Foscolo was undoubtedly a man of no inconsiderable genius and of great acquirements; but to form an idea of his moral characteristics, we must imagine a man with Hobbes's theory of the identity of right with might and desire, without Hobbes's blameless life; with Byron's laxity of moral sentiment and conduct, without Byron's generosity; with Sheridan's reckless carelessness in respect to pecuniary affairs, without Sheridan's cheerful and kindly disposition; with Coleridge's want of mastery over his intellectual nature, without Coleridge's high purposes and keen sense of duty; with Johnson's rude and intolerable humor, without Johnson's royal humanity. Too proud, while in England, to repeat his lectures on Italian literature, because he thought his audience came only to gaze at him, he was not too proud to receive pecuniary aid from those to whom he was already deeply indebted; or to squander in luxury and debauchery the little fortune of his own illegitimate daughter, left her by her maternal relations: a daughter whom he abandoned until this fortune was bequeathed her. If Italy has only such saviours to look to, she will gain little by throwing off her present masters.

The Vicomte D'Arincourt publishes, under the title of "*L'Italie Rougée*," a history of the revolutions in Rome, Naples, Palermo, Florence, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, Piedmont, and Lombardy, from the election of Pius IX., in June, 1846, to his return to Rome in April, 1850. The author visited Italy to gather materials, and his work, which is drawn from authentic sources, brings to light many new facts, and striking traits in the characters of the principal actors in the affairs of Italy.

A statue in honor of the celebrated astronomer Olbers has been erected in a public square at Bremen. He was by profession a physician, and enjoyed a very extensive practice. His fame as an astronomer rests upon his discovery of some of the asteroids; the suggestion and confirmation of the theory that they are fragments of a shattered planet; and especially upon his method of calculating the orbits of comets, from the few observations of which they are susceptible. In 1830 was celebrated the "jubilee" of his having reached the fiftieth year of his doctorate, upon which occasion he was honored by all those tokens of respect which the Germans are so fond of lavishing on such occasions. He died March 2, 1840, at the age of 82.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE is mainly known to the world in general through the medium of German translators and critics. The names of OEHLENSCHLAGER and ANDERSEN are sufficient evidence that it is not unworthy of cultivation. We find in the *Grenzboten* a notice of a new Danish Romance which though reminding one strongly of Fouque's *Undine*, has in its treatment something of the grim mirth, and gigantic humor of the old Vikings. The tale is entitled the *Mermaid*, and is founded upon the fancy of Paracelsus, that the mermaids though created without a soul may acquire one by a union with a human being. This idea is developed with more drollery than delicacy in the tale in question. The mermaids instead of, as in the orthodox conception, terminating in a fish's tail, waddle about

upon flat, clumsy feet, covered with scales. When a person is drowned, he is laid upon a table, in a condition bearing all the marks of death, except that he retains a perfect consciousness. If, however, a mermaid becomes enamored of him, he comes to life as a merman, and swims about in company with dolphins and such like sea-monsters; and if he desires to ascend to upper air, he can do so, by taking the body of some other drowned person. The hero of the romance is introduced as lying drowned upon the table, in company with two other corpses, that of a faithless woman and her betrothed. The jealousy of the dead man, and his doubts whether the other two corpses do not excite similar feelings, are set forth with broad humor. He however gains the affection of the queen of the sea, and so becomes a merman, while the other two bodies are left lying on the table, until two other mermen assume them for the purpose of paying a visit to *terra-firma*. The hero at last wishes to revisit upper air, and the body which he assumes happens to be that of a famous *bon-vivant*, by which he is brought into a number of embarrassing situations; he becomes betrothed to one who loves not his *new* but his *old* self, and thus is enamored of his one "*him*" while she despises his other. He meets the two persons who had been lying with him upon the table; yet it is not they, but the two mermen, who have taken possession of their bodies. This continual interpenetration of different souls and bodies, by which the personages are always forgetting their identity, has a very comic effect, which, however, is marred by the grave and sentimental tone which is given to the whole narrative. At last the hero, who is a sad scoundrel, succeeds in enticing his sea-queen ashore, where he exhibits her for money, as a sea-monster.

OBITUARIES.

Among the recent deaths we notice the following: GUSTAV SCHWAB, a German poet of some note, belonging to the school of Uhland, aged fifty-eight. On the morning of the day of his death, he was entertaining a party of friends, by reading to them a translation he had just completed from the poems of Lamartine.—Count BRANDENBURGH, the Prussian Minister. He was an illegitimate son of the grandfather of the present King of Prussia, born in 1792. He was educated for the army, and passed through various stages of promotion, until 1848, when he was appointed general in command of the 8th *corps d'armée*. The same year, when the cause of his master seemed irretrievably lost in the revolutionary storm, he took the helm of government, and under his guidance the storm was weathered. His death was probably occasioned by chagrin at the result of the Warsaw Conference, where Austria gained a complete triumph over Prussia.—M. ALEXANDRE, a famous French chess-player, and author of two volumes upon that game, at an advanced age.—M. SAUVE, for more than half a century chief editor of the *Moniteur*. He assumed the charge of the French official paper in 1795, and left it only when compelled by the infirmities of age, after the Revolution of February. During this long period he acted as sponsor to all the governments which arose one after the other, with a dexterity and pliability which Talleyrand might have envied.—General BONNE-MAIN, ex-peer and Marshal of France, who had

served through all the campaigns of the Empire and the Republic.—Sir LUMLEY ST. GEORGE SKEFFINGTON, author of a number of dramatic works of considerable merit.—Mr. RAPHALL, one of the two Catholic members of Parliament who voted against the Jewish claims. He was a man of great wealth, and is said to have given within the last few years £100,000 for the building purposes of the Church. He was of Armenian descent, a singular instance of a person of Oriental extraction rising to eminence in the Occident.—M. CHARLES MOTTELEY, one of the most enthusiastic and successful book-collectors of France. His collection was especially rich in Elzevir editions, and in rare and beautiful books. A very large sum was offered for it by the British Museum, but he refused to suffer it to leave France, and gave it to the French nation. The collection is to be kept separate, and to bear an inscription commemorative of the donor.—Lord NUGENT, Member of the House of Commons for Aylesbury. He had occupied a number of political stations of importance, and was throughout his life a firm advocate of liberal principles. The Greek Revolution of 1823, found in him a warm supporter; and he did much to ameliorate the condition of the refugees whom the issue of the war in Hungary threw upon the shores of England. Lord Nugent was an author of no mean reputation; his "*Memorials of Hampden*" is an exceedingly well-written, and in the main accurate and impartial biography of the Great Commoner, and elicited one of the most brilliant of Macauley's early reviews. He was also the author of a book of Eastern travels, entitled "*Lands Sacred and Classical*," and a number of political pamphlets on the liberal side.—KARL AUG. ESPE, one of the most laborious of the hard-working scholars of Germany. He was the editor of Brockhaus's *Conversations-Lexicon of the Present*, and of the eighth and ninth editions of the *Conversations-Lexicon*, as well as of works of decided merit in various departments of science.—MARTIN D'AUCHE, the last survivor of the French National Assembly of 1789. Though one of the most insignificant of men, the part he acted in the "*Oath of the Tennis-court*," one of the most famous scenes of the early part of French Revolution, has given him a place in history. The government, alarmed at the boldness of the deputies of the Third Estate in declaring themselves the National Assembly, independent of the other Orders, and proposing to effect radical and sweeping reforms in the state, excluded them from their chamber. The deputies assembled in an empty Tennis-court, in great excitement, where an oath was solemnly proposed that they would not separate, but would meet, at all hazards, until they had formed the Constitution. The oath was taken unanimously, with but one exception, that of poor Martin d'Auche, then deputy from Castelnau-dry. There was at first some danger to his person, in the excitement of the moment; but it was hinted that he was not altogether in his right mind, and he escaped, being even suffered to inscribe some sort of a protest on the records. In David's picture of the scene he is represented with folded arms, amid the groups who are taking the oath by raising the right hand. This oath of the Tennis-court, the first actual collision between Royalty and the National Assembly, may be looked upon as the starting-point of the Revolution

Literary Notices.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of General John Lamb, by ISAAC Q. LEAKE (published by J. Munsell, Albany), is an interesting narrative of the political and military life of one of the revolutionary patriots of New York, who died at the commencement of the present century. His active services in the war of the Revolution, and his eminent position in the subsequent party controversies, are described with impartiality and force. His character is succinctly portrayed by his biographer in the following passage: "Few men have acted more manfully the parts which have been allotted to them. As a pioneer of the great events which wrought out the Revolution, he was second to none in perseverance and intrepidity. As a soldier in the field, he was never surpassed in valor and constancy by any the most daring. As a citizen, neighbor, and philanthropist, he was distinguished for his public spirit; respected for his suavity; and admired for his benevolence."

The Memoir and Writings of James Handasyd Perkins, edited by WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, published in two volumes by Crosby and Nichols, Boston, is an enthusiastic tribute to the memory of a remarkable man, who, by the simplicity, earnestness, and benevolence of his character, the originality and beauty of his intellect, and the devotion of his life to practical philanthropy, had won an unusual share of admiration and reverence. Mr. Perkins was born in Boston, where his father was a merchant of distinguished eminence, but, on arriving at the age of early manhood, he removed to the city of Cincinnati, and from that time became a favorite with all classes, and soon bore a conspicuous part in the social, religious, and literary relations of that metropolis. The sketch of his juvenile life here presented by his biographer, with whom he was intimately connected, both by the ties of blood, and by strong intellectual affinities, abounds with pleasing reminiscences of a happy childhood, and is highly characteristic of the peculiar influences of a New-England home. His subsequent career at the West exhibits a noble picture of manly endeavor, stern self-reliance, rare mental activity and enterprise, and a generous devotion to the interests of the public. From the specimens of his writings contained in these volumes, most of which have been published in different periodicals, we are impressed with a profound sense of the vigor and justness of his intellect, the wealth of his imagination, the versatility of his tastes, and the extent and accuracy of his attainments.

Crosby and Nichols have issued an edition of selections from the *Letters of William Von Humboldt to a Female Friend*, under the title of *Religious Thoughts and Opinions*. They are devoted to subjects of a grave, reflective character, and present a highly favorable view of the wisdom, earnestness, and moral elevation of the distinguished author.

Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their Effects on the Civilization of Europe, by the Rev. J. BALMES, is republished from the English translation, by John Murphy and Co., Baltimore, in a large octavo volume. The work, which has signalized

the name of its author as one of the ablest modern defenders of the Catholic faith, was originally written in Spanish, and was soon translated into the French, Italian, and English languages. It is devoted to an illustration of the superior influence of Catholicism in a social and political point of view, maintaining the favorable effects of that religion on social advancement, and subjecting the claims of Protestantism to a stringent examination. As a powerful statement of the arguments in behalf of the secular supremacy of Catholicism, it may be read with interest by those who wish to study both sides of the controversy, which is now raging with so much violence in England.

University Education, by HENRY P. TAPPAN, D.D. (published by G. P. Putnam), is a discussion of the general theory and objects of the higher education, of the history of literary institutions in modern times, and of the present condition of the so-called American Universities. The author arrives at the conclusion, that the attempt to adapt our colleges to the temper of the multitude, to the supposed demands of the popular mind, does not promise any valuable results, since the political condition of the country is such that a high education, and a high order of talent do not generally form the sure guarantees of success. The tact of the demagogue triumphs over the accomplishments of the scholar and the man of genius. The education given in our colleges does not promote the acquisition of wealth and of political influence, and hence is not valued by a commercial people, with free political institutions. Dr. Tappan accordingly maintains that as our seats of learning do not answer to the commercial and political spirit of the country, they should be made to correspond to the philosophical or ideal—the architectonic conception of education. This would adapt them to every want of the human mind and of society, for if men are educated as men, they will be prepared for all the responsibilities and duties of men. We should then in due time have great examples of the true form of humanity, showing the charms, and power, and dignity of learning. Education would appear in its true light, as the highest aim of man, not a mere machine for the facile performance of the business of the world, and a powerful check would be given to the excessive commercial spirit, and the selfish manœuvres of demagogues which now prevail to such a disastrous extent. Men of true cultivation would then have their legitimate influence in all the relations of society, throwing a new aspect over the arts, commerce, and politics, and producing a high-minded patriotism and philanthropy. Great ideas of fundamental principles would be shown to be more mighty and plastic than all the arts, tact, and accomplishments of expediency. The host of penny-a-liners, stump orators, discourses upon socialism, bigots, and partisans would give way before sound writers, true poets, lofty and truthful orators, and profound philosophers, theologians, and statesmen. We should have a pure national literature, and a proud national character. The multiplication of colleges after the same imperfect model will only serve to increase our difficulties.

The time has arrived, then, in the opinion of the author, for an experiment of a different kind. The educational system of this country can be reformed only by the establishment of genuine Universities—institutions, where in libraries, cabinets, apparatus, and professors, provision is made for a complete and generous course of study—where the mind may be cultivated according to its wants—and where in the lofty enthusiasm of ripening scholarship, the bauble of an academical diploma is forgotten. With such institutions, those who wish to be scholars, would have some place to resort to, and those who have already the gifts of scholarship would have some place where to exercise them. The public would then begin to comprehend what scholarship means, and discern the difference between sciolists and men of learning. We should hear no more talk about discarding Greek and Latin, for there would be classical scholars to show the value of the immortal languages and the immortal writings of the most cultivated nations of antiquity. There would be mathematicians prepared for astronomers and engineers. There would be philosophers who could discourse without textbooks. No acute distinctions would be drawn between scholastic and practical education; it would be seen that all true education is practical, and that practice without education is ignoble; and scholarship and the scholar would be clothed with dignity, grace, and a resistless charm.

The work of founding Universities of this character, Dr. Tappan maintains, has been delayed too long. They are natural and necessary institutions in a great system of public education. To postpone their creation is to stop the hand upon the dial-plate which represents the progress of humanity. No part of our country, he supposes, presents equal facilities for carrying out this magnificent plan as the city of New York. The metropolitan city of America, the centre of commercial activity, the vast reservoir of wealth, it takes the lead in the elegancies and splendor of life in the arts of luxury and amusement. At the same time, it is the great emporium of books and of the fine arts, the resort of musical professors, artists, and men of letters. The high degree to which it has carried commercial enterprise, the extent of wealth and luxury in its society demand the vigorous life, and the counterbalancing power of intellectual cultivation. It should add to the natural attractions of a metropolitan city, the attractions of literature, science, and the arts, as embodied in a great University, which drawing together students from every part of the Union, would strengthen the bonds of our nationality by the loftiest form of education, the sympathy of scholars, and the noblest productions of literature.

While we can not accord with Dr. Tappan's sanguine expectations of the effect of such an institution as he has described either in checking the prevalence of worldliness, selfish ambition, and insane devotion to gain which mark the whole of modern society, European no less than American, or in giving a wise and harmonious development to the energies of youthful genius, we can not but admire the noble enthusiasm, the high sense of the scholar's vocation, and the genuine intellectual ability with which he has presented the subject to the attention of the public. He has opened an important field of discussion; but it demands the best thoughts of the most comprehensive and sagacious minds to do it justice. We hope that his treatise will not be overlooked in the swarm of current publications, and that the subject, which he has started, with so much energy, will be pursued to its legitimate conclusion.

The Bards of the Bible, by GEORGE GILFILLAN, republished by Harper and Brothers, exhibits the characteristics of fervor, liveliness of fancy, and affluence of illustration, which distinguish the writings of the author, with a greater coherence and depth of thought than we find in his literary portraiture. In the first chapters of the volume, the author discusses the general character of Hebrew Poetry, making free use of the views of Herder, Eichhorn, and Ewald, though without servilely following their steps, and then considers in detail the poetry of the Pentateuch, of the Book of Job, of the Historical Books, of the Book of Psalms, of Solomon, of the Prophetic Writings, and of the New Testament. He approaches the sacred volume with freedom, and yet with reverence, blending the spirit of searching criticism, with a warm enthusiasm for its inspiration and character. Without attempting to cast doubt upon its superhuman aspects, he dwells with affectionate ardor on its traits of domestic tenderness, of natural beauty, and of poetical imagination, connecting the sublime and awful conception of the Oriental bards with whatever is richest and most impressive in the associations of modern experience. The union of devotional sentiment and poetic fancy, which forms such a prominent feature in this gorgeous volume, will recommend it to the lovers of Holy Writ as well as to readers of cultivated taste. No one will hesitate to forgive Mr. Gilfillan's exuberance of imagination and his not unfrequent indulgence in verbosity, for the sake of his earnestness of heart, and his glowing and often graceful eloquence.

Webster's Revised Dictionary. Octavo Edition. (Harper and Brothers.) It is now three years since the Revised Edition of Dr. Webster's Dictionary came from the press. The public have, therefore, had full time to decide upon its merits; and the decision has been, both in this country and Great Britain, that it is far superior to any work of the kind in our language; that it is, in the words of a distinguished English scholar, "one of the necessities of life to a literary man." The *Octavo Edition*, the one now before us, is designed to present, in a convenient form and at a low price, the most important matter of the larger work. It omits the more learned etymologies and extended quotations from other works; but gives *every word* and *every shade of meaning* with exactness, though often in a more condensed form. It is thus much fuller, in proportion, than any other abridgment of a dictionary.

There are two peculiarities of the *Octavo Edition* which belong neither to the large work, nor to any other dictionary. The first is a *Synopsis of Words* differently pronounced by different orthoepists. This presents at a single view all the disputed cases of pronunciation in our language; with the decision of distinguished orthoepists, in respect to every word of doubtful pronunciation, the reader is referred to a list where he may consult all the important authorities at a single glance. The other peculiarity relates to *Synonyms*. Our language being derived from so many different sources, is singularly rich in synonymous words. It is therefore a matter of lively interest to every one who would write well, to have some great repository of synonyms always at hand, to which he may repair at any moment, when he wishes to convey his ideas with peculiar exactness of meaning or variety of expression. A dictionary is the natural and appropriate place for such a collection. Accordingly in the Revised *Octavo Edition* after the definitions of each important word, we find a list of all the

other words in our language which have the same general sense and application. The volume contains many thousand lists of this kind which must obviously have cost great labor in their compilation. The costly work of Perry is the only one which has ever been executed on this plan, and as this contains only the words given in Johnson, it is necessarily incomplete. We quote a single instance which may stand for hundreds and which shows the remarkable copiousness of our language.

"To support. *Syn.*—To bear; hold up; sustain; maintain; endure; verify; substantiate; countenance; patronize; help; back; second; uphold; succor; relieve; encourage; favor; nurture; nourish; cherish; shield; defend; protect; stay; assist; forward."

Besides the dictionary proper, the Octavo Edition contains Walker's Key to the pronunciation of Classical and Scripture Names, with some thousands of additional words from later writers; and a Vocabulary of Modern Geographical Names, with their pronunciation, compiled by the author of Baldwin's Universal Gazetteer, whose accuracy in this respect is so generally acknowledged. It is a gratifying proof of the advancement of the art of printing, in the United States, that a large Royal Octavo volume like this, of more than *thirteen hundred* pages, can be afforded on excellent paper, with a clear type, and in stout binding, for about three dollars. An abridgment of Dr. Webster's Dictionary has recently been issued in London, in a miserable style of execution, the definitions being not more than half as complete as those of the volume before us, without the Synopsis and Synonyms or other appendages of this work; and is sold at four dollars a copy.

Celebrated Saloons by Madame Gay and Parisian Letters by Madame Girardin, translated from the French by L. WILLARD (Boston, Crosby and Nichols) is an agreeable collection of gossip and anecdotes illustrative of the manners of Parisian society. The translation is executed with care, retaining to a considerable extent the graces of the original.

James Munroe and Co., Boston, have issued a volume of *Home Ballads, A Book for New Englanders*, by ABBY ALLIN, exhibiting a more than ordinary degree of poetic merit, pervaded with a pleasing vein of domestic sentiment. Some of the peculiar features of New England character and scenery are hit off with excellent success.

History of My Pets, by GRACE GREENWOOD (Boston, Ticknor and Co.) is a spirited and beautiful little volume intended for juvenile entertainment, but commending itself by the freshness of its style, and the sweet pathos of the narrative to readers of every age.

The Island World of the Pacific, by Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER, published by Harper and Brothers, is a work that can not fail to command an extensive circulation, with the present important relations between the Sandwich Islands and the United States. It is designed to present a correct picture of the best part of Polynesia, as it appeared to the observer in the year 1850. The most popular works on the subject refer to a much earlier date, while changes are effected with such rapidity in that part of Polynesia which is the subject of this volume, that revolutions may take place in the lapse of seven years. This book, accordingly, meets a general want of the times, by giving a true and lifelike exhibition of the Island World of the Pacific at the close of the first half of the nineteenth cen-

tury. The author writes from personal observation: his sketches are forcible and impressive; he has a lively sense of the picturesque in nature, and sometimes indulges his taste for the comic; though more frequently he fortifies his descriptions with moral reflections and extracts from favorite poets, until the reader is tempted to cry, "Hold! enough!" We know not, however, where to look for information on the subject in a more readable form, and have no doubt that this volume will be eagerly sought by the traveler to the Pacific, as well as by the general reader.

Memoirs of the Life and Ministry of the Rev. John Summerfield, by JOHN HOLLAND, has been published in an abridged form by the American Tract Society, containing the original memoir, with the omission of certain parts which seemed to be of less general interest, and the insertion of several of the most characteristic letters of Summerfield. In its present shape, it is a delightful tribute to the rare and beautiful character of its greatly beloved subject.

The Greek Exile (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) is an autobiographical narrative of the captivity and escape of CHRISTOPHORUS PILATO CASTANIS, during the massacre on the Island of Scio by the Turks, with an account of various adventures in Greece and America. It relates a variety of startling incidents, with which the life of the author has been strangely diversified.

The Prize Essay on the Use and Abuse of Alcoholic Liquors, by WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, has been reprinted from the London edition by Crosby and Nichols, for the Massachusetts Temperance Society. It is accompanied with explanatory notes by the American Editor, and an original preface by John C. Warren, M.D., of Boston, who expresses the opinion that the "work of Dr. Carpenter is the most valuable contribution to the aid of temperance which it has received since the productions of L. M. Sargent, Esq."

The Mother's Recompense, published by Harper and Brothers, is the Sequel to the domestic story of *Home Influence*, by GRACE AGUILAR, the entire work having been written nearly fifteen years ago, when its author was little above the age of nineteen. Although the last illness of Grace Aguilar prevented this story from receiving a careful revision for the press, it will be found to do no discredit to her refined and elevated genius, and to breathe the same pure, kindly, and feminine spirit which distinguishes her former productions.

The Diosma, by Miss H. F. GOULD (Boston, Philips, Samson, and Co.), is the title of a new volume, consisting in part of original poems, which are now for the first time presented to the public, and in part, of selections from the fugitive pieces of several popular English writers. The contributions from the pen of the author fully sustain her reputation for a lively fancy, and a certain graceful ease of expression, while the gatherings she has made from other sources attest the purity of her taste, and her magnetic affinities with the delicate and the lovely.

G. P. Putnam has issued an elegant illustrated edition of *Poems*, by S. G. GOODRICH, comprising a selection from the productions of the author, which have made him favorably known to the public as an agreeable versifier. They are characterized by a lively fancy, a ready command of poetical language, and the elevation of their moral sentiments. The embellishments of the volume are executed with great artistic skill.

Woodbury's New Method of learning the German Language (published by Mark H. Newman), is an admirable manual for German students, combining the excellencies of a simple text-book for beginners, and a copious and authentic work of reference for more advanced pupils. In its method, it is not surpassed by any Grammar now in use, blending the theoretical with the practical, with excellent judgment, and passing from the rudiments of the language to its more recondite principles, by a natural gradation, eminently adapted to secure the progress of the learner. It has already been extensively adopted by judicious teachers, and its general introduction would tend to facilitate the acquisition of the German language by American students.

Poems of Sentiment and Imagination, by FRANCES A. and METTA V. FULLER (published by A. S. Barnes and Co.), is a collection of the poetical contributions of those favorite Western writers to various popular journals, with several pieces that have not before appeared in print. Genial, fervent, and tender, colored with the picturesque hues of a pure enthusiasm, and breathing a warm spirit of domestic affection, these poems appeal to the noblest emotions of the heart, and command admiration by awakening the sympathies. We welcome them as the first fruits of a noble harvest at no distant day.

The Lives of the Queens of Scotland, by AGNES STRICKLAND, Vol. I. (Harper and Brothers), contains the biographies of Margaret Tudor, the consort of James IV. of Scotland, and of Magdalene of France, the first consort of James V., prepared from the most authentic documents, and written in a style of chaste and simple elegance, appropriate to the subject. The two succeeding volumes of this series will be devoted to the life of Mary Stuart, which was commenced before the publication of the Life of Elizabeth Tudor, in the *Queens of England*. Each of the Lives will form a distinct narrative in itself, presenting a graphic picture of the progress of civilization and refinement, the development of the arts, and the costume of the periods which they describe. The work will embody many original royal letters, with a variety of facts, anecdotes, and local traditions, gathered in the desolate palaces and historic scenes, where every peasant preserves in his memory the chronicles of the past. The author expresses the wish that her volume will not be limited to one class of society, in spite of the subject of which it treats, but that it may impart pleasure to the simple as well as to the refined, and be read with equal zest by children and parents, by the intelligent operative and the cultivated scholar. The manner in which she has executed her task leaves no doubt of the fulfillment of her hope.

The last number of THACKERAY'S *History of Pendennis* is issued by Harper and Brothers, an announcement far from welcome to the thousands who have followed the career of the exemplary Pen and his associates through the manifold windings of fashionable life in London. Their history, however, is not of so ephemeral a character as the scenes in which they acted. Thackeray has too great skill in quietly depicting the foibles of humanity, for his descriptions to be soon forgotten. He deals out such effective touches with such grave reticence of manner, that they do not weary the

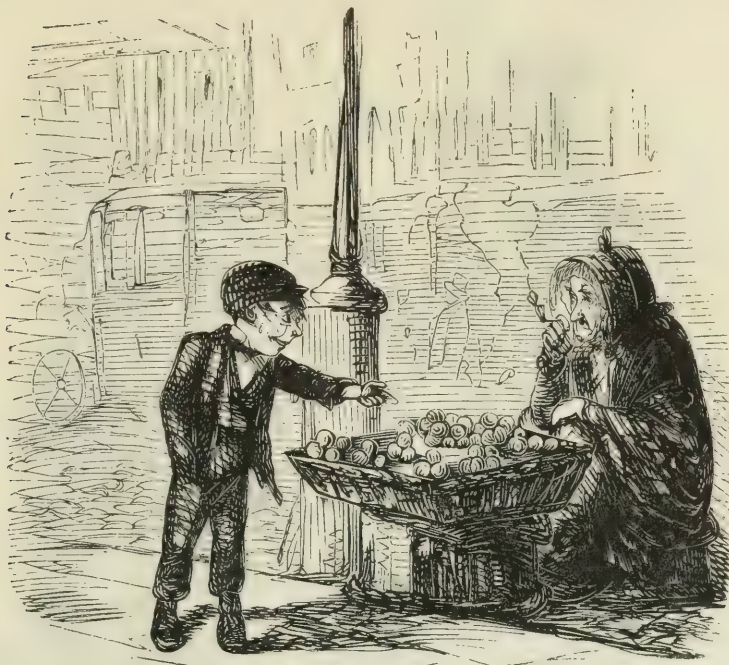
reader by their repetition. Their fidelity to life is attested by their at once suggesting so many resemblances. Arthur Pendennis and the virtuous Major are not the exclusive products of English soil. You may see them in Broadway at any hour of the day. With his universality, growing from the fact that his likenesses are drawn from nature, and not arbitrarily created, the pungent satires of Thackeray will long retain their flavor. They administer a bracing medicine to the effeminacy of the age, and must exert a wholesome influence.

Harper and Brothers have issued the last number of SOUTHEY'S *Life and Correspondence*, winding up the biography of this eminent man of letters, with the graceful modesty which has been exercised throughout the whole progress of the work by the affectionate and judicious Editor. With the ample materials at his command, he might have produced a far more ambitious and brilliant history, but we think he has shown his good sense in reserving that task for writers who sustained a less intimate and delicate relation to the subject. The personal biography of Southey is contained, to a great extent, in his frank and voluminous correspondence. No one can read this without delight, on account of the transparent sincerity of the details, the high tone of feeling with which it is pervaded, and the inimitable sweetness and almost antique simplicity of the style. It gives a more distinct idea of the essential peculiarities of Southey's character than can be obtained from any other source. A critical survey of his writings, and his social and literary position, would involve a complete history of contemporary literature, and would furnish a text for one of the most delightful volumes which have appeared for many years. Such an attractive subject will no doubt appeal to the ambition of some writer qualified to do it justice, and meantime, we are grateful for this tribute of filial veneration to the honored patriarch of English Literature.

The Decline of Popery and its Causes (published by Harper and Brothers), is the title of a Discourse delivered in the Broadway Tabernacle by Rev. N. MURRAY, D.D., in which the history of the Roman Catholic religion is briefly portrayed, and several arguments adduced to show its probable decadence among enlightened nations. Among the causes of the decline of Catholicism presented by Dr. Murray, are the circulation of the Bible, the increasing intelligence of the race, the frivolous legends of the priests, the despotic character of Popery, and the rapidly increasing influence of Protestantism. The Discourse evinces extensive historical research, and uncommon controversial shrewdness.

Henry Smeaton, by G. P. R. JAMES (Harper and Brothers), is the latest production of that fertile novelist, and will be read with fresh interest by the numerous admirers of his genius, who have recently added the pleasure of his genial acquaintanceship to the charm of his graphic creations. The scene of this novel is laid in the reign of George the First, and abounds with rich historical illustrations, and glowing delineations of character. The plot, without outraging probability by its extravagance, is constructed with a good deal of ingenuity, and sustains the interest of the most hardened novel-reader through its spirited details to the final happy denouement.

A Leaf from Punch.



Sharp (but vulgar) little Boy. "HALLO, MISSUS, WOT ARE THOSE?"
Old Woman. "TWO PENCE."

Boy. "WHAT A LIE! THEY'RE APPLES."

[*Exit, whistling popular air.*]



A TETE-A-TETE.



EXPECTED OUT SOON.



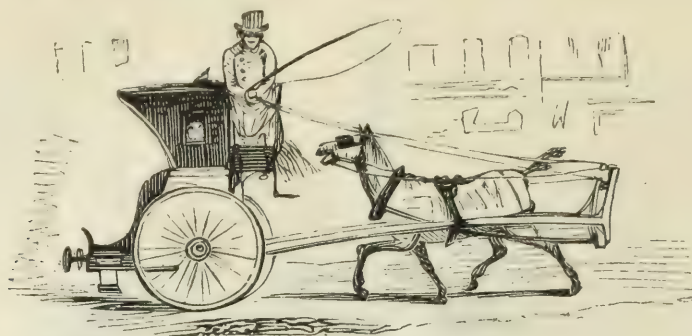
GOING DOWN TO A
WATERING PLACE.



ATTRACTION.



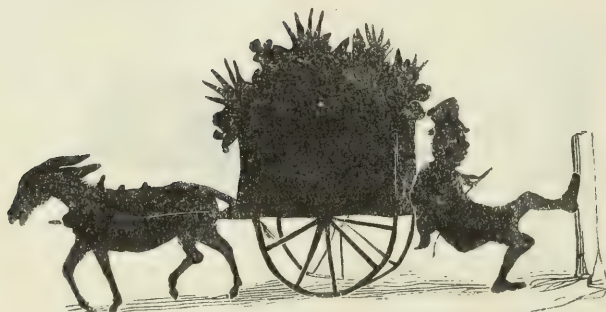
19TH CENT'RY.



PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.



A NARROW ESCAPE.



DIVISION OF LABOR.



ANIMAL ECONOMY.



A HOLIDAY AT THE PUBLIC OFFICES.

Fashions for Later Winter.



FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE AND MORNING COSTUMES.

THE continuance of cold weather throughout this month will permit no change in material for out-of-door costume differing in warmth from December and January. Cloaks of various elegant patterns and rich material are worn; chiefly velvet, with elegant ornaments. The most admired style for a cloak is black velvet, having three rich *agraffes*, or fastenings, of *passementerie*, drooping with long, graceful, soft-looking tassels; the first *agraffe* closes the cloak at the throat; the second is put on at about the middle, and the third at the lower part. Five rows of chain lace black satin, border the cloak all around, as well as the sleeves. Another elegant style is a cloak of *narcarat* velvet, a kind of deep red, lined with white satin, quilted in flowers and leaves, and encircled with a band of martin

sable of considerable depth; a cape, or *stole*, of the same kind of fur descends upon the side of the front so as to join the lower band. There is also upon the sleeves, which are cut square and very wide, a deep band. Those of a more matronly description are generally trimmed with nine rows of waved *galons* upon the sleeves, the fronts being encircled with five rows of the same kind of trimming; a rich fringe a quarter of a yard in depth, having a netted or waved beading, is placed in addition to the rows of *galon* upon the lower part of the cloak.

The MANTEAU ANDRIANA is an elegant garment, made of violet velvet, having a small *capuchon*, or hood, decorated with a rich fancy trimming in *passementerie*, to which are attached at regular distances long soft tassels; very wide sleeves, in the Oriental

form, decorated to match the *capuchon*. The lower part of the cloak is ornamented with a kind of shell work in *passementerie*; upon the front are placed *Brandebourgs* in Spanish points.

The figure on the left in FIG. 1, shows an elegant style of CARRIAGE COSTUME. A dress of blue silk; plain high body; the waist and point of a moderate length; the skirt long and full, with two broad flounces pinked at the edge. *Paletot* of dark purple velvet, trimmed with black lace; the sleeves very wide at the bottom, and finished by a fall of broad black lace, set on very full. The skirt has two rows of lace at the back, terminating at the side seam, the top one headed by a trimming of narrow lace. The fronts are ornamented in their whole length by rows of trimming of black lace, placed at equal distances. Bonnet of yellow satin and black velvet; the form of the front round, the corners nearly meeting under the chin.

The figure on the right, Figure 1, shows a beautiful style of MORNING COSTUME—a *jupe* of French gray watered silk, long and immensely full. *Coin de feu* of dark green velvet, fitting tight, and buttoning to the throat. It has a small square collar, something like that of a riding habit, and a full frill of narrow lace standing up. The sleeves are of the pagoda form; the trimming is a very rich silk *guimpe*, of quite a novel design. Under-sleeves of cambric or lace, with two scalloped falls, and full at the wrist.



FIG. 2.—BALL COSTUME.

Figure 2 exhibits an elegant BALL COSTUME. A low dress of white crape, worn over a *jupe* of white satin; the body plain; a deep *berthe* falling over the plain short sleeve, embroidered with white floss silk. The skirt is very full. It has three broad flounces, scalloped at the edge, and embroidered *ceinture* of very broad white satin ribbon. The head-dress is of pale blue satin, trimmed with gold.

The taste, this winter, among the extremely fashionable is decidedly for gorgeous Oriental pat-

terns, both in material and style. A very pretty pattern for an EVENING DRESS is made of a material called *Organdi*. A double *jupe* is embroidered in straw-colored silk. The pattern of the embroidery forms upon the upper skirt sheaves of wheat, and ascends to the waist; upon the under skirt the sheaves form a wreath of much smaller pattern, allowing a space between this row of embroidery and that on the upper skirts. The body is decorated with a *berthe*, which forms in front a kind of heart, the lower part or point being attached with a *nœud* of straw-colored satin ribbon.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

BONNETS.—Those which are most worn this season are extremely open in front, as seen in figure 3, but close at the ears. They are moderately trimmed, consisting of *ruches* of lace, leaves and flowers of velvet, *nœuds* of ribbon and velvet, and feathers. The interior is sometimes decorated in a fanciful manner, having *garnitures* composed of *choux*, or a bunch of ribbons of the same color as the bonnet, only in different shades: for example, a *chou* of green ribbon composed of the lightest shades, the bonnet of a very dark green. Most of the crowns are made of the *jockey* form, that is, round, but not plain, being generally covered with folds or fullings, according to the fancy and taste of the *modiste*. The curtain is now an important part of the bonnet, and requires great care in the placing, as it gives a very youthful appearance to the bonnet, if properly put on.

HEAD-DRESSES are now extremely rich and tasty in their appearance. Figure 4 shows a pretty style of *coiffure* for a miss, in a ball costume, the flowers being natural, if possible. Some of the latest novelties for head-dresses are those composed of gold ribbon, or silver and silk intermixed, the colors being of the finest character. Some are formed of long velvet leaves in shaded green, pink, and white; while others, of a *grenat* color, are sable and gold. Several pretty little head-dresses for home costume have appeared, composed entirely of shaded ribbon-velvets, or a square net-work of various colors, which have a novel and picturesque appearance.

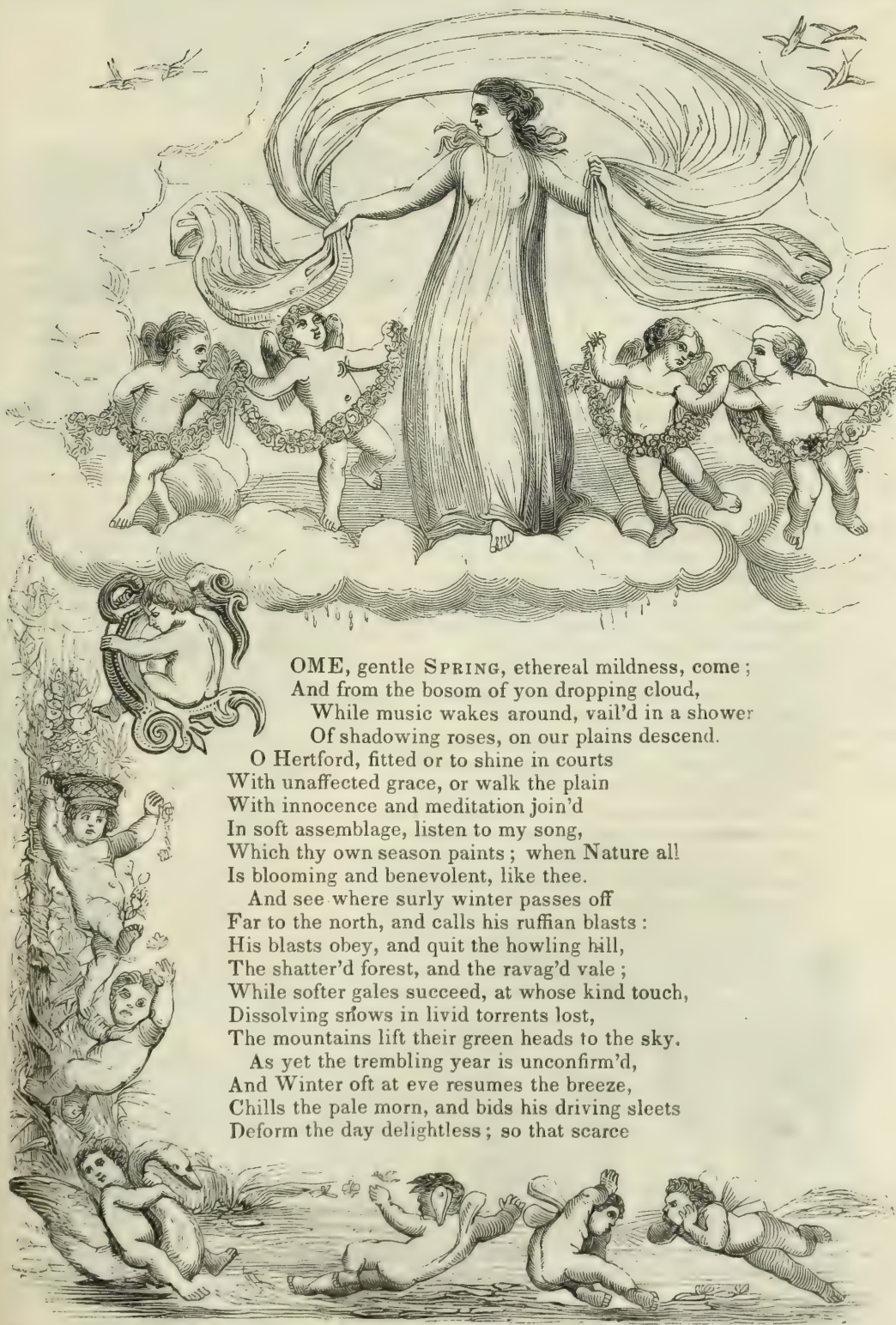
FASHIONABLE COLORS are dark, rich, and full, such as *grenat*, *narcarat*, dark green, reddish brown, violet, and a reddish gray; while white, amber, purple, and pink predominate for evening dresses.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. X.—MARCH, 1851.—VOL. II.

SPRING.

BY JAMES THOMSON.



COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal mildness, come ;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, vail'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

And see where surly winter passes off
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
Dissolving snöws in livid torrents lost,
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets
Deform the day delightless ; so that scarce

The bittern knows his time with bill engulf'd
To shake the sounding marsh ; or, from the shore
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
The expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold ;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

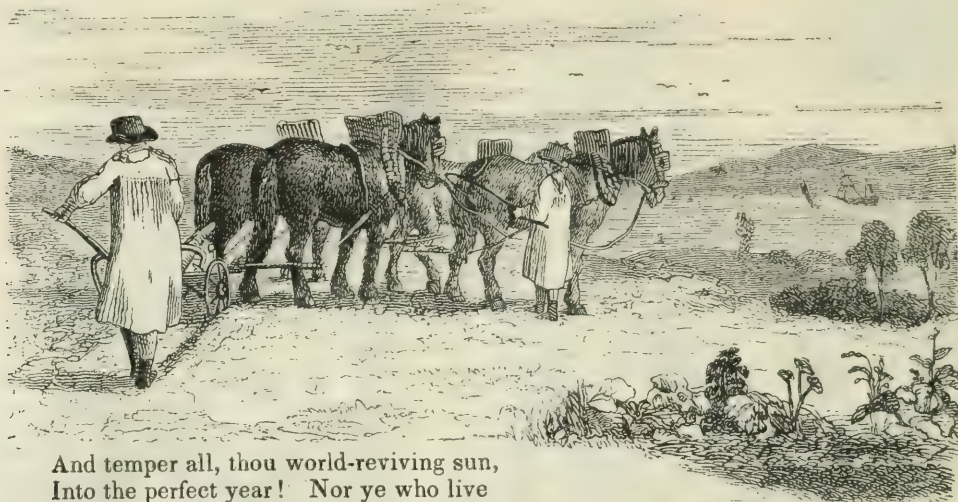
Forth fly the tepid airs ; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers
Drives from their stalls to where the well-us'd plow

Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe

While, through the neighboring fields the sower
stalks

With measur'd step ; and, liberal, throws the grain
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, Heaven ! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend !



And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :
Such themes as these the rural Maro sung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the sacred plow employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind ;
And some, with whom compar'd your insect tribes
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war, then with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plow, and greatly independent scorn'd
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plow !
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded ! As the sea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores





Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports,
So with superior boon may your rich soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes: the penetrative sun,
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs;
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd
In all the colors of the flushing year
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,

Within its crimson folds, Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps.
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling
drops

From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbrier hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms: where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy; and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from Russian wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost—before whose baleful blast
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage shrinks.
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance! on whose course
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague, the skillful farmer chaff



And blazing straw before his orchard burns—
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls;
Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe;
Or, when the envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with
rain,

That o'er the vast Atlantic hither borne,
In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

The northeast spends his rage, and now shut up
Within his iron caves—the effusive south
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.
At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapor sails
Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep,
Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom:
Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,

Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
Of aspen tall. The uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glassy breadth, seem through delusive lapse
Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry sprig, and, mute-imploring, eye
The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
The plummy people streak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;
And wait the approaching sign to strike, at once,
Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
And forests seem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks
Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
And looking lively gratitude. At last,
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,
In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.
The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard.
By such as wander through the forest walks,



Beneath the umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends
In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment distills,
Beholds the kindling country color round.

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
The illumin'd mountain; through the forest streams;
Shakes on the floods; and in a yellow mist

Far smoking o'er the interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert, with the warbling brooks
Increases'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,
The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs
Meantime, refracted from yon eastern cloud,
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red
To where the violet fades into the sky.
Here, awful Newton, the dissolving clouds
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold

The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain:
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
A soften'd shade; and saturated earth
Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thousand different plastic tubes,
The balmy treasures of the former day.

Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botanist to number up their tribes:
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,

In silent search; or through the forest, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain
rock,

Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With such a liberal hand has Nature flung
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mould
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure, into these secret stores
Of health, and life, and joy? the food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood;
A stranger to the savage arts of life,



Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease—
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race
Of uncorrupted man, nor blushed to see
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam;
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away,
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun.
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the cheerful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
Wisdom and friendly talk successive stole
Their hours away; while in the rosy vale
Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more
Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,
Was known among these happy sons of heaven;
For reason and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature, too, look'd smiling on.
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,



And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
Dropp'd fatness down; as, o'er the swelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeten'd, and he join'd his sullen joy;
For musk held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Applied their choir; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason half-extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or, pale
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it can not reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madness swells,
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
From ever changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm; whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbor's good;
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell
And joyless inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
With universal burst, into the gulf,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;
Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds,
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The Seasons since have, with severer sway,
Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.
But now, of turbid elements the sport,
From clear to cloudy toss'd, from hot to cold,

And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to naught
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies,
Though with the pure exhilarating soul
Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot ravin fir'd, ensanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drank her
milk,

Nor wore her warming fleece; nor has the steer,
At whose strong chest the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger stung and wild necessity;
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
But man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep—while from her lap
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain
Or beams that gave them birth—shall he, fair form!
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on
heaven,

E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks
What have you done? ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
Against the Winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harvest?—shall he bleed.
And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
Even of the clowns he feeds? and that, perhaps
To swell the riot of the autumnal feast,
Won by his labor? This the feeling heart.
Would tenderly suggest; but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian sage.
High Heaven forbids the bold presumptuous strain
Whose wisest will has fixed us in a state
That must not yet to pure perfection rise:
Beside, who knows, how rais'd to higher life,
From stage to stage, the vital scale ascends?

Now, when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away—
And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam—now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well dissembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender watery stores, prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
Of the weak, helpless, uncomplaining wretch,
Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When, with his lively ray, the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brook.
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naiads love to sport at large.



Just in the dubious point where with the pool,
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw nice-judging, the delusive fly ;
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook ;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceived,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heaven,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled infant throw. But should you lure



From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, followed cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage ;
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,

And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gayly drag your unresisting prize

Thus pass the temperate hours : but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering
clouds,

Even shooting listless languor through the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade ;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash
Hung o'er the steep, whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds.
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swain
Paints in the matchless harmony of song ;

Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye;
 Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace—
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

Behold, yon breathing prospect bids the muse
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears

In every bud that blows? If fancy, then,
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
 Ah, what shall language do? ah, where find words
 Ting'd with so many colors; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

Yet, though successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins and ye youths whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love;
 And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul—
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd.



Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field,
 Of blossom'd beans. Arabia can not boast



A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd
soul.

Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide and wild;
Where, undisguis'd by mimic art, she spreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the soft air the busy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and with inserted tube
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending sky; the river now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
The ethereal mountain, and the distant main.
But why so far excursive? when at hand,
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wallflower, stain'd with iron-brown;
And lavish stock, that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves:
And full ranunculus, of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-dust,
The varied colors run; and, while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin-white,
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression can not paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, Source of Beings! Universal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To thee I bend the knee; to thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapp'd in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew.
By thee dispos'd into congenial soils,
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerable-color'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,

My panting muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh, pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame—the passion of the groves.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn:
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
And woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profusely, silent: join'd to these
Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

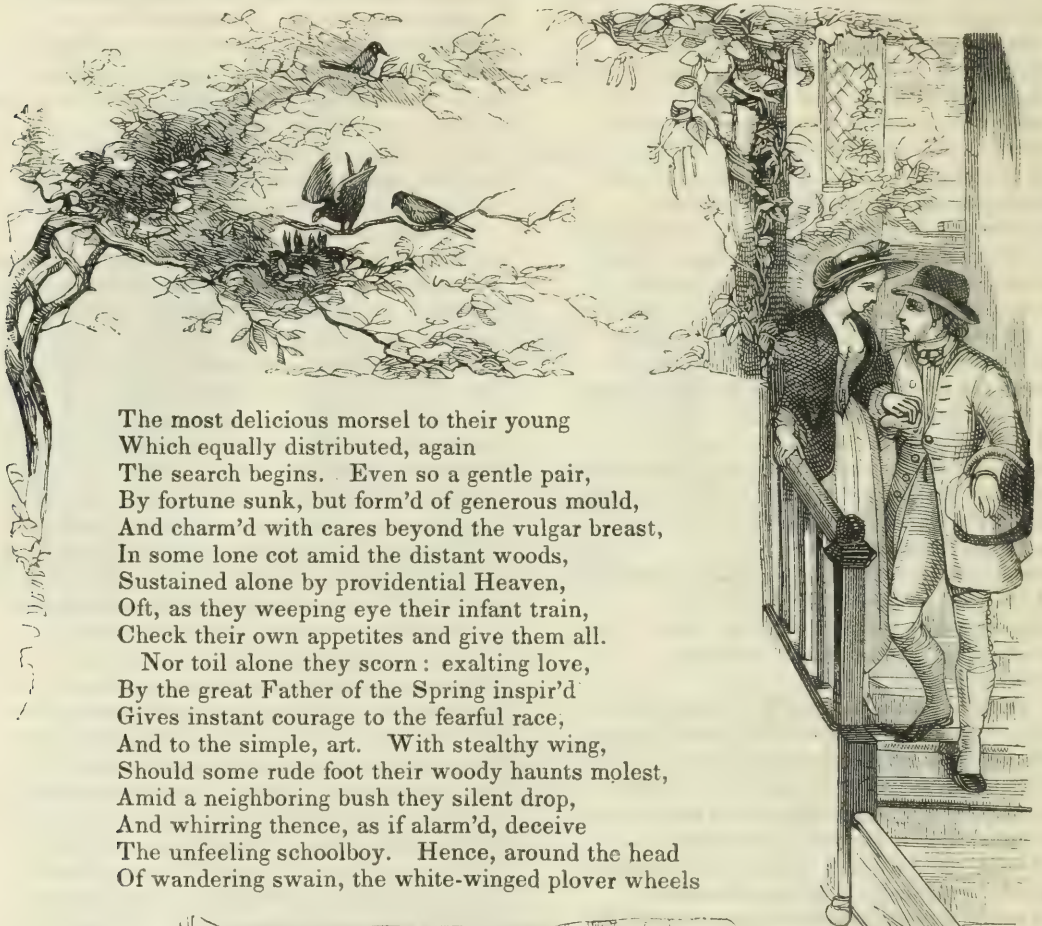
'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love;
That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,
With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavoring by a thousand tricks to catch
The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem,
Softening, the least approbance to bestow,
Their colors burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others, apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook.
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,

When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
Steal from the barn a straw : till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task,

Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away ; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamor. Oh, what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize ! Away they fly.
Affectionate, and undesiring bear



Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot-pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse asham'd here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
Oh, then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear!
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
The astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade.
Where all abandon'd to despair she sings
Her sorrows through the night; and, on the bough
Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable strain
Of winding woe, till wide around the woods
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free possession of the sky.
This one glad office more, and then dissolves
Parental love at once, now needless grown:
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
When naught but balm is breathing through the
woods.

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
On Nature's common, far as they can see
Or wing their range and pasture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
Their resolution fails—their pinions still,
In loose liberation stretch'd, to trust the void
Trembling refuse—till down before them fly
The parent guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or push them off. The surging air receives
The plummy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight,
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air

The acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And, once rejoicing, never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young;
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstam'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive—there, well pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardor flames, as on he walks
Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely checker'd duck before her train
Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threatening, reddens; while the peacock
spreads

His every-color'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chase, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame
And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor the enticing bud
Crops, though it presses on his careless sense.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He seeks the fight; and, idly butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
And groaning deep the impetuous battle mix;
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,





Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes
The exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round—such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid caverns rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind;
How, by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this, the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British fair,
Forbids; and leads me to the mountain brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,
This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race
Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When disunited Britain ever bled,
Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
Where wealth and commerce lift the golden head;
And, o'er our labors, liberty and law
Impartial watch—the wonder of a world!

What is this mighty breath, ye curious, say,
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and through their
breast

These arts of love diffuses? What, but God?
Inspiring God! who, boundless spirit all,
And unremitting energy, pervades,
Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex stupendous scheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
The informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes.
The smiling God is seen; while water, earth,
And air attest his bounty—which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undesigning hearts
Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
And sing the infusive force of Spring on man,
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vie
To raise his being, and serene his soul,
Can he forbear to join the general smile
Of Nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought
Of all his works, creative bounty burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modest want. Nor till invok'd
Can restless goodness wait: your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working Heaven, surprising oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you.
Ye flower of human race! In these green days,
Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last, sublim'd
To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present Deity, and taste
The joy of God to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,
O Lyttelton, the friend! thy passions thus



And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the muse, through Hagley Park you stray;
 Thy British Tempè! There along the dale,
 With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander through the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal unwarped by party rage,
 Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm; while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw the inspiring breath of ancient song,
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Toss'd by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Inimitable happiness! which love
 Alone bestows, and on a *favor'd* few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around;

And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd
 Of household smoke, your eye excursive roams;
 Wide-stretching from the hall, in whose kind haunt
 The hospitable genius lingers still,
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills—
 O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of
 youth:

The shining moisture swells into her eyes
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah, then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
 Dare not the infectious sigh; the pleading look,
 Downcast and low, in meek submission dress'd,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying man.

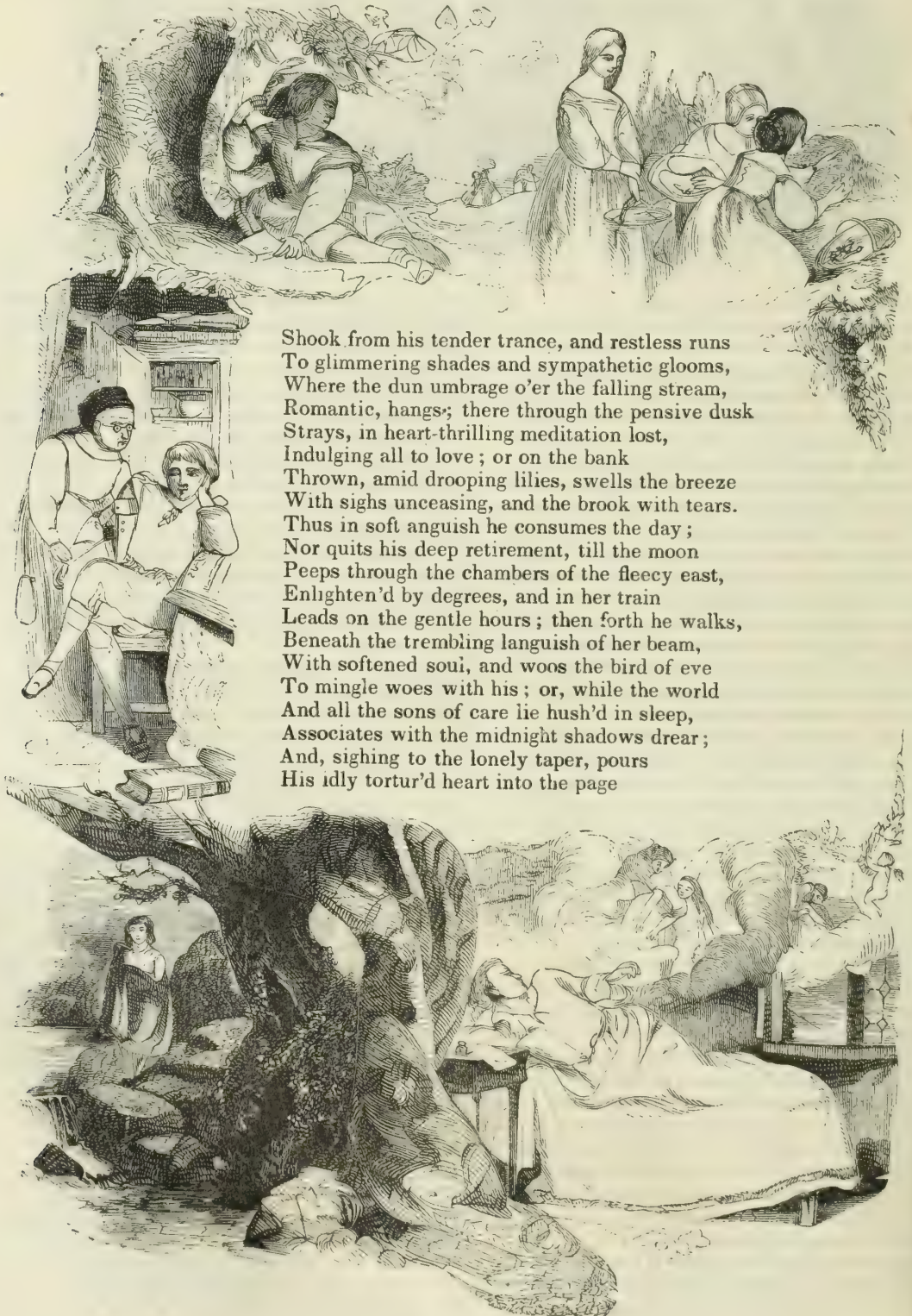
And let the aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapp'd in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints the illusive form, the kindling grace,
 The enticing smile, the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death;
 And still, false warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her siren voice, enchanting, draws him on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

Even present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid—while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours—
Amid the roses, fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots through the conscious heart; where honor
still,

And great design, against the oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life!
Neglected fortune flies; and, sliding swift,
Prone into ruin fall his scorn'd affairs
'Tis naught but gloom around. The darken'd sur

Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All nature fades extinct; and she alone
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dullness, tedious friends;
And sad amid the social band he sits,
Lonely and unattentive. From the tongue
The unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fixed
In melancholy site, with head declined,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,



Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs
To glimmering shades and sympathetic glooms,
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the pensive dusk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
Indulging all to love; or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day;
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy east,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
With softened soul, and woos the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his; or, while the world
And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly tortur'd heart into the page

Meant for the moving messenger of love—
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
In any posture finds; till the gray morn
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhausted nature sinks awhile to rest,
Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
That o'er the sick imagination rise
And in black colors paint the mimic scene.
Oft with the enchantress of his soul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds distress'd, or if retir'd
To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of man,
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
In night and tempest wrapp'd; or shrinks, aghast,
Back from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
The farther shore, where succorless and sad
She with extended arms his aid implores,
But strives in vain: borne by the outrageous flood
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
These are the charming agonies of love,
Whose misery delights. But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewell. Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah! then, instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul malignant sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views

Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought;
Her first endearments, twining round the soul
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew;
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the
veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:
For even the sad assurance of his fears
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm
youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waste.
But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love;
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will
With boundless confidence: for naught but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, consume his nights and days;
Let barbarous nations whose inhuman love
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
Let eastern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
Of a mere lifeless, violated form:
While those whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal transport, free as Nature live,
Disdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;





Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face—
 Truth, goodness, honor, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
 The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.



Oh, speak the joy! ye whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various nature pressing on the heart;
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labor, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamor'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE HEART OF JOHN MIDDLETON; OR,
THE POWER OF LOVE.

I WAS born at Sawley, where the shadow of Pendle Hill falls at sunrise. I suppose Sawley sprang up into a village in the time of the monks, who had an abbey there. Many of the cottages are strange old places; others again are built of the abbey stones, mixed up with the shale from the neighboring quarries; and you may see many a quaint bit of carving worked into the walls, or forming the lintels of the doors. There is a row of houses, built still more recently, where one Mr. Peel came to live for the sake of the water-power, and gave the place a fillip into something like life, though a different kind of life, as I take it, from the grand slow ways folks had when the monks were about.

Now, it was six o'clock—ring the bell, throng to the factory; sharp home at twelve; and even at night, when work was done, we hardly knew how to walk slowly, we had been so bustled all day long. I can't recollect the time when I did not go to the factory. My father used to drag me there when I was quite a little fellow, in order to wind reels for him. I never remember my mother. I should have been a better man than I have been, if I had only had a notion of the sound of her voice, or the look on her face.

My father and I lodged in the house of a man, who also worked in the factory. We were sadly thronged in Sawley, so many people came from different parts of the country to earn a livelihood at the new work; and it was some time before the row of cottages I have spoken of could be built. While they were building, my father was turned out of his lodgings for drinking and being disorderly, and he and I slept in the brick-kiln—that is to say, when we did sleep o' nights; but, often and often we went poaching; and many a hare and pheasant have I rolled up in clay, and roasted in the embers of the kiln. Then, as followed to reason, I was drowsy next day over my work; but father had no mercy on me for sleeping, for all he knew the cause of it, but kicked me where I lay, a heavy lump on the factory-floor, and cursed and swore at me till I got up for very fear, and to my winding again. But when his back was turned I paid him off with heavier curses than he had given me, and longed to be a man that I might be revenged on him. The words I then spoke I would not now dare to repeat; and worse than hating words, a hating heart went with them. I forget the time when I did not know how to hate. When I first came to read, and learnt about Ishmael, I thought I must be of his doomed race, for my hand was against every man, and every man's against me. But I was seventeen or more before I cared for my book enough to learn to read.

After the row of works was finished, father took one, and set up for himself, in letting lodgings. I can't say much for the furnishing; but there was plenty of straw, and we kept up

good fires; and there is a set of people who value warmth above every thing. The worst lot about the place lodged with us. We used to have a supper in the middle of the night; there was game enough, or if there was not game, there was poultry to be had for the stealing. By day we all made a show of working in the factory; by night we feasted and drank.

Now, this web of my life was black enough and coarse enough; but by-and-by, a little golden filmy thread began to be woven in; the dawn of God's mercy was at hand.

One blowy October morning, as I sauntered lazily along to the mill, I came to the little wooden bridge over a brook that falls into the Bribble. On the plank there stood a child, balancing the pitcher on her head, with which she had been to fetch water. She was so light on her feet that, had it not been for the weight of the pitcher, I almost believe the wind would have taken her up, and wafted her away, as it carries off a blow-ball in seed-time; her blue cotton dress was blown before her, as if she were spreading her wings for a flight; she turned her face round, as if to ask me for something, but when she saw who it was, she hesitated, for I had a bad name in the village, and I doubt not she had been warned against me. But her heart was too innocent to be distrustful; so she said to me, timidly:

"Please, John Middleton, will you carry me this heavy jug just over the bridge?"

It was the very first time I had ever been spoken to gently. I was ordered here and there by my father and his rough companions; I was abused and cursed by them if I failed in doing what they wished; if I succeeded, there came no expression of thanks or gratitude. I was informed of facts necessary for me to know. But the gentle words of request or entreaty were aforesaid unknown to me, and now their tones fell on my ear soft and sweet as a distant peal of bells. I wished that I knew how to speak properly in reply; but though we were of the same standing, as regarded worldly circumstances, there was some mighty difference between us, which made me unable to speak in her language of soft words and modest entreaty. There was nothing for me but to take up the pitcher in a kind of gruff, shy silence, and carry it over the bridge as she had asked me. When I gave it her back again, she thanked me, and tripped away, leaving me, wordless, gazing after her, like an awkward lout, as I was. I knew well enough who she was. She was grandchild to Eleanor Hadfield, an aged woman, who was reputed as a witch by my father and his set, for no other reason, that I can make out, than her scorn, dignity, and fearlessness of rancor. It was true we often met her in the gray dawn of the morning when we returned from poaching, and my father used to curse her, under his breath, for a witch, such as were burnt, long ago, on Pendle Hill top; but I had heard that Eleanor was a skillful sick-nurse, and ever ready to give her services to

those who were ill; and I believe that she had been sitting up through the night (the night that we had been spending under the wild heavens, in deeds as wild), with those who were appointed to die. Nelly was her orphan granddaughter; her little hand-maiden; her treasure; her one ewe-lamb. Many and many a day have I watched by the brook-side, hoping that some happy gust of wind, coming with opportunity bluster down the hollow of the dale, might make me necessary once more to her. I longed to hear her speak to me again. I said the words she had used to myself, trying to catch her tone; but the chance never came again. I do not know that she ever knew how I watched for her there. I found out that she went to school, and nothing would serve me but that I must go too. My father scoffed at me; I did not care. I knew naught of what reading was, nor that it was likely that I should be laughed at; I, a great hulking lad of seventeen or upward, for going to learn my A, B, C, in the midst of a crowd of little ones. I stood just this way in my mind: Nelly was at school; it was the best place for seeing her, and hearing her voice again. Therefore I would go too. My father talked, and swore, and threatened, but I stood to it. He said I should leave school weary of it in a month. I swore a deeper oath than I like to remember, that I would stay a year, and come out a reader and a writer. My father hated the notion of folks learning to read, and said it took all the spirit out of them; besides, he thought he had a right to every penny of my wages; and though, when he was in good humor, he might have given me many a jug of ale, he grudged my two-pence a week for schooling. However, to school I went. It was a different place to what I had thought it before I went inside. The girls sat on one side, and the boys on the other; so I was not near Nelly. She, too, was in the first class; I was put with the little toddling things that could hardly run alone. The master sat in the middle, and kept pretty strict watch over us. But I could see Nelly, and hear her read her chapter; and even when it was one with a long list of hard names, such as the master was very fond of giving her, to show how well she could hit them off without spelling, I thought I had never heard a prettier music. Now and then she read other things. I did not know what they were, true or false; but I listened because she read; and, by-and-by, I began to wonder. I remember the first word I ever spoke to her was to ask her (as we were coming out of school) who was the father of whom she had been reading; for when she said the words "Our Father," her voice dropped into a soft, holy kind of low sound, which struck me more than any loud reading, it seemed so loving and tender. When I asked her this, she looked at me with her great blue wondering eyes, at first shocked; and then, as it were, melted down into pity and sorrow, she said in the same way, below her breath, in which she read the words "Our Father,"

"Don't you know? It is God."

"God?"

"Yes; the God that grandmother tells me about."

"Tell me what she says, will you?" So we sat down on the hedge-bank, she a little above me, while I looked up into her face, and she told me all the holy texts her grandmother had taught her, as explaining all that could be explained of the Almighty. I listened in silence, for indeed I was overwhelmed with astonishment. Her knowledge was principally rote-knowledge; she was too young for much more; but we, in Lancashire, speak a rough kind of Bible language, and the texts seemed very clear to me. I rose up, dazed and overpowered. I was going away in silence, when I bethought me of my manners, and turned back, and said, "Thank you," for the first time I ever remember saying it in my life. That was a great day for me, in more ways than one.

I was always one who could keep very steady to an object when once I had set it before me. My object was to know Nelly. I was conscious of nothing more. But it made me regardless of all other things. The master might scold, the little ones might laugh; I bore it all without giving it a second thought. I kept to my year, and came out a reader and writer; more, however, to stand well in Nelly's good opinion, than because of my oath. About this time, my father committed some bad, cruel deed, and had to fly the country. I was glad he went; for I had never loved or cared for him, and wanted to shake myself clear of his set. But it was no easy matter. Honest folk stood aloof; only bad men held out their arms to me with a welcome. Even Nelly seemed to have a mixture of fear now with her kind ways toward me. I was the son of John Middleton, who, if he were caught, would be hung at Lancaster Castle. I thought she looked at me sometimes with a sort of sorrowful horror. Others were not forbearing enough to keep their expression of feeling confined to looks. The son of the overlooker at the mill never ceased twitting me with my father's crime; he now brought up his poaching against him, though I knew very well how many a good supper he himself had made on game which had been given him to make him and his father wink at late hours in the morning. And how were such as my father to come honestly by game?

This lad, Dick Jackson, was the bane of my life. He was a year or two older than I was, and had much power over the men who worked at the mill, as he could report to his father what he chose. I could not always hold my peace when he "threaped" me with my father's sins, but gave it him back sometimes in a storm of passion. It did me no good; only threw me farther from the company of better men, who looked aghast and shocked at the oaths I poured out—blasphemous words learned in my childhood, which I could not forget now that I would fain have purified myself of them; while all the

time Dick Jackson stood by, with a mocking smile of intelligence; and when I had ended, breathless and weary with spent passion, he would turn to those whose respect I longed to earn, and ask if I were not a worthy son of my father, and likely to tread in his steps. But this smiling indifference of his to my miserable vehemence was not all, though it was the worst part of his conduct, for it made the rankling hatred grow up in my heart, and overshadow it like the great gourd-tree of the Prophet Jonah. But his was a merciful shade, keeping out the burning sun; mine blighted what it fell upon.

What Dick Jackson did besides, was this, his father was a skillful overlooker, and a good man; Mr. Peel valued him so much, that he was kept on, although his health was failing; and when he was unable, through illness, to come to the mill, he deputed his son to watch over and report the men. It was too much power for one so young—I speak it calmly now. Whatever Dick Jackson became, he had strong temptations when he was young, which will be allowed for hereafter. But at the time of which I am telling, my hate raged like a fire. I believed that he was the one sole obstacle to my being received as fit to mix with good and honest men. I was sick of crime and disorder, and would fain have come over to a different kind of life, and have been industrious, sober, honest, and right-spoken (I had no idea of higher virtue then), and at every turn Dick Jackson met me with his sneers. I have walked the night through, in the old abbey field, planning how I could out-wit him, and win men's respect in spite of him. The first time I ever prayed, was underneath the silent stars, kneeling by the old abbey walls, throwing up my arms, and asking God for the power of revenge upon him.

I had heard that if I prayed earnestly, God would give me what I asked for, and I looked upon it as a kind of chance for the fulfillment of my wishes. If earnestness would have won the boon for me, never were wicked words so earnestly spoken. And oh, later on, my prayer was heard, and my wish granted! All this time I saw little of Nelly. Her grandmother was failing, and she had much to do in-doors. Besides, I believed I had read her looks aright, when I took them to speak of aversion; and I planned to hide myself from her sight, as it were, until I could stand upright before men, with fearless eyes, dreading no face of accusation. It was possible to acquire a good character; I would do it—I did it: but no one brought up among respectable, untempted people, can tell the unspeakable hardness of the task. In the evenings I would not go forth among the village throng; for the acquaintances that claimed me were my father's old associates, who would have been glad enough to enlist a strong young man like me in their projects; and the men who would have shunned me and kept me aloof, were the steady and orderly. So I staid in-doors, and practiced myself in reading. You will say, I should have found it

easier to earn a good character away from Sawley, at some place where neither I nor my father was known. So I should; but it would not have been the same thing to my mind. Besides, representing all good men, all goodness to me, in Sawley Nelly lived. In her sight I would work out my life, and fight my way upward to men's respect. Two years passed on. Every day I strove fiercely; every day my struggles were made fruitless by the son of the overlooker; and I seemed but where I was—but where I must ever be esteemed by all who knew me—but as the son of the criminal—wild, reckless, ripe for crime myself. Where was the use of my reading and writing. These acquirements were disregarded and scouted by those among whom I was thrust back to take my portion. I could have read any chapter in the Bible now: and Nelly seemed as though she would never know it. I was driven in upon my books; and few enough of them I had. The peddlers brought them round in their packs, and I bought what I could. I had the "Seven Champions," and the "Pilgrim's Progress;" and both seemed to me equally wonderful, and equally founded on fact. I got Byron's "Narrative," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" but I lacked the knowledge which would give a clew to all. Still they afforded me pleasure, because they took me out of myself, and made me forget my miserable position, and made me unconscious (for the time at least) of my one great passion of hatred against Dick Jackson.

When Nelly was about seventeen her grandmother died. I stood aloof in the church-yard, behind the great yew tree, and watched the funeral. It was the first religious service that ever I heard; and, to my shame, as I thought, it affected me to tears. The words seemed so peaceful and holy that I longed to go to church, but I durst not, because I had never been. The parish church was at Bolton, far enough away to serve as an excuse for all who did not care to go. I heard Nelly's sobs filling up every pause in the clergyman's voice; and every sob of hers went to my heart. She passed me on her way out of the church-yard; she was so near I might have touched her; but her head was hanging down, and I durst not speak to her. Then the question arose, what was to become of her? She must earn her living; was it to be as a farm-servant, or by working at the mill? I knew enough of both kinds of life to make me tremble for her. My wages were such as to enable me to marry, if I chose; and I never thought of woman, for my wife, but Nelly. Still, I would not have married her now, if I could; for, as yet, I had not risen up to the character which I had determined it was fit that Nelly's husband should have. When I was rich in good report, I would come forward, and take my chance; but until then, I would hold my peace. I had faith in the power of my long-continued, dogged, breast-ing of opinion. Sooner or later it must, it

should yield, and I be received among the ranks of good men. But, meanwhile, what was to become of Nelly? I reckoned up my wages; I went to inquire what the board of a girl would be, who should help her in her household work, and live with her as her daughter, at the house of one of the most decent women of the place; she looked at me suspiciously. I kept down my temper, and told her I would never come near the place; that I would keep away from that end of the village; and that the girl for whom I made the inquiry should never know but what the parish paid for her keep. It would not do; she suspected me; but I know I had power over myself to have kept to my word; and besides, I would not for worlds have had Nelly put under any obligation to me, which should speck the purity of her love, or dim it by a mixture of gratitude—the love that I craved to earn, not for my money, not for my kindness, but for myself. I heard that Nelly had met with a place in Bolland; and I could see no reason why I might not speak to her once before she left our neighborhood. I meant it to be a quiet, friendly telling her of my sympathy in her sorrow. I felt I could command myself. So, on the Sunday before she was to leave Sawley, I waited near the wood-path, by which I knew that she would return from afternoon church. The birds made such a melodious warble, such a busy sound among the leaves, that I did not hear approaching footsteps, till they were close at hand; and then there were sounds of two persons' voices. The wood was near that part of Sawley where Nelly was staying with friends; the path through it led to their house, and theirs only, so I knew it must be she, for I had watched her setting out to church alone.

But who was the other?

The blood went to my heart and head, as if I were shot, when I saw that it was Dick Jackson. Was this the end of it all? In the steps of sin which my father had trode, I would rush to my death and to my doom. Even where I stood I longed for a weapon to slay him. How dared he come near my Nelly? She too—I thought her faithless, and forgot how little I had ever been to her in outward action; how few words, and those how uncouth, I had ever spoken to her; and I hated her for a traitress. These feelings passed through me before I could see, my eyes and head were so dizzy and blind. When I looked I saw Dick Jackson holding her hand, and speaking quick, and low, and thick, as a man speaks in great vehemence. She seemed white and dismayed; but all at once, at some word of his (and what it was she never would tell me), she looked as though she defied a fiend, and wrenched herself out of his grasp. He caught hold of her again, and began once more the thick whisper that I loathed. I could bear it no longer, nor did I see why I should. I stepped out from behind the tree where I had been lying. When she saw me, she lost her look of one strung up to desperation, and came

and clung to me; and I felt like a giant in strength and might. I held her with one arm, but I did not take my eyes off him; I felt as if they blazed down into his soul, and scorched him up. He never spoke, but tried to look as though he defied me; at last his eyes fell before mine. I dared not speak; for the old horrid oaths thronged up to my mouth; and I dreaded giving them way, and terrifying my poor trembling Nelly.

At last he made to go past me; I drew her out of the pathway. By instinct she wrapped her garments round her, as if to avoid his accidental touch; and he was stung by this I suppose—I believe—to the mad, miserable revenge he took. As my back was turned to him, in an endeavor to speak some words to Nelly that might soothe her into calmness, she, who was looking after him, like one fascinated with terror, saw him take a sharp shaley stone, and aim it at me. Poor darling! she clung round me as a shield, making her sweet body into a defense for mine. It hit her, and she spoke no word, kept back her cry of pain, but fell at my feet in a swoon. He—the coward! ran off as soon as he saw what he had done. I was with Nelly alone in the green gloom of the wood. The quivering and leaf-tinted light made her look as if she were dead. I carried her, not knowing if I bore a corpse or not, to her friend's house. I did not stay to explain, but ran madly for the doctor.

Well! I can not bear to recur to that time again. Five weeks I lived in the agony of suspense; from which my only relief was in laying savage plans for revenge. If I hated him before, what think ye I did now? It seemed as if earth could not hold us twain, but that one of us must go down to Gehenna. I could have killed him; and would have done it without a scruple, but that seemed too poor and bold a revenge. At length—oh! the weary waiting oh! the sickening of my heart—Nelly grew better—as well as she was ever to grow. The bright color had left her cheek; the mouth quivered with repressed pain, the eyes were dim with tears that agony had forced into them; and I loved her a thousand times better and more than when she was bright and blooming! What was best of all, I began to perceive that she cared for me. I know her grandmother's friends warned her against me, and told her I came of a bad stock; but she had passed the point where remonstrance from bystanders can take effect—she loved me as I was, a strange mixture of bad and good, all unworthy of her. We spoke together now, as those do whose lives are bound up in each other. I told her I would marry her as soon as she had recovered her health. Her friends shook their heads; but they saw she would be unfit for farm-service or heavy work, and they perhaps thought, as many a one does, that a bad husband was better than none at all. Anyhow we were married; and I learned to bless God for my happiness, so far beyond my deserts. I kept her like a lady. I

was a skillful workman, and earned good wages; and every want she had I tried to gratify. Her wishes were few and simple enough, poor Nelly! If they had been ever so fanciful, I should have had my reward in the new feeling of the holiness of home. She could lead me as a little child, with the charm of her gentle voice, and her ever-kind words. She would plead for all when I was full of anger and passion; only Dick Jackson's name passed never between our lips during all that time. In the evenings she lay back in her bee-hive chair, and read to me. I think I see her now, pale and weak, with her sweet young face, lighted by her holy, earnest eyes, telling me of the Saviour's life and death, till they were filled with tears. I longed to have been there, to have avenged him on the wicked Jews. I liked Peter the best of all the disciples. But I got the Bible myself, and read the mighty acts of God's vengeance in the Old Testament, with a kind of triumphant faith, that, sooner or later, He would take my cause in hand, and revenge me on mine enemy.

In a year or so, Nelly had a baby—a little girl, with eyes just like hers, that looked with a grave openness right into yours. Nelly recovered but slowly. It was just before winter, the cotton-crop had failed, and master had to turn off many hands. I thought I was sure of being kept on, for I had earned a steady character, and did my work well; but once again it was permitted that Dick Jackson should do me wrong. He induced his father to dismiss me among the first in my branch of the business; and there was I, just before winter set in, with a wife and new-born child, and a small enough store of money to keep body and soul together, till I could get to work again. All my savings had gone by Christmas Eve, and we sat in the house foodless for the morrow's festival. Nelly looked pinched and worn; the baby cried for a larger supply of milk than its poor starving mother could give it. My right hand had not forgot its cunning; and I went out once more to my poaching. I knew where the gang met; and I knew what a welcome back I should have—a far warmer and more hearty welcome than good men had given me when I tried to enter their ranks. On the road to the meeting-place I fell in with an old man—one who had been a companion to my father in his early days.

"What, lad!" said he, "art thou turning back to the old trade? It's the better business now, that cotton has failed."

"Ay," said I, "cotton is starving us outright. A man may bear a deal himself, but he'll do aught bad and sinful to save his wife and child."

"Nay, lad," said he, "poaching is not sinful; it goes against man's laws, but not against God's."

I was too weak to argue or talk much. I had not tasted food for two days. But I murmured, "At any rate, I trusted to have been clear of it for the rest of my days. It led my

father wrong at first. I have tried and I have striven. Now I give all up. Right or wrong shall be the same to me. Some are foredoomed; and so am I." And as I spoke, some notion of the futurity that would separate Nelly, the pure and holy, from me, the reckless and desperate one, came over me with an irrepressible burst of anguish. Just then the bells of Bolton-in-Bolland struck up a glad peal, which came over the woods, in the solemn midnight air, like the sons of the morning shouting for joy—they seemed so clear and jubilant. It was Christmas Day; and I felt like an outcast from the gladness and the salvation. Old Jonah spoke out:

"Yon's the Christmas bells. I say, Johnny, my lad, I've no notion of taking such a spiritless chap as thou into the thick of it, with thy rights and thy wrongs. We don't trouble ourselves with such fine lawyer's stuff, and we bring down the 'varmint' all the better. Now, I'll not have thee in our gang, for thou art not up to the fun, and thou'd hang fire when the time came to be doing. But I've a shrewd guess that plaguy wife and child of thine are at the bottom of thy half-and-half joining. Now, I was thy father's friend afore he took to them helter-skelter ways; and I've five shillings and a neck of mutton at thy service. I'll not list a fasting man; but if thou'lt come to us with a full stomach, and say, 'I like your life, my lads, and I'll make one of you with pleasure, the first shiny night,' why, we'll give you a welcome and a half; but to-night, make no more ado but turn back with me for the mutton and the money."

I was not proud; nay, I was most thankful. I took the meat, and boiled some broth for my poor Nelly. She was in a sleep, or a faint, I know not which; but I roused her, and held her up in bed, and fed her with a teaspoon, and the light came back to her eyes, and the faint moonlight smile to her lips; and when she had ended, she said her innocent grace, and fell asleep with her baby on her breast. I sat over the fire, and listened to the bells, as they swept past my cottage on the gusts of the wind. I longed and yearned for the second coming of Christ, of which Nelly had told me. The world seemed cruel, and hard, and strong, too strong for me; and I prayed to cling to the hem of his garment, and be borne over the rough places when I fainted and bled, and found no man to pity or help me, but poor old Jonah the publican and sinner. All this time my own woes and my own self were uppermost in my mind, as they are in the minds of most who have been hardly used. As I thought of my wrongs and my sufferings, my heart burned against Dick Jackson; and as the bells rose and fell, so my hopes waxed and waned, that in those mysterious days of which they were both the remembrance and the prophecy, he would be purged from off the earth. I took Nelly's Bible, and turned, not to the gracious story of the Saviour's birth, but to the records of the former

days when the Jews took such wild revenge upon all their opponents. I was a Jew—a leader among the people. Dick Jackson was as Pharaoh, as the King Agag, who walked delicately, thinking the bitterness of death was past—in short, he was the conquered enemy over whom I gloated, with my Bible in my hand—that Bible which contained our Saviour's words on the Cross. As yet, those words seemed faint and meaningless to me, like a tract of country seen in the starlight haze; while the histories of the Old Testament were grand and distinct in the blood-red color of sunset. By-and-by that night passed into day; and little piping voices came round, carol-singing. They wakened Nelly. I went to her as soon as I heard her stirring.

"Nelly," said I, "there's money and food in the house; I will be off to Padiham seeking work, while thou hast something to go upon."

"Not to-day," said she; "stay to-day with me. If thou wouldst only go to church with me this once"—for you see I had never been inside a church but when we were married, and she was often praying me to go; and now she looked at me, with a sigh just creeping forth from her lips, as she expected a refusal. But I did not refuse. I had been kept away from church before because I dared not go; and now I was desperate and dared do any thing. If I did look like a heathen in the face of all men, why, I was a heathen in my heart; for I was falling back into all my evil ways. I had resolved, if my search of work at Padiham should fail, I would follow my father's footsteps, and take with my own right hand and by my strength of arm, what it was denied me to obtain honestly. I had resolved to leave Sawley, where a curse seemed to hang over me; so what did it matter if I went to church, all unbeknowing what strange ceremonies were there performed? I walked thither as a sinful man—sinful in my heart. Nelly hung on my arm, but even she could not get me to speak. I went in; she found my places, and pointed to the words, and looked up into my eyes with hers, so full of faith and joy. But I saw nothing but Richard Jackson—I heard nothing but his loud nasal voice, making response, and desecrating all the holy words. He was in broadcloth of the best—I in my fustian jacket. He was prosperous and glad—I was starving and desperate. Nelly grew pale as she saw the expression in my eyes; and she prayed ever and ever more fervently as the thought of me tempted by the Devil, even at that very moment, came more fully before her.

By-and-by she forgot even me, and laid her soul bare before God, in a long silent weeping prayer, before we left the church. Nearly all had gone—and I stood by her, unwilling to disturb her, unable to join her. At last she rose up, heavenly calm. She took my arm, and we went home through the woods, where all the birds seemed tame and familiar. Nelly said she thought all living creatures knew it was

Christmas Day, and rejoiced, and were loving together. I believed it was the frost that had tamed them; and I felt the hatred that was in me, and knew that whatever else was loving, I was full of malice and uncharitableness, nor did I wish to be otherwise. That afternoon I bade Nelly and our child farewell, and tramped to Padiham. I got work—how I hardly know; for stronger and stronger came the force of the temptation to lead a wild, free life of sin; legions seemed whispering evil thoughts to me, and only my gentle, pleading Nelly to pull me back from the great gulf. However, as I said before, I got work, and set off homeward to move my wife and child to that neighborhood. I hated Sawley, and yet I was fiercely indignant to leave it; with my purposes unaccomplished. I was still an outcast from the more respectable, who stood afar off from such as I; and mine enemy lived and flourished in their regard. Padiham, however, was not so far away, for me to despair—to relinquish my fixed determination. It was on the eastern side of the great Pendle Hill; ten miles away, maybe. Hate will overleap a greater obstacle.

I took a cottage on the Fell, high up on the side of the hill. We saw a long bleak moorland slope before us, and then the gray stone houses of Padiham, over which a black cloud hung; different from the blue wood or turf smoke about Sawley. The wild winds came down, and whistled round our house many a day when all was still below. But I was happy then. I rose in men's esteem. I had work in plenty. Our child lived and thrived. But I forgot not our country proverb: "Keep a stone in thy pocket for seven years: turn it, and keep it seven years more; but have it ever ready to cast at thine enemy when the time comes."

One day a fellow workman asked me to go to a hill-side preaching. Now I never cared to go to church; but there was something newer and freer in the notion of praying to God right under His great dome; and the open air had had a charm to me ever since my wild boyhood. Besides, they said these ranters had strange ways with them, and I thought it would be fun to see their way of setting about it; and this ranter of all others had made himself a name in our parts. Accordingly we went; it was a fine summer's evening, after work was done. When we got to the place we saw such a crowd as I never saw before, men, women, and children; all ages were gathered together, and sat on the hill-side. They were care-worn, diseased, sorrowful, criminal; all that was told on their faces, which were hard, and strongly marked. In the midst, standing in a cart, was the ranter. When I first saw him, I said to my companion, "Lord! What a little man to make all this pother! I could trip him up with one of my fingers;" and then I sat down, and looked about me a bit. All eyes were fixed on the preacher; and I turned mine upon him too. He began to speak; it was in no fine-drawn

language, but in words such as we heard every day of our lives, and about things we did every day of our lives. He did not call our shortcomings, pride or worldliness or pleasure-seeking, which would have given us no clear notion of what he meant, but he just told us outright what we did, and then he gave it a name, and said that it was accursed—and that we were lost if we went on so doing.

By this time the tears and sweat were running down his face; he was wrestling for our souls. We wondered how he knew our innermost lives as he did, for each one of us saw his sin set before him in plain-spoken words. Then he cried out to us to repent; and spoke first to us, and then to God, in a way that would have shocked many—but it did not shock me. I liked strong things; and I liked the bare full truth: and I felt brought nearer to God in that hour—the summer darkness creeping over us, and one after one the stars coming out above us, like the eyes of the angels watching us—than I had ever done in my life before. When he had brought us to our tears and sighs, he stopped his loud voice of upbraiding, and there was a hush, only broken by sobs and quivering moans, in which I heard through the gloom the voices of strong men in anguish and supplication, as well as the shriller tones of women. Suddenly he was heard again; by this time we could not see him; but his voice was now tender as the voice of an angel, and he told us of Christ, and implored us to come to Him. I never heard such passionate entreaty. He spoke as if he saw Satan hovering near us in the dark dense night, and as if our only safety lay in a very present coming to the Cross; I believe he did see Satan; we know he haunts the desolate old hills, awaiting his time, and now or never it was, with many a soul. At length there was a sudden silence; and by the cries of those nearest to the preacher, we heard that he had fainted. We had all crowded round him, as if he were our safety and our guide; and he was overcome by the heat and the fatigue, for we were the fifth set of people whom he had addressed that day. I left the crowd who were leading him down, and took a lonely path myself.

Here was the earnestness I needed. To this weak and weary, fainting man, religion was a life and a passion. I look back now, and wonder at my blindness as to what was the root of all my Nelly's patience and long-suffering; for I thought, now I had found out what religion was, and that hitherto, it had been all an unknown thing to me.

Henceforward, my life was changed. I was zealous and fanatical. Beyond the set to whom I had affiliated myself I had no sympathy. I would have persecuted all who differed from me, if I had only had the power. I became an ascetic in all bodily enjoyments. And, strange and inexplicable mystery, I had some thoughts that by every act of self-denial I was attaining to my unholy end, and that, when I had fasted

and prayed long enough, God would place my vengeance in my hands. I have knelt by Nelly's bedside, and vowed to live a self-denying life, as regarded all outward things, if so that God would grant my prayer. I left it in His hands. I felt sure He would trace out the token and the word; and Nelly would listen to my passionate words, and lie awake sorrowful and heart-sore through the night; and I would get up and make her tea, and re-arrange her pillows, with a strange and willful blindness that my bitter words and blasphemous prayers had cost her miserable, sleepless nights. My Nelly was suffering yet from that blow. How or where the stone had hurt her I never understood; but in consequence of that one moment's action, her limbs became numb and dead, and, by slow degrees, she took to her bed, from whence she was never carried alive. There she lay, propped up by pillows, her meek face ever bright, and smiling forth a greeting; her white pale hands ever busy with some kind of work; and our little Grace was as the power of motion to her. Fierce as I was away from her, I never could speak to her but in my gentlest tones. She seemed to me as if she had never wrestled for salvation as I had; and when away from her, I resolved, many a time and oft, that I would rouse her up to her state of danger when I returned home that evening—even if strong reproach were required I would rouse her up to her soul's need. But I came in and heard her voice singing softly some holy word of patience, some psalm which, maybe, had comforted the martyrs, and when I saw her face, like the face of an angel, full of patience and happy faith, I put off my awakening speeches till another time.

One night, long ago, when I was yet young and strong, although my years were past forty, I sat alone in my house-place. Nelly was always in bed, as I have told you, and Grace lay in a cot by her side. I believed them to be both asleep; though how they could sleep I could not conceive, so wild and terrible was the night. The wind came sweeping down from the hill-top in great beats, like the pulses of Heaven; and, during the pauses, while I listened for the coming roar, I felt the earth shiver beneath me. The rain beat against windows and doors, and sobbed for entrance. I thought the Prince of the Air was abroad; and I heard, or fancied I heard, shrieks come on the blast, like the cries of sinful souls given over to his power.

The sounds came nearer and nearer. I got up and saw to the fastenings of the door, for though I cared not for mortal man, I did care for what I believed was surrounding the house, in evil might and power. But the door shook as though it, too, were in deadly terror, and I thought the fastenings would give way. I stood facing the entrance, lashing my heart up to defy the spiritual enemy that I looked to see, every instant, in bodily presence; and the door did burst open; and before me stood—what was

it? man or demon? a gray-haired man, with poor worn clothes all wringing wet, and he himself battered and piteous to look upon, from the storm he had passed through.

"Let me in!" he said. "Give me shelter. I am poor, or I would reward you. And I am friendless too," he said, looking up in my face, like one seeking what he can not find. In that look, strangely changed, I knew that God had heard me; for it was the old cowardly look of my life's enemy. Had he been a stranger I might not have welcomed him, but as he was mine enemy, I gave him welcome in a lordly dish. I sat opposite to him. "Whence do you come?" said I. "It is a strange night to be out on the fells."

He looked up at me sharp: but in general he held his head down like a beast or hound.

"You won't betray me. I'll not trouble you long. As soon as the storm abates, I'll go."

"Friend!" said I, "what have I to betray?" and I trembled lest he should keep himself out of my power and not tell me. "You come for shelter, and I give you of my best. Why do you suspect me?"

"Because," said he, in his abject bitterness, "all the world is against me. I never met with goodness or kindness; and now I am hunted like a wild beast. I'll tell you—I am a convict returned before my time. I was a Sawley man," (as if I, of all men did not know it!) "and I went back like a fool to the old place. They've hunted me out where I would fain have lived rightly and quietly, and they'll send me back to that hell upon earth, if they catch me. I did not know it would be such a night. Only let me rest and get warm once more, and I'll go away. Good kind man! have pity upon me." I smiled all his doubts away; I promised him a bed on the floor, and I thought of Jael and Sisera. My heart leaped up like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet, and said, "Ha, ha, the Lord hath heard my prayer and supplication; I shall have vengeance at last!"

He did not dream who I was. He was changed; so that I, who had learned his features with all the diligence of hatred, did not at first recognize him; and he thought not of me, only of his own woe and affright. He looked into the fire with the dreamy gaze of one whose strength of character, if he had any, is beaten out of him; and can not return at any emergency whatsoever. He sighed and pitied himself, yet could not decide on what to do. I went softly about my business, which was to make him up a bed on the floor; and, when he was lulled to sleep and security, to make the best of my way to Padiham, and summon the constable, into whose hands I would give him up to be taken back to his "hell upon earth." I went into Nelly's room. She was awake and anxious. I saw she had been listening to the voices.

"Who is there?" said she. "John, tell me—it sounded like a voice I knew. For God's sake, speak."

I smiled a quiet smile. "It is a poor man

who has lost his way. Go to sleep my dear—I shall make him up on the floor. I may not come for some time. Go to sleep; and I kissed her. I thought she was soothed, but not fully satisfied. However, I hastened away before there was any further time for questioning. I made up the bed; and Richard Jackson, tired out, lay down and fell asleep. My contempt for him almost equaled my hate. If I were avoiding return to a place which I thought to be a hell upon earth, think you I would have taken a quiet sleep under any man's roof, till somehow or another I was secure? Now comes this man, and with incontinence of tongue, blabs out the very thing he most should conceal, and then lies down to a good, quiet, snoring sleep. I looked again. His face was old, and worn, and miserable. So should mine enemy look. And yet it was sad to gaze upon him, poor hunted creature!

I would gaze no more, lest I grew weak and pitiful. Thus I took my hat and softly opened the door. The wind blew in, but did not disturb him, he was so utterly weary. I was out in the open air of night. The storm was ceasing, and instead of the black sky of doom, that I had seen when I last looked forth, the moon was come out, wan and pale, as if wearied with the fight in the heavens; and her white light fell ghostly and calm on many a well-known object. Now and then a dark torn cloud was blown across her home in the sky, but they grew fewer and fewer, and at last she shone out steady and clear, I could see Padiham down before me. I heard the noise of the water-courses down the hill-side. My mind was full of one thought, and strained upon that one thought, and yet my senses were most acute and observant. When I came to the brook, it was swollen to a rapid, tossing river; and the little bridge, with its hand-rail was utterly swept away. It was like the bridge at Sawley, where I had first seen Nelly; and I remembered that day even then in the midst of my vexation at having to go round. I turned away from the brook, and there stood a little figure facing me. No spirit from the dead could have affrighted me as it did; for I saw it was Grace, whom I had left in bed by her mother's side.

She came to me, and took my hand. Her bare feet glittered white in the moonshine; and sprinkled the light upward, as they plashed through the pool.

"Father," said she, "Mother bade me say this." Then pausing to gather breath and memory, she repeated these words, like a lesson of which she feared to forget a syllable.

"Mother says, 'There is a God in Heaven; and in His house are many mansions. If you hope to meet her there, you will come back and speak to her; if you are to be separate forever and ever, you will go on; and may God have mercy on her and on you!' Father, I have said it right—every word."

I was silent. At last I said,

"What made mother say this? How came she to send you out?"

"I was asleep, Father, and I heard her cry. I wakened up, and I think you had but just left the house, and that she was calling for you. Then she prayed, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, and kept saying—'Oh, that I could walk!—Oh, that for one hour I could run and walk!' So I said, 'Mother, I can run and walk. Where must I go?' And she clutched at my arm; and bade God bless me; and told me not to fear, for that he would compass me about; and taught me my message; and now, Father, dear Father, you will meet mother in Heaven, won't you—and not be separate forever and ever?" She clung to my knees and pleaded once more in her mother's words. I took her up in my arms and turned homeward.

"Is yon man there, on the kitchen floor?" asked I.

"Yes!" she answered. At any rate, my vengeance was not out of my power yet.

When we got home I passed him, dead asleep!

In our room, to which my child guided me, was Nelly. She sat up in bed, a most unusual attitude for her, and one of which I thought she had been incapable of attaining to without help. She had her hands clasped, and her face wrapt as if in prayer; and when she saw me, she lay back with a sweet, ineffable smile. She could not speak at first; but when I came near, she took my hand and kissed it, and then she called Grace to her, and made her take off her cloak and her wet things, and, dressed in her short scanty night-gown, she slipped into her mother's warm side, and all this time my Nelly never told me why she summoned me; it seemed enough that she should hold my hand, and feel that I was there. I believed she had read my heart; and yet I durst not speak to ask her. At last she looked up. "My husband," said she, "God has saved you and me from a great sorrow this night." I would not understand, and I felt her look die away into disappointment.

"That poor wanderer in the house-place is Richard Jackson is it not?"

I made no answer. Her face grew white and wan.

"Oh," said she, "this is hard to bear. Speak what is in your mind, I beg of you. I will not thwart you harshly; dearest John, only speak to me."

"Why need I speak? You seem to know all."

"I do know that his is a voice I can never forget; and I do know the awful prayers you have prayed; and I know how I have lain awake, to pray that your words might never be heard; and I am a powerless cripple. I put my cause in God's hands. You shall not do the man any harm. What you have it in your thoughts to do I can not tell. But I know that you can not do it. My eyes are dim with a strange mist, but some voice tells me that you will forgive even Richard Jackson. Dear husband—dearest John, it is so dark I can not see you; but speak once to me."

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I moved the candle—but when I saw her face, I saw what was drawing the mist over those loving eyes—how strange and woeful that she could die! Her little girl lying by her side looked in my face, and then at her; and the wild knowledge of death shot through her young heart and she screamed aloud.

Nelly opened her eyes once more. They fell upon the gaunt, sorrow-worn man who was the cause of all. He roused him from his sleep, at that child's piercing cry, and stood at the doorway looking in. He knew Nelly and understood where the storm had driven him to shelter. He came toward her:

"Oh, woman—dying woman—you have haunted me in the loneliness of the Bush far away—you have been in my dreams forever—the hunting of men has not been so terrible as the hunting of your spirit—that stone—that stone!" he fell down by her bedside in an agony—above which her saint-like face looked on us all, for the last time, glorious with the coming light of heaven. She spoke once again:

"It was a moment of passion—I never bore you malice for it. I forgive you—and so does John, I trust."

Could I keep my purpose there? It faded into nothing. But above my choking tears, I strove to speak clear and distinct, for her dying ear to hear, and her sinking heart to be gladdened.

"I forgive you, Richard; I will befriend you in your trouble."

She could not see; but instead of the dim shadow of death stealing over her face, a quiet light came over it, which we knew was the look of a soul at rest.

That night I listened to his tale for her sake; and I learnt that it is better to be sinned against than to sin. In the storm of the night mine enemy came to me; in the calm of the gray morning, I let him forth, and bade him "God speed." And a woe had come upon me, but the burning burden of a sinful, angry heart was taken off. I am old now, and my daughter is married. I try to go about preaching and teaching in my rough, rude way; and what I teach is how Christ lived and died, and what was Nelly's faith of love.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

PART THE FIRST—MORNING.

I.

THE sapling, green and tender, yields readily to wind and sun and the hand of the trainer; the grown tree resists the storm, and 'tis well with it if it be not torn up by the roots; the aged trunk, dried to the core, spreads out its branches and perishes. This is human life.

At first, all wonder and curiosity, we are moulded by surrounding circumstances, which often affect our after lives, as colors laid at the root of bulbous plants are said to transmit their tints to the blossom; next comes the age of knowledge, when reason struggles with passion,

and is not always the victor; lastly, the decay, when passion is extinct, and we live on a little longer on our memories, and then drop into dust.

When I formed the resolution to set down the events that have agitated my life, and marked it out with a strange difference from the lives of other men, I did not see the difficulties that beset my confession on the very threshold. They grew upon me by degrees. The more I reflected on it, the more reluctance I felt at the thought of writing about things which no man would believe. Looking back upon them from the verge of the grave, which can not now be long untenanted, they seem, even to me, more like fantastic dreams or wild allegories than real occurrences. How then can I expect others to accept as true a narration which contradicts their experience and convictions, and which I can not elucidate myself? I can explain nothing; I can only relate what has happened to me, careful not to deviate a hair's breadth into exaggeration. It would be little to the purpose to say that truth is stranger than fiction, an axiom which every body admits as a loose generality, but which nobody will consent to apply in the instances by which it is illustrated. I can attest, out of my own knowledge, that truth often presents inexplicable phenomena, and is sometimes irreconcilable with the laws of nature. But who will credit me, I said, when I narrate such things?

Again and again I approached the subject, and as often recoiled from the execution of my design. It was only by repeated efforts that I summoned up sufficient moral courage to overcome the fear and shame that overwhelmed me, from the apprehension that I should be regarded as one who had been himself deceived, or who was practicing a deception on others. A patient examination of the motives upon which my resolution was founded, determined me, however, to brave all such risks, in the assurance that they who, exercising their literal judgment, as they have a right to do, might see reason for doubting my veracity, could not fail, upon the whole, to draw a practical moral from my revelations. For the rest, I must appease my own scruples by declaring that I have herein written nothing that is not strictly true, and related exactly as it occurred.

II.

My earliest recollections of my father do not extend to his form or lineaments. I remember nothing of him except his voice, the tone of which lingers as distinctly in my ear to this hour as if I had heard it yesterday. It was low and tremulous, and seemed to have a thrill in it of suffering, or anger, I know not which. The only parent I knew was my mother, with whom I lived in a solitude that I can not contemplate at this distance of time without shuddering.

Our house was situated on a lonely moor in the north of England, close upon the bleak border—a dismal neighborhood, savage, cold, and desolate. It was built so far back as the reign

of Richard II., and with its flanking walls, crumbling on all sides into ruin, and its paved court-yards, covered a considerable area. Most of the apartments were large and gloomy, and hung with arras of so great an age, that the colors had grown dim, and the thread in many places appeared to be dropping into powder. Long corridors and smaller rooms ran round the quadrangle; and as the uses for which this huge pile was designed by its founders had long since passed away with the bands of retainers and extravagant pomp that distinguished the days of feudal hospitality and royal progresses, only a small part of it was kept up in an inhabitable condition by my mother. Unfortunately for my after life, the part so preserved lay in the very centre of the mansion, approachable only by dark passages, utterly obscure at night, and barely lighted in the day-time by narrow latticed windows, such as we see indented in the thick walls of old cloisters. To reach the inhabited rooms it was necessary to make many windings, to twine up a short spiral stair that led from the outer court, and to traverse two sides of the quadrangle.

This was always a fearful thing to me, which use by no means deprived of its terrors. There were many legends whispered from one to another in the winter nights of revolting crimes which had taken place there in former times, and which rose re-embodied before me as I cowered past the spots where they were said to have been enacted. The aspect of the dreary building, within and without, by day and night, made it all real. If the moon shone brightly into the passages, strange shadows were discernible flitting across the floor or creeping up the walls; and as I involuntarily glanced through shattered doors and inner casements, remnants of armor hanging about, and fragments of tapestry fluttering against the windows, and other relics of a 'sheeted ancestry,' would seem to glide out of the darkness, and fill the open spaces with forms swaying and undulating before my eyes. I remember how my limbs used to totter under me as I tried not to see these sights, and crept on, stifling the fear that was distilling drops of agony over my body by the greater fear of uttering a cry, lest the slightest noise might bring worse horrors round me. I am speaking of my childhood—and children will understand me.

Let no man scoff at these terrors. The wisest and bravest have quailed under them. Skepticism may laugh, but it would be more profitably employed in endeavoring to solve the problems which concern the connection between the material and the spiritual universe. Why is it that adults, as well as children, are impressed with a certain uneasiness in the dark? Not a fear of ghosts, or robbers, or accidents, or of any thing upon which the mind can reason, or of which the senses are cognizant; but a vague consciousness of invisible influences. In the daylight we have no such sensations; they belong exclusively to silence and darkness.

As a child, I grew up in the awe of these influences, fostered by loneliness and the moody companionship of a wayward woman, who held little intercourse with the outer world, and shut herself up in dreams and superstitions. An incident which occurred at this period helped to give a supernatural turn to many circumstances that were, no doubt, capable of a simple solution.

Toward the extremity of a court to the south of the old pile, there was a chasm in the ground, partly filled up with loose stones and brambles. The whole place was over-run with grass and weeds, and the walls and outbuildings that surrounded it were in ruins. I had heard that this spot, which gaped so grimly through the tall, lank bushes and accumulated rubbish, was formerly the entrance to a series of subterranean galleries, that had been excavated below the foundations for the purpose of concealing troops, or stowing away prisoners, in times of trouble; and that they had been used in that way during the Civil War, when the mansion stood out a long siege against some of Fairfax's generals. An irresistible curiosity to explore these galleries seized upon me. I was fascinated by the very fear with which the stories related about them had inspired me. I never could pass that yawning chasm, which, now nearly choked up, was hardly wide enough to admit of the descent of a grown person, without longing to plunge into its depths. I often lingered there in the twilight, when the shadows were falling about, enhancing the terror and the temptation; and one evening in the autumn I took courage, and, clearing away the brambles with trembling hands, I forced myself down, bringing with me a torrent of stones and earth.

Finding my feet at the bottom, and rubbing my eyes, I tried to grope my way onward. At first there was a dim light at a great distance above me, in a slanting direction, but in an instant afterward I was in total darkness. My first impulse was to laugh at the exploit I had achieved; but as I pattered along, plashing sometimes in pools of water, and sometimes knocking my head against the rough stones that jutted out on each side, my mirth deserted me. When I became accustomed to the darkness, I fancied I could discern shapeless figures rising up and vanishing in the gloom—the walls seemed to move out of their places, and heave to and fro like wrecks in a storm—then they would open, and collapse, and disappear: all was in motion, black and tumultuous, and a surging sound, as of winds and waters lashing and wailing in a confined space, moaned dismally in my ears. Even when I closed my eyes, and pressed my fingers upon them to shut out these sights, they were still before me. This was, of course, the work of mere fright; but what followed can not be so easily accounted for.

While I stood hesitating how I should proceed, for I had lost my track, and knew not whether I ought to go backward or forward, I

heard a distinct rushing sound, quite close to me. It swept past, and all was silent again. It was like a rush of silk or satin, or some fabric that, suddenly crushed, gives out a crackling noise. All the blood in my body gathered into my head; my eyes emitted fire, as if they had been struck by a cord. A stifling sensation bubbled up to my throat, and I involuntarily uttered a cry, which was echoed from a hundred recesses, and continued at intervals, reverberating like a succession of shots in the distance. I panted with horror, as I grasped the wall and listened. My fear was too great to suffer me to cry out for help. The apprehension of again invoking these dreadful echoes appalled me; I hardly breathed, and stood still to listen, I know not how long. A death-like silence pervaded the darkness. The sighing of the winds had ceased, or I fancied so, the stillness was so heavy. It may be that my faculties were intent upon that palpable sound I had heard, and could distinguish nothing else.

At last I began to move, treading softly, and stopping at intervals to watch and listen. I had scarcely proceeded in this way a dozen paces, when I felt as plainly as if I saw the object in the broad glare of the sun, a quick motion at my side in a nook or crevice of the wall. It was like the effort of a person to shrink down and escape from me. In an excess of fright and desperation I clutched at it with my hands, and caught it—I say caught it, for a substance resembling a thick silk filled the palms of both my hands. I held it with the grasp of one who was struggling for life, and tried to speak, but my tongue was dry; and I could not articulate a word: and while I held it, I was conscious that the object was moving away—it moved away, and still I thought I held it. I had not the power to loosen my fingers, which I had a strong impulse to do—and then the silk glided out of them, although they were coiled in it—and the next moment a grasp of muscles, cold and sharp, was on my neck, and pressed into my flesh. I was distraught with terror, and my senses forsook me.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a couch in the great room, my mother sitting at a distance, and an ancient female servant watching over me.

This woman was the oldest domestic in the house. She had lived all her life in the family, and had seen two generations into the grave. It was from her lips I had learned most of the traditions that filled my head with such alarm and curiosity; it was from her I had acquired a knowledge of those subterranean passages in which I had encountered this singular adventure; and as soon as my mother left the room I related the whole story to her. She heard it to the end with a dark expression of anger on her face, which I interpreted into a reproof on my willfulness and folly in venturing into such places; and then she questioned me severely

as to what I heard and saw, and what I thought it could have been. Finding that I could give her no satisfactory answers to these questions, she enjoined me to hold my tongue about it, and above all things not to speak of it to my mother. She rated me soundly for saying that I firmly believed I had caught something like a woman's dress in my hands; and she made me feel her old stuff gown, that I might assure myself it was no such texture as that. "How could I be so silly as to suppose that a woman, or even a man, would hide in vaults and passages that had not been opened for hundreds of years? What could I imagine they were doing there? It was more likely that rats, and toads, and bats were to be found there than human beings." And a great deal more to the like effect, as if she wanted to impress upon me that it was altogether the fancy of a distempered brain, and no reality.

Yet, in spite of every thing she said, my conviction remained unaltered. I could not be deceived in a fact so clearly attested by my own sensations. But the mystery was never cleared up; and I brooded over it in secret so perversely, that it exercised a blighting influence for a long time upon my imagination.

Many years afterward a suspicion crossed my mind, that this woman knew more about the matter than she cared to acknowledge. It was she who carried me into the house, having discovered me, as she stated, lying insensible in the court-yard; but I had no recollection of having found my way out into the air—a circumstance which at the time did not present itself to me in the light in which I am disposed to regard it now. Nor should I, perhaps, have been led to suspect her of duplicity, had she not acted with ingratitude at a time when sorrow and misfortune had fallen upon the house that had nurtured her from infancy.

III.

My mother had no companion. Even the servants lived apart, and performed their allotted offices at hours when she was not present; so that our table was laid and our wants supplied, for the most part by unseen hands. Such was my mother's way of life. Solitude and early griefs had fallen heavily upon her spirits, and fretted her temper. She rarely exchanged words with the servants, and never except upon unavoidable occasions. A spoken language was almost interdicted among us, and in its place the language of books was substituted. We dwelt in a world of our own, in which the unreal was invested with a living interest. Conversation wearied her; she had no sympathy with the actual life around her, and had long closed her heart against it. But the charm of books was ever fresh and inexhaustible. She possessed in a higher degree than any person I ever knew the power of realizing their contents. Portraits stepped out of them, and became as familiar to her as if they had moved about her bodily in the flesh. This daily intercourse with the creations of the brain fed her morbid desire

for seclusion, and was cultivated with an earnestness that proved fatal at last.

Her taste lay entirely in one direction; the marvelous and extravagant alone interested her. She prohibited all works that treated of real life, and sought for the excitement she loved in the region of wonder and romance. Her library (a room of which I will speak more particularly presently) was filled with histories of sorcery and enchantment—of miraculous escapes and perils—providential interpositions—dreams, omens, and spectral appearances—astrology and witchcraft—church-yard legends, and the superstitions which ascribe a mysterious power to spells, charms, and incantations—traditions of giants and monsters—feats of the genii and evil spirits, and narratives that embraced the whole round of that curious lore which relates to the alchemists and diviners.

These books were the delight and occupation of her life; and when her eyes latterly began to grow dim with age, it was my task to read them aloud to her. At first, I revolted from this labor; it hung drearily upon me, and sickened me. Youth is naturally mutinous under confinement, and yearns for activity and freedom. But it was surprising how soon I fell into her tastes, and found myself kindling, as she used to do, over the horrors these terrible books unfolded. And now they took possession of me, I began to believe in them as she did; and with belief, or the awe which is so closely allied to it, my eagerness to penetrate further and further grew into an irresistible passion. Many a time in the bleak autumn nights, when the sharp winds snapped the leaves from the trees, and drifted their crisp spoils against the windows, have I sat gasping over some hideous tale, to which, by an involuntary association of ideas, the desolation of the season imparted additional terrors. I was wrought upon by that sort of fascination which resides in the eyes of the snake, when it fixes its gaze upon the face of a child.

Children who have been brought up in a healthy collision with the world know nothing of the state of fear and mental slavery I am describing. A little judicious counsel would have dispelled these delusions; a little timely explanation would have shown me their absurdity. But where was I to seek it? In my isolation I had not a single adviser. I took all I read for granted. The book could not dissipate the chaos of doubts and importunities of struggling reason it generated; it was dumb, and could not answer my questions. If I appealed to my mother, she was chafed at the interruption and the heresy, and commanded me to read on. At last I doubted no longer. Wonder after wonder swept away my feeble judgment. I believed in a spiritual kingdom—in the return of the dead to the earth—in the power of prophecy and the agency of demons—in second sight and the elixir vitæ—in amulets and miraculous invocations; the crystal mirror of Cornelius Agrippa, the witches of the Brocken,

the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew, were all realities to me. The ignorant alone believe in such things; but in this ignorance consisted all the knowledge that was thrown open to me.

The library was at some distance from the inhabited part of the house. It was an oblong room, with deep recesses, in which stood the old oak book-cases. If we had had the power of selecting a theatre for the performance of the legends which were read aloud here every night, we could not have found one better adapted to the purpose. The apartment was large and gloomy; and the tapestried walls, the ponderous draperies, the polished floor, the painted ceiling, the high-backed chairs, and the vast fire-place, with its carved mantle-shelf, supplied the very style of scene and furniture best adapted to give a striking effect to tales of crime and enchantment. Except close to the fire, and round the table on which we placed our lights, the library, from its height and extent, was buried in deep shadow; so that there was nothing wanted to help the imagination to a fitting locality for all kinds of mysteries.

I shall never forget my mother's sensations on one occasion when I read to her in this room an account of some man who kept watch through a whole night in a haunted chamber, and was never heard of afterward. She fancied that the tapestry moved, and called upon me to observe it. I did so, and fancied I saw it too. Twice she grasped my arm, and bade me cease; and looking shudderingly round, she twice desired me to listen, and tell her if I did not hear a foot-fall passing the extremity of the apartment in the dark with solemn regularity. I heard something—it was like the slow tread of a sentinel.

It was in that room, which cast its gloom over every page, blotting out its lines of sunshine wherever any happened to fall, that I read the *Decameron*. The groups in the garden—radiant, joyous, and in rapt attitudes of expectation and attention—were distinctly present to me, but darkened by immediate associations. Sorrow and anguish seemed to sit in their faces; there was no flush of emotion, no lightening in the eyes, no intensity in the cleft lips, no streaming hair, or burning cheeks, or startled gestures. All was cold, as if it were cut in marble. That pallid circle of listeners, disposed in such picturesque forms, seemed to me to be lying in a trance, so completely did the miserable influence of that room kill the gayety of all objects, and leave nothing but the skeleton behind.

We were never at a loss for excitement of this kind, which appeared, indeed, the only thing for which we lived. Our pursuits were interrupted for a time by the serious illness of my mother; but her irritable temperament rendered her impatient of sickness, and before the signs of the malady had passed out from her stricken frame she insisted upon returning to her nightly vigils.

Night after night she continued at her dan-

gerous indulgence, while her eyes were visibly contracting a dull film, her cheeks wasting and falling in, and her pulse growing fainter and fainter. It was not a sight for a son to look upon, and tend with idle fancies and the levities of fable. I felt this and remonstrated, and the agonizing reality before me awakened me for a moment to the vanities of books. But she persisted in her demand and still preserved her listening posture, although the sense of hearing and the faculty of attention were sinking rapidly.

Some weeks had been consumed in this way, when one winter night she desired me to read a certain history from a favorite volume of old legends. The history she selected was that of a supernatural appearance that was alleged to have followed a gentleman of Verona with the fidelity of a shadow. The history set forth the arts and devices by which he endeavored to perplex and evade it—how he went into dark and lonely places, and how still his spectral companion stood at his side—how he rushed into crowded scenes, forcing his way violently through the mass, in the hope that he would thus escape; but no matter how dense the multitude, or by what stratagems and confederacy the gentleman sought to bury himself out of sight, the apparition in its human shape was ever standing or moving close beside him. The strangest thing was that it bore an unnatural likeness to him, not only in its face and form, but in its actions, which were always so faithfully and so instantaneously copied after him, that they resembled a reflection in a mirror. He tried the most painful and unexpected contortions, only to see them reproduced with a rapidity that mocked his despair.

The history went on to say how he invented various schemes, and underwent many fearful trials of sorcery, in the hope of banishing or subduing his horrid familiar, but all in vain, for the fiend baffled all his efforts, and was still found at his side, day and night, whether he rode or walked, or threw himself on his couch for repose—how he summoned courage to speak to it at last, and was answered by the echoes of his own voice—how he swam floods with the ghastly thing floating along with him on the surge—how he climbed the highest hills and fled into savage caverns, the familiar still toiling or groveling beside him—how, in a fit of madness, he tried to grapple it on the edge of a precipice with the desperate intent of dragging it down with him into the abyss below, and how the shape wrought in the struggle, impalpable to the touch, but visible to the sight, like painted air—how, after enduring horrible tortures, the man wasted away, and became a mere shadow, the spirit waning and fading in like manner—and how the priests of a holy order, in the solitudes of the Apennines, hearing of these strange events, bethought them of shriving the man, and expelling the incarnate devil that had worked such inexplicable misery upon him.

The history next went on to relate how the

monks found the man so weak and emaciated that he could scarcely take food or answer their questions—and how they had him conveyed to their chapel at midnight, amid the glare of torches and the chants of the holy brotherhood, the imperishable fiend lying stretched by his side in the litter, in open spite of the holy water with which they had sprinkled it, and of the care with which they had caused it to be made so small that it was thought impossible for him to find room upon it—and how, when the wretched man was brought to the altar, they placed him upright before it, and began to pray, the fiend all the while being in his usual place next to his mortal fellow—and how, as the prayers proceeded and the voices of the assembled priests, of whom numbers had collected from distant places to witness the scene, ascended to the roof, filling the sanctuary with solemn and blessed music, the man turned a look of deathly fear, and gazed into the eyes of the spirit, the spirit giving back the look with the same thrilling and awful expression—and how the sufferer, when the venerable abbot came to the benediction, and offered to place his hands upon his head, sank gradually down, the fiend sinking with him—and how, as the last word was uttered, they vanished together into the earth, and on the instant the torches were extinguished, as by a sudden gust of wind.

When I came to this point of the story, I lifted my eyes to look upon my mother. She sat upon her great chair opposite to me, looking straight at me with a glassy and vacant stare. Her limbs were rigid, and a spasm sat upon her features.

"Mother!" I exclaimed; "mother!" I could not speak more. I was choking for utterance, my hair coiled out like living fibres, the room seemed to swim round and round. I stretched out my arms and seized her hands—they were cold, cold and clammy. Let me not dwell on it—in that spectral chamber I was alone with the dead!

IV.

For many days afterward the house was like a tomb. My mother was laid out in the state-room, which, never having been used in our time, had a dank, earthy smell, and was wretchedly bleak and naked. She lay upon the old square bed, whose hangings, swept up into a ring over head, were once a bright orange damask, but now an undistinguishable tawny mass, from which tracery and color had long disappeared. There was no other article of furniture in the apartment, which bore dreary evidence of the neglect into which it had fallen. The fire-place was closed up with a screen; and the fragments of arras that hung from the walls were eaten into shreds by the damp. Desolate was the pomp of the poor corpse that lay freezing under its stately coverlid, in the icy air of that room.

The old woman, of whom I have already spoken, undertook the melancholy office of watching the dead. She suffered nobody else to approach

the body. The house felt as if it were empty. Wherever a foot trod in the passage it gave out a hollow sound; and the servants, scared by undefined terror, immured themselves in their rooms, where they remained cooped and huddled together till the last rites were over.

Then went forth a scanty procession of ashy faces, winding down the black hills to the churchyard; and when she was laid in the grave, a shudder passed among them, and they whispered one to another, and then their eyes rested upon me. The action was significant of the feeling with which they regarded my situation. I was the last of my race, and my inheritance was little more than the mausoleum of my ancestors.

The old woman had done well to monopolize the tending of the dead, and the management of the funeral. She knew my unfitness, from grief and ignorance of the world, to enter upon such details; and she took them all off my hands, with a most careful watchfulness of my ease—and her own interest. During that brief interval of sorrow—when the whole household had withdrawn into retirement—she collected all the plate, valuables, and moneys, she could find in the house; and when the grave was closed, and the servants had returned home, she was nowhere to be found. She had, in short, made ample provision for the rest of her life out of such spoils as she could secure; for which, I afterward discovered, she had been making industrious preparations long before. Some attempts were made to trace her, but they were fruitless.

This was my first experience of the heartlessness of the world; and, although it is an incident of every-day occurrence in all civilized communities, it was new to me at that time, and stung me to the soul.

After months of seclusion through the biting winter and spring, summer came round again, and I thought I would venture abroad, in hope that the air and a little activity and change of scene would recruit my health; for I was shattered and nervous, and conscious of a prostration of mind almost amounting to disease. The country round about was abrupt and wild, covered with heather for the most part, broken up and picturesque, and studded here and there with patches of bright verdure, invaded by clumps of forest trees. In some places it took a mountainous character, and brawling streams rushing through deep gorges and rocky glens assimilated the scenery to the general tone of the region that lies still farther to the north. The neighborhood was lonely and unfrequented; it resembled the hilly solitudes of Arran and Bute; there were few homesteads in the distant landscape to send up cheerful volumes of smoke among the trees: and you might ride a whole morning without meeting a wayfayer.

I was on horseback one day, passing leisurely in an idle mood out of the mouth of a ravine that led to an open valley, when I saw a lady, in a riding-habit, mounted at no great distance

from me. Her horse was apparently picking his way slowly through the hillocks that dotted the surface of the sward. The appearance of a lady alone loitering in so unfrequented a spot surprised me. Had I seen an apparition I could not have been more astonished.

As she moved past toward the opposite side she turned her head, and her clear, pensive eyes, fell full upon my face with an expression of ineffable sweetness.

Where had I seen those features before? They seemed quite familiar to me. The dress, the action of her arm as she reined up her horse, and, above all, the sad beauty of her eyes, I could have protested I had seen a hundred times. Yet an instant's reflection would have sufficed to convince me that I was under a mistake, for visitors or friends like her there were none in our lonely house.

Her brief, quiet glance, had something in it of a look of recognition. I felt as if there was a recognition on both sides. I felt, too, or imagined, that she was slightly agitated by it. I knew that my own heart fluttered wildly. My solitary life had rendered me nervous, and the dangerous lore with which my head was filled gave to the incident an immediate coloring of romance. A new sensation had taken possession of me, a new world was opening to me; the solitude and remoteness of the place, and the unexpectedness of that vision rising up among the wild flowers and the dark green heather, acted like a charm upon me, and awakened me to a sense of bewildering delight I had never experienced before.

There is always an awkwardness in country places at rencounters between people who are unaccustomed to strangers. I hardly knew whether I should advance or retreat, and suffering my horse to take his own course, he carried me a little circuit behind a patch of trees that intervened between us. When I looked again she was gone. Scarcely a moment had elapsed, and she had vanished like a sunbow. I could hardly believe in a disappearance so miraculous, and rubbed my eyes, and gazed again and again over the vacant space before me. But she was nowhere to be seen. My curiosity was highly excited, and, dashing at full speed over the very spot she had so recently occupied, I traversed every outlet, but without success. It was broad noon. I knew all the bridle-tracks in and out of the valley, and it was impossible she could have taken any of them, and escaped my vigilant search in so short a time. What, then, was this form I had beheld? I had heard of Second Sight, and other visual deceptions—was this one of them? Had she melted into air? Had she come there only to mock me? Was I the victim of a self-delusion? The tortures of Tantalus were slight in comparison with the misery I felt as I rode round and round that sequestered dell, hoping in vain that she would return. But it was unlike any misery that had ever preyed upon me before. There was a strange thrill of expectation and uncer-

tainty in it, and it pointed to an object in the future which, from that hour, gave me a novel interest in life. A total change had passed over me, and any change was welcome.

Every day I renewed my visit to the same place, but the nymph of my pilgrimage never returned to the spot where I had first beheld her. Under this disappointment fancy liberally supplied a picture which sustained and heightened my desire to gaze once more on the reality. By a mental process, of which I can give no further account than that it is very well known to all readers of romance who are endowed with faith and imagination, I culled the most lovable and fascinating qualities of a hundred heroines—the tenderness and devotion, gentleness and grace, of all the Amandas, Isidoras, and Ethelindas, my brain had become intimately acquainted with—and compiled out of them a suitable Ideal for the worship of my perturbed affections. Nor was I satisfied with creating this imaginary enchantress by a sweeping contribution from the special charms of all the fine heroines I had read of, but I must needs put her into every possible emergency that could show off her beauty and her virtues to advantage. I believe I made her run the gauntlet of more perilous adventures and extraordinary trials than ever befell any single heroine in the whole library of fiction.

I could not for an instant dismiss her from my thoughts; and that one look that had enthralled me was ever present to me. Even in sleep I was haunted by its disturbing influence, and the tantalizing scene in the valley was re-enacted, with sundry alterations and additions, over and over again in my dreams. As it had then become the sole occupation of my life to think of her, and to explore the country every day in search of her, it was not very wonderful that her image should have resolved itself into a settled illusion, possessing me so entirely that, in the image conjured up by my distempered imagination, I should at last believe that I actually saw before me that which I so cordially desired to see, and the seeing which was the object that engrossed me to the exclusion of all other pursuits. When one idea thus tyrannically absorbs the mind, the very monotony of its pressure is apt to overlay the reasoning faculties and coerce them into delusions. People mourning to excess over the dead have sometimes supposed that they saw them again "in their habit as they lived." Under the influence of great excitement, profound grief has done the work of fever; and assuredly there is a fever of the mind as well as of the body.

Thus it was that, laboring under this constant agony of desire, I saw that abstraction of all conceivable loveliness once more. She was seated in the library—in the very chair in which my mother died. I then little suspected that I was entranced by a phantom of my own making, and that the exquisite appearance that sat in my presence was of no more substance

than a beam of light, into which outlines and colors of immortal beauty were infused by my heated fancy. I spoke to her—she turned aside, and raised her hand with a motion, as I thought, of surprise. Again I addressed her, and she rose, and passed noiselessly toward the door. I confess that, anxious as I was to detain her, and procure some explanation from her, my courage gave way at this movement, and I spoke no more; but I followed her with my eyes, trying to read the feeling that seemed to flit in hers. It was clear to me, ambiguous as its expression was, and difficult as it is to explain it. The melancholy smile that played over her features contained a history. There was love (of course, having created her, it was natural I should make her return my passion), intense love, darkened by some great sorrow, as if insuperable obstacles stood in its way, and turned it to despair. She retired to the doorway, and stood there for a moment in the attitude of leave-taking. She was not, I thought, to be lost thus, and perhaps forever—one effort, and I might yet preserve her. I advanced hastily to grasp her hand, but as I stretched out mine to touch it, a chill, not of fear, but awe, came upon me, and I stood looking helplessly upon the inexplicable magic of her departure. She did not leave me in the manner of one who fled from my approach, but rather as if she left me reluctantly and by constraint, slowly and lingeringly dissolving from my sight—like a bright cloud fainting from twilight into darkness.

A long illness followed this visitation. During the fever that supervened, I was reunited in a delicious rapture to her who had so mysteriously fascinated me. Alone with her in weird solitudes, I gazed into the deep light of her eyes, fearing to speak lest at the sound of my voice she might again vanish from me. Silence appeared to be understood between us as the condition of our intercourse, so unconsciously did my imagination adapt itself to the spiritual nature of the delusion. At length the fever passed away, but although the body was delivered from the raging fires that had consumed its strength, the mind was still devoured by the same insatiable longing to discover the object of my inextinguishable passion. I was shattered in health and spirits; incapable of much exertion; and harassed by disappointments. I tried to shake off the despair that was rapidly gaining an ascendancy over me; but the bleakness and loneliness of my life only helped to encourage it; and I finally resolved to leave the country, and seek relief and oblivion in new scenes and excitements. And so I forsook the old mansion with a heavy heart, and directed my course to London.

v.

It was my first experiment in the world. I had no friends or acquaintances in the great metropolis. I was a stranger in its thronged thoroughfares, which are more desolate to a stranger than a howling wilderness.

At first I was distracted out of myself by the

whirl of the vortex in which I found myself engulfed. The eternal din, the countless multitudes, the occupation that was legibly written in every man's face, gave me something to think of, and forced me into a sort of blind activity. But the novelty of this uproar and bustle, in which my own sympathies or interests were in no way engaged, soon palled upon me, and threw me back upon the morbid humors which the sudden change had only temporarily lulled. I panted again for quiet, and sought it in the depth of the town.

At that time the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields was buried in a mass of dingy buildings, which, clustering up about it on all sides, blotted it out from the sun. These buildings were intersected by numerous dark courts and passages, and in one of them there was a retired tavern frequented by a few persons, mostly of an intellectual caste—artists, musicians, authors; men of high aspirations, but whom fortune never seemed weary of persecuting, and who met here of an evening to compare notes, and vent their complaints against the world. This was exactly the sort of company that fell in with my tastes. It was a satisfaction to me to herd with disappointed men, and hear them rail at the prosperity which refused to crown their merits. Their failures in life had given a peculiar turn to their minds, and tinged their conversation with a spirit of fatalism. They were one and all clearly convinced that it was in vain to struggle against destiny—that no genius, however original or lofty, could secure its legitimate rewards by legitimate means—and that, in short, the only individuals really deserving of success were those who, by a perverse dispensation of laurels, never could attain it. This view of the wrongs and injustice they suffered from society stirred up much pride and bitterness among them, and led them into many abstract disquisitions, which were rendered attractive to me, no less by the nature of the topics they selected, than by the piquancy and boldness with which they dissected them.

The most remarkable person in this little knot was a young man of the name of Forrester. Like myself, he was of no profession, and appeared to be drawn into the circle by much the same motives. He was tall and pale, and generally reserved in speech; but subject to singular fluctuations—sometimes all sunshine, breaking out into fits of wild enthusiasm, and sometimes overwhelmed with despondency. These vicissitudes of mood and temperament, which indicated a troubled experience beyond his years, interested my sympathies. The more intimate I became with him, the more reason I had to suspect that his life, like my own, was the depository of some heavy secret; but I did not venture to question him on this point, from an apprehension which his bearing toward me led me to entertain that a similar suspicion lurked in his mind respecting me. I confess that I dreaded any allusion to my own history, and carefully avoided all subjects likely to lead

to it; for I should have been ashamed to acknowledge the sufferings I underwent from a cause which most men would have treated with ridicule and skepticism. I was quite aware that it was vulnerable to attacks of that sort, and the terror of having the deception, if it were one, which I had cherished with such fervor, rudely assailed and beaten down by common sense, made me preserve a strict silence in every thing relating to myself—a precaution that probably gave a keener zest to the curiosity I desired to baffle.

A strong friendship grew up between me and Forrester. We were both idlers, and we discovered that, by a happy coincidence, our literary tastes—if an industrious prosecution of desultory and unprofitable reading may be dignified by such a term—lay in the same channels. He was as deeply learned in the literature of the marvelous as I was myself; and during the summer evenings we used to take long walks into the country, beguiling the way by discussions upon a variety of wonderful matters which we turned up out of our old stores. The exercise at least was healthy, and the very disputations upon the evidence and likelihood of these things strengthened my faculties, and cleared off some clouds of credulity. This collision with another mind was a novelty to me, and, for a time, diverted me from other thoughts.

At our tavern Forrester and I enjoyed distinguished popularity. Every body listened to our opinions with attention, not so much because they were remarkable for their soundness, as because they were generally opposed to established notions, and were urged with earnestness. We always spoke like men who speak out of their convictions, while most of the others argued merely for argument's sake, and were ready to take any side of a question for the pleasure of getting up a controversy, and showing off their ingenuity.

One evening the conversation turned upon the possibility of the dead revisiting the earth, and the theory of manifest warnings before dissolution. The debate, which began in levity, soon took a more serious tone, and we had been arguing a full hour before I discovered that Forrester and I had engrossed the discussion to ourselves, the rest of the company maintaining a profound silence, and listening to our observations with undisguised wonder and astonishment. This discovery abashed me a little, for I never meant to make such a display, and I looked across at Forrester for the purpose of drawing his attention to the circumstance. I perceived, then, for the first time, that his face had undergone an extraordinary change. The natural pallor had taken an almost livid hue. The ordinary placidity of his features had given place to an expression of severe pain and alarm.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Are you ill?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"You look dreadfully pale." He only smiled at this remark—but it was a ghastly smile.

"I know that something is the matter," I cried. "What is it, Forrester?"

"Nothing. What can be the matter? Are we not all living men talking upon equal terms, and in the best possible humor, about the dead? Why should that affect me more than any body else?"

"I know not why it should," I replied, "but I feel it does."

"Are you quite sure," he returned, in a low voice, "that it does not affect you as deeply?" He looked at me as if he knew my whole life, which he could not have known; and, in spite of a violent effort to suppress my feelings, I was conscious that I betrayed the agitation into which I was thrown by that searching look.

"Come, come," he exclaimed, rallying wildly, "we have both looked death in the face before now; and although use can not make it familiar, still a sight often repeated must lose some of its horrors."

"No, you are wrong. I have not seen death often."

"Once—only once," he replied, in the same hollow voice; "but you have seen many deaths in one."

"How do you know that?" I demanded; "or assume to know it?"

"One day you shall learn," he answered, calmly.

"You amaze me. Speak openly to me, Forrester, and not in these dark enigmas. I can bear to hear."

"Can you bear to suffer?" he asked.

"I can—I think I can," I replied, shrinking at my heart from the ordeal I invited. "I have suffered that which I should once have thought utterly fabulous, and beyond human endurance."

"I know it. But endurance has its limits. The earthly can bear only that which is of the earth—test them with sufferings that look out beyond this world into the darkness of eternity, and they perish. The trial is not in those things that are dated, bounded, and finite: it is where speculation can not reach nor reason avail us, where human knowledge and human strength are blind and idle, that the trial of that suffering begins, which is akin to the penalties of immortal spirits—a beginning without an end."

"I do not understand you," I answered.

"You *will* understand me, however, when the hour arrives." Then stopping short, he whispered, "they are observing us; this is not the place for such a theme. We shall meet again, when you shall be satisfied."

"When?"

"Soon—I fear too soon. No matter—we shall meet, and you shall be satisfied."

He rose and left the room.

I was restrained from following him only by the consideration that I should expose myself to the criticisms of our companions, who, I had observed, were fond of making merry at the expense of their absent friends; and as I was beginning to feel very sensitive to ridicule, I

determined not to give them an opportunity of exercising their wit upon me.

When Forrester was gone, they immediately took him to pieces. His character, habits, life, and opinions, furnished them with abundant materials for commentary, which they were all the less scrupulous in dealing freely with because they really knew little or nothing about him. One said that there was a mysterious something about Forrester that he couldn't make out—it might be all right, but, for his part, he liked people to be candid with you and above-board; another remarked, that a man who lived nobody knew exactly how, and who disappeared every night at pretty much the same hour, and was so very incommunicative about his pursuits, laid himself open to suspicion, at all events; a third suggested that, probably, he had experienced some blight, which had spoiled him for company—perhaps he had been crossed in love (here there was a general laugh, and a rapid succession of puns); while a fourth, who made it a rule never to form a judgment on any man's character without knowing him thoroughly, could not help observing that Mr. Forrester certainly held some rather extraordinary doctrines about ghosts and other nonsense of that sort, which, to be sure, was no imputation on his character, but—here the speaker stopped short, and shook his head in a very significant manner.

These opinions, delivered off-hand, puzzled me exceedingly, for I could not arrive at their meaning. It was evident that Forrester was an object of mystery to our friends—and so he was to me. But neither they nor I could get any farther in the matter. They, however, dismissed him from their minds with the drain of their glasses, while I lay restlessly all night ruminating on what had occurred.

I was passing through a state of transition from the seclusion in which my faculties had been kept dormant into a section of society which was eminently calculated to awaken and sharpen them for use. I was already getting into a habit of reasoning with myself, of trying to trace effects to causes, and examining with suspicion many things which I had hitherto taken upon trust. At first I committed numerous blunders, and fell into all sorts of mistakes, in my eagerness to emulate the cleverness of the experienced individuals with whom I was in the habit of associating. And I could not have dropped upon a clique better qualified or disposed to ride roughshod over the whole region of romance. They were generally practical men and some of them were worldly men; for although not one of them was able to do any thing for himself, they were all adepts in the knowledge of what other people ought to do. They looked with supreme contempt upon sentimental people, and took infinite pleasure in running them down. They were not the sort of men to be tricked by appearances or clap-trap. They despised finery, and ostentation, and outside manners. They loved to look at

things as they were, and to call them by their proper names; never, by any accident, overrating an excellence, but very frequently exaggerating a defect, which they considered as an error on the right side. In this severe school I acquired a few harsh practical views of life, and was beginning to feel its realities growing up about me; but in the progress from the visionary to the real there were many shapes of darkness yet to be struggled with.

A few nights afterward I met Forrester on his way to the rendezvous. There was the same unaccountable reserve in his manner which he betrayed at our last abrupt parting; but my anxiety, awakened more by his looks than his words, would not brook delay. I resolved to get an explanation on the spot.

"Forrester," I said, "you have inflicted a pain upon me which no man has a right to inflict upon another, without giving him at the same time his full confidence. You have made use of strange allusions and hints, which you are bound to explain. You seem to know more about me than I have myself ever confided to you, or than you could have known through any channels with which I am acquainted. I ask you to satisfy me at once whether it is so, or not?"

"It is so," he replied. "You see I am as frank as you are curious."

"But that does not satisfy me. You say you know more about me than I have thought it necessary or desirable to impart to you. What is it that you know?"

"Little," he returned with a singularly disagreeable smile.

"Then it will be the sooner told. What is that little?" and I uttered the last word with rather a bitter and satirical emphasis.

Forrester drew up gravely at this, and replied to me slowly,

"That little is all. All that has ever happened to you, and the whole may be expressed in a single word. Your life has scarcely had enough of action in it to stir the surface; it has been a life of inward strife."

"You have described it truly. My world has not been like that of other men."

"Nor mine; but I have come out of the mist, and you are in it still."

"You speak riddles, and involve me in deeper obscurity than ever. But I am resolved to be satisfied, and will be trifled with no longer. What is that which you said, nay, pledged yourself I should soon learn?"

"You must not be impatient. Do not fear that I will not keep my pledge. If you knew all, you would understand that I dare not break it. To-morrow night, at this hour precisely, meet me on this spot, and you shall be made wiser; happier, I will not promise. Better it should never be, than that it should be too late. This is dark to you now, it will soon be clear enough."

We shook hands after the promise of meeting on the following night, and so parted. Neither

of us was in a condition to join the cynics at the tavern.

After a night of feverish suspense I rose early the next morning, my brain full of the prospect, clouded as it was, of the interview with Forrester. The day was passed in a ferment of agitation; I could not remain at home; I wandered abroad, forgot to dine, and was racked with a presentiment that my fate, for good or evil, hung upon the issue of the night.

VI.

At last the appointed hour arrived. Forrester was punctual to the moment. He was evidently affected by some strong emotion, which he made fearful efforts to control. I was too much touched by his condition, and had too much dread about what was coming, to venture upon any questions, particularly as he seemed to desire silence. He locked his arm in mine violently, and, without uttering a word, we traversed several streets till we reached a part of the town with which I was unacquainted. As we went forward Forrester's agitation sensibly increased; and when we entered a small square, in the centre of which there was a stunted plantation, with a mutilated fountain in the midst, he suddenly stopped, and turning, looked me full in the face.

"Have you courage?" he demanded.

"Mortal courage," I replied, "no more."

"Well, well, we are fools," he continued; "very worms, to think that we can cope with that which even to endure in ignorance is a task that sublimates our nature. Suffering is retributive and purifying. This is my last agony."

He then advanced hastily to a house, the door of which was screened by a low porch, tastefully covered with creepers. In his attitude at this instant there was a grandeur that made a deep impression upon me; it was derived from the triumph of his manly spirit over the anguish that was laboring at his heart. He knocked, and the door was hurriedly opened by a servant in mourning.

I should here remark that I had never been at his house before, although I had known him many months; nor was I even then aware that the house we were entering was his.

Motioning me to follow him up the stairs, which he ascended stealthily, I crept up after him with a very uneasy mind. When he reached the drawing-room door he paused for a moment, then turning the handle slowly and noiselessly, he entered the room. One glance at the apartment gave me a general idea of its character. It was small and fashionably furnished, but had an air of neglect and disorder which indicated that its tenant had been long confined by illness. At the opposite side was a sofa, which, for convenience, had been moved near the fire. A lady, apparently in a very delicate state of health (I could only judge by the languor of her position, for I could not see her face), lay resting upon it. Forrester stole quietly to her side, and took her hand.

"Gertrude, how do you feel this evening?"

A sigh, from the depths of her heart, answered him.

"Don't be alarmed; I am not alone; we have come to—"

"Who?" she demanded, suddenly raising herself from the sofa. "Who is come? Come!—come!—you!—Henry—and—"

She looked at me; I stood in the full light of the fire; our eyes met; every vein and artery in my body seemed to beat audibly; she uttered an hysterical cry, and fell back upon the sofa. I rushed to catch her, sobbed, gasped, tried to speak, flung myself upon my knees before her, and madly clasped the drooping hand, the living hand, of her who had so long enthralled my soul, and who, until this hour, had appeared to me more like a spirit of another world than a being of the earth like myself.

During this short and agitated scene, Forrester stood looking at us with a mixed expression of grief and satisfaction. His mind was evidently relieved of some weight that had oppressed it, but there still remained a heavy pang behind. His fortitude was admirable.

"It is accomplished!" he exclaimed, flinging himself into a chair; "and if there be a hope of repose left, perhaps I may live to look back upon this night with tranquillity."

The excitement of the moment affected the invalid so much that her strength sank under it, and she fainted in my arms. I did not perceive this until Forrester, whose watchfulness respecting her was unceasing, gently directed my attention to it, at the same time moving her to an easier position. I was too much bewildered to have sufficient self-possession to know what to do, but, trivial as this accident was, it instantly awoke me to the full consciousness that she lived and breathed before me; she who had hitherto been to me like the invisible spirit that accompanied the knight of old, uttering sweet sounds in the air, until his heart was consumed by the love of that Voice which poured its faithful music into his ears. It was a new life to know that she lived, and that the happiness I had so hopelessly yearned for was now within my reach.

"Enough," cried Forrester, "for the present. Let us leave her. She will be tended by more skillful leeches than we should prove."

A servant entered the room just as we retired, and after one long gaze, in which all past delusions seemed to expire, I followed him hastily into the street.

I stopped at the first retired place we reached. The explanation could no longer be delayed, but my impatience was so great that I interrupted it by a flood of questions. My mind was full of wonder, and I broke forth into a series of interrogatories, for the purpose of getting the information I wanted in the order of my own thoughts.

"Resolve me, Forrester," I concluded,—"resolve me on all these points, for I begin to fear that my life has hitherto been but a dream,

and that even the reality which I have just looked upon will perish like the rest."

"Patience, patience!" he returned; "my thoughts are as confused as yours. I have as many scattered recollections to gather up as you have questions to put, and I know not if either of us can be satisfied in the end. But I am worn out. This new demand on my spirits has exhausted me. Let us go forward to a seat.

We advanced into the shrubbery, and in one of the recesses we found a seat. After a pause, Forrester began his revelations.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE TIERNAY, THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(Continued from Page 372.)

CHAPTER XXIII.

"THE TOWN-MAJOR OF CASTLEBAR."

I AM at a loss to know whether or not I owe an apology to my reader for turning away from the more immediate object of this memoir of a life, to speak of events which have assumed an historical reputation. It may be thought ill-becoming in one who occupied the subordinate station that I did, to express himself on subjects so very far above both his experience and acquaintance; but I would premise, that in the opinions I may have formed, and the words of praise or censure dropped, I have been but retailing the sentiments of those older and wiser than myself, and by whose guidance I was mainly led to entertain not only the convictions, but the prejudices, of my early years.

Let the reader bear in mind, too, that I was very early in life thrown into the society of men—left self-dependent, in a great measure, and obliged to decide for myself on subjects which usually are determined by older and more mature heads. So much of excuse, then, if I seem presumptuous in saying that I began to conceive a very low opinion generally of popular attempts at independence, and a very high one of the powers of military skill and discipline. A mob, in my estimation, was the very lowest, and an army about the very highest, object I could well conceive. My short residence at Castlebar did not tend to controvert these impressions. The safety of the town and its inhabitants was entirely owing to the handful of French who held it, and who, wearied with guards, pickets, and outpost duty, were a mere fraction of the small force that had landed a few days before.

Our "allies" were now our most difficult charge. Abandoning the hopeless task of drilling and disciplining them, we confined ourselves to the more practical office of restraining pillage and repressing violence—a measure, be it said, that was not without peril, and of a very serious kind. I remember one incident, which, if not followed by grave consequences, yet appeared at the time of a very serious character.

By the accidental mis-spelling of a name, a

man named Dowall, a notorious ruffian and demagogue, was appointed "Commandant-de-Place," or Town-Major, instead of a most respectable shopkeeper named Downes, and who, although soon made aware of the mistake, from natural timidity, took no steps to undeceive the General. Dowall was haranguing a mob of half-drunken vagabonds, when his commission was put into his hands; and accepting the post as an evidence of the fears the French entertained of his personal influence, became more overbearing and insolent than ever. We had a very gallant officer, the second major of the 12th Regiment of the Line, killed in the attack on Castlebar, and this Dowall at once took possession of poor Delactre's horse, arms, and equipment. His coat and chako, his very boots and gloves, the scoundrel appropriated; and, as if in mockery of us and our poor friend, assumed a habit that he had, when riding fast, to place his sabre between his leg and the saddle, to prevent its striking the horse on the flanks.

I need scarcely say that thoroughly disgusted by the unsightly exhibition, our incessant cares, and the endless round of duty we were engaged in, as well as the critical position we occupied, left us no time to notice the fellow's conduct by any other than a passing sign of anger or contempt—provocations that he certainly gave us back as insolently as we offered them. I do not believe that the General ever saw him, but I know that incessant complaints were daily made to him about the man's rapacity and tyranny, and scarcely a morning passed without a dozen remonstrances being preferred against his overbearing conduct.

Determined to have his own countrymen on his side, he issued the most absurd orders for the billeting of the rabble, the rations and allowances of all kinds. He seized upon one of the best houses for his own quarters, and three fine saddle-horses for his personal use, besides a number of inferior ones for the ruffian following he called his staff!

It was, indeed, enough to excite laughter, had not indignation been the more powerful emotion, to see this fellow ride forth of a morning—a tawdry scarf of green, with deep gold fringe, thrown over his shoulder, and a saddle-cloth of the same color, profusely studded with gold shamrocks, on his horse; a drawn sword in his hand, and his head erect, followed by an indiscriminate rabble on foot or horseback—some with muskets, some pikes, some with sword-blades, bayonets, or even knives fastened on sticks, but all alike ferocious-looking and savage.

They affected to march in order, and, with a rude imitation of soldiery, carried something like a knapsack on their shoulders, surmounted by a kettle, or tin-cup, or sometimes an iron-pot—a grotesque parody on the trim-cooking equipment of the French soldier. It was evident, from their step and bearing, that they thought themselves in the very height of discipline; and this very assumption was far more

insulting to the real soldier than all the licentious irregularity of the marauder. If to us they were objects of ridicule and derision, to the townspeople they were images of terror and dismay. The miserable shopkeeper who housed one of them lived in continual fear; he knew nothing to be his own, and felt that his property and family were every moment at the dictate of a ruffian gang, who acknowledged no law, nor any rule save their own will and convenience. Dowall's squad were indeed as great a terror in that little town as I had seen the great name of Robespierre in the proud city of Paris.

In my temporary position on General Serazin's staff, I came to hear much of this fellow's conduct. The most grievous stories were told me every day of his rapacity and cruelty; but harassed and overworked, as the General was, with duties that would have been over-much for three or four men, I forbore to trouble him with recitals, which could only fret and distress him, without affording the slightest chance of relief to others. Perhaps this impunity had rendered him more daring; or, perhaps, the immense number of armed Irish, in comparison with the small force of disciplined soldiers, emboldened the fellow; but certainly he grew, day by day, more presumptuous and insolent, and at last so far forgot himself as to countermand one of General Serazin's orders, by which a guard was stationed at the Protestant church to prevent its being molested or injured by the populace.

General Humbert had already refused the Roman Catholic priest his permission to celebrate mass in that building; but Dowall had determined otherwise, and that, too, by a written order under his own hand. The French sergeant who commanded the guard of course paid little attention to this warrant; and when Father Hennisy wanted to carry the matter with a high hand, he coolly tore up the paper, and threw the fragments at him. Dowall was soon informed of the slight offered to his mandate. He was at supper at the time, entertaining a party of his friends, who all heard the priest's story, and of course, loudly sympathized with his sorrows, and invoked the powerful leader's aid and protection. Affecting to believe that the sergeant had merely acted in ignorance, and from not being able to read English, Dowall dispatched a fellow, whom he called his aid-de-camp, a schoolmaster named Lowrie, and who spoke a little bad French, to interpret his command, and to desire the sergeant to withdraw his men, and give up the guard to a party of "the squad."

Great was the surprise of the supper party, when, after the lapse of half an hour, a country fellow came in to say that he had seen Lowrie led off to prison between two French soldiers. By this time Dowall had drunk himself into a state of utter recklessness; while encouraged by his friend's praises, and the arguments of his own passions, he fancied that

he might dispute ascendancy with General Humbert himself. He at once ordered out his horse, and gave a command to assemble the "squad." As they were all billeted in his immediate vicinity, this was speedily effected, and their numbers swelled by a vast mass of idle and curious, who were eager to see how the matter would end; the whole street was crowded, and when Dowall mounted, his followers amounted to above a thousand people.

If our sergeant, an old soldier of the "Sambre et Meuse," had not already enjoyed some experience of our allies, it is more than likely that, seeing their hostile advance, he would have fallen back upon the main guard, then stationed in the market-square. As it was, he simply retired his party within the church, the door of which had already been pierced for the use of musketry. This done, and one of his men being dispatched to head-quarters for advice and orders, he waited patiently for the attack.

I happened that night to make one of General Serazin's dinner party, and we were sitting over our wine, when the officer of the guard entered hastily with the tidings of what was going on in the town.

"Is it the Commandant-de-Place himself is at the head?" exclaimed Serazin, in amazement, such a thought being a direct shock to all his ideas of military discipline.

"Yes, sir," said the officer; "the soldier knows his appearance well, and can vouch for its being him."

"As I know something of him, General," said I, "I may as well mention that nothing is more likely."

"Who is he—what is he?" asked Serazin hastily.

A very brief account—I need not say not a flattering one—told all that I knew or had ever heard of our worthy "Town Major." Many of the officers around corroborating, as I went on, all that I said, and interpolating little details of their own about his robberies and exactions.

"And yet I have heard nothing of all this before," said the General, looking sternly around him on every side.

None ventured on a reply, and what might have followed there is no guessing, when the sharp rattle of musketry cut short all discussion.

"That fire was not given by soldiers," said Serazin. "Go, Tiernay, and bring this fellow before me at once."

I bowed, and was leaving the room, when an officer, having whispered a few words in Serazin's ear, the General called me back, saying,

"You are not to incur any risk, Tiernay; I want no struggle, still less a rescue. You understand me."

"Perfectly, General; the matter will, I trust, be easy enough!"

And so I left the room, my heart, shall I avow it, bumping and throbbing in a fashion

that gave a very poor corroboration to my words. There were always three or four horses ready saddled for duty at each general's quarters, and taking one of them, I ordered a corporal of dragoons to follow me, and set out. It was a fine night of autumn; the last faint sunlight was yet struggling with the coming darkness, as I rode at a brisk trot down the main street toward the scene of action.

I had not proceeded far when the crowds compelled me to slacken my pace to a walk, and finding that the people pressed in upon me in such a way as to prevent any thing like a defense if attacked, still more, any chance of an escape by flight, I sent the corporal forward to clear a passage, and announce my coming to the redoubted "Commandant." It was curious to see how the old dragoon's tactics effected his object, and with what speed the crowd opened and fell back, as with a flank movement of his horse he "passaged" up the street, prancing, bounding, and back-leaping, yet all the while perfectly obedient to the hand, and never deviating from the straight line in the very middle of the thoroughfare.

I could catch from the voices around me that the mob had fired a volley at the church-door, but that our men had never returned the fire, and now a great commotion of the crowd, and that swaying, surging motion of the mass, which is so peculiarly indicative of a coming event, told that something more was in preparation; and such was it; for already numbers were hurrying forward with straw-fagots, broken furniture, and other combustible material, which, in the midst of the wildest cries and shouts of triumph, were now being heaped up against the door. Another moment, and I should have been too late—as it was, my loud summons to "halt," and a bold command for the mob to fall back, only came at the very last minute.

"Where's the Commandant?" said I, in an imperious tone. "Who wants him?" responded a deep husky voice, which I well knew to be Dowall's.

"The general in command of the town," said I, firmly; "General Serazin."

"Maybe I'm as good a general as himself," was the answer. "I never called him my superior yet! Did I, boys?"

"Never—devil a bit—why would you?" and such like, were shouted by the mob around us, in every accent of drunken defiance.

"You'll not refuse General Serazin's invitation to confer with your Commandant, I hope?" said I, affecting a tone of respectful civility, while I gradually drew nearer and nearer to him, contriving, at the same, by a dexterous plunging of my horse, to force back the bystanders, and thus isolate my friend Dowall.

"Tell him I've work to do here," said he, "and can't come; but if he's fond of a bonfire he may as well step down this far and see one."

By this time, at a gesture of command from me, the corporal had placed himself on the opposite side of Dowall's horse, and by a move-

ment similar to my own, completely drove back the dense mob, so that we had him completely in our power, and could have sabred or shot him at any moment.

"General Serazin only wishes to see you on duty, Commandant," said I, speaking in a voice that could be heard over the entire assemblage; and then, dropping it to a whisper, only audible to himself, I added,

"Come along, quietly, sir, and without a word. If you speak, if you mutter, or if you lift a finger, I'll run my sabre through your body."

"Forward, way, there," shouted I aloud, and the corporal, holding Dowall's bridle, pricked the horse with the point of his sword, and right through the crowd we went at a pace that defied following, had any the daring to think of it.

So sudden was the act and so imminent the peril, for I held the point of my weapon within a few inches of his back, and would have kept my word most assuredly too, that the fellow never spoke a syllable as we went, nor ventured on even a word of remonstrance till we descended at the General's door. Then, with a voice tremulous with restrained passion, he said,

"If ye think I'll forgive ye this thrick, my fine boy, may the flames and fire be my portion! and if I hav'n't my revenge on ye yet, my name isn't Mick Dowall."

With a dogged, sulky resolution he mounted the stairs, but as he neared the room where the General was, and from which his voice could even now be heard, his courage seemed to fail him, and he looked back as though to see if no chance of escape remained. The attempt would have been hopeless, and he saw it.

"This is the man, General," said I, half pushing him forward into the middle of the room, where he stood with his hat on, and in attitude of mingled defiance and terror.

"Tell him to uncover," said Serazin; but one of the aids-de-camp, more zealous than courteous, stepped forward and knocked the hat off with his hand. Dowall never budged an inch, nor moved a muscle, at this insult; to look at him you could not have said that he was conscious of it.

"Ask him if it was by his orders that the guard was assailed?" said the General.

I put the question in about as many words but he made no reply.

"Does the man know where *he* is? Does he know who *I* am?" repeated Serazin, passionately.

"He knows both well enough, sir," said I; "this silence is a mere defiance of us."

"Parbleu!" cried an officer, "that is the 'côquin' took poor Delactre's equipments; the very uniform he has on was his."

"The fellow was never a soldier," said another.

"I know him well," interposed a third, "he is the very terror of the townsfolk."

"Who gave him his commission?—who appointed him?" asked Serazin

Apparently the fellow could follow some words of French, for as the General asked this he drew from his pocket a crumpled and soiled paper, which he threw heedlessly upon the table before us.

"Why this is not his name, sir," said I: "this appointment is made out in the name of Nicholas Downes, and our friend here is called Dowall."

"Who knows him? who can identify him?" asked Serazin.

"I can say that his name is Dowall, and that he worked as a porter on the quay in this town when I was a boy," said a young Irishman who was copying letters and papers at a side-table. "Yes, Dowall," said the youth, confronting the look which the other gave him, "I am neither afraid nor ashamed to tell you to your face that I know you well, and who you are, and what you are."

"I'm an officer in the Irish Independent Army now," said Dowall, resolutely. "To the devil I fling the French commission and all that belongs to it. 'Tisn't troops that run and guns that burst we want. Let them go back again the way they came, we're able for the work ourselves."

Before I could translate this rude speech an officer broke into the room, with tidings that the streets had been cleared, and the rioters dispersed; a few prisoners of the squad, too, were taken, whose muskets bore trace of being recently discharged.

"They fired upon our pickets, General," said the officer, whose excited look and voice betrayed how deeply he felt the outrage.

The men were introduced; three ragged, ill-looking wretches, apparently only roused from intoxication by the terror of their situation, for each was guarded by a soldier with a drawn bayonet in his hand.

"We only obeyed orders my lord; we only did what the Captain tould us," cried they in a miserable, whining tone, for the sight of their leader in captivity had sapped all their courage.

"What am I here for? Who has any business with *me*?" said Dowall, assuming before his followers, an attempt at his former tone of bully.

"Tell him," said Serazin, "that wherever a French general stands in full command he will neither brook insolence nor insubordination. Let those fellows be turned out of the town, and warned never to approach the quarters of the army under any pretense whatever. As for this scoundrel we'll make an example of him. Order a peloton into the yard and shoot him."

I rendered this speech into English as the General spoke it, and never shall I forget the wild scream of the wretch as he heard the sentence.

"I'm an officer in the army of Ireland. I don't belong to ye at all. You've no power over me. Oh, Captain, darlin'; oh, gentlemen, speak for me! General, dear; General, honey, don't sintince me! don't for the love of God!" and

in groveling terror the miserable creature threw himself on his knees to beg for mercy.

"Tear off his epaulettes," cried Serazin "never let a French uniform be so disgraced."

The soldiers wrenched off the epaulettes at the command, and not satisfied with this they even tore away the lace from the cuffs of the uniform, which now hung in ragged fragments over his trembling hands.

"Oh, sir, oh, General! oh, gentlemen, have mercy!"

"Away with him," said Serazin contemptuously; "it is only the cruel can be such cowards. Give the fellow his fusillade with blank cartridge, and the chances are fear will kill outright."

The scene that ensued is too shocking, too full of abasement to record; there was nothing that fear of death, nothing that abject terror could suggest, that this miserable wretch did not at tempt to save his life; he wept—he begged in accents that were unworthy of all manhood—he kissed the very ground at the General's feet in his abject sorrow; and when at last he was dragged from the room his screams were the most terrific and piercing.

Although all my compassion was changed into contempt, I felt that I could never have given the word to fire upon him, had such been my orders; his fears had placed him below all manhood, but they still formed a barrier of defense around him. I accordingly whispered a few words to the sergeant as we passed down the stairs, and then affecting to have forgotten something, I stepped back toward the room, where the General and his staff were sitting. The scuffling sound of feet, mingled with the crash of fire-arms, almost drowned the cries of the still struggling wretch; his voice, however, burst forth into a wild cry, and then there came a pause—a pause that at last became insupportable to my anxiety, and I was about to rush down stairs, when a loud yell, a savage howl of derision and hate burst forth from the street; and on looking out I saw a vast crowd before the door, who were shouting after a man, whose speed soon carried him out of reach. This was Dowall, who thus suffered to escape, was told to fly from the town, and never to return to it.

"Thank heaven," muttered I, "we've seen the last of him."

The rejoicing, was, however, premature.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"THE MISSION TO THE NORTH."

I HAVE never yet been able to discover whether General Humbert really did feel the confidence that he assumed at this period, or that he merely affected it, the better to sustain the spirits of those around him. If our success at Castlebar was undeniable, our loss was also great, and far more than proportionate to all the advantages we had acquired. Six officers and two hundred and forty men were either killed or badly wounded, and as our small force had really acquired no reinforcement worth the name, it was evident

that another such costly victory would be our ruin.

Not one gentleman of rank or influence had yet joined us, few of the priesthood, and, even among the farmers and peasantry, it was easy to see that our recruits comprised those whose accession could never have conferred honor or profit on any cause.

Our situation was any thing but promising. The rumors that reached us, and we had no other or more accurate information than rumors, told that an army of thirty thousand men under the command of Lord Cornwallis, was in march against us; that all the insurrectionary movements of the south were completely repressed; that the spirit of the rebels was crushed, and their confidence broken, either by defeat or internal treachery. In a word that the expedition had already failed, and the sooner we had the means of leaving the land of our disasters the better.

Such were the universal feelings of all my comrades; but Humbert, who often had told us that we were only here to "*éclairer la route*" for another and more formidable mission, now pretended to think that we were progressing most favorably toward a perfect success. Perhaps he firmly believed all this, or perhaps he thought that the pretense would give more dignity to the finale of an exploit, which he already saw was nearly played out! I know not which is the true explanation, and am half disposed to think that he was actuated as much by one impulse as the other.

"The army of the North" was the talisman, which we now heard of for the first time, to repair all our disasters, and insure complete victory. "The Army of the North," whose strength varied from twenty to twenty-five, and sometimes reached even thirty thousand men, and was commanded by a distinguished Irish general, was now the centre to which all our hopes turned. Whether it had already landed, and where, of what it consisted, and how officered, not one of us knew any thing; but by dint of daily repetition and discussion we had come to believe in its existence as certainly as though we had seen it under arms.

The credulous lent their convictions without any trouble to themselves whatever; the more skeptical studied the map, and fancied twenty different places in which they might have disembarked; and thus the "Army of the North" grew to be a substance and reality, as undoubted as the scenes before our eyes.

Never was such a ready solution of all difficulties discovered as this same "Army of the North." Were we to be beaten by Cornwallis it was only a momentary check, for the Army of the North would come up within a few days and turn the whole tide of war. If our Irish allies grew insubordinate or disorderly, a little patience, and the Army of the North would settle all that. Every movement projected was fancied to be in concert with this redoubted corps, and at last every trooper that rode in

from Killala or Ballina was questioned as to whether his dispatches did not come from the Army of the North.

Frenchmen will believe any thing you like for twenty-four hours. They can be flattered into a credulity of two days, and, by dint of great artifice and much persuasion, will occasionally reach a third; but there, faith has its limit; and if nothing palpable, tangible, and real intervene, skepticism ensues; and what with native sarcasm, ridicule, and irony, they will demolish the card edifice of credit far more rapidly than ever they raised it. For two whole days the "Army of the North" occupied every man among us. We toasted it over our wine; we discussed it at our quarters; we debated upon its whereabouts, its strength, and its probable destination; but on the third morning a terrible shock was given to our feelings by a volatile young Lieutenant of Hussars exclaiming—

"*Ma foi!* I wish I could see this same 'Army of the North!'"

Now, although nothing was more reasonable than this wish, nor was there any one of us who had not felt a similar desire, this sudden expression of it struck us all most forcibly, and a shrinking sense of doubt spread over every face, and men looked at each other, as though to say, "Is the fellow capable of supposing that such an army does not exist?" It was a very dreadful moment—a terrible interval of struggle between the broad day-light of belief and the black darkness of incredulity; and we turned glances of actual dislike at the man who had so unwarrantably shaken our settled convictions.

"I only said I should like to see them under arms," stammered he, in the confusion of one who saw himself exposed to public obloquy.

This half apology came too late, the mischief was done! and we shunned each other like men who were afraid to read the accusation of even a shrewd glance. As for myself, I can compare my feelings only to those of the worthy alderman, who broke out into a paroxysm of grief on hearing that "*Robinson Crusoe*" was a fiction. I believe, on that sudden revulsion of feeling, I could have discredited any and every thing. If there was no Army of the North, was I quite sure that there was any expedition at all? Were the generals mere freebooters, the chiefs of a marauding venture? Were the patriots any thing but a disorderly rabble, eager for robbery and bloodshed? Was Irish Independence a mere phantom? Such were among the shocking terrors that came across my mind as I sat in my quarters, far too dispirited and depressed to mix among my comrades.

It had been a day of fatiguing duty, and I was not sorry, as night fell, that I might betake myself to bed, to forget, if it might be, the torturing doubts that troubled me. Suddenly I heard a heavy foot upon the stair, and an orderly entered with a command for me to repair to the head-quarters of the General at once. Never did the call of duty summon me less willing, never found me so totally disin-

clined to obey. I was weary and fatigued; but worse than this, I was out of temper with myself, the service, and the whole world. Had I heard that the Royal forces were approaching, I was exactly in the humor to have dashed into the thick of them, and sold my life as dearly as I could, out of desperation.

Discipline is a powerful antagonist to a man's caprices, for with all my irritability and discontent, I arose, and resuming my uniform, set out for General Humbert's quarters. I followed "the orderly," as he led the way through many a dark street and crooked alley, till we reached the square. There, too, all was in darkness, save at the main guard, where, as usual, the five windows of the first story were a blaze of light, and the sounds of mirth and revelry, the nightly orgies of our officers, were ringing out in the stillness of the quiet hour. The wild chorus of a soldier-song, with its "ran-tan-plan" accompaniment of knuckles on the table, echoed through the square, and smote upon my ear with any thing but a congenial sense of pleasure.

In my heart I thought them a senseless, soulless crew, that could give themselves to dissipation and excess on the very eve, as it were, of our defeat, and with hasty steps I turned away into the side street, where a large lamp, the only light to be seen, proclaimed General Humbert's quarters.

A bustle and stir, very unusual at this late hour, pervaded the passages and the stairs, and it was some time before I could find one of the staff to announce my arrival, which at last was done somewhat unceremoniously, as an officer hurried me through a large chamber crowded with the staff, into an inner room, where, on a small field-bed, lay General Humbert, without coat or boots, a much-worn scarlet cloak thrown half over him, and a black handkerchief tied round his head. I had scarcely seen him since our landing, and I could with difficulty recognize the burly high-complexioned soldier of a few days back in the worn and haggard features of the sick man before me. An attack of ague, which he had originally contracted in Holland, had relapsed upon him, and he was now suffering all the lassitude and sickness of that most depressing of all maladies.

Maps, books, plans, and sketches of various kinds scattered the bed, the table, and even the floor around him; but his attitude as I entered betrayed the exhaustion of one who could labor no longer, and whose worn-out faculties demanded rest. He lay flat on his back, his arms straight down beside him, and, with half closed eyes, seemed as though falling off to sleep.

His first aid-de-camp, Merochamp, was standing with his back to a small turf fire, and made a sign to us to be still, and make no noise as we came in.

"He's sleeping," said he, "it's the first time he has closed his eyes for ten days."

We stood for a moment uncertain, and were about to retrace our steps, when Humbert said, in a low, weak voice,

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"No! I'm not asleep, come in."

The officer who presented me now retired, and I advanced toward the bed-side.

"This is Tiernay, General," said Merochamp, stooping down and speaking low, "you wished to see him."

"Yes, I wanted him. Ha! Tiernay, you see me a good deal altered since we parted last; however, I shall be all right in a day or two; it's a mere attack of ague, and will leave when the good weather comes. I wished to ask you about your family, Tiernay; was not your father Irish?"

"No, sir; we were Irish two or three generations back, but since that we have belonged either to Austria or to France."

"Then where were you born?"

"In Paris, sir, I believe, but certainly in France."

"There, I said so, Merochamp; I knew that the boy was French."

"Still I don't think the precaution worthless," replied Merochamp; "Teeling and the others advise it."

"I know they do," said Humbert, peevishly, "and for themselves it may be needful, but this lad's case will be injured not bettered by it. He is not an Irishman; he never was at any time a British subject. Have you any certificate of birth or baptism, Tiernay?"

"None, sir, but I have my 'livret' for the school of Saumur, which sets forth my being a Frenchman by birth."

"Quite sufficient, boy, let me have it."

It was a document which I always carried about with me since I landed, to enable me any moment, if made prisoner, to prove myself an alien, and thus escape the inculpation of fighting against the flag of my country. Perhaps there was something of reluctance in my manner as I relinquished it, for the General said, "I'll take good care of it, Tiernay, you shall not fare the worse because it is in my keeping. I may as well tell you that some of our Irish officers have received threatening letters. It is needless to say they are without name, stating that if matters go unfortunately with us in this campaign, they will meet the fate of men taken in open treason; and that their condition of officers in our service will avail them nothing. I do not believe this. I can not believe that they will be treated in any respect differently from the rest of us. However, it is only just that I should tell you, that your name figures among those so denounced; for this reason I have sent for you now. You, at least, have nothing to apprehend on this score. You are as much a Frenchman as myself. I know Merochamp thinks differently from me, and that your Irish descent and name will be quite enough to involve you in the fate of others."

A gesture, half of assent but half of impatience, from the aid-de-camp, here arrested the speaker.

"Why not tell him frankly how he stands?"

said Humbert, eagerly. "I see no advantage in any concealment."

Then addressing me, he went on. "I purpose, Tiernay, to give you the same option I gave the others, but which they have declined to accept. It is this: we are daily expecting to hear of the arrival of a force in the north, under the command of Generals Tandy and Rey."

"The Army of the North?" asked I, in some anxiety.

"Precisely; the Army of the North. Now I desire to open a communication with them, and at the same time to do so through the means of such officers as, in the event of any disaster here, may have the escape to France open to them; which this army will have, and which, I need not say, we have no longer. Our Irish friends have declined this mission, as being more likely to compromise them if taken; and also as diminishing and not increasing their chance of escape. In my belief that you were placed similarly, I have sent for you here this evening, and at the same time desire to impress upon you that your acceptance or refusal is purely a matter at your own volition."

"Am I to regard the matter simply as one of duty, sir? or as an opportunity of consulting my personal safety?"

"What shall I say to this Merochamp?" asked Humbert, bluntly.

"That you are running to the full as many risks of being hanged for going as by staying; such is my opinion," said the aid-de-camp. "Here as a rebel, there as a spy."

"I confess, then," said I smiling at the cool brevity of the speech, "the choice is somewhat embarrassing! May I ask what you advise me to do, General?"

"I should say go, Tiernay."

"Go, by all means, lad," broke in the aid-de-camp, who throughout assumed a tone of dictation and familiarity most remarkable. "If a stand is to be made in this miserable country, it will be with Rey's force; here the game will not last much longer. There lies the only man capable of conducting such an expedition, and his health can not stand up against its trials!"

"Not so, Merochamp; I'll be on horseback to-morrow or the day after at furthest; and if I never were to take the field again, there are others, yourself among the number, well able to supply my place: but to Tiernay—what says he?"

"Make it duty, sir, and I shall go, or remain here with an easy conscience," said I.

"Then duty be it, boy," said he; "and Merochamp will tell you every thing, for all this discussion has wearied me much, and I can not endure more talking."

"Sit down here," said the aid-de-camp, pointing to a seat at his side, "and five minutes will suffice."

He opened a large map of Ireland before us on the table, and running his finger along the

coast-line of the western side, stopped abruptly at the bay of Lough Swilly.

"There," said he, "that is the spot. There, too, should have been our own landing! The whole population of the North will be with them—not such allies as these fellows, but men accustomed to the use of arms, able and willing to take the field. They say that five thousand men could hold the passes of those mountains against thirty."

"Who says this?" said I, for I own it, that I had grown marvelously skeptical as to testimony.

"Napper Tandy, who is a general of division, and one of the leaders of this force;" and he went on: "The utmost we can do will be to hold these towns to the westward till they join us. We may stretch away thus far," and he moved his finger toward the direction of Leitrim, but no further. "You will have to communicate with them; to explain what we have done, where we are, and how we are. Conceal nothing—let them hear fairly, that this patriot force is worth nothing, and that even to garrison the towns we take they are useless. Tell them, too, the sad mistake we made by attempting to organize what never can be disciplined, and let them not arm a population, as we have done, to commit rapine and plunder."

Two letters were already written—one addressed to Rey, the other to Napper Tandy. These I was ordered to destroy if I should happen to become a prisoner; and with the map of Ireland, pen-marked in various directions, by which I might trace my route, and a few lines to Colonel Charost, whom I was to see on passing at Killala, I was dismissed. When I approached the bed-side to take leave of the General, he was sound asleep. The excitement of talking having passed away, he was pale as death, and his lips totally colorless. Poor fellow, he was exhausted-looking and weary, and I could not help thinking, as I looked on him, that he was no bad emblem of the cause he had embarked in!

I was to take my troop-horse as far as Killala, after which I was to proceed either on foot, or by such modes of conveyance as I could find, keeping as nigh the coast as possible, and acquainting myself, so far as I might do, with the temper and disposition of the people as I went. It was a great aid to my sinking courage to know that there really was an "Army of the North," and to feel myself accredited to hold intercourse with the generals commanding it.

Such was my exultation at this happy discovery, that I was dying to burst in among my comrades with the tidings, and proclaim at the same time my own high mission. Merochamp had strictly enjoined my speedy departure without the slightest intimation to any whither I was going, or with what object.

A very small cloak-bag held all my effects, and with this slung at my saddle, I rode out of the town just as the church clock was striking

twelve. It was a calm, starlight night, and once a short distance from the town, as noiseless and still as possible; a gossoon, one of the numerous scouts we employed in conveying letters or bringing intelligence, trotted along on foot beside me to show the way, for there was a rumor that some of the Royalist cavalry still loitered about the passes to capture our dispatch-bearers, or make prisoners of any stragglers from the army.

These "gossoons," picked up by chance, and selected for no other qualification than because they were keen-eyed and swift of foot, were the most faithful and most worthy creatures we met with. In no instance were they ever known to desert to the enemy, and stranger still, they were never seen to mix in the debauchery and excesses so common to all the volunteers of the rebel camp. Their intelligence was considerable, and to such a pitch had emulation stimulated them in the service, that there was no danger they would not incur in their peculiar duties.

My companion on the present occasion was a little fellow of about thirteen years of age, and small and slight even for that; we knew him as "Peter," but whether he had any other name, or what, I was ignorant. He was wounded by a sabre cut across the hand, which nearly severed the fingers from it, at the bridge of Castlebar, but with a strip of linen bound round it now, he trotted along as happy and careless as if nothing ailed him.

I questioned him as we went, and learned that his father had been a herd in the service of a certain Sir Roger Palmer, and his mother a dairy-maid in the same house; but as the patriots had sacked and burned the "Castle," of course they were now upon the world. He was a good deal shocked at my asking what part his father took on the occasion of the attack, but for a very different reason than that which I suspected.

"For the cause, of course!" replied he, almost indignantly, "why wouldn't he stand up for ould Ireland!"

"And your mother—what did she do?"

He hung down his head, and made no answer till I repeated the question.

"Faix," said he, slowly and sadly, "she went and towld the young ladies what was goin' to be done, and if it hadn't been that the 'boys' caught Tim Hynes, the groom, going off to Foxford with a letter, we'd have had the dragoons down upon us in no time! They hanged Tim, but they let the young ladies away, and my mother with them, and off they all went to Dublin."

"And where's your father now?" I asked.

"He was drowned in the bay of Killala four days ago. He went with a party of others to take oatmeal from a sloop that was wrecked in the bay, and an English cruiser came in at the time and fired on them; at the second discharge the wreck and all upon it went down!"

He told all these things without any touch

of sorrow in voice or manner. They seemed to be the ordinary chances of war, and so he took them. He had three brothers and a sister; of the former, two were missing, the third was a scout; and the girl—she was but nine years old—was waiting on a canteen, and mighty handy, he said, for she knew a little French already, and understood the soldiers when they asked for a "goutte," or wanted "du feu" for their pipes.

Such, then, was the credit side of the account with Fortune, and, strange enough, the boy seemed satisfied with it; and although a few days had made him an orphan and houseless, he appeared to feel that the great things in store for his country were an ample recompense for all. Was this, then, patriotism? Was it possible that one, untaught and unlettered as he was, could think national freedom cheap at such a cost? If I thought so for a moment, a very little further inquiry undeceived me. Religious rancor, party feuds, the hate of the Saxon—a blind, ill-directed, unthinking hate—were the motives which actuated him. A terrible retribution for something upon somebody, an awful wiping out of old scores, a reversal of the lot of rich and poor, were the main incentives to his actions, and he was satisfied to stand by at the drawing of this great lottery, even without holding a ticket in it!

It was almost the first moment of calm reflective thought I had enjoyed, as I rode along thus in the quiet stillness of the night, and I own that my heart began to misgive me as to the great benefits of our expedition. I will not conceal the fact, that I had been disappointed in every expectation I had formed of Ireland.

The bleak and barren hills of Mayo, the dreary tracts of mountain and morass, were about as unworthy representatives of the boasted beauty and fertility, as were the half-clad wretches who flocked around us of that warlike people of whom we had heard so much. Where were the chivalrous chieftains with their clans behind them? Where the thousands gathering around a national standard? Where that high-souled patriotism, content to risk fortune, station—all, in the conflict for national independence? A rabble led on by a few reckless debauchees, and two or three disreputable or degraded priests, were our only allies; and even these refused to be guided by our counsels, or swayed by our authority. I half-suspected Serazin was right when he said, "Let the Directory send thirty thousand men, and make it a French province; but let us not fight an enemy to give the victory to the 'sans culottes.'"

As we neared the pass of Burnageeragh, I turned one last look on the town of Castlebar, around which, at little intervals of space, the watch-fires of our pickets were blazing; all the rest of the place was in darkness.

It was a strange and a thrilling thought to think that there, hundreds of miles from their home, without one link that could connect them to it, lay a little army in the midst of an ene-

my's country, calm, self-possessed, and determined. How many, thought I, are destined to leave it? How many will bring back to our dear France the memory of this unhappy struggle?

CHAPTER XXV

A PASSING VISIT TO KILLALA.

I FOUND a very pleasant party assembled around the Bishop's breakfast-table at Killala. The Bishop and his family were all there, with Charost and his staff, and some three or four other officers from Ballina. Nothing could be less constrained, more easy, or more agreeable, than the tone of intimacy which in a few days had grown up between them. A cordial good feeling seemed to prevail on every subject, and even the reserve, which might be thought natural on the momentous events then happening, was exchanged for a most candid and frank discussion of all that was going forward, which I must own astonished as much as it gratified me.

The march on Castlebar, the choice of the mountain-road, which led past the position occupied by the Royalists, the attack and capture of the artillery, had all to be related by me for the edification of such as were not conversant with French; and I could observe that however discomfited by the conduct of the militia, they fully relied on the regiments of the line and the artillery. It was amusing, too, to see with what pleasure they listened to all our disparagement of the Irish volunteers.

Every instance we gave of insubordination or disobedience delighted them, while our own blundering attempts to manage the people, the absurd mistakes we fell into, and the endless misconceptions of their character and habits, actually convulsed them with laughter.

"Of course," said the Bishop to us, "you are prepared to hear that there is no love lost between you, and that they are to the full as dissatisfied with *you* as you are dissatisfied with *them*."

"Why, what can they complain of?" asked Charost, smiling; "we gave them the place of honor in the very last engagement!"

"Very true, you did so, and they reaped all the profit of the situation. Monsieur Tiernay has just told the havoc that grape and round-shot scattered among the poor creatures. However, it is not of this they complain—it is their miserable fare, the raw potatoes, their beds in open fields and highways, while the French, they say, eat of the best and sleep in blankets; they do not understand this inequality, and perhaps it is somewhat hard to comprehend."

"Patriotism ought to be proud of such little sacrifices," said Charost, with an easy laugh; "besides, it is only a passing endurance, a month hence, less, perhaps, will see us dividing the spoils, and reveling in the conquest of Irish independence."

"You think so, Colonel?" asked the Bishop, half slyly.

"Parbleu! to be sure I do, and you?"

"I'm just as sanguine," said the Bishop, "and fancy that about a month hence we shall be talking of all these things as matters of history; and while sorrowing over some of the unavoidable calamities of the event, preserving a grateful memory of some who came as enemies, but left us warm friends."

"If such is to be the turn of fortune," said Charost, with more seriousness than before, "I can only say that the kindly feelings will not be one-sided."

And now the conversation became an animated discussion on the chances of success or failure. Each party supported his opinion ably and eagerly, and with a degree of freedom that was not a little singular to the by-standers. At last, when Charost was fairly answered by the Bishop on every point, he asked:

"But what say you to the Army of the North?"

"Simply, that I do not believe in such a force," rejoined the Bishop.

"Not believe it—not believe on what General Humbert relies at this moment, and to which that officer yonder is an accredited messenger! When I tell you that a most distinguished Irishman, Napper Tandy—"

"Napper Tandy!" repeated the Bishop, with a good-humored smile; "the name is quite enough to relieve one of any fears, if they ever felt them. I am not sufficiently acquainted with your language to give him the epithet he deserves; but if you can conceive an empty, conceited man, as ignorant of war as of politics, rushing into a revolution for the sake of a green uniform, and ready to convulse a kingdom that he may be called a major-general; only enthusiastic in his personal vanity, and wanting even in that heroic daring which occasionally dignifies weak capacities—such is Napper Tandy."

"What in soldier-phrase we call a 'Blaque,'" said Charost, laughing. "I'm sorry for it."

What turn the conversation was about to take I can not guess, when it was suddenly interrupted by one of the Bishop's servants rushing into the room, with a face bloodless from terror. He made his way up to where the Bishop sat, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"And how is the wind blowing, Andrew?" asked the Bishop, in a voice that all his self-command could not completely steady.

"From the north, or the northwest, and mighty strong, too, my Lord," said the man, who trembled in every limb.

The affrighted aspect of the messenger, the excited expression of the Bishop's face, and the question as to the "wind," at once suggested to me the idea that a French fleet had arrived in the bay, and that the awful tidings were neither more nor less than the announcement of our reinforcement.

"From the northwest," repeated the Bishop; "then, with God's blessing, we may be spared." And so saying, he arose from the table, and with an effort that showed that the strength to do so had only just returned to him. "Colonel

Charost, a word with you!" said he, leading the way into an adjoining room.

"What is it?—what has happened?—what can it be?" was asked by each in turn. And now groups gathered at the windows, which all looked into the court of the building, which was now crowded with people, soldiers, servants, and country-folk, gazing earnestly toward the roof of the castle.

"What's the matter, Terry?" asked one of the Bishop's sons, as he threw open the window.

"'Tis the chimbley on fire, Master Robert," said the man; "the kitchen chimbley, wid those divils of Frinch!"

I can not describe the burst of laughter that followed the explanation!

So much terror for so small a catastrophe was inconceivable; and whether we thought of Andrew's horrified face, or the worthy Bishop's pious thanksgiving as to the direction of the wind, we could scarcely refrain from another outbreak of mirth. Colonel Charost made his appearance at the instant, and although his step was hurried, and his look severe, there was nothing of agitation or alarm on his features.

"Turn out the guard, Truchet, without arms," said he. "Come with me, Tiernay—an awkward business enough," whispered he, as he led me along. "These fellows have set fire to the kitchen chimney, and we have three hundred barrels of gunpowder in the cave!" Nothing could be more easy and unaffected than the way he spoke this; and I actually stared at him, to see if his coldness was a mere pretense; but far from it—every gesture and every word showed the most perfect self-possession, with a prompt readiness for action.

When we reached the court, the bustle and confusion had reached its highest; for, as the wind lulled, large masses of inky smoke hung, like a canopy, over head, through which a forked flame darted at intervals, with that peculiar furnace-like roar that accompanies a jet of fire in confined places. At times, too, as the soot ignited, great showers of bright sparks floated upward, and afterward fell, like a fiery rain, on every side. The country people, who had flocked in from the neighborhood, were entirely occupied with these signs, and only intent upon saving the remainder of the house, which they believed in great peril, totally unaware of the greater and more imminent danger close beside them.

Already they had placed ladders against the walls, and, with ropes and buckets, were preparing to ascend, when Truchet marched in with his company, in fatigue-jackets, twenty sappers with shovels accompanying them.

"Clear the court-yard, now," said Charost, "and leave this matter to us."

The order was obeyed somewhat reluctantly, it is true, and at last we stood the sole occupants of the spot, the Bishop being the only civilian present, he having refused to quit the spot, unless compelled by force.

The powder was stored in a long shed ad-

joining the stables, and originally used as a shelter for farming tools and utensils. A few tarpaulins we had carried with us from the ships were spread over the barrels, and on this now some sparks of fire had fallen, as the burning soot had been carried in by an eddy of wind.

The first order was, to deluge the tarpaulins with water; and while this was being done, the sappers were ordered to dig trenches in the garden, to receive the barrels. Every man knew the terrible peril so near him; each felt that at any instant a frightful death might overtake him, and yet every detail of the duty was carried on with the coldest unconcern; and when at last the time came to carry away the barrels, on a species of handbarrow, the fellows stepped in time, as if on the march, and moved in measure, a degree of indifference, which, to judge from the good Bishop's countenance, evidently inspired as many anxieties for their spiritual welfare, as it suggested astonishment and admiration for their courage. He himself, it must be owned, displayed no sign of trepidation; and in the few words he spoke, or the hints he dropped, exhibited every quality of a brave man.

At moments the peril seemed very imminent indeed. Some timber having caught fire, slender fragments of burning wood fell in masses, covering the men as they went, and falling on the barrels, whence the soldiers brushed them off with cool indifference. The dense, thick smoke, too, obscuring every object a few paces distant, added to the confusion, and occasionally bringing the going and returning parties into collision, a loud shout, or cry, would ensue; and it is difficult to conceive how such a sound thrilled through the heart at such a time. I own that more than once I felt a choking fullness in the throat, as I heard a sudden yell, it seemed so like a signal for destruction. In removing one of the last barrels from the hand-barrow, it slipped, and falling to the ground, the hoops gave way, it burst open, and the powder fell out on every side. The moment was critical, for the wind was baffling, now wafting the sparks clear away, now whirling them in eddies around us. It was then that an old sergeant of Grenadiers threw off his upper coat and spread it over the broken cask, while, with all the composure of a man about to rest himself, he lay down on it, while his comrades went to fetch water. Of course his peril was no greater than that of every one around him; but there was an air of quick determination in his act which showed the training of an old soldier. At length the labor was ended, the last barrel was committed to the earth, and the men, formed into line, were ordered to wheel and march. Never shall I forget the Bishop's face as they moved past. The undersized and youthful look of our soldiers had acquired for them a kind of depreciating estimate in comparison with the more mature and manly stature of the British soldier, to whom, indeed, they offered a strong contrast on parade; but now, as they were seen

in a moment of arduous duty, surrounded by danger, the steadiness and courage, the prompt obedience to every command, the alacrity of their movements, and the fearless intrepidity with which they performed every act, impressed the worthy Bishop so forcibly, that he muttered half aloud, "Thank heaven there are but few of them!"

Colonel Charost resisted steadily the Bishop's proffer to afford the men some refreshment; he would not even admit of an extra allowance of brandy to their messes. "If we become too liberal for slight services, we shall never be able to reward real ones," was his answer; and the Bishop was reduced to the expedient of commemorating what he could not reward. This, indeed, he did with the most unqualified praise, relating in the drawing-room all that he had witnessed, and lauding French valor and heroism to the very highest.

The better to conceal my route, and to avoid the chances of being tracked, I sailed that evening in a fishing-boat for Killybegs, a small harbor on the coast of Donegal, having previously exchanged my uniform for the dress of a sailor, so that if apprehended I should pretend to be an Ostend or Antwerp seaman, washed overboard in a gale at sea. Fortunately for me I was not called on to perform this part, for as my nautical experiences were of the very slightest, I should have made a deplorable attempt at the impersonation. Assuredly the fishermen of the smack would not have been among the number of the "imposed upon," for a more sea-sick wretch never masqueraded in a blue jacket than I was.

My only clew, when I touched land, was a certain Father Doogan, who lived at the foot of the Bluerock Mountains, about fifteen miles from the coast, and to whom I brought a few lines from one of the Irish officers, a certain Bourke of Ballina. The road led in this direction, and so little intercourse had the shore folk with the interior, that it was with difficulty any one could be found to act as a guide thither. At last an old fellow was discovered, who used to travel these mountains formerly with smuggled tobacco and tea; and although, from the discontinuance of the smuggling trade, and increased age, he had for some years abandoned the line of business, a liberal offer of payment induced him to accompany me as guide.

It was not without great misgivings that I looked at the very old and almost decrepit creature, who was to be my companion through a solitary mountain region.

The few stairs he had to mount in the little inn where I put up seemed a sore trial to his strength and chest; but he assured me that once out of the smoke of the town, and with his foot on the "short grass of the sheep-patch," he'd be like a four-year-old; and his neighbor having corroborated the assertion, I was fain to believe him.

Determined, however, to make his excursion subservient to profit in his old vocation, he provided himself with some pounds of tobacco and a little parcel of silk handkerchiefs, to dispose

of among the country people, with which, and a little bag of meal slung at his back, and a walking-stick in his hand, he presented himself at my door just as day was breaking.

"We'll have a wet day, I fear, Jerry," said I, looking out.

"Not a bit of it," replied he. "'Tis the spring tides makes it cloudy there beyant; but when the sun gets up it will be a fine mornin'; but I'm thinkin' ye'r strange in them parts;" and this he said with a keen sharp glance under his eyes.

"Donegal is new to me, I confess," said I guardedly.

"Yes, and the rest of Ireland, too," said he, with a roguish leer. "But come along, we've a good step before us;" and with these words he led the way down the stairs, holding the balustrade as he went, and exhibiting every sign of age and weakness. Once in the street however he stepped out more freely, and before we got clear of the town, walked at a fair pace, and, to all seeming, with perfect ease.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF A GOBLIN.

THERE is a by-street, called the Pallant, in an old cathedral city—a narrow carriage-way, which leads to half a dozen antique mansions. A great number of years ago, when I began to shave, the presence of a very fascinating girl induced me to makè frequent calls upon an old friend of our family who lived in one of the oldest of these houses, a plain, large building of red brick. The father, and the grandfather, and a series of great-great-great and other grandfathers of the then occupant, Sir Francis Holyoke, had lived and died beneath its roof. So much I knew; and I had inkling of a legend in connection with the place, a very horrible affair. How and when I heard the story fully told, I have good reason to remember.

We were in the great dark wainscoted parlor one December evening; papa was out. I sat with Margaret by the fire-side, and saw in the embers visions of what might come to pass, but never did. Ellen was playing at her harpsichord in a dark corner of the room, singing a quaint and cheerful duet out of Grétry's *Cœur de Lion* with my old school-fellow, Paul Owen, a sentimental youth, who became afterward a martyr to the gout, and broke his neck at a great steeple-chase. "The God of Love a bandeau wears," those two were singing. Truly, they had their own eyes filleted. The fire-light glow, when it occasionally flickered on the cheek over which Paul was bending, could not raise the semblance of young health upon its shining whiteness. That beautiful white hand was fallen into dust before Paul Owen had half earned the wedding-ring that should encircle it.

"Thanks to you, sister—thanks, too, to Grétry for a pleasant ditty. Now, don't let us have candles. Shall we have ghost stories?"

"What! in a haunted house?"

"The very thing," cried Paul; "let us have

all the story of the Ghost of Holyoke. I never heard it properly."

Ellen was busy at her harpsichord again, with fragments from a *Stabat Mater*. Not Rossini's luscious lamentation, but the deep pathos of that Italian, who in days past "*mœrebat et dolebat*," who moved the people with his master-piece, and was stabbed to death by a rival at the cathedral door

"Why, Ellen, you look as if you feared the ghosts."

"No, no," she said; "we know it is an idle tale. Go to the fire, Paul, and I will keep you solemn with the harpsichord, in order that you may not laugh while Margaret is telling it."

"Well, then," began Margaret, "of course this story is all nonsense."

"Of course it is," said I.

"Of course it is," said Paul.

Ellen continued playing.

"I mean," said Margaret, "that really and truly no part of it can possibly be any thing but fiction. Papa, you know, is a great genealogist, and he says that our ancestor, Godfrey of Holyoke, died in the Holy Land, and had two sons, but never had a daughter. Some old nurse made the tale that he died here, in the house, and had a daughter Ellen. This daughter Ellen, says the tale, was sought in marriage by a young knight who won her good-will, but could not get her father's. That Ellen—very much unlike our gentle, timid sister in the corner there—was proud and willful. She and her father quarreled. His health failed, because, the story hints mysteriously, she put a slow and subtle poison into his after-supper cup night after night. One evening they quarreled violently, and the next morning Sir Godfrey was gone. His daughter said that he had left the house in anger with her. The tale, determined to be horrible, says that she poisoned him outright, and with her own hands buried him in an old cellar under this room. That cellar-door is fastened with a padlock, to which there is no key remaining. Not being wanted, it has not been opened probably for scores of years."

"Well!"

"Well—in a year or two the daughter married, and in time had children scampering about this house. But her health failed. The children fell ill, and, excepting one or two, all died. One night—"

"Yes."

"One night she lay awake through care; and in the middle of the night a figure like her father came into the room, holding a cup like that from which he used to drink after his supper. It moved inaudibly to where she lay, placed the cup to her lips; a chill came over her. The figure passed away, but in a few minutes she heard the shutting of the cellar-door. After that she was often kept awake by dread, and often saw that she was visited. She heard the cellar-door creak on its hinge, and knew it was her father coming. Once she watched all night by the sick-bed of her eldest child; the goblin

came, and put the cup to her child's lips; she knew then that her children who were dead, and she herself who was dying, and that child of hers, had tasted of her father's poison. She died young. And ever since that time, the legend says, Sir Godfrey walks at night, and puts his fatal goblet to the lips of his descendants, of the children and children's children of his cruel child. It is quite true that sickness and death occur more frequently among those who inhabit this house than is to be easily accounted for. So story-tellers have accounted for it, as you see. But it is certain that Sir Godfrey fell in Palestine, and had no daughter."

Ellen continued playing with her face bowed down over the harpsichord. Margaret, a healthy cheerful girl, had lived generally with an old aunt in the south of England. But the two girls wore mourning. In the flower of her years their mother had departed from them, after long lingering in broken health. The bandeau seemed to have been unrolled from poor Paul's eyes, for, after a long pause, which had been filled by Ellen's music, he said:

"Ellen, did you ever see Sir Godfrey?"

She left her harpsichord and came to him, and leaning down over his shoulder, kissed him.

Was she thinking of the sorrow that would come upon him soon?

The sudden closing of a heavy door startled us all. But a loud jovial voice restored our spirits. Sir Francis had come in from his afternoon walk and gossip, and was clamoring for tea.

"Why, boys and girls, all in the dark! What mischief are you after?"

"Laughing at the Holyoke Ghost, papa," said Margaret.

"Laughing, indeed; you look as if you had been drinking with him. Silly tale! silly tale! Look at me, I'm hale and hearty. Why don't Sir Godfrey tackle me? I'd like a draught out of his flagon."

A door below us creaked upon its hinges. Ellen shrank back visibly alarmed.

"You silly butterfly," Sir Francis cried, "it's Thomas coming up out of the kitchen with the candles you left me to order. Tea, girls, tea!"

Sir Francis, a stout, warm-faced, and warm-hearted gentleman, kept us amused through the remainder of that evening. My business the next day called me to London, from whence I sailed in a few days for Valparaiso. While abroad, I heard of Ellen's death. On my return to England, I went immediately to the old cathedral city, where I had many friends. There I was shocked to hear that Sir Francis himself had died of apoplexy, and that Margaret, the sole heir and survivor, had gone back, with her health injured, to live with her aunt in the south of England. The dear old house, ghost and all, had been *To Let*, and had been taken by a school-mistress. It was now "*Holyoke House Seminary for Young Ladies*."

The school had succeeded through the talent of its mistress; but although she was not a lady

of the stocks and backboard school, the sickness among her pupils had been very noticeable. Scarlet fever, too, had got among them, of which three had died. The school had become in consequence almost deserted, and the lady who had occupied the house was on the point of quitting. Surely, I thought, if this be Sir Godfrey's work, he is as relentless an old goblin as can be imagined.

For private reasons of my own, I traveled south. Margaret bloomed again; as for her aunt, she was a peony in fullest flower. She had a breezy house by the sea-side, abominated dirt and spiders, and, before we had been five minutes together, abused me for having lavender-water upon my handkerchief. She hated smells, it seemed; she carried her antipathy so far as to throw a bouquet out of the window which I had been putting together with great patience and pains for Margaret.

We talked of the old house at —

"I tell you what it is, Peggy," she said, "if ever you marry, ghost or no ghost, you're the heir of the Holyokes, and in the old house you shall live. As soon as Miss Williams has quitted, I'll put on my bonnet and run across with you into the north."

And so she did. We stalked together into the desolate old house. It echoed our tread dimly.

"Peggy," said aunt Anne with her eyes quite fixed, "Peggy, I smell a smell. Let's go down stairs." We went into the kitchen.

"Peggy," the old lady said, "it's very bad. I think it's Sir Godfrey."

"O aunt!" said Margaret, laughing; "he died in Palestine, and is dust long ago."

"I'm sure it's Sir Godfrey," said aunt Anne. "You fellow," to me, "just take the bar belonging to that window-shutter, and come along with me. Peggy, show us Sir Godfrey's cellar."

Margaret changed color. "What," said the old lady, "flinch at a ghost you don't believe in! I'm not afraid, see; yet I'm sure Sir Godfrey's in the cellar. Come along."

We came and stood before the mysterious door with its enormous padlock. "I smell the ghost distinctly," said aunt Anne.

Margaret did not know ghosts had a smell.

"Break the door open, you chap." I battered with the bar, the oaken planks were rotten and soon fell apart—some fell into the cellar with a plash. There was a foul smell. A dark cellar had a very little daylight let into it—we could just see the floor covered with filth, in which some of the planks had sunk and disappeared.

"There," said the old lady, "there's the stuff your ghost had in his cup. There's your Sir Godfrey who poisons sleepers, and cuts off your children and your girls. Bah! We'll set to work, Peggy; it's clear your ancestors knew or cared nothing about drainage. We'll have the house drained properly, and that will be the death of the goblin."

So it was, as our six children can testify.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following sketch of his life was given to me by the subject of it, while living as M. Hippolyte in a retired quarter of Paris, and procuring a subsistence by following the profession of a baker:

"My name is Palamede de Tour la Roche. I was the third son of the Duc de Tour la Roche, who, with his wife, eldest son, and daughter, perished in the Revolution in '93. The earliest thing I remember was living in the Hôtel Tour la Roche in great luxury and splendor—the curled darling of my beautiful mother, and the spoiled pet and plaything of all the house and all the company who came to it. My youth took no heed of passing events; but one evening our hôtel was attacked, and from that day to this I saw no more of my father and brothers—but my mother and sister continued to live as before, only they were now continually weeping, clasping me to their bosoms in passionate fondness, and never going out of the great gates. Every thing was changed: we had no longer any servants except an old woman, her daughter, and a lame son, with whom I played in the garden, undisturbed by the cries which reached us there, because I attached no ideas that I can remember to them, and I was told not to be frightened, for it was only wicked, drunken people shouting. When I inquired after my papa, and Henri, and Philippe—they were called unexpectedly to England, and would be back again one of these days, was the answer, which contented me. Although full eleven years old, my mind had been kept so much under, and I had lived so entirely in the perfumed atmosphere of the drawing-room—where, being little of my age, people forgot it, and made a plaything of me—that many a boy of seven or eight knew more of the world than I did.

"One night, after being some time in bed, I was awakened by a terrible noise in the house, and loud voices, and lights glancing in the court. I felt greatly frightened, but did not dare to move; in a little time it ceased entirely, and, childlike, I again sunk to slumber. I lay awake long next morning. I remember singing to myself, and wondering why old Marotte did not, as usual, come to dress me; so at last I got up and went into my mother's room. Every thing there was in disorder, and neither mother, sister, nor servant to be seen. I cried bitterly, and ran from room to room, searching in every corner in vain. All was silent. My passionate cries of 'Maman! Maman! Louise! Louise!' remained unanswered; and the doors were fastened or locked, all but the one which led out of a small chamber into the garden, that had probably been overlooked. At last they opened, and such a rabble came pouring in, that I was frightened to death, and could scarcely make use of my trembling limbs to convey me to the garden, where I crept into a very thick bush, and remained happily unseen. There I sat, I suppose,

for hours: I heard sounds of revelry, of quarrelling, and breaking, and gun-firing; saw furniture thrown out of the windows—furniture I knew so well! and people with bloody hands and faces standing at them. I think I must have fainted. When I recovered my senses, however, it was getting quite dusk; so, when the coast was pretty clear, I stole out into the street, and wandering away toward the Champs Elysées, lay down under a tree, and slept—forgetting grief, terror, hunger, and cold, in the dreamless sleep of innocent childhood—the last I was ever to know—for the scenes that I witnessed the day following ‘my early bloom of heart destroyed.’ When I stood up, and saw where I was, and the events of the preceding evening crowded to my confused mind, a sort of madness, I suppose, seized me; I thought I was in my little gilded bed in my own alcove at home, and was dreaming a frightful dream, not uncommon to children who have been indulging in pastry or rich dishes. I therefore quietly turned my steps toward the hôtel, expecting there to find things as usual. I can scarcely tell what images passed through my brain, but the full horror of my helpless situation did not break upon me until I found myself before the well-known *porte cochère*, which was shut. Then I knew it was no dream, and that all was real; and from that hour to this I have never entered my father’s house—never even seen him, my brothers, my sister: my mother I saw once more—on the scaffold!”

Here the poor old man, whose voice had faltered two or three times, stopped and sobbed audibly.

“Pray,” said I, “do not go on, my dear Monsieur de Tour la Roche.”

“Do not call me by that dear name: I can not bear it. No; I called myself Hippolyte after one of our footmen: I could not bear to hear the name my darling mother addressed me by profaned by the lips that surrounded me afterward. But to proceed—”

“Oh no; pray spare yourself.”

“On the contrary, it is a relief to my long-pent-up grief: I had for some time lived in the streets, subsisting upon chance; and I was standing on a heap of rubbish, just where the corner-house on the left-hand side of the Rue Royale now stands, looking at the guillotine doing its dreadful work. A man, a woman mounted, and their heads fell; two other women, coarsely attired, stood waiting; one turned—Oh God! it was my mother!—my gentle, timid, kind, darling mother! Timid and gentle no longer, she looked calm and cold, moved resolutely, looking for one moment up to Heaven, and said words I would now give my life-blood to hear. My blood curdled, my heart stopped, as I heard the rattle and clap of the descending guillotine. ‘Maman! maman!’ I shrieked. It was over! ‘Encore une autre!’ shouted a fierce man beside me. ‘Maman! maman!’ ‘Wring the neck of that little aristocrat!’ cried the mob. The man advanced, as I hoped, to

kill me at once, but he only grasped me fast, saying, ‘No, I shall take him home, pour le tuer à mon aise.’ Death I wished for; but torture!—I fainted; and when I came to myself I was in an unfrequented street, still tightly held by the man. ‘Don’t be afraid, my child—I shan’t hurt you; but never, as you value your life, whisper your name; if you do—here he swore a terrific oath—I *will* kill you *cruelly*. Now come with me. You shall sleep with mon petit Pierre: call yourself Achille, Hercule, Hippolyte—what you please, if not your own name.’ Hippolyte, then, and Hippolyte I have been ever since—Jean Hippolyte, when I signed my name. The house he carried me to was wretched, dark, and dirty; the food given coarse, but plentiful; and here I groveled, moody, and nearly mad, for more than a year, wandering through the streets idle and in rags, seldom speaking, unless forced, lest I should inadvertently betray myself. At last this man, whose name was Jean Leroux, told me he had obtained employment for both Pierre and me in a boulangerie. We were clothed somewhat more decently, and sent about with bread to different parts of the neighborhood, and employed in various little ways at first, sweeping out the shop, ovens, &c.; but by degrees we made progress. As I could both read and write, which Pierre could not do, and he was also naturally a slow, indolent boy, I was preferred before him; but he was not ill-natured, and bore me no malice. I grew up healthy enough, and tall; got forward at my trade, and soon made money. I served also seven years under the Emperor, and brought away, besides my laurels, two trifling wounds. Upon my return, still keeping my secret, which, however, there was now no longer danger in discovering, I commenced a search for my elder brother Philippe, of whose death I have never heard; but without success; although I ascertained that my father and Henri had been guillotined, and that my poor sister had been massacred in the streets. I recommenced my former business, and worked early and late to make enough to enable me to live in peace and seclusion, waiting anxiously, but I hope patiently, until He who in his wisdom has thought fit to afflict me, shall take me to those realms where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. I built this house back from those which line the street: passages and kitchens look into the courts; but I never go near those parts except at an early hour to mass. I live in my garden, and with my books. Monsieur Butterini—who never assumed the title his wife is so proud of, although he had an undoubted right to bear it, poor man—married the daughter of the person at whose house he lodged before taking up his abode in mine, as a matter of economy, for she saved him a seamstress, a nurse, and a servant. She is vain, weak, and vulgar, as you see, but has ever been correct in her conduct, attentive to him while he lived, as she now is to me, in return for my allowing her to retain two of the rooms she before occupied,

money enough to dress upon in the mean time, and a small annuity when I die. The people whom I occasionally entertain, and to whom I shall leave the little wealth I possess, are the families of Jean Leroux's children, and those of my first master; but I feel still, as I have ever felt, that I am of noble birth. When my will is read, all will then know that a De Tour la Roche has baked their bread, but not until then. It has been a great relief to my mind to tell all this to you, madame; and if Philippe or his descendants *should* be in England, promise that you will seek them out, and speak to them of me, and perhaps even yet some of my own blood will pray over my grave!"

I was deeply impressed by this melancholy history; and afterward spent many an hour with the old man in his garden, where he always welcomed me with a smile, and talked unreservedly, sometimes even cheerfully. He lived several years afterward, but last winter died of bronchitis. Many know parts of this story now, and I see no reason why I should not relate the sad tale as he himself told it to me. Some worldly-wise people may ask why he did not take his own proper title, and move in his proper sphere, when he could do so; but I can very easily comprehend his feelings. His heart was almost broken; he took no pleasure in this world, nor in the things of this world, except those by which he could "look up through nature unto nature's God." What were the vanities of life to him? Obtaining his estate and title—the first of which would have been difficult, if not impossible—would only have hindered his desire of leading the life of calm, unpretending seclusion which pleased him best; and, besides this, he was impressed with the idea that Philippe, who was the rightful Duc de Tour la Roche, or his children, were in existence somewhere. He was in no want of money, having made by his own exertions more than enough for his moderate requirements: no, nor of the world's respect. All respected him for his integrity and charity; and his air and manner in themselves were sufficient to impress those who came in contact with him, even while they knew he was but a retired tradesman. I can understand it all perfectly. Some of those who chance to read this paper may possibly have seen his tomb at Père la Chaise: but they will not find the name of Tour la Roche, for that of course is fictitious.

THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

TEN or twelve years ago, there was, in the prison at Brest, a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard, either, what his former condition of life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognized only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed, their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there; and his character

fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he had often hazarded his life in desperate attempts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he succeeded in gaining the fields, and supported, for several days, the extremity of cold and hunger. He was found, at length, half frozen and insensible under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficulty, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far, than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless life-long task-work.

One day this man's fierce humor seemed softened. After the hours of labor, he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court; and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blasphemy; and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them approaching him stealthily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray, don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me, chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!"—And while he spoke, for the first time, probably, since his childhood, tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears, without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning, on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious, troubled glance toward the pile of wood, and gave a low, peculiar call, to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favorite; and the reply was a furious blow, which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender a severe chastisement from the task-master.

Arrived at the place of labor, he worked with a sort of feverish ardor, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who, with marvelous instinct, had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within his nest, and then, addressing the head jailer, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said:

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in every thing, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiescence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labor.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised among animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His Herculean strength, and his moral energy, were both employed to assist the governors in maintaining peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold, in order to procure dainties which Fine Ear liked—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from its nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat, combed his long mustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify the utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter, confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported, or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to

incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in hospital, ere he recovered the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds before his master, flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange, the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gayety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the cicatrice still disfigured his shin. He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried, "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day, a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and the soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor: "remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-pris-

owner with whom the rat was already familiar, he said, in a broken voice:

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar, he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him, or rather flung him, out safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood. One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? the rat appeared restless and unhappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat, and sleek, and strong; indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears and run from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement, that the world must go on, die who will?"

[From Colburn's United Service Magazine.]

GENERAL ROSAS, AND THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.

IN the provinces of the Argentine confederation, as well as throughout the whole of South America, the population is divided into two distinct families; the city and the country. The inhabitants of the cities—issues of the Spanish colonization—are, as it were, intimately blended with the foreign element, which they seem to represent; the inhabitants of the country, on the other hand, constitute the indigenous element, with all the customs of primitive life. Until the accession to power of General Rosas, who from the first had especially applied himself to the task of incorporating these two distinct races under one general head, by taming down the half savage nature of the country party, this strongly marked separation between the two castes, had been the principal cause of the numerous revolutions which had hitherto distracted and laid waste the country. This fusion, it must be allowed, was a difficult task to perform: and though not yet perfectly accomplished, it is, nevertheless, easily recognizable in the province of Buenos Ayres; above

all, in that portion of it which lies round the capital.

The inhabitant of the country, who is styled a Gaucho, is, as it were, an isolated being on the face of creation; for in vain do we seek his counterpart either in the deserts of Asia, or in the sands of Africa. The provinces of the Argentine Confederation may almost be termed deserts; since, over the entire face of a territory equal in extent to the whole of France, is scattered a population numbering but 800,000 souls. In these vast and almost deserted plains, there are no cities to be found, but merely *estancias*—a species of solitary farms planted amid immense solitudes. Alone, among his peons (or daily laborers) Gauchos like himself, the *estancier* lives as absolute master, without desires, without industry, without agricultural labor. His sole occupation consists in branding, and, when the proper time shall come, in slaughtering the cattle, which form his entire wealth. The Gaucho exists on meat and water only; the use of bread, vegetables, fruits, or spirituous liquors being unknown to him. As for his outward apparel, he rudely manufactures it out of the hides of oxen, or the fleeces of the sheep; a few sticks, and three or four ox hides, suffice for the construction of his tent, when he sojourns for any length of time in one spot; for ordinarily, he sleeps in the open air, enveloped in his poncho. His simple, but formidable arms, are reduced to the *lasso*, and the *bolas*, and to a large knife, which he wears stuck into his waist-belt. The Gaucho remains for weeks and months entire, without perceiving the face of a human being; passing his time in wandering amid the innumerable flocks and herds which cover the plains.

Whenever he feels the calls of hunger, he springs on horseback, pursues a bull, *lassoes* it, slaughters it, and out of the still palpitating flesh cuts the piece he prefers; rarely does he take the trouble to have it cooked, but contents himself before devouring his steak, with softening it, by leaving it for a while under his saddle.

It may easily be understood how completely this wild and solitary existence tends to destroy in the breast of the Gaucho every social sentiment; and what profound hatred he must nourish against the inhabitant of the city, who knows how to enjoy all the blessings of civilization, and derive profit from the produce of his rude and toilsome trade.

In the same ratio as the Gaucho has held himself aloof from all social progress, has the inhabitant of the city eagerly met it half-way. In the dwelling of the latter, thanks to the activity of commerce, which pours forth in profusion all its riches into the lap of its votary, we find not only all our European comforts, but even our tastes, in science, literature, and the arts. But, as we have said before, the causes of the separation of the two races are beginning to disappear; and taking into consideration the ever active and increasing stride of European

civilization, we may safely presume that in a very few years, there will remain scarcely a trace of the former strongly marked difference.

Throughout the entire province of Buenos Ayres, the country is completely naked, a dense grass alone covers the plains, which are watered by numerous rivulets, that wind through the vast prairies; the country is almost a perfect level, and the soil of which it is composed, though still virgin of all implements of husbandry, of an extraordinary degree of fertility; it is indeed with difficulty that we can discover in the environs of the city, a few gardens where it has been even turned.

The city of Buenos Ayres has been constructed upon a uniform plan; it is divided into *suadres*, which intersect each other at right angles. The houses are composed simply of a ground floor; they are painted entirely white, and have a very neat and pleasing aspect. Buenos Ayres is now very thickly peopled; its inhabitants numbering more than a hundred thousand souls; it would appear, also, to be in a highly flourishing condition, as regards its commerce, for in the course of last year, upward of three hundred European ships entered its harbor, bearing merchandise from almost every quarter of the world.

John Manuel Ortes de Rosas, the sovereign dictator of the republic, personifies the country party, and is, according to his own account at least, the descendant of an old and noble Spanish family, which, in the time of the conquest, emigrated to South America; what is indisputable, is, that he is a Gaucho. At the period when the first troubles broke out in the country, he was proprietor of a considerable *estancia*; which, by his skill and perseverance, he had been able to render a model establishment. Rosas had been endowed by nature with all the talents and virtues of the most finished Gaucho; there was not an inhabitant of the plain who could tame a wild horse like him, or handle with more skill and dexterity the *lasso*, or the *bolas*; not a Gaucho was there, who possessed his dexterity in the use of the knife; or who, having thrown himself in the midst of danger, could withdraw himself therefrom with more good fortune. These physical qualities would alone have sufficed to place him in the very first rank among these half-savage men, who recognize no other law than that of force; but to these advantages, Rosas joined those of a superior intellect, and a degree of understanding very uncommon in a land so far removed from every source of enlightened instruction. Appointed at first officer of militia, it was not long ere he became commandant of the country; shortly after this, he entered Buenos Ayres, drove Lavalle out of the city, and had himself proclaimed governor.

Rosas is now a man of about fifty-eight or sixty years of age; and though, according to popular rumor, suffering from gout, and other infirmities, no traces of these disorders are perceptible upon his person. He is a man of lofty

stature; his features are regular, and announce firmness; and his vivid and piercing eyes possess a degree of penetration, which takes nothing away from the austerity of his personal appearance. When conversing with strangers, the dignity of his mien, the gravity of his gestures, and the choice of his expressions, would lead one to imagine that he has constantly lived in the society of men eminent for their learning and talents; occasionally he affects, but without success, a sort of natural *bonhomie*; but he well knows that this little deceit is easily seen through, and he seldom employs it, except when in company with men whom he knows to be his inferiors in point of intellect. When, on the contrary, Rosas finds himself amid his old companions, the Gauchos, his tone and manner entirely change: it is no longer the polished and civilized man, the man of the cabinet and the study, that is before us, but rather the horse and bull tamer, the lion hunter, and the wild dweller on the prairies. His speech, perhaps a moment before elegant and scholarly, now becomes gross and obscene, while his gestures assume an expression known only to the desert.

What we have just stated regarding Rosas, will suffice to make our readers comprehend his consummate skill; if we add to this an obstinate and resolute character, and a will which has never recoiled before any necessity to attain its ends—did this necessity even involve an assassination or a massacre—and an enormous superiority of intellect over all the men who surround him, the almost boundless power which this man has succeeded in grasping and maintaining in his country, may easily be comprehended. What augments still further the degree of his power, is the secret manner in which it is exercised. Although in reality reigning as absolute sovereign over the country whose constitution and institutions he is daily trampling under foot, Rosas has ever been enabled to dissemble his power, and, nominally at least, shelter himself behind the rampart of legality.

Thus, among the apparent rights which he has left to the Chamber of Representatives, if it is necessary that it should give a decision upon any question, he demands it by a public and official message, almost with humility: but by a private letter addressed at the same time to the President, he directs him as to the precise form which is to be adopted by the Chamber in pronouncing the resolution to be taken, as well as the exact day and hour when the said resolution is to be made known to him. To such a point are these things carried, that it is in the very cabinet of Rosas himself that the fulsome votes of thanks periodically passed by the different provincial assemblies of the Confederation to *the hero of the desert*, *the saviour of the country*, *the restorer of the laws*, &c., &c., &c., are drawn up.

Rosas attained to power uttering the war whoop of "Death to the Unitarians,"* and by

* The centralizing party in the confederation is thus denominated.

giving himself out as the restorer of the federal government; and yet it is a notorious fact, that there is not on the face of the earth a system of government more centralizing, more despotic, more Unitarian, if we must say the word, than that which he has constituted; and it is this fact alone which clearly proves the extraordinary skill of this man. He has been enabled to push beyond the limits of the possible the sciences of audacity and falsehood. It is with the assistance of the federalists that he has been enabled to conquer; true, he has dubbed himself federalist in name, but as far as regards the principle of the thing, he has done his utmost to wipe away from the institutions and customs of the country every thing that might bear the most remote resemblance to this form of government, by collecting together in his own hands more than the sum of the public power—in fact, assuming in all things the sovereign will of an autocratic dictator, from whose decrees there can be no appeal.

One of the glaring defects of the Argentine character is the thirst for power, which possesses the inhabitants, to obtain which no obstacle will restrain them. Previous to attaining to the supreme power, though recognized as the chief of the country party, Rosas was surrounded by *caudillos*, whose devotion to his interests did not appear to him to be completely absolute; in fact, he well knew that on the very first occasion which should present itself, each of them, profiting by the ascendancy which he individually exercised over his partisans, would make no scruple of disputing with him the power he envied. It was absolutely necessary that he should rid himself of this obnoxious body-guard, and this step he at once resolved upon, and forthwith put into execution. In a very brief space of time, steel and poison had done their work, and delivered him from all those rivals which his ambition had to dread, while the provinces very soon lost, under the terror which they experienced at this wholesale slaughter, the bare idea of resistance. There still remained, however, the city: Buenos Ayres had not supported Lavalle as it ought to have done, nevertheless it inclosed within its walls a goodly number of men who, though they had indeed reason to manifest indifference for the Unitarian government, were too enlightened not to feel a bitter regret for their own culpable weakness. It was as a fire smouldering within the city, which sooner or later would not fail to burst forth into a flame. Rosas comprehended this movement, and bethought himself of the means of stifling it in the bud. It was then that he founded the famous popular society of the *mashorca*. It has been asserted, and we believe with reason, that this society by its number of outrages on human life, merits in the criminal annals of the world a renown greater than that of the celebrated Jacobin Club, and the revolutionary tribunal of the first French Revolution. Recruited from among the ranks of the savage, ignorant, and cruel men who

surrounded the new Dictator, the members of the *mashorca* set to work with ardor to *moralize* the country according to the will of General Rosas. By the mere terror which this formidable *mashorca* inspired, Rosas was enabled to make the world believe, that he was at once the elect of his fellow citizens and the depository of their wishes and desires. It served him also to drill the nation to the manifestation of either enthusiasm or furious rage, of which he might, according to circumstances, stand in need.

The people, docile as a flock of sheep, accordingly howled or applauded in the streets, or upon the public places, at the will of the dictator. The means of action of the *mashorqueros* upon the multitude are well known—they consist in violence and assassination. Although in appearance mute and devoted to Rosas, the city of Buenos Ayres still bears mourning for the victims which were then sacrificed to his fury and ambition. Obedient to the resentments of the *elect of the people*, the *mashorqueros*, at certain days and certain hours, would spread themselves far and wide throughout the streets, poinard in hand, and, penetrating into the dwellings pointed out to them, would pitilessly immolate the Unitarian *savages* which the *federal pacificator* had previously marked as victims for their homicidal fury. The precise number of these victims of the blind rage of a sanguinary party is unknown; but it must have been considerable, for during an entire week the blood flowed unceasingly, and at that period it was no uncommon sight to behold the decapitated heads of the slain exposed in the public market-place; at length, one day, a cart, preceded by musicians, made the circuit of the city, to collect the dead bodies which lay in piles before the houses.

It is not difficult to comprehend the effect of a similar system of government upon a population by no means numerous, exhausted by long civil dissensions, and which would have been completely annihilated at the very first symptom of any thing approaching resistance. It submitted in silence. Rosas, now certain from henceforth of being able to reign by terror, began to moderate his excesses, and only from time to time had recourse to violence, in order to intimidate those among the population in whose breasts there might still lurk the remnants of some generous or patriotic sentiment.

Rosas possesses an incredible power of continuous labor: he sleeps during the greater part of the day, and passes the night in his cabinet. It is not until four o'clock in the afternoon that he quits his bedroom. During the summer, when he is in the country, he may be seen from this hour until six o'clock galloping through the gardens, open to all comers, or playing in front of the house with an enormous tigress, which, though of the greatest ferocity with strangers, trembles and crouches to the earth, at his voice. At six o'clock he takes a light repast; after which he sits down to work, and does not leave off until five or six in the morn-

ing. It is at this hour that he dines in company with a couple of jesters, dressed in an eccentric manner, one of whom goes by the name of *the governor*, who seek to amuse him by their witticisms, their grotesque games, and sometimes by fighting. It has been said that Rosas is surrounded by guards. But this is utterly false. His house, which is vast and elegant, stands upon the highway, and the doors, according to the general custom of the country, are always wide open. So far from it being the case that he keeps his person carefully guarded, it is, on the contrary, frequently a very difficult matter on entering the house to meet with even a domestic to announce you; and the visitor could with as much ease reach his private cabinet or his bed-chamber as he could the courts upon which these apartments open. There is not even a sentry or a porter at the principal door.

Next to Rosas, the personage who plays the most important part in all the Confederation, is his daughter, Manuelita. The position which this woman has acquired for herself is unique, like that of her father, although relatively less important, since she is not consulted upon State affairs. She possesses, nevertheless, with regard to all that appertains to the second rank, a liberty of action entirely her own. Manuelita is, as it were, an under Secretary of State in the cabinet of a minister in charge of a vast administration. She has her secretaries, her offices, her correspondence; and is well able to attend to a vast amount of important business without neglecting those duties toward society, which her intellectual acquirements and natural amiability of disposition impose upon her. By many writers, Manuelita has been portrayed as a species of bacchante, unceasingly exciting her father to the commission of acts of violence, giving herself up to all the irregularities of a life of dissipation, and scandalizing society by the spectacle of incessant orgies. Now nothing can be less true, nothing more false, than this. It is not necessary to know Manuelita, it is sufficient to have seen her but for a few moments to be convinced of the utter falsehood of these mendacious travelers' tales. Manuelita is Rosas' daughter, and consequently has many prejudices to overcome, many hatreds to conquer: yet she is esteemed and loved by all, which, be it remarked, is no mean praise in a country where it may be said that no one is esteemed. This is, in our idea, the best reply to offer to the various calumnies it has pleased the "many-headed" to heap upon her. And how, we may ask, can it be otherwise? If there is a being on the earth who can soften the rigors of Rosas' tyrannical government, can solicit and obtain mercy or justice, it is Manuelita. She is the sole hope of the unfortunate, of the oppressed, of the poor, and rarely is this hope deceived.

Manuelita is tall and elegantly formed. Her age has been stated to be about four-and-thirty although she looks no more than twenty-seven

or twenty-eight. Her features are regular and bear the Spanish impress, that is to say, that they are strongly marked. Her large black eyes announce great strength of mind, yet the glances which shoot therefrom have an expression of infinite gentleness and kindness. Her jet black hair serves to bring out in more prominent relief the ivory fairness of her skin. Her entire person, in short, breathes an air of grace and refinement to be met with only in the Spanish women, who possess the rare art of being able to join to the charms of beauty a certain *abandon* unknown to the women of other countries.

Manuelita possesses in a high degree the "knowledge of the salons," as the French would call it; she speaks English, French, and Italian, as her mother tongue, and whatever turn the conversation may take, whether "grave or gay, lively or severe," she is equally enabled to shine in it either by judicious observations, or brilliant repartee. Manuelita entertains for her father a degree of affection amounting to absolute devotion; often has she been seen to shed tears on learning the cruelties practiced by Rosas. In the excess of grief which the acts of the Dictator caused her, she has sometimes let her indignation burst forth before her friends, but nothing can sever the bonds of that filial love which bind her to her father. And happy is it for the country that this is the case, for it is very evident that were it not for her, the fury of Rosas would have displayed itself more fatally than it has yet done. We have heard related by two eye-witnesses a scene which took place between her and her father, during the period of the first *mashorca* executions, which shows the degree of dominion which the latter exercises over her. One evening while Manuelita was seated at her piano-forte singing to her auditors some Spanish romance, Rosas entered the room holding in his hand a silver salver, upon which was deposited a pair of human ears cut from the head of a *savage* Unitarian; advancing slowly to the instrument he placed the salver upon the piano before the eyes of his daughter. Manuelita started up violently from her seat and with features almost livid with rage and horror, she seized her piece of music and cast it over the plate, then turning round she was about to give free course to her indignation, when her eyes met the fixed and terrible glance of the general; she ceded to this power and fell fainting to the ground.

We could relate a thousand facts of this nature, which abundantly prove the falsity of the many imputations directed against the character of Manuelita.

We have just said that the two individuals alone worthy of attention and study throughout the whole of the Argentine Confederation, are first of all General Rosas, and afterward, his daughter, Manuelita. In fact it is in them, in their will or their caprices, that are concentrated the entire policy and administration of the republic. The men who, below them nomin-

ally fill the higher offices of the State, are but mutes, divested alike of either power or will. Like the stage representatives of noble knights and powerful monarchs, the higher functionaries of the republic and especially the secretaries of state hold office without filling any character. They serve occasionally to make known the will of the governor without being permitted in any case to interpret it. Even the general officers in command of the armed forces dispersed over the territory are obliged to keep near their persons certain subaltern agents enjoying the confidence of the governor, whose orders and directions they are obliged implicitly to follow. Although nominally and apparently holding appointments which seem to invest them with a certain degree of authority, the state functionaries are in this respect no better off than their less fortunate countrymen, but are like all the rest of the Argentines, in a state of absolute and slavish dependence.

When General Rosas seized the reins of government, his first and principal care was to transform completely the Argentine society. In place of the enlightened men whom Rivadavia had applied himself to seek out, Rosas has raised to the first rank, the crew of unlettered ignorant men, stained with every crime which disgraces human nature, who had seconded his ambitious views. The biographies of the individuals who formed the *mashorca* are well known to every one, but such is the terror inspired by the Dictator, that each, even the sons, brothers, and widows of those who fell beneath their murderous knives, eagerly hasten to show all the civility and deference in their power for the particular friends of the governor. Never in any country have we had so many examples of abject and shameful servility as in this. The Argentine society possesses neither morality, religion, honor, nor courage. All look forward to the day when the country shall be delivered from the reign of despotism and tyranny which has so long oppressed it; but there is not a man in all Buenos Ayres who has the courage to manifest his feelings of disgust and repugnance for those who aid the governor in retaining power. And let not the reader imagine that it is only a tacit assent which is rendered to the tyrant's iron rule; each after venting curses "not loud but deep" when he is certain of not being heard, against the Dictator and his acolytes, rushes into the streets to take part in the public manifestations commanded by Rosas. The savage device that we read upon the *cinta** is the cry which the watchmen shout aloud every hour of the night in the streets of the city; it is the cry which the actors give utterance to upon the stage on federal days, by way of prologue, previous to the commencement of the piece; it is the shout which the troops and militia under arms howl forth when the governor rides down the ranks, and as if the threat of death to the

Unitarians which it contains was not sufficient, it is augmented according to circumstances by similar denunciations directed against any particular marked individual who may have rendered himself obnoxious to the government, and also against foreigners, as well as by *vivats* in honor of the immortal warrior, of the king of justice, of the restorer of the laws, of the great, the magnificent, the high and mighty Rosas, in a word.

If the thorough abasement of moral character, the inevitable result of despotism, which we observe in the Buenos Ayreans, did not counteract the feelings of sympathy one is naturally disposed to show for this population, the Argentine society would possess great attractions for the traveler. The men who represent the Unitarian element are in general of polished and agreeable manners. All the women without exception are possessed of a remarkable degree of beauty, and if their education is not quite so finished as it might be, they are, like all Spanish women, endowed with a sort of natural grace and tact which stand them in lieu of it: they display an extraordinary degree of luxury in their toilets, and one might say that they outstrip the Parisian fashions, which are with them more ephemeral even than in the spot which has given them birth. For luxury and lavish expenditure as regards the adornment of the person, nothing is comparable to the interior of the Opera-house on a crowded night; the dazzled eye perceives at first but a vast amphitheatre sparkling with gold, jewels, silk and lace, so disposed as to impart fresh attractions to the ivory shoulders and ebon locks they deck, lending all the charms of art to the riches of nature.

A NEW PHASE OF BEE-LIFE.

ABOUT the middle of an afternoon in July, 1848, we had landed on a low sand-bank, which, for a short distance, skirted the right bank of the stream, for the purpose of encamping for the night; and right glad were we to stretch our limbs after ten hours' paddling. The Indians had started in their wood-skin up the neighboring creek, in quest of game for our evening's repast, and the women were clearing a space beneath the branches for our hammocks, and collecting fuel for the nightly fire. All who have wandered with the pleasant Waterton in his chivalrous Expedition on the Essequibo, will remember his first guiltless attempt to hook the wary cayman, before seeking more skillful allies in the Indian settlement higher up the river. The sand-bank in which we were about to bivouac, was that mentioned in his narrative, where, for four days, he had impatiently waited for the shades of evening, and as often turned into his hammock at day-break with his longings ungratified.

It was, as usual, intensely hot in the sun. To seek some relief, for the first time during the day, I strolled—or rather straggled, for every step through the tangled creepers had to be gained by hacking and hewing with a cutlass

* This device is thus conceived: "Long live the Argentine Confederation! Death to the savage, filthy, and disgusting Unitarians!"

—down to the cool banks of the creek, whose overhanging branches, forming a magnificent arcade of verdure, almost excluded (or admitted only at distant intervals), the scorching rays.

Seating myself on the smooth gray trunk of a tree, which lay prostrate across the sluggish water, whose broken limbs shone bright in the gay drapery of a scarlet-blossomed epiphyte, I lighted my pipe, and taking a book from my pocket, began lazily turning over the pages and lightly gleaning the pleasant thought of a witty and social poet. My attention now and again drawn away by the ceaseless tappings of a yellow-headed woodpecker on a decaying tree close at hand, to the glittering flashes of a Karabimbas, a Topaz-throated humming-bird—a frequenter of dark and solitary creeks, capturing flies among the gay petals, for his nest-keeping partner, who, a few paces up the stream was gently swinging with the evening breezes in her tiny home. I had been in this position for some time, little regarding the whizzing hum of insects constantly passing and repassing—when, my gaze chancing to fall a yard or more from my resting-place, I detected a small bright-gray bee, about the third of an inch in length, disappearing in what seemed a solid part of the trunk.

There was no hole or crevice perceptible to the eye, nor did that portion of the bark feel less smooth than that immediately adjoining. I might be mistaken—nay, *I must be*. I had just arrived at this last conclusion, when a tiny piece of the bark was suddenly raised, and out flew the little gentleman I had seen disappear, or one too like him not to belong to the same family. The mystery was solved. Some ingenious bee-architect had devised an entrance-gate, fitting so admirably as to defy discovery when shut; while I was certain that I could lay my finger almost on the precise spot, the closest inspection failed to reveal any trace of its outline. The bark, though polished and even, was covered with faint interlaced streaks, from which even the smoothest bark is never free; and the skillful carpenter had adapted the irregular tracings of nature to his object of concealment. Wishing to inspect the workmanship without injuring its delicacy, I had to wait patiently until it should again fly open; nor was I kept long in expectation, for it presently popped up to permit the egress of another of the fraternity, and a ready twig prevented its descending. I found it designedly crooked and jagged at the edges, with an average width of about a quarter of an inch, and twice that in length; its substance was little more than the outer skin of the bark, and, being still connected at one end, opened and closed as with a spring. The cunning workman had no doubt been aware that had he made it much shorter—which the size of the passengers would have permitted—it would have required to be thrown farther back, when the greater tension would soon have destroyed the elasticity of the hinge, and, with that, its power of fitting close to the

tree. Immediately within the doorway was a small ante-chamber, forming a sort of porter's lodge to the little surly gray-liveried gentleman inside, who, without quitting his retreat, showed his displeasure at my intrusion in a manner too pointed to be mistaken, and certainly manifesting neither trepidation nor alarm at the sight of one of the "lords of the creation," though probably the first offered to his inspection. From the entrance-hall, two circular tunnels conducted into the interior of the establishment, from whence came the confused murmurs of a numerous and busy community. I had just allowed the door to close, and was admiring the exceeding neatness of the workmanship, when another of the family returned home, signifying his arrival, and obtaining admittance in a manner at once novel and singular.

After darting against the entrance, and touching it with his feet, he rose again into the air, and taking a wide swoop round the trunk came up on the other side, this time, flying straight toward the "trap," which was quickly raised, when he was a few inches distant, and, on his entering, as quickly closed. The office of the pugnacious individual inside was explained; he was actually the doorkeeper, and his returning comrades, having, like any other modern gentleman, politely rapped, circled out of the observation of prying eyes, till he was prepared to admit them. Numbers were constantly arriving, and all went through the process I have described, each flying away, after knocking, in a different direction, but all allowing the same time to elapse before returning for admission; thus, the door was never opened save at the proper moment.

After watching their proceedings for some time, I discovered the reason of their not waiting quietly at the entrance. Sneaking among the stray leaves and rubbish in the trunk, and in the holes and cavities of the bark, were numbers of small insects, of the same color as the bees, but with the addition of one or two minute bands of black across the abdomen; their slender, graceful forms and partially exposed ovipositors revealed, however, the cause of their slinking about, and stamped them the parasitic ichneumons of the hive. I thought that, after the habits of their tribe, they were endeavoring to obtain an entrance, when they pouncingly hovered over the bees as they were disappearing in the door-way; but, as none ever succeeded, I conjectured that they had devised and were pursuing some other plan of introducing their blood-thirsty progeny. Further observation showed this to be correct. The rascals were endeavoring to attach their eggs to the small pellets of pollen with which each bee was laden, and they often succeeded, in spite of the admirably devised tactics to prevent them.

The duties of the janitor were gradually ceasing; all the bees had returned save a few stragglers, and even these were becoming scarce; the last parting rays of the sun—a signal for the twilight birds to issue from their lurking

places—warned me, that in a few minutes I should have some difficulty in penetrating through the thick underwood, for I was in a clime where the sun “sinks at once, and all is night.”

I was about to retrace my steps, when the measured stroke of paddles caught my ear, and presently the Indian “corial,” with a brave batch of maroudis, and some smaller birds, turned a bend in the sinuous creek, and swiftly glided toward me, guided through the fallen trees and branches, which in some places almost choked the narrow stream, by the skillful arm of old Paley, as I had dubbed our usual steersman. The same keen eye that kept the frail bark clear of besetting obstacles, quickly detected me—though it was almost dark—stretched in the tree above him. Staying the progress of the “wood-skin” beneath, I slipped off my boots, and cautiously lowered myself down.

“I wouldn’t advise any one to squat with booted heel in a flimsy “bark,” especially when—intended for two and accommodating four—it is skimming along with the water an inch or so from the edge. A lurch to one side, and over you go—pleasantly enough in shallow water on a hot day, but any thing but that with twenty feet of black fluid beneath, and you not able to swim. A few weeks’ practice had enabled me to balance myself without endangering others; so we landed safely.

The birds, soon ready for the pot, were in a few minutes boiling away among the “cassa-reep” and peppers. We made hearty suppers that night; and as I lay in my hammock, taking the usual “soothing whiff” before resigning myself to sleep, the howling of monkeys, the bellowings of caymen, and the various cries of goatsucker, owl, and tiger-bird, blending with the occasional roar of the jaguar in his midnight courtship, the southing of the breeze among the trees, and the murmur of the distant falls, made as discordant and motley a “hushaby” as one could imagine. Fortunately, all the screeching and howling in the universe would have failed to drive away my slumbers; so I quietly fell asleep, with the swaying branches brushing past my face. My latest waking thoughts, I remember, now recalling the wandering Waterton (he might have slept suspended from the same branch), and his fishing for caymen; now, the bees and their tiny trapdoors; now, my tiger-robbed coverlet, and the rapids we were to “shoot” in the morning; and, lastly, blending into a confused murmur—raising pleasant recollections of the old school-room buzz, and of the kindly comrades and anxious friends in my far-off home.

We were up and away down the sparkling river at daybreak the next morning; and I had no other opportunity of observing the economy of the bees and their enemies; nor in my rambles did I ever chance to meet with another family of the same species, or with kindred habits.

ANECDOTE OF A HAWK.

AN English work on Game Birds and Wild Fowls, recently published, contains the following curious anecdote:

“A friend of Colonel Bonham—the late Col. Johnson, of the Rifle Brigade—was ordered to Canada with his battalion, in which he was then a captain, and being very fond of falconry, to which he had devoted much time and expense, he took with him two of his favorite peregrines, as his companions, across the Atlantic.

“It was his constant habit during the voyage to allow them to fly every day, after ‘feeding them up,’ that they might not be induced to rake off after a passing sea-gull, or wander out of sight of the vessel. Sometimes their rambles were very wide and protracted. At others they would ascend to such a height as to be almost lost to the view of the passengers, who soon found them an effectual means of relieving the tedium of a long sea voyage, and naturally took a lively interest in their welfare; but as they were in the habit of returning regularly to the ship, no uneasiness was felt during their occasional absence. At last, one evening, after a longer flight than usual, one of the falcons returned alone. The other—the prime favorite—was missing. Day after day passed away and, however much he may have continued to regret his loss, Captain Johnson had at length fully made up his mind that it was irretrievable, and that he should never see her again. Soon after the arrival of the regiment in America, on casting his eyes over a Halifax newspaper, he was struck by a paragraph announcing that the captain of an American schooner had at that moment in his possession a fine hawk, which had suddenly made its appearance on board his ship during his late passage from Liverpool. The idea at once occurred to Captain Johnson that this could be no other than his much-prized falcon, so having obtained immediate leave of absence, he set off for Halifax, a journey of some days. On arriving there he lost no time in waiting on the commander of the schooner, announcing the object of his journey, and requested that he might be allowed to see the bird; but Jonathan had no idea of relinquishing his prize so easily, and stoutly refused to admit of the interview, ‘guessing’ that it was very easy for an Englisher to lay claim to another man’s property, but ‘calculating’ that it was a ‘tarnation sight’ harder for him to get possession of it; and concluded by asserting, in unqualified terms, his entire disbelief in the whole story. Captain Johnson’s object, however, being rather to recover his falcon than to pick a quarrel with the truculent Yankee, he had fortunately sufficient self-command to curb his indignation, and proposed that his claim to the ownership of the bird should be at once put to the test by an experiment, which several Americans who were present admitted to be perfectly reasonable, and

in which their countryman was at last persuaded to acquiesce. It was this. Captain Johnson was to be admitted to an interview with the hawk—who, by the way, had as yet shown no partiality for any person since her arrival in the New World; but, on the contrary, had rather repelled all attempts at familiarity—and if at this meeting she should not only exhibit such unequivocal signs of attachment and recognition as should induce the majority of the bystanders to believe that he really was her original master, but especially if she should play with the buttons of his coat, then the American was at once to waive all claim to her. The trial was immediately made. The Yankee went up-stairs, and shortly returned with the falcon; but the door was hardly opened before she darted from his fist, and perched at once on the shoulder of her beloved and long-lost protector, evincing, by every means in her power, her delight and affection, rubbing her head against his cheek, and taking hold of the buttons of his coat and champing them playfully between her mandibles, one after another. This was enough. The jury were unanimous. A verdict for the plaintiff was pronounced; even the obdurate heart of the sea-captain was melted, and the falcon was at once restored to the arms of her rightful owner.

NOTES ON THE NILE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

"NILE NOTES, by an Howadji" (the Eastern name for traveler) is the title of a new book, by a young American, soon to be issued from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It is written with great vivacity, and will compare favorably with "Eöthen," or the best books of the day on the East. The following extracts will be found attractive.

THE MUSIC OF THE EAST.

While the Hadji Hamed fluttered about the deck, and the commander served his kara kooseh, the crew gathered around the bow and sang.

The stillness of early evening had spelled the river, nor was the strangeness dissolved by that singing. The men crouched in a circle upon the deck, and the reis, or captain, thrummed the tarabuka, or Arab drum, made of a fish-skin stretched upon a gourd. Raising their hands, the crew clapped them above their heads, in perfect time, not ringingly, but with a dead, dull thump of the palms—moving the whole arm to bring them together. They swung their heads from side to side, and one clanked a chain in unison. So did these people long before the Ibis nestled to this bank, long before there were Americans to listen.

For when Diana was divine, and thousands of men and women came floating down the Nile in barges to celebrate her festival, they sang and clapped, played the castanets and flute, stifling the voices of Arabian and Lybian echoes with a wild roar of revelry. They, too, sang a song that came to them from an unknown

antiquity, Linus, their first and only song, the dirge of the son of the first king of Egypt.

This might have been that dirge that the crew sang in a mournful minor. Suddenly, one rose and led the song, in sharp, jagged sounds, formless as lightning. "He fills me the glass full, and gives me to drink," sang the leader, and the low-measured chorus throbbed after him, "Hummeleager malooshee." The sounds were not a tune, but a kind of measured recitative. It went on constantly faster and faster, exciting them, as the Shakers excite themselves, until a tall, gaunt Nubian rose in the moonlight and danced in the centre of the circle, like a gay ghoul among his fellows.

The dancing was monotonous, like the singing, a simple jerking of the muscles. He shook his arms from the elbows, like a Shaker, and raised himself alternately upon both feet. Often the leader repeated the song as a solo, then the voices died away, the ghoul crouched again, and the hollow throb of the tarabuka continued as an accompaniment to the distant singing of Nero's crew, that came in fitful gusts through the little grove of sharp, slim masts:

"If you meet my sweetheart,
Give her my respects."

The melancholy monotony of this singing in unison, harmonized with the vague feelings of that first Nile night. The simplicity of the words became the perpetual childishness of the men, so that it was not ludicrous. It was clearly the music and words of a race just better than the brutes. If a poet could translate into sound the expression of a fine dog's face, or that of a meditative cow, the Howadji would fancy that he heard Nile music. For, after all, that placid and perfect animal expression would be melancholy humanity. And with the crew only, the sound was sad; they smiled, and grinned, and shook their heads with intense satisfaction. The evening and the scene were like a chapter of Mungo Park. I heard the African mother sing to him as he lay sick upon her mats, and the world and history forgotten, those strange, sad sounds drew me deep into the dumb mystery of Africa.

But the musical Howadji will find a fearful void in his Eastern life. The Asiatic has no ear, and no soul for music. Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and he plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabuka, on the tár, or tambourine, and a sharp, one-stringed fiddle, or rabáb. Of course, in your first Oriental days, you will decline no invitation, but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties of friends, or dragomen, to sally forth and hear music. You will remind him that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam.

This want of music is not strange, for silence is natural to the East and the tropics. When, sitting quietly at home, in midsummer, sweeping ever sunward in the growing heats, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervor of a July noon, the day is rapt, the birds are still, the wind swoons, and the burning sun glares silence on the world.

The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon. That very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliance of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty, no Beethoven to build mighty Himalayas, no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there, of which the composers are the poets to Western imaginations. In the East, you feel and see music, but hear it never.

Yet, in Cairo and Damascus the poets sit at the cafés, surrounded by the forms and colors of their songs, and recite the romances of the Arabian Nights, or of Abou Zeyd, or of Antar, with no other accompaniment than the *tár*, or the *rabáb*, then called the "Poet's Viol," and in the same monotonous strain. Sometimes the single strain is touching, as when on our way to Jerusalem, the too-enamored camel-driver, leading the litter of the fair Armenian, saddened the silence of the desert noon with a Syrian song. The high, shrill notes trembled and rang on the air. The words said little, but the sound was a lyric of sorrow. The fair Armenian listened silently as the caravan wound slowly along, her eyes musily fixed upon the East, where the flower-fringed Euphrates flows through Bagdad to the sea. The fair Armenian had her thoughts, and the camel-driver his; also the accompanying Howadji listened and had theirs.

The Syrian songs of the desert are very sad. They harmonize with the burning monotony of the landscape in their long recitative and shrill wail. The camel steps more willingly to that music, but the Howadji, swaying upon his back, is tranced in the sound, so naturally born of silence.

Meanwhile our crew are singing, although we have slid upon their music, and the moonlight, far forward into the desert. But these are the forms and feelings that their singing suggested. While they sang I wandered over Sahara, and was lost in the lonely Libyan hills—a thousand simple stories, a thousand ballads of love and woe trooped like drooping birds through the sky-like vagueness of my mind. Rosamond Grey, and the child of Elle passed phantom-like with veiled faces—for love, and sorrow, and delight, are cosmopolitan, building bowers indiscriminately of palm-trees or of pines.

The voices died away like the Muezzins', whose cry is the sweetest and most striking of all Eastern sounds. It trembles in long-rising and falling cadences from the balcony of the minaret, more humanly alluring than bells, and more respectful of the warm stillness of Syrian and Egyptian days. Heard in Jerusalem it has especial power. You sit upon your house-top reading the history whose profoundest significance is simple and natural in that inspiring clime; and as your eye wanders from the aerial dome of Omar, beautiful enough to have been a cone of Solomon's Temple, and over the olives

of Gethsemane climbs the Mount of Olives—the balmy air is suddenly filled with a marmurous cry, like a cheek suddenly rose-suffused—a sound near, and far, and every where, but soft and vibrating, and alluring, until you would fain don turban, kaftan, and slippers, and kneeling in the shadow of a cypress on the sun-flooded marble court of Omar, would be the mediator of those faiths, nor feel yourself a recreant Christian.

Once I heard the Muezzin cry from a little village on the edge of the desert, in the starlight before the dawn: it was only a wailing voice in the air. The spirits of the desert were addressed in their own language—or was it themselves lamenting, like water-spirits to the green boughs overhanging them, that they could never know the gladness of the green world, but were forever demons and denizens of the desert? But the tones trembled away, without echo or response, into the starry solitude. *Al-lá-hu Ak-bar, Al-lá-hu Ak-bar!*

So with songs and pictures, with musings, and the dinner of a Mecca pilgrim, passed the first evening upon the Nile.

A CHARACTER.

Verde Giovane was joyous and gay. He had already been to the pyramids, and had slept in a tomb, and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way, as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laureates, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to "jolly" fellows whom he afterward regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfect English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the "jolly" fellows, and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder, and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs, as who should say, "I'll do their business easily enough," he would remark with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably, and then go off humming a song from the *Favorita*—or an air whose words were well known to the jolly fellows, but would scarcely bear female criticism.

After this departure, he had a pleasant way of reappearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cairene evenings "slow." It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre, "slow," "jolly," and "stunning." The universe arraying itself in Verde Giovane's mind, under those three heads

Presently it was easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very slow to go only to the cataracts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himmalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the desert of Sahara, here was the heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne. After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian Mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoyed a sweet sense of security and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so slow. The Cairenes were listening elsewhere to their poets, Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's.

PROSPECTS OF THE EAST.

That the East will never regenerate itself, contemporary history shows; nor has any nation of history culminated twice. The spent summer reblooms no more—the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even "Medea's wondrous alchemy" will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances forever upon the shore, the shore can not stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. The Western, who lives in the Orient, does not assume the kaftan and the baggy breeches, and hose of his Muslim neighbors shrink and disappear before his coat and pantaloons. The Turkish army is clothed like the armies of Europe. The grand Turk himself, Mohammad's vicar, the Commander of the Faithful, has laid away the magnificence of Haroun Alrashid, and wears the simple red Tarboosh, and a stiff suit of military blue. Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbert upon the pyramids, but champagne. The choice Cairo of our Eastern imagination is contaminated with carriages. They are showing the secrets of the streets to the sun. Their silence is no longer murmurous, but rattling. The "Uzbeekeyah," public garden of Cairo, is a tea garden, of a Sunday afternoon crowded with ungainly Franks, listening to bad music. Ichabod, Ichabod! steam has towed the Mediterranean up the Nile to Boulak, and as you move on to Cairo, through the still surviving masquer-

ade of the Orient, the cry of the melon-merchant seems the sadly significant cry of each sad-eyed Oriental, "Consoler of the embarrassed, O Pips!"

The century has seen the failure of the Eastern experiment, headed as it is not likely to be headed again, by an able and wise leader. Mohammad Alee had Egypt and Syria, and was mounting the steps of the sultan's throne. Then he would have marched to Bagdad, and sat down in Haroun Alrashid's seat, to draw again broader and more deeply the lines of the old Eastern empire. But the West would not suffer it. Even had it done so, the world of Mohammad Alee would have crumbled to chaos again when he died, for it existed only by his imperial will, and not by the perception of the people.

At this moment the East is the El Dorado of European political hope. No single power dares to grasp it, but at last England and Russia will meet there, face to face, and the lion and the polar bear will shiver the desert silence with the roar of their struggle. It will be the return of the children to claim the birth-place. They may quarrel among themselves, but whoever wins, will introduce the life of the children and not of the parent. A possession and a province it may be, but no more an independent empire. Father Ishmael shall be a sheikh of honor, but of dominion no longer, and sit turbaned in the chimney corner, while his hatted heirs rule the house. The children will cluster around him, fascinated with his beautiful traditions, and curiously compare their little black shoes with his red slippers.

THE DANCING WOMEN OF THE EAST.

The Howadji entered the bower of the Ghazeeyah. A damsel admitted us at the gate, closely veiled, as if women's faces were to be seen no more forever. Across a clean little court, up stone steps that once were steadier, and we emerged upon a small, inclosed stone terrace, the sky-vaulted ante-chamber of that bower. Through a little door that made us stoop to enter, we passed into the peculiar retreat of the Ghazeeyah. It was a small, white, oblong room, with but one window, opposite the door, and that closed. On three sides there were small holes to admit light, as in dungeons, but too lofty for the eye to look through, like the oriel windows of sacristies. Under these openings were small glass vases holding oil, on which floated wicks. These were the means of illumination.

A divan of honor filled the end of the room; on the side was another, less honorable, as is usual in all Egyptian houses; on the floor a carpet, partly covering it. A straw matting extended beyond the carpet toward the door, and between the matting and the door was a bare space of stone floor, whereon to shed the slippers.

Hadji Hamed, the long cook, had been ill, but hearing of music and dancing and Ghawazee, he had turned out for the nonce, and accompanied us to the house, not all unmindful

possibly, of the delectations of the Mecca pilgrimage. He stood upon the stone terrace afterward, looking in with huge delight! The solemn, long tomb-pilgrim! The merriest lunges of life were not lost upon him, notwithstanding.

The Howadji seated themselves orientally upon the divan of honor. To sit as Westerns sit is impossible upon a divan. There is some mysterious necessity for crossing the legs; and this Howadji never sees a tailor now in lands civilized, but the dimness of Eastern rooms and bazaars, the flowingness of robe, and the coiled splendor of the turban, and a world reclining leisurely at ease, rise distinct and dear in his mind—like that Sicilian mirage seen on divine days from Naples—but fleet as fair. To most men a tailor is the most unsuggestive of mortals; to the remembering Howadji he sits a poet.

The chibouque and nargileh and coffee belong to the divan, as the parts of harmony to each other. I seized the flowing tube of a brilliant amber-hued nargileh, such as Hafiz might have smoked, and prayed Isis that some stray Persian might chance along to complete our company. The Pacha inhaled at times a more sedate nargileh, at times the chibouque of the Commander, who reclined upon the divan below.

A tall Egyptian female, filially related, I am sure, to a gentle giraffe who had been indiscreet with a hippopotamus, moved heavily about, lighting the lamps, and looking as if her bright eyes were feeding upon the flame, as the giraffes might browse upon lofty autumn leaves. There was something awful in this figure. She was the type of those tall, angular, Chinese-eyed, semi-smiling, wholly homely and bewitched beings who sit in eternal profile in the sculptures of the temples. She was mystic, like the cow-horned Isis. I gradually feared that she had come off the wall of a tomb, probably in Thebes hard by, and that our Ghawazee delights would end in a sudden embalming, and laying away in the bowels of the hills with a perpetual prospect of her upon the walls.

Avaunt, Spectre! The Fay approaches, and Kushuk Arnem entered her bower. A bud no longer, yet a flower not too fully blown. Large laughing eyes, red pulpy lips, white teeth, arching nose, generous-featured, lazy, carelessly self-possessed, she came dancing in, addressing the Howadji in Arabic—words whose honey they would not have distilled through interpretation. Be content with the aroma of sound, if you can not catch the flavor of sense—and flavor can you never have through another mouth. Smiling and pantomime were our talking, and one choice Italian word she knew—*buono*. Ah! how much was *buono* that choice evening. Eyes, lips, hair, form, dress, every thing that the strangers had or wore, was endlessly *buono*. Dancing, singing, smoking, coffee—*buono*, *buono*, *buonissimo*! How much work one word will do!

The Ghazeeyah entered—not mazed in that azure mist of gauze and muslin wherein Cerito floats fascinating across the scene, nor in the

peacock plumage of sprightly Lucille Grahn, nor yet in that June cloudiness of airy apparel which Carlotta affects, nor in that sumptuous Spanishness of dark drapery wherein Fanny is most Fanny.

The glory of a butterfly is the starred brilliance of its wings. There are who declare that dress is divine—who aver that an untoileted woman is not wholly a woman, and that you may as well paint a saint without his halo, as describe a woman without detailing her dress. Therefore, while the coarser sex vails longing eyes, will we tell the story of the Ghazeeyah's apparel.

Yellow morocco slippers hid her feet, rosy and round; over these brooded a bewildering fullness of rainbow silk—Turkish trowsers we call them, but they are shintyan in Arabic. Like the sleeve of a clergyman's gown, the lower end is gathered somewhere, and the fullness gracefully overfalls. I say rainbow, although to the Howadji's little cognizant eye was the shintyan of more than the seven orthodox colors. In the bower of Kushuk, nargileh-clouded, coffee-scented, are eyes to be strictly trusted?

Yet we must not be entangled in this bewildering brilliance. A satin jacket, striped with velvet, and of open sleeves, wherefrom floated forth a fleecy cloud of under-sleeve, rolling adown the rosy arms, as June clouds down the western rosiness of the sky, inclosed the bust. A shawl, twisted of many folds, cinched the waist, confining the silken shintyan. A golden necklace of charms girdled the throat, and the hair, much uncut, as is the custom of the land, was adorned with a pendent fringe of black silk, tipped with gold, which hung upon the neck behind.

Let us confess to a dreamy, vaporous vail, overspreading, rather suffusing with color, the upper part of the arms and the lower limits of the neck. That rosiness is known as *tób* to the Arabians—a mystery whereof the merely masculine mind is not cognizant. Beneath the *tób*, truth allows a beautiful bud-burstiness of bosom; yet I swear, by John Bunyan, nothing so aggravating as the Howadji beholds in saloons unnamable nearer the Hudson than the Nile. This brilliant cloud, whose spirit was Kushuk Arnem, our gay Ghazeeyah, gathered itself upon a divan, and she inhaled vigorously a nargileh. A damsel in *tób* and shintyan exhaling azure clouds of aromatic smoke, had not been displeasing to that Persian poet, for whose coming I had prayed too late.

But more welcome than he, came the still eyed Xenobi. She entered timidly like a bird. The Howadji had seen doves less gracefully sitting upon palm-boughs in the sunset, than she nestled upon the lower divan. A very dove of a Ghazeeyah—a quiet child, the last born of Terpsichore. Blow it from Mount Atlas, a modest dancing-girl. She sat near this Howadji, and handed him, O Haroun Alrashid! the tube of his nargileh. Its serpentine sinuosity flowed through her fingers, as if the golden gay

ety of her costume were gliding from her alive. It was an electric chain of communication, and never until some Xenobi of a houri hands the Howadji the nargileh of Paradise, will the smoke of the weed of Shiraz float so lightly, or so sweetly taste.

Xenobi was a mere bud, of most flexible and graceful form, ripe and round as the spring fruit of the tropics. Kushuk had the air of a woman for whom no surprises survive; Xenobi saw in every new day a surprise, haply in every Howadji a lover.

She was more richly dressed than Kushuk. There were gay gold bands and clasps upon her jacket; various necklaces of stamped gold and metallic charms clustered around her neck, and upon her head a bright silken web, as if a sun-suffused cloud were lingering there, and, dissolving, showered down her neck in a golden rain of pendants. Then, O Venus! more azure still—that delicious gauziness of *tób*, whereof more than to dream is delirium. Wonderful the witchery of a *tób*! Nor can the Howadji deem a maiden quite just to nature, who glides through the world unshintyaned and untóbed.

Xenobi was perhaps sixteen years old, and a fully developed woman; Kushuk Arnem, of some half-dozen summers more. Kushuk was unhennaed; but the younger, as younger maidens may, graced herself with the genial gifts of nature. Her delicate filbert nails were rosily tinted on the tips with henna, and those peddler poets meeting her in Paradise would have felt the reason of their chant, "Odors of Paradise, O flowers of the henna!" But she had no kohl upon the eyelashes, nor like Fatima of Damascus, whom the Howadji later saw, were her eyebrows shaved and replaced by thick, black arches of kohl. Yet fascinating are the almond-eyes of Egyptian women, bordered black with the kohl, whose intensity accords with the sumptuous passion that mingles moist and languid with their light. Eastern eyes are full of moonlight—Eastern beauty is a dream of passionate possibility, which the Howadji would fain awaken by the same spell with which the prince of Faery dissolved the enchanted sleep of the princess. Yet kohl and henna are only beautiful for the beautiful. In a coffee-shop at Esne, bold-faced among the men, sat a coarse courtesan sipping coffee and smoking a nargileh, whose kohled eyebrows and eyelashes made her a houri of hell.

"There is no joy but calm," I said, as the moments, brimmed with beauty, melted in the starlight, and the small room became a bower of bloom and a Persian garden of delight. We reclined, breathing fragrant fumes, and interchanging, through the Golden-sleeved, airy nothings. The Howadji and the houris had little in common but looks. Soulless as Undine, and suddenly risen from a laughing life in watery dells of lotus, sat the houris; and, like the mariner, sea-driven upon the enchanted isle of Prospero, sat the Howadji, unknowing the graceful gossip of Faery. But there is a faery always

folded away in our souls, like a bright butterfly chrysalized, and sailing eastward, layer after layer of propriety, moderation, deference to public opinion, safety of sentiment, and all the thick crusts of compromise and convention roll away, and bending southward up the Nile, you may feel the faery fairly flutter her wings. And if you pause at Esne, she will fly out, and lead you a will-o'-the-wisp dance across all the trim sharp hedges of accustomed proprieties, and over the barren flats of social decencies. Dumb is that faery, so long has she been secluded, and can not say much to her fellows. But she feels and sees and enjoys all the more exquisitely and profoundly for her long sequestration.

Presently an old woman came in with a *tár*, a kind of tambourine, and her husband, a grisly old sinner, with a *rabáb*, or one-stringed fiddle. Old Hecate was a gone Ghazeeyah—a rose-leaf utterly shriveled away from rosiness. No longer a dancer, she made music for dancing. And the husband, who played for her in her youth, now played with her in her age. Like two old votaries who feel when they can no longer see, they devoted all the force of life remaining to the great game of pleasure, whose born thralls they were.

There were two tarabukas and brass castanets, and when the old pair were seated upon the carpet near the door, they all smote their rude instruments, and a wild clang rang through the little chamber. Thereto they sang. Strange sounds—such music as the angular, carved figures upon the temples would make, had they been conversing with us—sounds to the ear like their gracelessness to the eye.

This was Egyptian Polyhymnia preluding Terpsichore.

TERPSICHORE.

"The wind is fair
The boat is in the bay,
And the fair mermaid Pilot calls away—"

Kushuk Arnem quaffed a goblet of hemp arrack. The beaker was passed to the upper divan, and the Howadji sipping, found it to smack of anniseed. It was strong enough for the Pharaohs to have imbibed—even for Herod before beholding Herodias, for these dances are the same. This dancing is more ancient than Aboo Simbel. In the land of the Pharaohs, the Howadji saw the dancing they saw, as uncouth as the temples they built. This dancing is to the ballet of civilized lands what the gracelessness of Egypt was to the grace of Greece. Had the angular figures of the temple sculptures preluded with that music, they had certainly followed with this dancing.

Kushuk Arnem rose and loosened her shawí girdle in such wise, that I feared she was about to shed the frivolity of dress, as Venus shed the sea-foam, and stood opposite the divan, holding her brass castanets. Old Hecate beat the *tár* into a thunderous roar. Old husband drew sounds from his horrible *rabáb*, sharper than the sting of remorse, and Xenobi and the Giraffe each thrummed a tarabuka until

thought the plaster would peel from the wall. Kushuk stood motionless, while this din deepened around her, the arrack aerializing her feet, the Howadji hoped, and not her brain. The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her motionlessness, until suddenly the whole surface of her frame quivered in measure with the music. Her hands were raised, clapping the castanets, and she slowly turned upon herself, her right leg the pivot, marvelously convulsing all the muscles of her body. When she had completed the circuit of the spot on which she stood, she advanced slowly, all the muscles jerking in time to the music, and in solid, substantial spasms.

It was a curious and a wonderful gymnastic. There was no graceful dancing—once only there was the movement of dancing when she advanced, throwing one leg before the other as gipsies dance. But the rest was most voluptuous motion—not the lithe wooing of languid passion, but the soul of passion starting through every sense, and quivering in every limb. It was the very intensity of motion, concentrated and constant. The music still swelled savagely in maddened monotony of measure. Hecate and the old husband, fascinated with the Ghazeeyah's fire, threw their hands and arms excitedly above their instruments, and an occasional cry of enthusiasm and satisfaction burst from their lips. Suddenly stooping, still muscularly moving, Kushuk fell upon her knees, and writhing with body, arms and head upon the floor, still in measure—still clanking the castanets, and arose in the same manner. It was profoundly dramatic. The scenery of the dance was like that of a characteristic song. It was a lyric of love which words can not tell—profound, oriental, intense, and terrible. Still she retreated, until the constantly down-slipping shawl seemed only just clinging to her hips, and making the same circuit upon herself, she sat down, and after this violent and extravagant exertion was marbly cold.

Then timid but not tremulous, the young Xenobi arose bare-footed, and danced the same dance, not with the finished skill of Kushuk, but gracefully and well, and with her eyes fixed constantly upon the elder. With the same regular throb of the muscles she advanced and retreated, and the Paradise-pavilioned prophet could not have felt his heavenly harem complete, had he sat smoking and entranced with the Howadji.

Form so perfect was never yet carved in marble; not the Venus is so mellowly moulded. Her outline has not the voluptuous excess which is not too much—which is not perceptible to mere criticism, and is more a feeling flushing along the form, than a greater fullness of the form itself. The Greek Venus was sea-born, but our Egyptian is sun-born. The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins—the soul of the sun streamed shaded from her eyes. She was still, almost statuesquely still. When she danced it was only stillness intensely stirred, and followed that of Kushuk as moonlight succeeds

sunshine. As she went on, Kushuk gradually rose, and joining her, they danced together. The Epicureans of Cairo indeed, the very young priests of Venus, assemble the Ghawazee in the most secluded adyta of their dwellings, and there eschewing the mystery of the shintyan, and the gauziness of the tób, they behold the unencumbered beauty of these beautiful women. At festivals so fair, arrack, raw brandy, and "depraved human nature," naturally improvise a ballet whereupon the curtain here falls.

Suddenly, as the clarion call awakens the long-slumbering spirit of the war-horse, old Hecate sprang to her feet, and loosening her girdle, seized the castanets, and, with the pure pride of power, advanced upon the floor, and danced incredibly. Crouching before like a wasting old willow, that merely shakes its drooping leaves to the tempest, she now shook her fibres with the vigor of a nascent elm, and moved up and down the room with a miraculous command of her frame.

In Venice I had heard a gray gondolier, dwindled into a ferryman, awakened in a moonlighted midnight, as we swept by with singers chanting Tasso, pour his swan-song of magnificent memory into the quick ear of night.

In the Champs Elysées I had heard a rheumy-eyed Invalide cry with the sonorous enthusiasm of Asterlitz, "Vive Napoleon!" as a new Napoleon rode by.

It was the Indian summer goldening the white winter—the Zodiacal light far flashing day into the twilight. And here was the same in dead old Egypt—in a Ghazeeyah who had brimmed her beaker with the threescore and ten drops of life. Not more strange, and unreal, and impressive in their way, the inscrutable remains of Egypt, sand-shrouded but undecayed, than in hers this strange spectacle of an efficient Coryphée of seventy.

Old Hecate! thou wast pure pomegranate also, and not banana, wonder most wonderful of all—words which must remain hieroglyphics upon these pages—and whose explication must be sought in Egypt, as they must come hither who would realize the freshness of Karnak.

Slow, sweet singing followed. The refrain was plaintive, like those of the boat songs—soothing, after the excitement of the dancing, as nursery lays to children after a tired day. "Buono," Kushuk Arnem! last of the Arnems, for so her name signified. Was it a remembering refrain of Palestine, whose daughter you are? "Taib," dove Xenobi! Fated, shall I say, or favored? Pledged life-long to pleasure! Who would dare to be? Who but a child so careless would dream that these placid ripples of youth will rock you stormless to El Dorado?

O Allah! and who cares? Refill the amber nargileh, Xenobi—another fingan of mellow mocha. Yet another strain more stirring. Hence, Hecate! shrivel into invisibility with the thundering tár, and the old husband with his diabolical rabáb. Waits not the one-eyed first officer below, with a linen lantern, to pilot

us to the boat? And the beak of the Ibis points it not to Syene, Nubia, and a world unknown?

Farewell, Kushuk! Addio, still-eyed dove! Almost thou persuaded me to pleasure. O Wall-street, Wall-street! because you are virtuous, shall there be no more cakes and ale?

CURRAN, THE IRISH ORATOR.*

THE next year after the exertions of Grattan had secured the independence of the Irish legislature, and just as the great question of reform began to loom up in the political horizon, there entered parliament another man, whose name is imperishably connected with the history of Ireland, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN. Of a slight and ungainly figure, there was nothing about him to overawe a legislative assembly. Grattan was the Colossus of debate. Curran, like a skillful gladiator, played round the arena, and sometimes thrusting himself into the lists in the lighter armor of his wit, carried off the victory where his giant ally would have been less successful. But, in truth, this was not his proper theatre. He came into the Parliament-house in the evening, after having been all day in court. He was then jaded in body and mind, and chose rather to listen than to speak. As Grattan was most at home in parliament, Curran was most in his element at the bar. It was in the Four Courts that he rose above all other men; that he won the reputation of being the most eloquent advocate that Ireland had ever produced.

But it is on other accounts that Curran deserves a more minute sketch in this history. He represents, perhaps more than any of his celebrated countrymen, the Irish character—a nature compounded of imagination and sensibility. Though of less kingly intellect than Grattan, he was of a warmer temperament, and more fitted to be a popular idol.

Curran sprang from the people. He was born at Newmarket, an obscure town in the county of Cork, in 1750—being thus four years younger than Grattan. On the father's side he was descended from one of Cromwell's soldiers. Passing his childhood in the country, he was thrown much among the people. He loved to recall the days when he played marbles in the street of Newmarket, or assumed the part of Punch's man at a country fair. He loved to visit the peasantry in their cabins, and to listen to their tales. There he saw the Irish character—its wit, its humor, its sensibility to mirth and tears. There too, in those rough natures, which appear so sullen and savage, when brought face to face with their oppressors, he found the finest and tenderest affections of the human heart. There too he found a natural poetry and eloquence. He was a constant attendant at the weddings and wakes of his neighborhood. It was customary at that time to employ hired mourners for the dead, and their wild and solemn

lamentations struck his youthful imagination. In after-years, he acknowledged that his first ideas of eloquence were derived from listening to the laments of mourners at the Irish burials.

When transferred to Trinity College in Dublin, he became distinguished chiefly for his social powers. Full of the exuberant life of youth, overflowing with spirits, and fond of fun and frolic, he was always a welcome companion among the students.

His mother had designed him for the church. When he came out of college, his tastes took another turn. But his mother never got over her disappointment at his not being a preacher. Not even his brilliant reputation at the bar and in parliament, could satisfy her maternal heart. She lived to see the nation hanging on the lips of this almost inspired orator. Yet even then she would lament over him, "O Jacky, Jacky, what a preacher was lost in you!" Her friends reminded her that she had lived to see her son one of the judges of the land. "Don't speak to me of *judges*," she would reply, "John was fit for any thing; and had he but followed our advice, it might hereafter be written upon my tomb that I had died the mother of a bishop."

But no one as yet knew that he had extraordinary talent for eloquence. Indeed he did not suspect it himself. In his boyhood he had a confusion in his utterance, from which he was called by his school-fellows "stuttering Jack Curran." It was not until many years after, while studying law at the Temple, that he found out that he *could speak*. After his fame was established, a friend dining with him one day, could not repress his admiration of Curran's eloquence, and remarked that it must have been born with him. "Indeed, my dear sir," replied Curran, "it was not, it was born twenty-three years and some months after me." But when he had made the important discovery of this concealed power, he employed every means to render his elocution perfect. He accustomed himself to speak very slowly to correct his precipitate utterance. He practiced before a glass to make his gestures graceful. He spoke aloud the most celebrated orations. One piece he was never weary of repeating, the speech of Antony over the body of Cæsar. This he recommended to his young friends at the bar as a model of eloquence.

And while he thus used art to smooth a channel for his thoughts to flow in, no man's eloquence ever issued more freshly and spontaneously from the heart. It was always the heart of the man that spoke. It was because his own emotions were so intense, that he possessed such power over the feelings of others.

His natural sympathies were strong. Like every truly great man, he was simple as a child. He had all those tastes which mark a genuine man. He loved nature. He loved children. He sympathized with the poor. It was perhaps from these popular sympathies that he preferred Rousseau among the French writers, and that his friendship was so strong with Mr. Godwin.

* From the "Irish Confederates," by Henry M. Field, at the press of Harper and Brothers.

His nature was all sensibility. He was most keenly alive to gay, or to mournful scenes. He had a boyish love of fun and frolic. He entered into sports with infinite glee. In these things he remained a child to the end of his days; while in sensibility to tears he had the heart of a woman. Thus to the last hour of life he kept his affections fresh and flowing.

He had the delicate organization of genius. His frame vibrated to music like an Eolian harp. He had the most exquisite relish for the beauties of poetry. He was extravagantly fond of works of imagination. He devoured romances. And when in his reading he met with a passage which gratified his taste, he was never weary of repeating it to himself, or reading it to the friends who came to see him.

In conversation, perhaps the most prominent faculty of his mind was fancy—sportive, playful, tender, and pathetic. His conversation was a stream which never ceased to flow. His brilliant imagination, and the warmth with which he entered into every thing, gave it a peculiar fascination. Byron said that Curran had spoken more poetry than any man had ever written. In a circle of genial friends, after dinner, his genius was in its first action. His countenance lighted up, and his conversation, beginning to flow, now sparkled, now ran like wine. Flashes of wit played round him. Mirth gleamed from his eye and shot from his tongue. He had an endless store of anecdote, to which his extraordinary dramatic talent enabled him to give the happiest effect. He told stories, and hitting off the point of Irish character by the most exquisite mimicry; he "set the table on a roar," following perhaps with some touching tale which instantly brought tears into every eye. "You wept," says Phillips, "and you laughed, and you wondered; and the wonderful creature, who made you do all at will, never let it appear that he was more than your equal, and was quite willing, if you chose, to become your auditor."

The wit of Curran was spontaneous. It was the creation of the moment, the electric sparks shot from a mind overcharged with imagery and feeling. In this it differed from the wit of another great Irishman. Sheridan had more of the actor about him. His brilliant sayings were prepared beforehand. He aimed at display in the receptions at Holland House as much as when writing a comedy for Drury-lane.

Perhaps no foreigner, who has visited England, has had a better opportunity of seeing its distinguished men than Madame De Stael. She was constantly surrounded by the most brilliant society of London. Yet even in that blaze of genius, she was most struck, as she often told her friends, with the conversational powers of Curran. This too, was in 1813, when his health had sunk, and his spirits were so depressed, as to make it an effort to support his part at all in society.

From the vivacity of his conversation, one would hardly have suspected the depth and seri-

ousness of his character. In talking with ladies or with young persons, his mind was remarkable for its constant playfulness. A gleam or sunshine illumined his whole being. Yet those who knew him intimately were aware that he was subject all his life to constitutional melancholy. Like many other men celebrated for their wit, his gayety alternated with deep depression. The truth was that he sympathized, too intensely with the scenes of real life, to be uniformly gay. In his country he saw so much to sadden him, that his feelings took a melancholy tone. The transition was often instantaneous from humor to pathos. His friends, who saw him in his lighter moods, were surprised at the sudden change of his countenance. "In grave conversation, his voice was remarkable for a certain plaintive sincerity of tone"—a sadness which fascinated the listener like mournful music.

In his eloquence appeared the same transitions of feeling and variety of talent. He could descend to the driest details of law or evidence. Thomas Addis Emmet, who, though younger, practiced at the same bar, says that Curran possessed a logical head. From this he could rise to the highest flights of imagination, and it was here, and in appeals to the feelings, that he was most at home. Sometimes his wit ran away with him. His fancy was let off like a display of fireworks. It flew like a thousand rockets, darting, whizzing, buzzing, lighting up the sky with fantastic shapes.

By turns he could use the lightest or the heaviest weapon, as suited the object of his attack. Where ethereal wit or playful irony were likely to be thrown away upon some gross and insensible subject, he could point the keenest edge of ridicule, or the coarsest invective, or the most withering sarcasm.

When dissecting the character of a perjured witness, he seemed to delight in making him feel the knife. His victim, at such a time, appeared like an insect whom he had lanced with a needle, and was holding up to the laughter and scorn of the world. Thus, when treating the evidence of O'Brien, a hired informer, who had come on the stand to swear away the lives of men whom the government had determined to sacrifice, Curran apostrophized the patriotic individual, "Dearest, sweetest, Mr. James O'Brien," exposing the utter rottenness of his character in a tone of irony, until the man, who had a forehead of brass, was forced to slink back into the crowd, and to escape from the court.

So in his place in parliament, when exposing the corruption of the officers of government, he did not spare nor have pity. A swarm of blood-suckers had fastened on the state, who were growing fat from draining the life of their unhappy country. Curran proclaimed the immaculate virtue of "those saints on the pension list, that are like lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin, but they are arrayed like Solomon in his glory." The extent to which

this corruption had gone was incredible. "This polyglot of wealth," said Curran, "this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke or a Rodney, to the debased situation of the lady who humbly herself that she may be exalted." The road to advancement at that day in Ireland, to the peerage, to the judicial bench, was to betray the country. Curran branded those who thus came into power by one of the strongest figures in English eloquence. "Those foundlings of fortune, overwhelmed in the torrent of corruption at an early period, lay at the bottom like drowned bodies, while soundness or sanity remained in them; but at length becoming buoyant by putrefaction, they rose as they rotted, and floated to the surface of the polluted stream, where they were drifted along, the objects of terror, and contagion, and abomination."

At the bar he often indulged in sallies of wit, and thus conciliated the attention of the court. His delicate satire, his comical turns of thought, convulsed the court with laughter. Then suddenly he stopped, his lip quivered, his sentences grew slow and measured, and he poured forth strains of the deepest pathos, as he pictured the wrongs of his country, or lamented the companions of other days, the illustrious departed, "over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland had been shed." His voice excelled in the utterance of plaintive emotions, and the homage which had been paid to his eloquence by mirth, was now paid in the sound of suppressed weeping, which alone broke the death-like stillness of the room. In pleading for one on trial for his life, his voice subsided toward the close and sunk away in tones of solemnity and supplication. Thus would he say, "Sweet is the recollection of having done justice in that hour when the hand of death presses on the human heart! Sweet is the hope which it gives birth to! From you I demand that justice for my client, your innocent and unfortunate fellow-subject at the bar; and may you have it for a more lasting reward than the perishable crown we read of, which the ancients placed on the brow of him who saved in battle the life of a fellow-citizen!"

But the trait which appears most conspicuous in the public efforts of Curran, and which made him the idol of his countrymen, was his enthusiastic love of Ireland. Says his biographer, "Ireland was the choice of his youth, and was from first to last regarded by him, not so much with the feelings of a patriot, as with the romantic idolatry of a lover." In early life he had learned to love the Irish peasantry, and no lapse of time could chill his affection. No temptation of office could seduce him from the side of the poor and the oppressed. He knew their noble qualities, and his bosom burned at the wrongs which they suffered.

One of his first causes at the bar was pleading for a Catholic priest who had been brutally

assaulted by a nobleman. Such was the fear of incurring the displeasure of a lord, that no one dared to undertake the prosecution, until Curran stepped forward, then a young lawyer. His effort was successful. Not long after, the priest was called away from the world. He sent for Curran to his bedside. Gold and silver he had none. But he gave him all in his power, the benediction of a dying man. He caused himself to be raised up in his bed, and stretching out his trembling hands to place them upon the head of the defender, invoked for him the blessing of the Almighty. Such scenes as this, while they excited the enthusiasm of the Catholic population throughout Ireland for the young advocate, who had dared to defend a priest of their proscribed religion, at the same time strengthened his determination to make common cause with his countrymen in their sufferings.

It is melancholy to reflect that efforts so great for the liberty and happiness of Ireland, were not crowned with complete success. But the patriotism and the courage were not less noble because overborne by superior power. It is the honor of Curran that he loved Ireland in her woe, and loved her to the last. Toward the close of life he said, "To our unhappy country, what I had, I gave. I might have often sold her. I could not redeem her. I gave her the best sympathies of my heart, sometimes in tears, sometimes in indignation, sometimes in hope, but often in despondence."

[From the Dublin University Magazine.]

GHOST STORIES OF CHAPELIZOD.

TAKE my word for it, there is no such thing as an ancient village, especially if it has seen better days, unillustrated by its legends of terror. You might as well expect to find a decayed cheese without mites, or an old house without rats, as an antique and dilapidated town without an authentic population of goblins. Now, although this class of inhabitants are in nowise amenable to the police authorities, yet as their demeanor greatly affects the comforts of her Majesty's subjects, I can not but regard it as a grave omission that the public have hitherto been left without any statistical returns of their numbers, activity, &c., &c. And I am persuaded that a Commission to inquire into and report upon the numerical strength, habits, haunts, &c., &c., of supernatural agents resident in Ireland, would be a great deal more innocent and entertaining than half the Commissions for which the country pays, and at least as instructive. This I say more from a sense of duty, and to deliver my mind of a grave truth than with any hope of seeing the suggestion adopted. But, I am sure, my readers will deplore with me that the comprehensive powers of belief, and apparently illimitable leisure, possessed by parliamentary commissions of inquiry, should never have been applied to the subject I have named, and that the collection of that species of information should be confided to the gratuitous and

desultory labors of individuals, who, like myself, have other occupations to attend to. This, however, by the way.

Among the village outposts of Dublin, Chapelized once held a considerable, if not a foremost rank. Without mentioning its connection with the history of the great Kilmainham Preceptory of the Knights of St. John, it will be enough to remind the reader of its ancient and celebrated castle, not one vestige of which now remains, and of the fact that it was for, we believe, some centuries, the summer residence of the Viceroys of Ireland. The circumstance of its being up, we believe, to the period at which that corps was disbanded, the head-quarters of the Royal Irish Artillery, gave it also a consequence of an humbler, but not less substantial kind. With these advantages in its favor, it is not wonderful that the town exhibited at one time an air of substantial and semi-aristocratic prosperity unknown to Irish villages in modern times.

A broad street, with a well-paved foot-path, and houses as lofty as were at that time to be found in the fashionable streets of Dublin; a goodly stone-fronted barrack; an ancient church, vaulted beneath, and with a tower clothed from its summit to its base with the richest ivy; an humble Roman Catholic chapel; a steep bridge spanning the Liffey, and a great old mill at the near end of it, were the principal features of the town. These, or at least most of them, remain, but still the greater part in a very changed and forlorn condition. Some of them indeed superseded, though not obliterated by modern erections, such as the bridge, the chapel, and the church in part; the rest forsaken by the order who originally raised them, and delivered up to poverty, and in some cases to absolute decay.

The village lies in the lap of the rich and wooded valley of the Liffey, and is overlooked by the high grounds of the beautiful Phoenix Park on the one side, and by the ridge of the Palmerstown hills on the other. Its situation, therefore is eminently picturesque; and factory fronts and chimneys notwithstanding, it has, I think, even in its decay, a sort of melancholy picturesqueness of its own. Be that as it may, I mean to relate two or three stories of that sort, which may be read with very good effect by a blazing fire on a shrewd winter's night, and are all directly connected with the altered and somewhat melancholy little town I have named. The first I shall relate concerns

THE VILLAGE BULLY.

About thirty years ago there lived in the town of Chapelized an ill-conditioned fellow of Herculean strength, well known throughout the neighborhood by the title of Bully Larkin. In addition to his remarkable physical superiority, this fellow had acquired a degree of skill as a pugilist which alone would have made him formidable. As it was, he was the autocrat of the village, and carried not the sceptre in vain. Conscious of his superiority, and perfectly secure of impunity, he lorded it over his fellows in a spirit of cowardly and brutal insolence, which

made him hated even more profoundly than he was feared.

Upon more than one occasion he had deliberately forced quarrels upon men whom he had singled out for the exhibition of his savage prowess; and, in every encounter his overmatched antagonist had received an amount of "punishment" which edified and appalled the spectators, and in some instances left ineffaceable scars and lasting injuries after it.

Bully Larkin's pluck had never been fairly tried. For, owing to his prodigious superiority in weight, strength, and skill, his victories had always been certain and easy; and in proportion to the facility with which he uniformly smashed an antagonist, his pugnacity and insolence were inflamed. He thus became an odious nuisance in the neighborhood, and the terror of every mother who had a son, and of every wife who had a husband who possessed a spirit to resent insult, or the smallest confidence in his own pugilistic capabilities.

Now it happened that there was a young fellow named Ned Moran—better known by the *soubriquet* of "Long Ned," from his slender, lathy proportions—at that time living in the town. He was, in truth, a mere lad, nineteen years of age, and fully twelve years younger than the stalwart bully. This, however, as the reader will see, secured for him no exemption from the dastardly provocations of the ill-conditioned pugilist. Long Ned, in an evil hour, had thrown eyes of affection upon a certain buxom damsel, who, notwithstanding Bully Larkin's amorous rivalry, inclined to reciprocate them.

I need not say how easily the spark of jealousy, once kindled, is blown into a flame, and how naturally, in a coarse and ungoverned nature, it explodes in acts of violence and outrage.

"The bully" watched his opportunity, and contrived to provoke Ned Moran, while drinking in a public-house with a party of friends, into an altercation, in the course of which he failed not to put such insults upon his rival as manhood could not tolerate. Long Ned, though a simple, good-natured sort of fellow, was by no means deficient in spirit, and retorted in a tone of defiance which edified the more timid, and gave his opponent the opportunity he secretly coveted.

Bully Larkin challenged the heroic youth, whose pretty face he had privately consigned to the mangling and bloody discipline he was himself so capable of administering. The quarrel, which he had himself contrived to get up, to a certain degree covered the ill-blood and malignant premeditation which inspired his proceedings, and Long Ned, being full of generous ire and whisky punch, accepted the gage of battle on the instant. The whole party, accompanied by a mob of idle men and boys, and in short, by all who could snatch a moment from the calls of business, proceeded in slow procession through the old gate into the Phoenix Park, and mounting the hill overlooking the town, selected near its summit a level spot on which to decide the quarrel.

The combatants stripped, and a child might

have seen in the contrast presented by the slight, lank form and limbs of the lad, and the muscular and massive build of his veteran antagonist, how desperate was the chance of poor Ned Moran.

"Seconds" and "bottle-holders"—selected, of course, for their love of the game—were appointed, and "the fight" commenced.

I will not shock my readers with a description of the cool-blooded butchery that followed. The result of the combat was what any body might have predicted. At the eleventh round, poor Ned refused to "give in;" the brawny pugilist, unhurt, in good wind, and pale with concentrated, and as yet, unslaked revenge, had the gratification of seeing his opponent seated upon his second's knee, unable to hold up his head, his left arm disabled; his face a bloody, swollen, and shapeless mass; his breast scarred and bloody, and his whole body panting and quivering with rage and exhaustion.

"Give in Ned, my boy," cried more than one of the by-standers.

"Never, never," shrieked he, with a voice hoarse and choking.

Time being "up," his second placed him on his feet again. Blinded with his own blood, panting and staggering, he presented but a helpless mark for the blows of his stalwart opponent. It was plain that a touch would have been sufficient to throw him to the earth. But Larkin had no notion of letting him off so easily. He closed with him without striking a blow (the effect of which, prematurely dealt, would have been to bring him at once to the ground, and so put an end to the combat), and getting his battered and almost senseless head under his arm, fast in that peculiar "fix" known to the fancy pleasantly by the name of "chancery," he held him firmly, while with monotonous and brutal strokes, he beat his fist, as it seemed, almost into his face. A cry of "shame" broke from the crowd, for it was plain that the beaten man was now insensible, and supported only by the Herculean arm of the bully. The round and the fight ended by his hurling him upon the ground, falling upon him at the same time, with his knee upon his chest.

The bully rose, wiping the perspiration from his white face with his blood-stained hands, but Ned lay stretched and motionless upon the grass. It was impossible to get him upon his legs for another round. So he was carried down, just as he was, to the pond which then lay close to the old Park gate, and his head and body were washed beside it. Contrary to the belief of all, he was not dead. He was carried home, and after some months, to a certain extent, recovered. But he never held up his head again, and before the year was over he had died of consumption. Nobody could doubt how the disease had been induced, but there was no actual proof to connect the cause and effect, and the ruffian Larkin escaped the vengeance of the law. A strange retribution, however, awaited him.

After the death of Long Ned, he became less quarrelsome than before, but more sullen and reserved. Some said, "he took it to heart," and others, that his conscience was not at ease about it. Be this as it may, however, his health did not suffer by reason of his presumed agitations, nor was his worldly prosperity marred by the blasting curses with which poor Moran's enraged mother pursued him; on the contrary, he had rather risen in the world, and obtained regular and well-remunerated employment from the Chief-secretary's gardener, at the other side of the Park. He still lived in Chapelizod, whither, on the close of his day's work, he used to return across the Fifteen Acres.

It was about three years after the catastrophe we have mentioned, and late in the autumn, when, one night, contrary to his habit, he did not appear at the house where he lodged, neither had he been seen any where, during the evening, in the village. His hours of return had been so very regular, that his absence excited considerable surprise, though, of course, no actual alarm; and, at the usual hour, the house was closed for the night, and the absent lodger consigned to the mercy of the elements, and the care of his presiding star. Early in the morning, however, he was found lying in a state of utter helplessness upon the slope immediately overlooking the Chapelizod gate. He had been smitten with a paralytic stroke; his right side was dead; and it was many weeks before he had recovered his speech sufficiently to make himself at all understood.

He then made the following relation: he had been detained, it appeared, later than usual, and darkness had closed in before he commenced his homeward walk across the Park. It was a moonlight night, but masses of ragged clouds were slowly drifting across the heavens. He had not encountered a human figure, and no sounds but the softened rush of the wind sweeping through bushes and hollows, met his ear. These wild and monotonous sounds, and the utter solitude which surrounded him, did not, however, excite any of those uneasy sensations which are ascribed to superstition, although he said he did feel depressed, or, in his own phraseology, "lonesome." Just as he crossed the brow of the hill which shelters the town of Chapelizod, the moon shone out for some moments with unclouded lustre, and his eye, which happened to wander by the shadowy inclosures which lay at the foot of the slope, was arrested by the sight of a human figure climbing, with all the haste of one pursued, over the church-yard wall, and running up the steep ascent directly toward him. Stories of "resurrectionists" crossed his recollection, as he observed this suspicious-looking figure. But he began, momentarily, to be aware, with a sort of fearful instinct which he could not explain, that the running figure was directing his steps, with a sinister purpose, toward himself.

The form was that of a man with a loose

coat about him, which, as he ran, he disengaged, and as well as Larkin could see, for the moon was again wading in clouds, threw from him. The figure thus advanced until within some two score yards of him; it arrested its speed, and approached, with a loose, swaggering gait. The moon again shone out bright and clear, and, gracious God! what was the spectacle before him? He saw as distinctly as if he had been presented there in the flesh, Ned Moran, himself, stripped naked from the waist upward, as if for pugilistic combat, and drawing toward him in silence. Larkin would have shouted, prayed, cursed, fled across the Park, but he was absolutely powerless; the apparition stopped within a few steps, and leered on him with a ghastly mimicry of the defiant stare with which pugilists strive to cow one another before combat. For a time, which he could not so much as conjecture, he was held in the fascination of that unearthly gaze, and at last the thing, whatever it was, on a sudden swaggered close up to him with extended palms. With an impulse of horror, Larkin put out his hand to keep the figure off, and their palms touched—at least, so he believed—for a thrill of unspeakable agony, running through his arm, pervaded his entire frame, and he fell senseless to the earth.

Though Larkin lived for many years after, his punishment was terrible. He was incurably maimed; and being unable to work, he was forced, for existence, to beg alms of those who had once feared and flattered him. He suffered, too, increasingly, under his own horrible interpretation of the preternatural encounter which was the beginning of all his miseries. It was vain to endeavor to shake his faith in the reality of the apparition, and equally vain, as some compassionately did, to try to persuade him that the greeting with which his vision closed, was intended, while inflicting a temporary trial, to signify a compensating reconciliation.

"No, no," he used to say, "all won't do. I know the meaning of it well enough; it is a challenge to meet him in the other world—in Hell, where I am going—that's what it means, and nothing else."

And so, miserable and refusing comfort, he lived on for some years, and then died, and was buried in the same narrow church-yard which contains the remains of his victim.

I need hardly say how absolute was the faith of the honest inhabitants, at the time when I heard the story, in the reality of the preternatural summons which, through the portals of terror, sickness, and misery, had summoned Bully Larkin to his long, last home, and that, too, upon the very ground on which he had signalized the guiltiest triumph of his violent and vindictive career.

I recollect another story of the preternatural sort, which made no small sensation, some five-and-thirty years ago, among the good gossips of the town; and, with your leave, courteous reader, I shall relate it.

THE SEXTON'S ADVENTURE.

Those who remember Chapelized a quarter of a century ago, or more, may possibly recollect the parish sexton. Bob Martin was held much in awe by truant boys who sauntered into the church-yard on Sundays, to read the tombstones, or play leap-frog over them, or climb the ivy in search of bats or sparrows' nests, or peep into the mysterious aperture under the eastern window, which opened a dim perspective of descending steps losing themselves among profounder darkness, where lidless coffins gaped horribly among tattered velvet, bones, and dust, which time and mortality had strewn there. Of such horribly curious, and otherwise enterprising juveniles, Bob was, of course, the special scourge and terror. But terrible as was the official aspect of the sexton, and repugnant as his lank form, clothed in rusty, sable vesture, his small, frosty visage, suspicious, gray eyes, and rusty, brown scratch-wig, might appear to all notions of genial frailty; it was yet true, that Bob Martin's severe morality sometimes nodded, and that Bacchus did not always solicit him in vain.

Bob had a curious mind, a memory well stored with "merry tales," and tales of terror. His profession familiarized him with graves and goblins, and his tastes with weddings, wassail, and sly frolics of all sorts. And as his personal recollections ran back nearly three score years into the perspective of the village history, his fund of local anecdote was copious, accurate, and edifying.

As his ecclesiastical revenues were by no means considerable, he was not unfrequently obliged, for the indulgence of his tastes, to arts which were, at the best, undignified.

He frequently invited himself when his entertainers had forgotten to do so; he dropped in accidentally upon small drinking-parties of his acquaintance in public-houses, and entertained them with stories, queer or terrible, from his inexhaustible reservoir, never scrupling to accept an acknowledgment in the shape of hot whisky-punch, or whatever else was going.

There was at that time a certain atrabilious publican, called Philip Slaney, established in a shop nearly opposite the old turnpike. This man was not, when left to himself, immoderately given to drinking; but being naturally of a saturnine complexion, and his spirits constantly requiring a fillip, he acquired a prodigious liking for Bob Martin's company. The sexton's society, in fact, gradually became the solace of his existence, and he seemed to lose his constitutional melancholy in the fascination of his sly jokes and marvelous stories.

This intimacy did not redound to the prosperity or reputation of the convivial allies. Bob Martin drank a good deal more punch than was good for his health, or consistent with the character of an ecclesiastical functionary. Philip Slaney, too, was drawn into similar indulgences, for it was hard to resist the genial seductions of his gifted companion; and as he was obliged to

paw for both, his purse was believed to have suffered even more than his head and liver.

Be this as it may, Bob Martin had the credit of having made a drunkard of "black Phil Slaney"—for by this cognomen was he distinguished; and Phil Slaney had also the reputation of having made the sexton, if possible, a "bigger bliggard" than ever. Under these circumstances, the accounts of the concern opposite the turnpike became somewhat entangled; and it came to pass one drowsy summer morning, the weather being at once sultry and cloudy, that Phil Slaney went into a small back parlor, where he kept his books, and which commanded, through its dirty window-panes, a full view of a dead wall, and having bolted the door, he took a loaded pistol, and clapping the muzzle in his mouth, blew the upper part of his skull through the ceiling.

This horrid catastrophe shocked Bob Martin extremely; and partly on this account, and partly because having been, on several late occasions, found at night in a state of abstraction, bordering on insensibility, upon the high road, he had been threatened with dismissal; and, as some said, partly also because of the difficulty of finding any body to "treat" him as poor Phil Slaney used to do, he for a time forswore alcohol in all its combinations, and became an eminent example of temperance and sobriety.

Bob observed his good resolutions, greatly to the comfort of his wife, and the edification of the neighborhood, with tolerable punctuality. He was seldom tipsy, and never drunk, and was greeted by the better part of society with all the honors of the prodigal son.

Now it happened, about a year after the grisly event we have mentioned, that the curate having received, by the post, due notice of a funeral to be consummated in the church-yard of Chapelizod, with certain instructions respecting the site of the grave, dispatched a summons for Bob Martin, with a view to communicate to that functionary these official details.

It was a lowering autumn night: piles of lurid thunder-clouds, slowly rising from the earth, had loaded the sky with a solemn and boding canopy of storm. The growl of the distant thunder was heard afar off upon the dull, still air, and all nature seemed, as it were, hushed and cowering under the oppressive influence of the approaching tempest.

It was past nine o'clock when Bob, putting on his official coat of seedy black, prepared to attend his professional superior.

"Bobby, darlin'," said his wife, before she delivered the hat she held in her hand to his keeping, "sure you won't, Bobby, darlin'—you won't—you know what."

"I *don't* know what," he retorted, smartly, grasping at his hat.

"You won't be throwing up the little finger, Bobby, acushla?" she said, evading his grasp.

"Arrah, why would I, woman? there, give me my hat, will you?"

"But won't you promise me, Bobby darlin'—won't you, alanna?"

"Ay, ay, to be sure I will—why not? there, give me my hat, and let me go."

"Ay, but you're not promisin', Bobb ma-vourneen; you're not promisin' all the time."

"Well, divil carry me if I drink a drop till I come back again," said the sexton, angrily; "will that do you? And *now* will you give me my hat?"

"Here it is, darlin'," she said, "and God send you safe back."

And with this parting blessing she closed the door upon his retreating figure, for it was now quite dark, and resumed her knitting till his return, very much relieved; for she thought he had of late been oftener tipsy than was consistent with his thorough reformation, and feared the allurements of the half dozen "publics" which he had at that time to pass on his way to the other end of the town.

They were still open, and exhaled a delicious reek of whisky, as Bob glided wistfully by them; but he stuck his hands in his pockets and looked the other way, whistling resolutely, and filling his mind with the image of the curate and anticipations of his coming fee. Thus he steered his morality safely through these rocks of offense, and reached the curate's lodging in safety.

He had, however, an unexpected sick call to attend, and was not at home, so that Bob Martin had to sit in the hall and amuse himself with the devil's tattoo until his return. This, unfortunately, was very long delayed, and it must have been fully twelve o'clock when Bob Martin set out upon his homeward way. By this time the storm had gathered to a pitchy darkness, the bellowing thunder was heard among the rocks and hollows of the Dublin mountains, and the pale, blue lightning shone upon the staring fronts of the houses.

By this time, too, every door was closed; but as Bob trudged homeward, his eye mechanically sought the public-house which had once belonged to Phil Slaney. A faint light was making its way through the shutters and the glass panes over the door-way, which made a sort of dull, foggy halo about the front of the house.

As Bob's eyes had become accustomed to the obscurity by this time, the light in question was quite sufficient to enable him to see a man in a sort of loose riding-coat seated upon a bench which, at that time, was fixed under the window of the house. He wore his hat very much over his eyes, and was smoking a long pipe. The outline of a glass and a quart bottle were also dimly traceable beside him; and a large horse saddled, but faintly discernible, was patiently awaiting his master's leisure.

There was something odd, no doubt, in the appearance of a traveler refreshing himself at such an hour in the open street; but the sexton accounted for it easily by supposing that, on the closing of the house for the night, he had taken

what remained of his refection to the place where he was now discussing it *al fresco*.

At another time Bob might have saluted the stranger, as he passed, with a friendly "good-night;" but, somehow, he was out of humor and in no genial mood, and was about passing without any courtesy of the sort, when the stranger, without taking the pipe from his mouth, raised the bottle, and with it beckoned him familiarly, while, with a sort of lurch of the head and shoulders, and at the same time shifting his seat to the end of the bench, he pantomimically invited him to share his seat and his cheer. There was a divine fragrance of whisky about the spot, and Bob half-relented; but he remembered his promise just as he began to waver, and said,

"No, I thank you, sir, I can't stop to-night."

The stranger beckoned with vehement welcome, and pointed to the vacant place on the seat beside him.

"I thank you for your polite offer," said Bob, "but it's what I'm too late as it is, and haven't time to spare, so I wish you a good-night."

The traveler jingled the glass against the neck of the bottle, as if to intimate that he might at least swallow a dram without losing time. Bob was mentally quite of the same opinion; but, though his mouth watered, he remembered his promise, and, shaking his head with incorruptible resolution, walked on.

The stranger, pipe in mouth, rose from his bench, the bottle in one hand, and the glass in the other, and followed at the sexton's heels, his dusky horse keeping close in his wake.

There was something suspicious and unaccountable in this importunity.

Bob quickened his pace, but the stranger followed close. The sexton began to feel queer, and turned about. His pursuer was behind, and still inviting him with impatient gestures to taste his liquor.

"I told you before," said Bob, who was both angry and frightened, "that I would not taste it, and that's enough. I don't want to have any thing to say to you or your bottle; and in God's name," he added, more vehemently, observing that he was approaching still closer, "fall back, and don't be tormenting me this way."

These words, as it seemed, incensed the stranger, for he shook the bottle with violent menace at Bob Martin; but, notwithstanding this gesture of defiance, he suffered the distance between them to increase. Bob, however, beheld him dogging him still in the distance, for his pipe shed a wonderful red glow, which duskily illuminated his entire figure, like a lurid atmosphere of meteor.

"I wish the devil had his own, my boy," muttered the excited sexton, "and I know well enough where you'd be."

The next time he looked over his shoulder, to his dismay he observed the importunate stranger as close as ever upon his track.

"Confound you," cried the man of skulls and

shovels, almost beside himself with rage and horror, "what is it you want of me?"

The stranger appeared more confident, and kept wagging his head and extending both glass and bottle toward him as he drew near, and Bob Martin heard the horse snorting as it followed in the dark.

"Keep it to yourself, whatever it is, for there is neither grace nor luck about you," cried Bob Martin, freezing with terror; "leave me alone, will you."

And he fumbled in vain among the seething confusion of his ideas for a prayer or an exorcism. He quickened his pace almost to a run; he was now close to his own door, under the impending bank by the river side.

"Let me in, let me in, for God's sake; Molly, open the door!" he cried, as he ran to the threshold, and leant his back against the plank. His pursuer confronted him upon the road; the pipe was no longer in his mouth, but the dusky red glow still lingered round him. He uttered some inarticulate cavernous sounds, which were wolfish and indescribable, while he seemed employed in pouring out a glass from the bottle.

The sexton kicked with all his force against the door, and cried at the same time with a despairing voice,

"In the name of God Almighty, once for all, leave me alone!"

His pursuer furiously flung the contents of the bottle at Bob Martin; but, instead of fluid, it issued out in a stream of flame, which expanded and whirled round them, and for a moment they were both enveloped in a faint blaze; at the same instant a sudden gust whisked off the stranger's hat, and the sexton beheld that his skull was roofless. For an instant he beheld the gaping aperture, black and shattered, and then he fell senseless into his own doorway, which his affrighted wife had just unbarred.

I need hardly give my reader the key to this most intelligible and authentic narrative. The traveler was acknowledged by all to have been the spectre of the suicide, called up by the Evil One to tempt the convivial sexton into a violation of his promise, sealed, as it was, by an imprecation. Had he succeeded, no doubt the dusky steed, which Bob had seen saddled in attendance, was destined to have carried back a double burden to the place from whence he came.

As an attestation of the reality of this visitation, the old thorn-tree which overhung the doorway was found in the morning to have been blasted with the infernal fires which had issued from the bottle, just as if a thunderbolt had scorched it.

The moral of the above tale is upon the surface, apparent, and, so to speak, *self-acting*—a circumstance which happily obviates the necessity of our discussing it together. Taking our leave, therefore, of honest Bob Martin, who now sleeps soundly in the same solemn dormitory where, in his day, he made so many beds for others, I come to a legend of the Royal Irish

Artillery, whose head-quarters were for so long a time in the town of Chapelizod. I don't mean to say that I can not tell a great many more stories, equally authentic and marvelous, touching this old town; but as I may possibly have to perform a like office for other localities, and as Anthony Poplar is known, like Atropos, to carry a shears, wherewith to snip across all "yarns" which exceed reasonable bounds, I consider it, on the whole, safer to dispatch the traditions of Chapelizod with one tale more.

Let me, however, first give it a name; for an author can no more dispatch a tale without a title, than an apothecary can deliver his physic without a label. We shall, therefore, call it,

THE SPECTRE LOVERS.

There lived some fifteen years since in a small and ruinous house, little better than a hovel, an old woman who was reported to have considerably exceeded her eightieth year, and who rejoiced in the name of Alice, or popularly, Ally Moran. Her society was not much courted, for she was neither rich, nor, as the reader may suppose, beautiful. In addition to a lean cur and a cat, she had one human companion, her grandson, Peter Brien, whom, with laudable good-nature, she had supported from the period of his orphanage down to that of my story, which finds him in his twentieth year. Peter was a good-natured slob of a fellow, much more addicted to wrestling, dancing, and love-making, than to hard work, and fonder of whisky-punch than good advice. His grandmother had a high opinion of his accomplishments, which, indeed, was but natural, and also of his genius, for Peter had of late years begun to apply his mind to politics; and as it was plain that he had a mortal hatred of honest labor, his grandmother predicted, like a true fortune-teller, that he was born to marry an heiress, and Peter himself (who had no mind to forego his freedom even on such terms), that he was destined to find a pot of gold. Upon one point both were agreed, that, being unfitted by the peculiar bias of his genius for work, he was to acquire the immense fortune to which his merits entitled him by means of a pure run of good luck. This solution of Peter's future had the double effect of reconciling both himself and his grandmother to his idle courses, and also of maintaining that even flow of hilarious spirits which made him every where welcome, and which was, in truth, the natural result of his consciousness of approaching affluence.

It happened one night that Peter had enjoyed himself to a very late hour with two or three choice spirits near Palmerstown. They had talked politics and love, sung songs, and told stories, and, above all, had swallowed, in the chastened disguise of punch, at least a pint of good whisky, every man.

It was considerably past one o'clock when Peter bid his companions good-by, with a sigh and a hiccough, and, lighting his pipe, set forth on his solitary homeward way.

The bridge of Chapelizod was pretty nearly the midway point of his night march, and from one cause or another his progress was rather slow, and it was past two o'clock by the time he found himself leaning over its old battlements, and looking up the river, over whose winding current and wooded banks the soft moonlight was falling.

The cold breeze that blew lightly down the stream was grateful to him. It cooled his throbbing head, and he drank it in at his hot lips. The scene, too, had, without his being well sensible of it, a secret fascination. The village was sunk in the profoundest slumber, not a mortal stirring, not a sound afloat, a soft haze covered it all, and the fairy moonlight hovered over the entire landscape.

In a state between rumination and rapture, Peter continued to lean over the battlements of the old bridge, and as he did so he saw, or fancied he saw, emerging one after another along the river bank in the little gardens and inclosures in the rear of the street of Chapelizod, the queerest little white-washed huts and cabins he had ever seen there before. They had not been there that evening when he passed the bridge on the way to his merry tryst. But the most remarkable thing about it was the odd way in which these quaint little cabins showed themselves. First he saw one or two of them just with the corner of his eye, and when he looked full at them, strange to say, they faded away and disappeared. Then another and another came in view, but all in the same coy way, just appearing and gone again before he could well fix his gaze upon them; in a little while, however, they began to bear a fuller gaze, and he found, as it seemed to himself, that he was able by an effort of attention to fix the vision for a longer and a longer time, and when they waxed faint and nearly vanished, he had the power of recalling them into light and substance, until at last their vacillating indistinctness became less and less, and they assumed a permanent place in the moonlit landscape.

"Be the hokey," said Peter, lost in amazement, and dropping his pipe into the river unconsciously, "them is the quarist bits iv muid cabins I ever seen, growing up like musharoons in the dew of an evening, and poppin' up here and down again there, and up again in another place, like so many white rabbits in a warren; and there they stand at last as firm and fast as if they were there from the Deluge; be dad it's enough to make a man a'most believe in the fairies."

This latter was a large concession from Peter, who was a bit of a free-thinker, and spoke contemptuously in his ordinary conversation of that class of agencies.

Having treated himself to a long last stare at these mysterious fabrics, Peter prepared to pursue his homeward way; having crossed the bridge and passed the mill, he arrived at the corner of the main-street of the little town, and casting a careless look up the Dublin road, his

eye was arrested by a most unexpected spectacle.

This was no other than a column of foot-soldiers, marching with perfect regularity toward the village, and headed by an officer on horse-back. They were at the far side of the turnpike, which was closed; but much to his perplexity he perceived that they marched on through it without appearing to sustain the least check from that barrier.

On they came at a slow march; and what was most singular in the matter was, that they were drawing several cannons along with them; some held ropes, others spoked the wheels, and others again marched in front of the guns and behind them, with muskets shouldered, giving a stately character of parade and regularity to this, as it seemed to Peter, most unmilitary procedure.

It was owing either to some temporary defect in Peter's vision, or to some illusion attendant upon mist and moon-light, or perhaps to some other cause, that the whole procession had a certain waving and vapory character which perplexed and tasked his eyes not a little. It was like the pictured pageant of a phantasmagoria reflected upon smoke. It was as if every breath disturbed it; sometimes it was blurred, sometimes obliterated; now here, now there. Sometimes, while the upper part was quite distinct, the legs of the column would nearly fade away or vanish outright, and then again they would come out into clear relief, marching on with measured tread, while the cocked hats and shoulders grew, as it were, transparent, and all but disappeared.

Notwithstanding these strange optical fluctuations, however, the column continued steadily to advance. Peter crossed the street from the corner near the old bridge, running on tip-toe, and with his body stooped to avoid observation, and took up a position upon the raised foot-path in the shadow of the houses, where, as the soldiers kept the middle of the road, he calculated that he might, himself undetected, see them distinctly enough as they passed.

"What the div—, what on airth," he muttered, checking the irreligious ejaculation with which he was about to start, for certain queer misgivings were hovering about his heart, notwithstanding the factitious courage of the whisky-bottle. "What on airth is the mainin' of all this? is it the French that's landed at last to give us a hand and help us in airnest to this blessed repale? If it is not them, I simply ask who the div—, I mane who on airth are they, for such sogers as them I never seen before in my born days?"

By this time the foremost of them were quite near, and truth to say, they were the queerest soldiers he had ever seen in the course of his life. They wore long gaiters and leather breeches, three-cornered hats, bound with silver lace, long blue coats, with scarlet facings and linings, which latter were shown by a fastening which held together the two opposite corners of the

skirt behind; and in front the breasts were in like manner connected at a single point, where, and below which, they sloped back, disclosing a long-flaped waistcoat of snowy whiteness; they had very large, long cross-belts, and wore enormous pouches of white leather hung extraordinarily low, and on each of which a little silver star was glittering. But what struck him as most grotesque and outlandish in their costume was their extraordinary display of shirt-frill in front, and of ruffle about their wrists, and the strange manner in which their hair was frizzed out and powdered under their hats, and clubbed up into great rolls behind. But one of the party was mounted. He rode a tall white horse, with high action and arching neck; he had a snow-white feather in his three-cornered hat, and his coat was shimmering all over with a profusion of silver lace. From these circumstances Peter concluded that he must be the commander of the detachment, and examined him as he passed attentively. He was a slight, tall man, whose legs did not half fill his leather breeches, and he appeared to be at the wrong side of sixty. He had a shrunken, weather-beaten, mulberry-colored face, carried a large black patch over one eye, and turned neither to the right nor to the left, but rode right on at the head of his men with grim, military inflexibility.

The countenance of these soldiers, officers as well as men, seemed all full of trouble, and, so to speak, scared and wild. He watched in vain for a single contented or comely face. They had, one and all, a melancholy and hang-dog look; and as they passed by, Peter fancied that the air grew cold and thrilling.

He had seated himself upon a stone bench, from which, staring with all his might, he gazed upon the grotesque and noiseless procession as it filed by him. Noiseless it was; he could neither hear the jingle of accoutrements, the tread of feet, nor the rumble of the wheels; and when the old colonel turned his horse a little, and made as though he were giving the word of command, and a trumpeter, with a swollen blue nose and white feather fringe round his hat, who was walking beside him, turned about and put his bugle to his lips, still Peter heard nothing, although it was plain the sound had reached the soldiers, for they instantly changed their front to three abreast.

"Botheration!" muttered Peter, "is it deaf I'm growing?"

But that could not be, for he heard the sighing of the breeze and the rush of the neighboring Liffey plain enough.

"Well," said he, in the same cautious key, "by the piper, this bangs Banagher fairly! It's either the Frinch army that's in it, come to take the town iv Chapelized by surprise, an' makin' no noise for feard iv wakenin' the inhabitants; or else it's—it's—what it's—some-thin' else. But, tundher-an-ouns, what's gone wid Fitzpatrick's shop across the way?"

The brown, dingy stone building at the op

posite side of the street looked newer and cleaner than he had been used to see it; the front door of it stood open, and a sentry, in the same grotesque uniform, with shouldered musket, was pacing noiselessly to and fro before it. At the angle of this building, in like manner, a wide gate (of which Peter had no recollection whatever) stood open, before which, also, a similar sentry was gliding, and into this gateway the whole column gradually passed, and Peter finally lost sight of it.

"I'm not asleep; I'm not dhramin'," said he, rubbing his eyes, and stamping slightly on the pavement, to assure himself that he was wide awake. "It is a quare business, whatever it is; an' it's not alone that, but every thing about the town looks strange to me. There's Tresham's house new painted, bedad, an' them flowers in the windies! An' Delany's house, too, that had not a whole pane of glass in it this morning, and scarce a slate on the roof of it! It is not possible it's what it's dhruunk I am. Sure there's the big tree, and not a leaf of it changed since I passed, and the stars overhead, all right. I don't think it is in my eyes it is."

And so looking about him, and every moment finding or fancying new food for wonder, he walked along the pavement, intending, without further delay, to make his way home.

But his adventures for the night were not concluded. He had nearly reached the angle of the short lane that leads up to the church, when for the first time he perceived that an officer, in the uniform he had just seen, was walking before, only a few yards in advance of him.

The officer was walking along at an easy, swinging gait, and carried his sword under his arm, and was looking down on the pavement with an air of reverie.

In the very fact that he seemed unconscious of Peter's presence, and disposed to keep his reflections to himself, there was something reassuring. Besides, the reader must please to remember that our hero had a *quantum sufficit* of good punch before his adventure commenced, and was thus fortified against those qualms and terrors under which, in a more reasonable state of mind, he might not impossibly have sunk.

The idea of the French invasion revived in full power in Peter's fuddled imagination, as he pursued the nonchalant swagger of the officer.

"Be the powers iv Moll Kelly, I'll ax him what it is," said Peter, with a sudden accession of rashness. "He may tell me or not, as he plases, but he can't be offinded, anyhow."

With this reflection having inspired himself, Peter cleared his voice, and began,

"Captain," said he, "I ax your pardon, captain, an' maybe you'd be so condescendin' to my ignorance as to tell me, if it's plaisin' to yer honor, whether your honor is not a Frinchman, if it's plaisin' to you."

This he asked, not thinking that, had it been

as he suspected, not one word of his question, in all probability, would have been intelligible to the person he addressed. He was, however, understood, for the officer answered him in English, at the same time slackening his pace, and moving a little to the side of the pathway, as if to invite his interrogator to take his place beside him.

"No; I am an Irishman," he answered.

"I humbly thank your honor," said Peter, drawing nearer—for the affability and the nativity of the officer encouraged him—"but maybe your honor is in the *sarvice* of the King of France?"

"I serve the same king as you do," he answered, with a sorrowful significance which Peter did not comprehend at the time; and, interrogating in turn, he asked, "But what calls you forth at this hour of the day?"

"The *day*, your honor!—the night, you mane."

"It was always our way to turn night into day, and we keep to it still," remarked the soldier. "But, no matter, come up here to my house; I have a job for you, if you wish to earn some money easily. I live here."

As he said this, he beckoned authoritatively to Peter, who followed almost mechanically at his heels, and they turned up a little lane near the old Roman Catholic chapel, at the end of which stood, in Peter's time, the ruins of a tall, stone-built house.

Like every thing else in the town, it had suffered a metamorphosis. The stained and ragged walls were now erect, perfect, and covered with pebble-dash; window-panes glittered coldly in every window; the green hall-door had a bright brass knocker on it. Peter did not know whether to believe his previous or his present impressions; seeing is believing, and Peter could not dispute the reality of the scene. All the records of his memory seemed but the images of a tipsy dream. In a trance of astonishment and perplexity, therefore, he submitted himself to the chances of his adventure.

The door opened, the officer beckoned with a melancholy air of authority to Peter, and entered. Our hero followed into a sort of hall, which was very dark, but he was guided by the steps of the soldier, and in silence they ascended the stairs. The moonlight, which shone in at the lobbies, showed an old, dark wainscoting, and a heavy, oak bannister. They passed by closed doors at different landing-places, but all was dark and silent as, indeed, became that late hour of the night.

Now they ascended to the topmost floor. The captain paused for a minute at the nearest door, and, with a heavy groan, pushing it open, entered the room. Peter remained at the threshold. A slight female form in a sort of loose, white robe, and with a great deal of dark hair hanging loosely about her, was standing in the middle of the floor, with her back toward them.

The soldier stopped short before he reached her, and said, in a voice of great anguish, "Still

the same, sweet bird—sweet bird! still the same.” Whereupon, she turned suddenly, and threw her arms about the neck of the officer, with a gesture of fondness and despair, and her frame was agitated as if by a burst of sobs. He held her close to his breast in silence; and honest Peter felt a strange terror creep over him, as he witnessed these mysterious sorrows and endearments.

“To-night, to-night—and then ten years more—ten long years—another ten years.”

The officer and the lady seemed to speak these words together; her voice mingled with his in a musical and fearful wail, like a distant summer wind, in the dead hour of night, wandering through ruins. Then he heard the officer say, alone, in a voice of anguish,

“Upon me be it all, forever, sweet birdie, upon me.”

And again they seemed to mourn together in the same soft and desolate wail, like sounds of grief heard from a great distance.

Peter was thrilled with horror, but he was also under a strange fascination; and an intense and dreadful curiosity held him fast.

The moon was shining obliquely into the room, and through the window Peter saw the familiar slopes of the Park, sleeping mistily under its shimmer. He could also see the furniture of the room with tolerable distinctness—the old balloon-backed chairs, a four-post bed in a sort of recess, and a rack against the wall, from which hung some military clothes and accoutrements; and the sight of all these homely objects reassured him somewhat, and he could not help feeling unspeakably curious to see the face of the girl whose long hair was streaming over the officer's epaulet.

Peter, accordingly, coughed, at first slightly, and afterward more loudly, to recall her from her reverie of grief; and, apparently, he succeeded; for she turned round, as did her companion, and both, standing hand-in-hand, looked upon him fixedly. He thought he had never seen such large, strange eyes in all his life; and their gaze seemed to chill the very air around him, and arrest the pulses of his heart. An eternity of misery and remorse was in the shadowy faces that looked upon him.

If Peter had taken less whisky by a single thimbleful, it is probable that he would have lost heart altogether before these figures, which seemed every moment to assume a more marked and fearful, though hardly definable contrast to ordinary human shapes.

“What is it you want with me?” he stammered.

“To bring my lost treasure to the church-yard,” replied the lady, in a silvery voice of more than mortal desolation.

The word “treasure” revived the resolution of Peter, although a cold sweat was covering him, and his hair was bristling with horror; he believed, however, that he was on the brink of fortune, if he could but command nerve to brave the interview to its close.

“And where,” he gasped, “is it hid—where will I find it?”

They both pointed to the sill of the window, through which the moon was shining at the far end of the room, and the soldier said:

“Under that stone.”

Peter drew a long breath, and wiped the cold dew from his face, preparatory to passing to the window, where he expected to secure the reward of his protracted terrors. But looking steadfastly at the window, he saw the faint image of a newborn child sitting upon the sill in the moonlight with its little arms stretched toward him, and a smile so heavenly as he never beheld before.

At sight of this, strange to say, his heart entirely failed him, he looked on the figures that stood near, and beheld them gazing on the infantine form with a smile so guilty and distorted, that he felt as if he were entering alive among the scenery of hell, and shuddering, he cried in an irrepressible agony of horror:

“I'll have nothing to say with you, and nothing to do with you; I don't know what yez are or what yez want iv me, but let me go this minute, every one of yez, in the name of God.”

With these words there came a strange rumbling and sighing about Peter's ears; he lost sight of every thing, and felt that peculiar and not unpleasant sensation of falling softly, that sometimes supervenes in sleep, ending in a dull shock. After that he had neither dream nor consciousness till he awakened, chill and stiff, stretched between two piles of old rubbish, among the black and roofless walls of the ruined house.

We need hardly mention that the village had put on its wonted air of neglect and decay, or that Peter looked around him in vain for traces of those novelties which had so puzzled and distracted him upon the previous night.

“Ay, ay,” said his old mother, removing her pipe, as he ended his description of the view from the bridge, “sure enough I remember myself, when I was a slip of a girl, these little white cabins among the gardens by the river side. The artillery sogers that was married, or had not room in the barracks, used to be in them, but they're all gone long ago.”

“The Lord be merciful to us!” she resumed, when he had described the military procession, “it's often I seen the regiment marchin' into the town, jist as you saw it last night, acushla. Oh, voch, but it makes my heart sore to think iv them days; they were pleasant times, sure enough; but is not it terrible, avick, to think it's what it was, the ghost of the rigiment you seen? The Lord betune us an' harm, for it was nothing else, as sure as I'm sittin' here.”

When he mentioned the peculiar physiognomy and figure of the old officer who rode at the head of the regiment—

“That,” said the old crone, dogmatically, “was ould Colonel Grimshaw, the Lord preserve us! he's buried in the church-yard iv Chapelizod, and well I remember him, when I

was a young thing, an' a cross ould floggin' fellow he was wid the men, an' a devil's boy among the girls—rest his soul!"

"Amen!" said Peter; "it's often I read his tombstone myself; but he's a long time dead."

"Sure, I tell you he died when I was no more nor a slip iv a girl—the Lord betune us and harm!"

"I'm afeard it is what I'm not long for this world myself, afther seeing such a sight as that," said Peter, fearfully.

"Nonsense, avourneen," retorted his grandmother, indignantly, though she had herself misgivings on the subject; "sure there was Phil Doolan, the ferryman, that seen black Ann Scanlan in his own boat, and what harm ever kem of it?"

Peter proceeded with his narrative, but when he came to the description of the house, in which his adventure had had so sinister a conclusion, the old woman was at fault.

"I know the house and the ould walls well, an' I can remember the time there was a roof on it, and the doors an' windows in it, but it had a bad name about being haunted, but by who, or for what, I forget intirely."

"Did you ever hear was there goold or silver there?" he inquired.

"No, no, avick, don't be thinking about the likes; take a fool's advice, and never go next or near them ugly black walls again the longest day you have to live; an' I'd take my davy, it's what it's the same word the priest himself 'ud be afther sayin' to you if you wor to ax his rivenrence consarnin' it, for it's plain to be seen it was nothing good, you seen there, and there's neither luck nor grace about it."

Peter's adventure made no little noise in the neighborhood, as the reader may well suppose; and a few evenings after it, being on an errand to old Major Vandeleur, who lived in a snug old-fashioned house, close by the river, under a perfect bower of ancient trees, he was called on to relate the story in the parlor.

The major was, as I have said, an old man; he was small, lean, and upright, with a mahogany complexion, and a wooden inflexibility of face; he was a man, besides, of few words, and if he was old, it follows plainly that his mother was older still. Nobody could guess or tell *how* old, but it was admitted that her own generation had long passed away, and that she had not a competitor left. She had French blood in her veins, and although she did not retain her charms quite so well as Ninon de l'Enclos, she was in full possession of all her mental activity, and talked quite enough for herself and the major.

"So, Peter," she said, "you have seen the dear, old Royal Irish again in the streets of Chapelizod. Make him a tumbler of punch, Frank; and Peter, sit down, and while you take it let us have the story."

Peter accordingly, seated near the door, with a tumbler of the nectarian stimulant steaming beside him, proceeded with marvelous courage, considering they had no light but the uncertain

glare of the fire, to relate with minute particularity his awful adventure. The old lady listened at first with a smile of good-natured incredulity; her cross-examination touching the drinking-bout at Palmerstown had been teasing, but as the narrative proceeded she became attentive, and at length absorbed, and once or twice she uttered ejaculations of pity or awe. When it was over, the old lady looked with a somewhat sad and stern abstraction on the table, patting her cat assiduously meanwhile, and then suddenly looking upon her son, the major, she said,

"Frank, as sure as I live he has seen the wicked Captain Devereux."

The major uttered an inarticulate expression of wonder.

"The house was precisely that he has described. I have told you the story often, as I heard it from your dear grandmother, about the poor young lady he ruined, and the dreadful suspicion about the little baby. *She*, poor thing, died in that house heart-broken, and you know he was shot shortly after in a duel."

This was the only light that Peter ever received respecting his adventure. It was supposed, however, that he still clung to the hope that treasure of some sort was hidden about the old house, for he was often seen lurking about its walls, and at last his fate overtook him, poor fellow, in the pursuit; for climbing near the summit one day, his holding gave way, and he fell upon the hard uneven ground, fracturing a leg and a rib, and after a short interval died, and he, like the other heroes of these true tales, lies buried in the little church-yard of Chapelizod.

A MORNING WITH MORITZ RETZSCH.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

AT Dresden we enjoyed the advantage of a friendly intercourse with one who is honored as much for his virtues as his talents, and whom it is a gratification to name—Professor Vogel von Vogelstein, whose latest work decorates a new church at Leipzig, designed by the estimable and highly gifted Professor Heidelhoff of Nuremberg. The simplicity of life of the great German masters, is very striking; they care nothing for display, except that upon their canvas, or their walls. One of the great secrets of their success is their earnestness of purpose. Professor Vogel seldom leaves his studio except to render courtesy to friend or stranger: and it is happy for those who have the privilege of his acquaintance, to know that such labors of love draw him frequently forth. As yet, years have not diminished the ardor with which he works—respected and beloved by all who know him. It was a true pleasure to sit in his studio, and converse with him; not only about Art, but about England; where he spent some time in communion with Wilkie, and Callcott, and Lawrence, and others, who, though passed away, have left immortalities behind them.

While conversing with Professor Vogel one

morning we expressed an earnest wish to see Moritz Retzsch—who had so wonderfully embodied the conceptions of Goethe, of Shakspeare, and of Schiller; his extraordinary powers of invention and description, with a few strokes of his pencil, had rendered him an object of the deepest interest to us, many years ago when an artist friend, now dead and gone, first made him known to us; and although he resided we had been told, “a long way out of Dresden,” we resolved, if we could, to visit him at his home. It was therefore very pleasant when Professor Vogel offered to accompany us himself, and present us to the great artist. In the evening, as we stood on the noble bridge that spans the rapid Elbe, a summer-house crowning one of the distant vine-clad hills, was pointed out to us as belonging to him whom we so much desired to know.

“His dwelling,” said our friend, “is directly below that hill, and he resides on his paternal acres; his father’s vineyards are as green as ever; and the artist’s love of nature, is fostered amid its beauties.” Nothing could be more charming than the scene. We had left the Bruhl Terrace crowded with company, driven away from its music and society by the clouds of tobacco smoke which wrap the Germans in an elysium peculiarly “their own;” but the music was softened by distance, into sweeter harmony. The sun was setting, warming the pale green of the vineyards into autumnal richness, and casting delicious tints upon the undulating waters; the atmosphere was so pure, so free from what sad experience teaches us to consider the natural vapors of city life, that the spires and public buildings looked as if carved in ivory; the mighty river swept freely on, its strong current hopelessly contending with the massive masonry of the bridge; one or two steamers were puffing their way from some of the distant villages; and a party near the shore were moving their oars, rather than rowing, singing what sounded to us like a round and chorus, in that perfect tune and time, where the voices seem as one; twilight came down without any haze, so that the range of hills was still visible, and still we fancied we saw the Pavilion of Moritz Retzsch. Our friend told us he was born at Dresden in 1779, and had never visited the distant schools, nor wandered far from his native city; in early childhood he manifested a talent for Art; modeling in clay, carving in wood, and exercising his imitative, as well as his imaginative powers, by drawing with any thing, or upon any thing, whatever he saw or fancied. He never intended to become an artist; he had not received what is called “an artistic education.” He looked at and loved whatever was beautiful in nature, and copied it without an effort. At that period, the profession of Art would have been all too tranquil a dream for his boyhood to enjoy; nay, his “hot youth,” ardent and desiring excitement, full of visions of adventure and liberty, had, at one time, nearly induced him to become a

hunter, or forester—one of the jägers made familiar to us on the stage, in green hunting dress and buckskin, with belt and bugle)—in the Royal service; a little consideration, a few speaking facts, however, taught him that this project would not have secured him the freedom he coveted so much; and, most fortunately, when he entered his twentieth year, he determined on the course which has given both to himself and to the world, such delicious pleasure. He abandoned himself to Art, and has ever since exercised it with a devotion and enthusiasm, a sacred freedom, that, despite his excitable temperament, has rendered him happy. Such was our friend’s information concerning the author of those wonderful “OUTLINES” which have been the admiration of the world for nearly half a century, and are scarcely better known in Germany than they are in England.

“Nothing,” he added, “could surpass the ardor with which the young artist labored. His soul was animated by the grand conceptions of Goethe and Schiller; his ears drank in the beauty and sublimity of their poetry; and he lived in the mingled communion of great men, and the lovely and softened beauty of Saxon fatherland.” In 1828, he was nominated Professor of Painting in the Dresden Royal Academy; but fame, much as he sought and loved it, did not fill his soul. The older he grew, the more his great heart yearned for that continuous sympathy with some object to comprehend and appreciate his noble pursuit, and to value him, as he believed he deserved. He coveted affection as much as fame.

One of the dwellers near his father’s vineyard was rich in the possession of a little daughter of extraordinary grace and beauty. She inspired the artist with some of his brightest conceptions of that peculiar infantine loveliness which his pencil has rendered with such eloquent fidelity.

The child crept into his heart—the young girl took possession of it. The poet-painter made no effort to dispossess her; on the contrary, he increased her power by giving her an excellent education; and when she had arrived at the age of womanhood, he made her his wife. Their married years have numbered many. One may be considered old, the other is no longer young; but their happiness has been, as far as it can be, without a shadow. Although they have no children, they do not seem to have desired them. Some gallant husbands pen a sonnet to a wife on her birth-day, or the anniversary of her marriage, but Moritz Retzsch sketches his birthday ode, in which the beauty and worth of his cherished wife, his own tenderness and happiness, their mingled hopes and prayers, are penciled in forms the most poetic and expressive. From year to year these designs have enriched the album of Madame Retzsch; and never was a more noble tribute laid at the feet of any lady-love, even in the times of old romance!

Professor Vogel had promised that Moritz Retzsch should show us his drawings; and we were full of hope that we should also have the privilege of seeing this Album. The sunset had given promise of—

“A goodly day to-morrow.”

And it was with no small delight that, on our return to our hotel, we found an hour had been fixed for our visit to the village, or Weinberg, and that Professor Vogel would be ready to accompany us at the time appointed.

We were prepared to expect allegorical designs; and Mrs. Jameson has long since converted us to a belief in the great power and benefit of symbolic painting, particularly on the minds and imaginations of the young. “To address the moral faculties through the medium of the imagination,” says this distinguished lady, “for any permanent or beneficial purpose, is the last thing thought of by our legislators and educators. Fable, except as a mere nomenclature of heathen gods and goddesses, is banished from the nursery, and allegory in Poetry and the Fine Arts is out of fashion;” and then she mingles her ink with gall, and adds, “it is deemed the child’s play of the intellect, fit only for the days of Dante, or Spenser, or Michael Angelo.”

Wearied with pleasure, we slept; but what we had seen and what we anticipated rendered repose impossible. The morning was bright, and warm, and sunny; and when our kind friend entered the carriage, we felt assured of a day’s enjoyment. We soon skirted the city, and found ourselves rolling in sight of the river; the road was overshadowed by trees, which had not yielded a leaf to the insidious advances of autumn; the villas—not certainly with shaven lawns and carefully-tended gardens, were picturesque and charming from the novelty of their construction, and not the less striking because the foliage was left to twine about them in unconstrained luxuriance. We had become accustomed to the wicker wagons, and the heavy oxen, and slow paces of men and horses; but there is something always to admire in the broad faces of the well-built Saxons, and the frank and kindly expression of their clear blue eyes.

We soon reached the narrow roads that wound along the base of the vine-clad hills, rising so abruptly as to form terrace after terrace, until they achieved the topmost height. Nothing can be more delightful than the situation of the houses at the foot of these hills, commanding, as they do, the whole of the rich valley in which Dresden is placed. “They call it Paradise,” said our kind companion; “and truly it deserves the name.”

It was positively refreshing to hear how Professor Vogel delighted in extolling Professor Retzsch. His eulogiums were so warm from the heart, and the desire to do his friend service so sincere, that we honored him more than ever. At last we paused at the garden-gate of the cottage-house of the illustrator of Faust, and

entered. Wide-spreading trees overshadowed the path which led along the side of the house to a sort of stone verandah, formed by the upper story projecting over the lower, and supported by rude stone pillars. At the further end were stairs leading to the living-rooms; and down these stairs came a gentleman who must have riveted attention wherever seen. His figure was somewhat short and massive, and his dress not of the most modern fashion; yet the head was magnificent. His whole appearance recalled Cuvier to us so forcibly, that we instantly murmured the name of the great naturalist; but when his clear wild blue eyes beamed their welcome, and his lips parted into a smile to give it words, we were even more strongly reminded of Professor Wilson; in each, a large, well-developed head, masculine features, a broad and high forehead, a mouth strongly expressive of a combination of generosity and force, bespoke the careful thinker and acute observer; and in both, the hair, “sable silvered,” seemed to have been left to the wild luxuriance of nature. He preceded us to the drawing-room—an uncarpeted chamber, furnished with old-fashioned German simplicity. Several birthday garlands were hung upon the walls. There were three doors opening into the apartment, and a long sofa extending along one of the sides; this sofa was canopied by ivy, growing in pots at either end, and entwined round a delicate framework. In Heidelhoff’s house, at Nuremberg, we had seen wreaths of ivy growing round the window-curtains in a peculiarly graceful manner; and at Berlin, in the costly and beautiful dwelling of the admirable sculptor Wichmann, the door leading from the dining into the billiard-room—where Mendelssohn delighted to play while Jenny Lind sat by and sung, enjoying, as she always does, the enjoyment of others—that door is trellised with ivy, the trellis being formed of light bamboo, and the foliage contrasting charmingly with the color of the trellis. The dust of our carpets, perhaps, prevents the introduction of this charming ornament generally into our rooms; but it is difficult to conceive how much this simple loan from nature may be made to enrich the interiors of our dwellings.

Nothing can be more frank and cordial than Retzsch’s manner, mingling, as it does, much simplicity with promptness and decision. After the lapse of a few minutes, the servant who had opened the gate brought in a couple of easels, and upon them the artist placed two paintings; both exquisitely drawn and designed, but so unlike what we had expected in color, that for a moment we felt disappointed. Our enthusiasm and admiration however, soon revived; and when, shortly afterward, he conducted us into an inner room, and, having seated us with due formality, in a great chair, opposite a little table, produced a portfolio of *drawings*, the kind face of Professor Vogel was illumined: “Ah!” he exclaimed, “now you will be delighted. I have brought many to my friend’s studio; I have looked at these drawings over and over

again, yet each time I see something to admire anew; there is always a discovery to be made—some allegory, half hidden under a rose-leaf; some wise and playful satire, peeping beneath the wing of a Cupid, or from the fardel of a traveler. What a pity you do not understand German, that you might hear him read those exquisite lyrics, beautiful as the sonnets of your own Shakspeare, or Wordsworth—but I will interpret—I will interpret.”

And so he did—with considerate patience: there we sat turning over page after page of the most exquisite fancies; the overflowings not only of the purest and most brilliant imagination, but of the deepest tenderness and exalted independence. The allegories of Moritz Retzsch, are not of the “hieroglyphic caste,” such as roused the indignation of Horace Walpole; there were no sentimental Hopes supported by anchors; no fat-cheeked Fames puffing noiseless trumpets; no common-place Deaths, with dilapidated hour-glasses; they were triumphs of pure Art, conveying a poetical idea, a moral or religious truth, a brilliant satire, brilliant and sharp as a cutting diamond, by “graphical representation;” each subject was a bit of the choicest lyric poetry, or an epigram, in which a single idea or sentiment had been illustrated and embodied, giving “a local habitation,” a name, a history, in the smallest compass, and in the most intelligible and attractive form.

With what delight we turned over these matchless drawings, many of them little more than outlines, yet so full of meaning—pausing between each, to glance at the face of the interpreter; though so distinctly was the idea conveyed, that there needed none; only it was such a rare delight to hear him tell his meaning in his own full sounding tongue, his face expressing all he wished to say, before the words were spoken.

We could have lingered over that portfolio for hours, and like Professor Vogel have found something new at each inspection of the same drawing; but the artist seemed to grow gently impatient to show us his wife’s Album—the book of which we had heard so much on the previous evening; there it was, carefully cased and covered—and before he opened it, he explained, with smiling lips, that on each of Madame Retzsch’s birthdays, he had presented to her a drawing expressive of his devotion, his faith in her virtues, or the hopes or disappointments to which the destiny of life had subjected them. However delicate and endearing may be the love of youth, with it there is always associated a dread that it may not endure until the end—that the world may tarnish or destroy it; that,

“A word unkind or wrongly taken,” may be the herald of harshness and of estrangement; but when, after a lapse of accumulated years, Cupid folds his wings without the loss of a single feather, and laughs at his arch-enemy “Time,” the sunshine of the picture creates an atmosphere of happiness that excites the best

sympathies of our nature. While he descanted on these results of his luxuriant and overflowing imagination and affection, never was genius more thoroughly love-inspired; never, as we had heard, did poet pen more exquisite birthday odes, than were framed by the tender and eloquent pencil of Moritz Retzsch on the birthdays of his wife.

We did not feel it to be a defect in the graphic allegories, so rich and varied in thought and expression, that they required, or rather received, the eloquent explanations of their great originator; the scene around that little table was in exquisite harmony; Professor Vogel’s expressions of delight were as enthusiastic as our own; he repeatedly said that a visit to his old friend was a renewal of his own youth; he hailed the precious Album with as much pleasure as ourselves, and reveled in the poetry and originality of its illustrations, with a freshness of feeling supposed only to belong to the early years of life.

We can not remember that Retzsch sat down once during our long visit; he was standing or moving about, the entire time, and frequently passed his fingers through the masses of his long gray hair, so that it assumed most peculiar styles; but nothing could detract from the picturesque magnificence of his noble head. His restlessness was certainly peculiar, he passed and repassed into the room where his precious drawings were scattered in such rich profusion, returning again and again to the window, enjoying our pleasure, the expression of his face varying so eloquently and honestly, that a young child could have read his thoughts: and then the indescribable brightness of that face; stormy, it no doubt could be at times, but the thunder would have been as nothing to the lightning.

The great artist seemed as curious about England as a country child is about London; indeed the mingling of simplicity and wisdom, is one of the strongest phases in his character; so gigantic, and yet so delicate, in Art; so full of the rarest knowledge; animated by an unsurpassable imagination; proud of the distinction his talents command, and yet of a noble and heroic independence which secures universal respect. The artist and his wife accompanied us to the gate which was soon to shut us out of “Paradise;” and, amply gratified as we were with our visit and its results, we felt that there was still so much more to say and to see, that the past hours appeared like winged moments, reminding us how—

“Noiseless falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.”

It seemed as though the gate had closed upon an old friend, instead of upon one seen for so brief a space, and never perhaps to be met with again in this world. One of the dreams of a life-time had been fully realized. We had paid Moritz Retzsch the involuntary compliment, of forgetting the celebrity of the artist, in the warmth of our admiration of the man. The gate was closed, and we were driving

rapidly toward Dresden—the scenery softened and mellowed by the gray and purple tone which follows a golden sunset. Yes, we felt as if we had parted from a friend; and surely the sacred lovingness we bear to those—honored though unseen—who have been as friends within our homes, dispersing by the power of their genius all trace, for a time, of the fret and turmoil of the busy world; soothing our sorrows; teaching us how to endure, and how to triumph; or enriching our minds by that ART-KNOWLEDGE, which, in the holiness of its beauty, is only second to the wisdom “which cometh from above;”—surely a higher tribute than either gratitude or admiration, is that of placing them within our hearts, there to remain until the end; amid the good, the beautiful, the true, and the beloved of life itself.

THE QUEEN'S TOBACCO-PIPE.

WE have seen pipes of all sorts and sizes in our time. In Germany, where the finest snaster is but twenty-pence a pound, and excellent leaf-tobacco only five-pence, we have seen pipes that resembled actual furnaces compared with the general race of pipes, and have known a man smoke out half a pound of snaster and drink a gallon of beer at a sitting. But this is perfectly pigmy work when compared with the royal pipe and consumptive tobacco power of Victoria of England. The queen's pipe is, beyond all controversy—for we have seen it—equal to any other thousand pipes that can be produced from the pipal stores of this smoking world. She has not only an attendant to present it whenever she may call for it, but his orders are to have it always in the most admirable smoking state—always lighted, without regard to the quantity of tobacco it may consume; and, accordingly, her pipe is constantly kept smoking day and night without a moment's intermission, and there are, besides the grand pipe-master, a number of attendants incessantly employed in seeking the most suitable tobacco, and bringing it to the grand-master. There is no species of tobacco which the queen has not in her store-room. Shag, pig-tail, Cavendish, Manilla, Havanna, cigars, cheroots, negrohead, every possible species of nicotian, she gives a trial to, by way of variety. A single cigar she holds in as much contempt as a lion would a fly by way of mouthful. We have seen her grand-master drop whole handfuls of Havannas at once into her pipe, and after them as many Cubas.

It may abate the wonder of the reader at this stupendous smoking power of the queen, if we admit, as must, indeed, have become apparent in the course of our remarks, that the queen performs her smoking, as she does many of her other royal acts, by the hands of her servants. In truth, to speak candidly, the queen never smokes at all, except through her servants. And this will appear very likely, when we describe the actual size of her royal pipe. It is, indeed of most imperial dimensions. The head

alone is so large, that while its heel rests on the floor of her cellar, its top reaches out of the roof. We speak a literal fact, as any one who procures an order for the purpose may convince himself by actual inspection. We are sure that the quantity of tobacco which is required to supply it, must amount to some tons in the year. Nay, so considerable is it, that ships are employed specially to bring over this tobacco, and these ships have a dock of one acre in extent at the port of London entirely for their exclusive reception. In a word, the Queen's Tobacco-pipe, its dimensions, its attendance, its supply and consumption of tobacco, are without any parallel in any age or any nation.

If we have raised any wonder in the breasts of our readers, we shall not diminish that wonder by some further explanations regarding this extraordinary pipe; if we have raised any incredulity, what we are now about to add will at once extinguish it.

The Queen's Tobacco-pipe, then, is a furnace built in the very centre of the great Tobacco Warehouse at the London Docks. This furnace is kept for the purpose of consuming all the damaged tobacco which comes into port. As the warehouse is the Queen's Warehouse, the furnace is really termed the Queen's Pipe; and all that we have related of it is literally true, and is, in itself and all the circumstances connected with it, one of the most remarkable things in this country.

If any one would form any thing like an adequate conception of the wonders of London, and of the power and wealth of this country, he should pay a visit to the London Docks. After having traversed the extent, and amazed himself at the myriad population, the intense activity, the stupendous affluence, and the endless variety of works going on in this capital of the globe, he will, on arriving at the Docks, feel a fresh and boundless astonishment. From near the Tower all the way to Blackwall, a distance of four miles, he will find it a whole world of docks. The mass of shipping, the extent of vast warehouses, many of them five and seven stories high, all crowded with ponderous heaps of merchandise from every region of the globe, have nothing like it besides in the world, and never have had. The enormous wealth here collected is perfectly overwhelming to the imagination.

If the spectator first enter St. Katherine's Docks, he finds them occupying twenty-three acres, with water capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty ships, and warehouses of holding one hundred and ten thousand tons of goods; the capital of the company alone exceeding two millions of pounds. Proceeding to the London Docks, properly so called, there he will find an extent of more than one hundred acres, offering water for five hundred ships, and warehouse room for two hundred and thirty-four thousand tons of goods; the capital of the company amounting to four millions of pounds. The West India Docks next present themselves,

being three times as extensive as the London Docks, having an area of no less than two hundred and ninety-five acres, with water to accommodate four hundred vessels, and warehouse-room for one hundred and eighty thousand tons of merchandise; the capital of the company is more than six millions of pounds, and the value of goods which have been on the premises at one time twenty millions. Lastly, the East India Docks occupy thirty-two acres, and afford warehouse-room for fifteen thousand tons of goods.

The whole of these docks occupying four hundred and fifty acres, offering accommodations for one thousand two hundred ships, and for five hundred and thirty thousand tons of goods.

But these are only the docks on the left bank of the river; on the other side, docks extend from Rotherhithe to Deptford; the Surrey Docks, the Commercial Docks, and the East Country Docks. When the gigantic extent of these docks, and the mass of property in them, are considered, Tyre and Sidon shrink up into utter insignificance.

But of all these astonishing places, our present attention is devoted only to the London Docks, properly so called, as being connected with the operations of the Queen's Pipe; the damaged and unsalable goods of these docks being its food. In these docks are especially warehoused wine, wool, spices, tea, ivory, drugs, tobacco, sugars, dye-stuffs, imported metals, and sundry other articles. Except the teas and spices, you may procure inspection of all these articles, as they lie in their enormous quantities, by a ticket from the secretary. If you wish to taste the wines, you must have a tasting order for the purpose.

Imagine yourselves, then, entering the gateway of the London Docks. If you wish only to walk round and see the shipping, and people at work, you can do that without any order. As you advance, you find yourself surrounded right and left by vast warehouses, where numbers of people, with carts and trucks, are busily at work taking in and fetching out goods. On your right you soon pass the ivory warehouse, where no lady is admitted except by a *special* order. The cause of this singular regulation, by no means complimentary to the fair sex, we were unable to ascertain. No lady could very well be suspected of carrying off in her muff an elephant's tooth of some hundred weight, but there must have been female thieves, dexterous enough to secrete, perhaps a rhinoceros's tooth, of perhaps some dozen pounds, valued at one pound seven shillings per pound; and thus contrived to bring a stigma on the whole sex.

Vast heaps of ivory lie on the floor of this warehouse, in huge elephants' tusks, of from twenty to a hundred pounds weight each; tusks of rhinoceros, and the ivory weapons of sword-fish and sea-unicorns. Here lay, on our last visit, the African spoils of Mr. Gordon Cumming; and, indeed, the spectacle is one that carries you away at once to the African deserts, and shows you what is going on there while

we are quietly and monotonously living at home.

Proceeding down the dock-yard, you see before you a large area literally paved with wine-casks, all full of the most excellent wines. On our last visit, the wine then covering the ground was delicious Bordeaux, as you might easily convince yourself by dipping a finger into the bung-hole of any cask; as, for some purpose of measurement, or testing the quality, the casks were most of them open. This is, in fact, the great depôt of the wine of the London merchants, no less than sixty thousand pipes being capable of being stored away in the vaults here. One vault alone, which formerly was seven acres, has now been extended under Gravel-lane, so that at present it contains upward of twelve acres! These vaults are faintly lit with lamps, but on going in, you are at the entrance accosted with the singular demand—"Do you want a cooper?" Many people, not knowing its meaning, say, "No, by no means!" The meaning of the phrase is, "do you want to taste the wines?" when a cooper accompanies you to pierce the casks, and give you the wine. Parties are every day, and all day long, making these exploratory and tasting expeditions. Every one on entering is presented with a lamp at the end of a lath, about two feet long, and you soon find yourselves in some of the most remarkable caving in the world. Small streets, which you perceive are of great extent, by the glimmering of lamps in the far distance, extend before you, and are crossed by others in such a manner that none but those well acquainted with the geography of these subterranean regions could possibly find their way about them. From the dark vaulted roof over head, especially in one vault, hang strange figures, black as night, light as gossamer, and of a yard or more in length, resembling skins of beasts, or old shirts dipped in soot. These are fed to this strange growth by the fumes of the wine.

For those who taste the wines the cooper bores the heads of the pipes, which are ranged throughout these vast cellars on either hand in thousands and tens of thousands, and draws a glassful. These glasses, though shaped as wine-glasses, resemble much more goblets in their size, containing each as much as several ordinary wine-glasses. What you do not drink is thrown upon the ground; and it is calculated that at least a hogshead a day is thus consumed. Many parties who wish for a cheap carouse, procure a tasting order, take biscuits with them, and drink of the best of all sorts of wine in the cellars, and in quantities enough to terrify any disciple of Father Mathew. Here, again, we find a regulation permitting no ladies to enter these cellars after one o'clock. For such a rule there must be a sufficient cause, and the fact which we have just stated may perhaps furnish the key to it.

Not less striking than those cellars is the Mixing House above, where there are vats into which merchants who wish to equalize all their

wines of one vintage can have them emptied, and then re-drawn into their casks. The largest of these vats contains twenty-three thousand two hundred and fifty gallons; and to it the famous Heidelberg Tun is a mere keg.

But the reader may ask, what have these wine-cellars to do with the Queen's Pipe? It is this: in the centre of the great east vault you come to a circular building without any entrance. It is the root and foundation of the Queen's Pipe. Quitting the vault, and ascending into the warehouse over it, you find that you are in the Great Tobacco Warehouse, called the Queen's Warehouse, because the Government rent the Tobacco Warehouses here for fourteen thousand pounds per annum. This one warehouse has no equal in any other part of the world. It is five acres in extent, and yet it is covered with a roof, the framework of which is of iron, erected, we believe, by Mr. Barry, the architect of the new houses of parliament, and of so light and skillful a construction, that it admits of a view of the whole place; and so slender are the pillars, that the roof seems almost to hang upon nothing. Under this roof is piled a vast mass of tobacco in huge casks, in double tiers; that is, two casks in height. This warehouse is said to hold, when full, twenty-four thousand hogsheads, averaging one thousand two hundred pounds each, and equal to thirty thousand tons of general merchandise. Each cask is said to be worth, duty included, two hundred pounds; giving a sum total of tobacco in this one warehouse, when filled, of four millions, eight hundred thousand pounds in value! Besides this, there is another warehouse of nearly equal size, where finer kinds of tobacco are deposited, many of them in packages of buffalo-hide, marked "Giron," and Manilla for cheroots, in packages of sacking lined with palmetto leaves. There is still another warehouse for cigars, called the Cigar Floor, in which there are frequently one thousand five hundred chests, valued at one hundred pounds each, at an average, or one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in cigars alone.

The scene in the Queen's Warehouse, to which we return, is very singular. Long streets stretch right and left between the walls of tobacco-casks; and when the men are absent at one of their meals, you find yourself in an odd sort of solitude, and in an atmosphere of tobacco. Every one of these giant hogsheads is stripped twice from the tobacco during its stay in this warehouse; once on entrance, to weigh it, and again before leaving, to ascertain whether the mass is uninjured; and to weigh what is found good for the duty, and for the sale price to the merchant. Thus the coopers take all these hogsheads twice to pieces, and put them together again. This tobacco is of the strong, coarse kind, for pigtail, shag, snuff, &c. The finer kinds, as we have said, go to the other warehouse.

But your eye is now attracted by a guide-post, on which is painted, in large letters, "TO THE KILN." Following this direction, you arrive at

the centre of the warehouse, and at the Queen's Pipe. You enter a door on which is rudely painted the crown royal and the initials "V. R.," and find yourself in a room of considerable size, in the centre of which towers up the kiln; a furnace of the conical kind, like a glass-house or porcelain furnace. On the door of the furnace is again painted the crown and the "V. R." Here you find, in the furnace, a huge mass of fire, and around are heaps of damaged tobacco, tea, and other articles ready to be flung upon it, as it admits of it. This fire never goes out, day or night, from year to year. There is an attendant who supplies it with its fuel, as it can take it; and men, during the day-time, constantly coming laden with great loads of tobacco, cigars, and other stuff, condemned to the flames. Whatever is forfeited, and is too bad for sale, be it what it will, is doomed to the kiln. At the other Docks damaged goods, we were assured, are buried till they are partly rotten, and then taken up and disposed of as rubbish or manure. Here the Queen's Pipe smokes all up, except the greater quantity of the tea, which, having some time ago set the chimney of the kiln on fire, is now rarely burnt. And strange are the things that sometimes come to this perpetually burning furnace. On one occasion, the attendant informed us, he burnt nine hundred Australian mutton-hams. These were warehoused before the duty came off. The owner suffered them to remain till the duty ceased, in hopes of their being exempt from it; but this not being allowed, they were left till so damaged as to be unsalable. Yet a good many, the man declared, were excellent; and he often made a capital addition to his breakfast from the roast that, for some time, was so odoriferously going on. On another occasion he burnt thirteen thousand pairs of condemned French gloves.

In one department of the place often lie many tons of the ashes from the furnace, which are sold by auction, by the ton, to gardeners and farmers, as manure, and for killing insects, to soap-boilers and chemical manufacturers. In a corner are generally piled cart-loads of nails, and other pieces of iron, which have been swept up from the floors, or have remained in the broken pieces of casks and boxes which go to the kiln. Those which have been sifted from the ashes are eagerly bought up by gunsmiths, sorted, and used in the manufacture of gun-barrels, for which they are highly esteemed, as possessing a toughness beyond all other iron, and therefore calculated, pre-eminently, to prevent bursting. Gold and silver, too, are not unfrequently found among these ashes; for many manufactured articles, if unsalable, are broken up, and thrown in. There have sometimes, indeed, been vast numbers of foreign watches, professing themselves to be gold watches, but being gross impostors, which have been ground up in a mill, and then flung in here.

Such is the Queen's Tobacco-Pipe, unique of its kind, and in its capacity of consumption

None of the other Docks have any thing like it. It stands alone. It is *the* Pipe—and as we have said, establishes the Queen of England, besides being the greatest monarch on the globe, as the greatest of all smokers—not excepting the Grand Turk, or the Emperor of Austria, the greatest tobaccoist of Europe.

THE METAL-FOUNDER OF MUNICH.

WHEN we gaze in admiration at some great work of plastic art, our thoughts naturally recur rather to the master mind whence the conception we now see realized first started into life, than to any difficulties which he or others might have had to overcome in making the quickened thought a palpable and visible thing. All is so harmonious; there is such unity throughout; material, form, and dimensions, are so adapted and proportioned one to the other, that we think not of roughnesses or of opposing force as connected with a work whence all disparities are removed, and where every harshness is smoothed away. There stands the achieved fact in its perfect completeness: there is nothing to remind us of its progress toward that state, for the aids and appliances thereunto have been removed; and the mind, not pausing to dwell on an intermediate condition, at once takes in the realized creation as an accomplished whole. And if even some were inclined to follow in thought such a work in its growth, there are few among them who, as they look at a monument of bronze, have any notion how the figure before them grew up into its present proportions. They have no idea how the limbs were formed within their earthen womb, and how many and harassing were the anxieties that attended on the gigantic birth.

The sculptor, the painter, the engraver, has each, in his own department, peculiar difficulties to overcome; but these for the most part are such as skill or manual dexterity will enable him to vanquish. He has not to do with a mighty power that opposes itself to his human strength, and strives for the mastery. He has not to combat an element which he purposely rouses into fury, and then subjugates to his will. But the caster in metal has to do all this. He flings into the furnace heaps of brass—cannon upon cannon, as though they were leaden toys; and he lights a fire, and fans and feeds the flames, till within that roaring hollow there is a glow surpassing what we have yet seen of fire, and growing white from very intensity. Anew it is plied with fuel, fed, gorged. The fire itself seems convulsed and agonized with its own efforts; but still it roars on. Day by day, and night after night, with not a moment's relaxation, is this fiery work carried on. The air is hot to breathe; the walls, the rafters, are scorched, and if the ordeal last much longer, all will soon be in a blaze. The goaded creature becomes maddened and desperate, and is striving to burst its prison; while above it a molten metal sea, seething and fiery, is heaving with its ponderous weight against the caldron's sides!

Lest it be thought this picture is too highly colored, or that it owes any thing to the imagination for its interest, let us look into the foundry of Munich, and see what was going on there at midnight on the 11th of October 1845.

When King Louis I. had formed the resolution of erecting a colossal statue of Bavaria, it was Schwanthaler whom he charged to execute the work. The great artist's conception responded to the idea which had grown in the mind of the king, and in three years' time a model in clay was formed, sixty-three feet in height, the size of the future bronze statue. The colossus was then delivered over to the founder, to be cast in metal. The head was the first large portion that was executed. While the metal was preparing for the cast, a presentiment filled the master's mind that, despite his exact reckoning, there might still be insufficient materials for the work, and thirty cwt. were added to the half-liquid mass. The result proved how fortunate had been the forethought: nothing could be more successful. And now the chest of the figure was to be cast, and the master conceived the bold idea of forming it in one piece. Those who have seen thirty or forty cwt. of metal rushing into the mould below, have perhaps started back affrighted at the fiery stream. But 400 cwt. were requisite for this portion of the statue; and the formidable nature of the undertaking may be collected from the fact that till now, not more than 300 cwt. had ever filled a furnace at one time.

But see, the mass begins slowly to melt; huge pieces of cannon float on the surface, like boats on water, and then gradually disappear. Presently upon the top of the mass a crust is seen to form, threatening danger to the furnace as well as to the model prepared to receive the fluid bronze. To prevent this crust from forming, six men were employed day and night in stirring the lava-like sea with long poles of iron; retiring, and being replaced by others every now and then; for the scorching heat, in spite of wetted coverings, causes the skin to crack like the dried rind of a tree. Still the caldron was being stirred, still the fire was goaded to new efforts, but the metal was not yet ready to be allowed to flow. Hour after hour went by, the day passed, and night came on. For five days and four nights the fire had been kept up and urged to the utmost intensity, and still no one could tell how long this was yet to last. The men worked on at their tremendous task in silence; the fearful heat was increasing, and as though it would never stop. There was a terrible weight in the burning air, and it pressed upon the breasts of all. There was anxiety in their hearts, though they spoke not, but most of all in his who had directed this bold undertaking. For five days he had not left the spot, but, like a Columbus watching for the hourly-expected land, had awaited the final moment. On the evening of the fifth day exhausted nature demanded repose, and he sat down to sleep. Hardly had he closed his eyes when his wife

roused him with the appalling cry, "Awake, awake, the foundry is on fire!" And it was so. Nothing could stand such terrific heat. The rafters of the building began to burn. To quench the fire in the usual way was impossible, for had any cold fluid come in contact with the liquid metal, the consequences would have been frightful: the furnace would have been destroyed, and the 400 cwt. of bronze lost. With wet cloths, therefore, the burning rafters were covered to smother the flames. But the walls were glowing, too; the whole building was now like a vast furnace. Yet still more fuel on the fire!—the heat is not enough; the metal boils not yet! Though the rafters burn, and the walls glow, still feed, and gorge, and goad the fire!

At last the moment comes!—the whole mass is boiling! Then the metal-founder, of Munich, Miller by name, called to the men who were extinguishing the burning beams, "Let them burn; the metal is ready for the cast!" And it was just midnight, when the whole of the rafters of the interior of the building were in flames, that the plug was knocked in, and the fiery flood rushed out into the mould below.

All now breathed more freely: there was an end of misgiving and foreboding; and the rude workmen, as if awe-struck by what they had accomplished, stood gazing in silence, and listening to the roar of the brazen cataract. It was not till the cast was completed that the master gave the signal for extinguishing the burning roof.

In due time the bell of the little chapel of Neuhausen was heard summoning thither the master and his workmen to thank God for the happy completion of the work. No accident had occurred to any during its progress; not one had suffered either in life or limb.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THE LAST TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "PUSS IN BOOTS," "CINDERELLA," "LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD," ETC.

"ONCE upon a time," in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, was born Charles Perrault. We pass over his boyhood and youth to the period when, after having long filled the situation of Commissioner of Public Buildings, he fell into disgrace with his patron, the prime minister Colbert, and was obliged to resign his situation. Fortunately he had not been unmindful of prudential economy during the days of prosperity, and had made some little savings on which he retired to a small house in the Rue St. Jacques, and devoted himself to the education of his children.

About this time he composed his fairy tales. He himself attached little literary importance to productions destined to be handed down to posterity, ever fresh and ever new. He usually wrote in the morning the story intended for the evening's amusement. Thus were produced in their turn "Cinderella," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," "Riquet with the Tuft," and many other wondrous tales which men now, forsooth, pretend to call

fiction. Charles Lamb knew better. He was once looking for books for a friend's child, and when the bookseller, seeing him turn from shelves loaded with Mrs. Trimmer and Miss Edgeworth, offered him modern tales of fay and genii, as substitutes for his old favorites, he exclaimed, "These are not my own *true* fairy tales!"

When surrounded by his grandchildren, Perrault related to them the stories he had formerly invented for his children. One evening after having repeated for the seventh or eighth time the clever tricks of "Puss in Boots," Mary, a pretty little girl of seven years of age, climbed up on her grandfather's knee, and giving him a kiss, put her little dimpled hands into the curls of the old man's large wig.

"Grandpapa," said she, "why don't you make beautiful stories for us as you used to do for papa and my uncles?"

"Yes," exclaimed the other children, "dear grandpapa, you must make a story entirely for ourselves."

Charles Perrault smiled, but there was a touch of sadness in the smile. "Ah, dear children," said he, "it is very long since I wrote a fairy tale, and I am not as young as I was then. You see I require a stick to enable me to get along, and am bent almost double, and can walk but very, very slowly. My eyes are so dim, I can hardly distinguish your little merry faces; my ear can hardly catch the sound of your voices; nor is my mind what it was. My imagination has lost its vigor and freshness; memory itself has nearly deserted me; but I love you dearly, and like to give you pleasure. However, I doubt if my poor bald head could now make a fairy tale for you, so I will tell you one which I heard so often from my mother that I think I can repeat it word for word."

The children joyfully gathered round the old man, who passed his hands for a moment across his wrinkled brow, and began the story as follows:

My mother and your great-grandmother, Madeline Geoffrey, was the daughter of a linendraper, who, at the time I speak of, had been residing for three years in the Rue des Bourdonnais, close to the Cemetery of the Innocents. One evening, having gone alone to vespers at the church of St. Eustace, as she was hastening home to her mother, who had been prevented by illness from accompanying her, she heard a great noise at the top of the street, and looking up saw an immense mob hurrying along, shouting and hooting. As they were then in the midst of the troubles of the Fronde, Madeline in alarm hurried toward the house, and having opened the door by a latch-key, was turning to close it, when she was startled on seeing behind her a woman wrapped in a black mantle holding two children by the hand. This woman rushed past Madeline into the shop, exclaiming, "In the name of all you hold most dear, save me! Hide me and my children in some corner of your house! How ever helpless and unfortunate I may appear at this moment, doubt not my power to prove my gratitude to you."

I should want no reward for helping the distressed," said Madeline, deeply touched by the mother's agony; "but poor protection can this house afford against a brutal mob." The stranger cast a hurried and tearful glance around; when, suddenly uttering a cry of joy, she fixed her eye upon part of the floor almost concealed by the shop counter, and rushing to the spot, exclaimed, "I have it!—I have it!" As she spoke, she lifted a trap-door contrived in the floor, opening on a stone staircase which led to a subterranean passage; and snatching up her children in her arms, darted down into the gulf, leaving my mother stupefied with astonishment. But the cries of the mob, who had by this time reached the shop, and were clamorously demanding admittance, roused her; and quickly closing the trap-door, she called her father who came down in great alarm.

After a short parley, he opened the door, which they were beginning to force. The mob consisted of two or three hundred miserable tattered wretches, who poured into the house; and after searching every corner of it, without finding any thing, were so furious with disappointment, that they seized upon Madeline and her father.

"Deliver up to us the woman we are looking for!" they exclaimed. "She is a vile sorceress—an enemy to the citizens of Paris; she takes the part of the hated Austrian against us; she is the cause of all the famine and misery that is desolating Paris. We must have her and her children, that we may wreak just vengeance on them!"

"We know not who you mean," replied my grandfather, who, in truth, was quite ignorant of what had occurred; "we have not seen any one—no one has entered the house."

"We know how to make such obstinate old wretches speak," exclaimed one of the ringleaders. He seized my mother, and pointing a loaded pistol at her breast, cried, "The woman! We want the woman!"

At this moment Madeline, being exactly over the trap-door, heard a slight rustle underneath; and fearing that it would betray the stranger's hiding-place, endeavored to drown the noise from below by stamping with her foot, while she boldly replied, "I have no one to give up to you."

"Well, then, you shall see how it fares with those who dare to resist us!" roared one of the infuriated mob. Tearing off her veil, he seized Madeline by the hair, and pulled her to the ground.

"Speak!" he exclaimed, "or I will drag you through the streets of Paris to the gibbet on the Place de la Grève." My mother uttered not a word, but silently commended herself to God. What might have been the issue Heaven only knows, had not the citizens in that quarter, on seeing their neighbor's house attacked, hastily armed themselves, and dispersed the mob. Madeline's first care was to reassure her almost fainting mother. After which, rejoining her

father, she helped him to barricade the door, so as to be prepared for any new incursion, and then began to prepare the supper as usual.

While laying the cloth, the young girl debated whether she should tell her father of the refuge afforded to the stranger by the subterraneous passage; but after a fervent prayer to God, to enable her to act for the best, she decided that it would be more prudent not to expose him to any risk arising from the possession of such a secret. Arming herself, therefore, with all the resolution she could command, she performed her usual household duties; and when her father and mother had retired to rest, and all was quiet in the house, she took off her shoes, and stealing down stairs into the shop, cautiously opened the trap-door, and entered the vault with provisions for those who already were indebted to her for life and safety.

"You are a noble girl," said the stranger to her. "What do I not owe to your heroic devotedness and presence of mind? God will reward you in heaven, and I trust he will permit me to recompense you here below." Madeline gazed with intense interest on the stranger, as the light of the lamp in her hand, falling full upon her face, gave to view features whose dignified and majestic expression inspired at the very first glance a feeling of respect. A long black mantle almost wholly concealed her figure and a veil was thrown over her head. Her children lay at her feet in a quiet sleep.

"Thanks for the food you have brought," said she to Madeline. "Thanks, dear girl. As for me, I can not eat; but my children have tasted nothing since morning. I will ask you to leave me your light; and now go, take some rest, for surely you must want it after the excitement you have undergone." Madeline looked at her in surprise.

"I should have thought, madam," said she, "that you would make an effort to find some asylum, if not more secure, at least more comfortable than this."

"Be not uneasy about me, my good girl. When my time is come, it will be as easy for me to leave this place as it was to reveal to you the secret of its existence. Good-night, my child. Perhaps we may not meet again for some time; but remember I solemnly promise that I will grant any three wishes you may form!" She motioned to her to retire; and that indescribable air of majesty which accompanied every gesture of the unknown seemed as if it left Madeline no choice but to obey.

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Madeline hardly slept that night. The events of the day had seized hold of her imagination, and she exhausted herself in continued and wondering conjecture. Who could this woman be, pursued by the populace, and accused of being a sorceress, and an enemy to the people? How could she know of a place of concealment of which the inhabitants of the house were ignorant? As vainly did Madeline try to explain her entire composure, the certainty with which she spoke of being

able to leave the vault whenever she pleased, and, above all, the solemn and mysterious promise she had made to fulfill any three wishes of the young girl.

Had you, my dear children, been in your great-grandmother's place, should you not have been very much excited and very curious? What think you? would you have slept a bit better than Madeline did? I hardly think you would, if I may judge from those eager eyes.

The whole of the next day Madeline could think of nothing but her secret. Seated behind the counter, in her usual place, she started at the slightest sound. At one moment, it seemed to her as if every one who entered the shop must discover the trap-door; at the next she expected to see it raised to give egress to the unknown, till, dizzy and bewildered, she scarcely knew whether to believe her whose life she had saved to be a malignant sorceress or a benevolent fairy. Then smiling at her own folly, she asked herself how a woman endowed with supernatural power could need her protection. It is unnecessary to say how long the time appeared to her till she could revisit the subterranean passage, and find herself once more in the presence of the stranger. Thus the morning, the afternoon, and the evening wore slowly away, and it seemed ages to her till her father, mother, and the shopmen were fairly asleep.

As soon as the clock struck twelve, she rose, using still more precaution than on the preceding night, opened the trap-door, descended the stone staircase, and entered the subterranean passage, but found no one. She turned the light in every direction. The vault was empty: the stranger and her children had disappeared! Madeline was almost as much alarmed as surprised; however, recovering herself, she carefully examined the walls of the vault. Not an opening, not a door, not the smallest aperture was to be seen. She stamped on the ground, but no hollow sound was heard. Suddenly she thought she perceived some written characters on the stone-flag. She bent down, and by the light of her lamp read the following words, evidently traced with some pointed instrument: "Remember, Madeline, that she who owes to thee the life of her children, promises to grant thee three wishes."

Here Perrault stopped.

"Well, children," said he, "what do you think of this first part of my story, and of your great-grandmother's adventures? What conjectures have you formed as to the mysterious lady?"

"She is a good fairy," said little Mary, "for she can grant three wishes, like the fairy in Finetta."

"No, she is a sorceress," objected Louisa. "Did not the people say so, and they would not have wanted to kill her unless she was wicked?"

"As for me," replied Joseph, the eldest of the family, "I believe neither in witches nor

fairies, for there are no such things. Am not I right, grandpapa?"

Charles Perrault smiled, but contented himself with saying—"Now, be off to bed. It is getting late. Do not forget to pray to God to make you good children; and I promise, if you are very diligent to-morrow, to finish for you in the evening the wonderful adventures of your great-grandmother."

The children kissed their grandpapa, and went to bed to dream of Madeline and the fairy.

The next evening, the old man, taking his usual seat in the arm-chair, resumed his story without any preamble, though a preamble is generally considered as important by a storyteller as a preface is by the writer of a romance. He spoke as follows:

It would seem that my mother, in her obscure and peaceful life, had nothing to wish for, or that her wishes were all fulfilled as soon as formed; for she not only never invoked the fairy of the vault, but even gradually lost all remembrance of the promises made her by the unknown, and the whole adventure at last faded from her memory. It is true that thirteen years had passed away, and the young girl had become a wife and mother. She had long left the house where the occurrence I have related to you took place, and had come to live in the Rue St Jacques, where we now reside, though I have since then rebuilt the former tenement.

My father, as you know, was a lawyer. Though of noble birth, he did not think it beneath him to marry the daughter of a shopkeeper, with but a small dowry. He found in Madeline's excellent qualities, her gentleness and beauty, irresistible attractions—and who that knew her could disapprove of his choice? Madeline possessed in an eminent degree that natural refinement of mind and manner which education and a knowledge of the world so often fail to give, while it seems intuitive in some. She devoted herself entirely to the happiness of her husband and her four sons, of whom I was the youngest. My father's income was quite sufficient for all the expenses of our happy family; for a truly happy family it was, till it pleased God to lay heavy trial upon us. My father fell ill, and for a whole year was obliged to give up the profits of his situation to provide a substitute; and he had scarcely begun, after his recovery, to endeavor to repair the losses he had suffered, when a fresh misfortune occurred.

One night, as my mother was lying quietly in bed, with her four little cubs around her, she was awakened by an unusual noise to behold the house wrapped in flames, which had already almost reached the room in which we were. At this moment my father appeared, and took my eldest brothers in his arms, while my mother had charge of Nicholas and me, who were the two youngest. Never shall I forget this awful moment. The flames crackled and hissed around us, casting a livid hue over the pale faces of my father and mother, who boldly advanced

through the fire. With great difficulty they gained the staircase. My father dashed bravely forward. Nicholas, whom my mother held by the hand, screamed violently, and refused to go a step further. She caught him up in her arms, but during the short struggle the staircase had given way, and for a few moments my mother stood paralyzed by despair. But soon the imminent danger roused all the energy of her heroic nature. Your grandmother was no common woman. She immediately retraced her steps, and firmly knotting the bedclothes together, fastened my brother and myself to them, and letting us down through the window, my father received us in his arms. Her children once saved, my mother thought but little of danger to herself, and she waited in calm self-possession, till a ladder being brought, she was rescued.

This trial was but a prelude to many others. The loss of our house completed the ruin of which my father's illness was the beginning. He was obliged to dispose of his situation, and take refuge in small lodgings at Chaillot, and there set to work steadily and cheerfully to support his family, opening a kind of pleader's office for legal students; but his health soon failed, and he became dangerously ill. My noble-minded mother struggled hard to ward off the want that now seemed inevitable; but what availed the efforts of one woman to support a sick husband and four children? One night came when we had literally nothing to eat. I shall never forget my mother's face, and the tears which streamed down her cheeks, when one of us cried, "Mother, we are very hungry!"

She now resolved to apply for help to the nuns of Chaillot; a step which, to her independent spirit, was a far greater trial than to brave the threats of the mob or the fury of the flames. But what is there too hard for a mother who has heard her children ask for food which she had not to give them? With sinking heart, and cheek now pale, now crimson from the struggle within her, she presented herself at the convent, and timidly made known her desire to speak with the superior. Her well-known character procured her instant admission, and her tale once told, obtained for her much kindly sympathy and some relief. As she was passing through the cloisters on her way back, she was startled by a voice suddenly demanding, "Art thou not Madeline Perrault?"

My mother started; the tones of that voice found an echo in her memory, and though thirteen years had elapsed since she had heard it, she recognized it to be that of the being whom her husband was wont to call her "Fairy." She turned round, and as the pale moonbeams that were now struggling through the long dim aisle fell upon the well-remembered stately form, in its black garb and flowing mantle, it seemed to Madeline's excited imagination to be indeed a being of some other world.

"I made thee a promise," said the unknown—"didst thou doubt my power, that thou hast

never invoked my aid?" My mother crossed herself devoutly, now convinced that she was dealing with a supernatural being. The phantom smiled at her awe-struck look, and resumed, "Yet fear not; you have but to name three wishes, and my promise is still sure: they shall be granted." "My husband—oh, if he were but once more well!" "I say not that to give life or healing is within my province to bestow. God alone holds in his hands the issues of life and death. Say, what else lies near thine heart?"

"Bread for my husband and children. Save them and me from beggary and want!"

"This is but one wish, and I would grant two more."

"I ask not—wish not for more."

"Be it so, then, Madeline Perrault; hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders that shall reach you before twelve hours have passed over your head." And she disappeared from Madeline's sight as suddenly as she had appeared to her.

My mother returned home in considerable agitation, and told my father all that had occurred. He tried to persuade her that the whole scene had been conjured up by her own excited imagination. But my mother persisted in repeating that nothing could be real if this was but fancy; and they passed a sleepless night in bewildering conjectures.

Early the next day a carriage stopped at the door, and a footman announced to my mother that it was sent to convey her and her family to a place appointed by one whose summons there was good reason they should obey. No questioning could extract from him any further information. You may well fancy how long my father and mother debated as to the prudence of obeying the mysterious summons. But curiosity at last prevailed; and to the unmixed delight of the children of the party, we all got into the carriage, which took the road to Paris, and drove on rapidly till we reached the Rue St. Jacques, where it drew up before a new house; and as the servant opened the carriage-door and let down the steps, my father perceived that it occupied the site of his house which had been burned down.

Our little party was met in the entrance by a deputation of the civic authorities, who welcomed my father to his house, and congratulated him on his being reinstated in the situation he had so long held with such credit to himself, and, as they were pleased to add, to themselves as members of the body to which he was such an honor.

My father stood as if in a dream, while my mother shed tears of joy and gratitude. A letter was now handed to her; and, hastily breaking the seal, she read, "Madeline, hast thou still a wish? Speak, and it shall be gratified!"

"Only that I may be allowed to see my benefactress, to pour out at her feet my heart's gratitude."

And at the instant the door opened, and the unknown appeared. Madeline, with clasped hands, darted suddenly forward; then, as suddenly checking herself, uttered some incoherent words, broken by sobs.

"Madeline," said the lady, "I have paid but a small part of the debt I owe you. But for you a ferocious mob would have murdered me and my children. To you I owe lives dearer to me than my own. Do not deem me ungrateful in so long appearing to have forgotten you. It has pleased our Heavenly Father to visit me also with heavy trials. Like you, I have seen my children in want of food which I had not to give, and without a spark of fire to warm their chilled limbs. But more, my husband was traitorously put to death, and I have been myself proscribed. When you rescued me, they were hunting me like a wild beast, because I refused to take part against the son of my brother. But brighter days have dawned. My son is restored to the throne of his fathers, and Henrietta of England can now pay the debt of gratitude she owes Madeline Perrault."

"But how can poor Madeline ever pay the debt she owes?" exclaimed my mother.

"By sometimes coming to visit me in my retreat at Chaillot; for what has a queen without a kingdom, a widow weeping for her murdered husband, a mother forever separated from her children—what has she any more to do with the world whose nothingness she has so sadly experienced? To know that amid my desolation I have made one being happy, will be soothing to me, and your children's innocent merriment perchance may beguile some lonely hours. Henceforth, Madeline, our intercourse will not bear the romantic character that has hitherto marked it, and which chance, in the first instance, and afterward a whim of mine, has made it assume. By accident I was led to take refuge in your house in the Rue des Bourdonnais, and instantly recollected it as the former abode of Ruggieri, my mother's astrologer. His laboratory was the vault which doubtless you have not forgotten, and the entrance to which was as well known to me as the subterraneous passage by which I left it, and which led to the Cemetery of the Innocents. Last night I heard all you said to the superior, and was about to inquire directly of yourself, when, seeing the effect of my sudden appearance, I was induced to play the fairy once more. The instant you left me I put in requisition the only fairy wand I possessed, and money soon placed at my disposal the house which I have the happiness of making once again your own. You now know my secret, but though no fairy, I have still some influence, and you shall ever have in me a firm friend and protectress."

And from that time the queen never lost an opportunity of serving my mother and her family, and it is to her I owe the favor and patronage of the minister Colbert.

"And now, children," said Perrault, "how do you like my last fairy tale?"

VOL. II.—No. 10.—L L

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THE EFFORTS OF A GENTLEMAN IN SEARCH OF DESPAIR.

MR. BLACKBROOK lived in a world of his own. It was his pleasure to believe that men were phantoms of a day. For life he had the utmost contempt. He pronounced it to be a breath, a sigh, a fleeting shadow. His perpetual theme was, that we are only here for a brief space of time. He likened the uncertainty of existence to all the most frightful ventures he could conjure up. He informed timid ladies that they were perpetually on the edge of a yawning abyss; and warned little boys that their laughter might be turned to tears and lamentation, at the shortest notice. Mr. Blackbrook was a welcome guest in a large serious circle. From his youth he had shown a poetic leaning, of the most serious order. His muse was always in deep mourning—his poetic gum oozed only from his favorite grave-yard.

He thought "L'Allegro" Milton's worst performance; and declared that Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard" was too light and frivolous. His life was not without its cares; but, then, he revelled in his misfortunes. He was always prepossessed with a man who wore a hatband. The owl was his favorite bird. A black cat was the only feline specimen he would admit to his sombre apartment; and his garden was stocked with yew-trees. He revelled in the charm of melancholy—he would not, if he could, be gay. His meditations raised him so great a height above his family, that little sympathy could exist between them. Eternity so engaged him, that his brothers and sisters—mere phantoms—did not cost him much consideration. His youthful Lines to the Owl, in the course of which he called the bird in question "a solemn messenger," "a dread image of the moral darkness which surrounds us," "a welcome voice," and "a mysterious visitant," indicated the peculiar turn of his mind. His determination to be miserable was nothing short of heroic. In his twenty-second year a relation left him a modest fortune. His friends flocked about him to congratulate him; but they found him in a state of seraphic sorrow, searching out a proper rhyme to the urn in which he had poetically deposited the ashes of his benefactor. On looking over the lines he had distilled from his prostrate heart, his friends, to their astonishment, discovered that he had alluded to the bequest in question in the most contemptuous strain:

Why leave to one thy velvet and thy dross,
Whose wealth is boundless, and whose velvet's moss?

So ran his poetic commentary. His boundless wealth consisted of intellectual treasures exclusively, and the sweet declaration that moss was his velvet, was meant to convey to the reader the simplicity and Arcadian nature of his habits. The relation who had the assurance to leave him a fortune, was dragged remorselessly through fifty lines as a punishment for his temerity.

Yet, in a fit of abstraction, Mr. Blackbrook hurried to Doctors' Commons to prove the will; hereby displaying his resignation to the horrible degree of comfort which the money assured to him. It was not for him, however, to forget that life was checkered with woe, that it was a vale of tears—a brief, trite, contemptible matter. The gayety of his house and relations horrified him; they interfered, at every turn, with his melancholy mood. He sighed for the fate of Byron or Chatterton! Why was he doomed to have his three regular meals per diem; to lie, at night, upon a feather-bed, and the recognized layers of mattresses; to have a new coat when he wanted one; to have money continually in his pocket, and to be accepted when he made an offer of marriage? The fates were obviously against him. One of his sisters fell in love. How hopefully he watched the course of her passion! How fondly he lingered near, in the expectation, the happy expectation, of a lovers' quarrel. But his sister had a sweet disposition—a mouth made to distill the gentlest and most tender accents. The courtship progressed with unusual harmony on both sides. Only once did fortune appear to favor him. One evening, he observed that the lovers avoided each other, and parted coldly. Now was his opportunity; and in the still midnight, when all the members of his household were in bed, he took his seat in his chamber, and, by the midnight oil, threw his soul into some plaintive lines "On a Sister's Sorrow." He mourned for her in heart-breaking syllables; likened her lover to an adder in an angel's path; dwelt on her quiet gray eyes, her stately proportions, and her classic face. He doomed her to years of quiet despair, and saw her fickle admirer the gayest of the gay. He concluded with the consoling intelligence, that he would go hand in hand with her along the darkened passage to the grave. His sister, however, did not avail herself of this proffered companionship, but chose rather to be reconciled, and to marry her lover.

Mr. Blackbrook found some consolation for this disappointment in the composition of an epithalamium of the most doleful character on the occasion of his sister's marriage, in the course of which he informed her that Jove's thunderbolts might be hurled at her husband's head at any period of the day; that we all must die; that the bride may be a widow on the morrow of her nuptials; and other equally cheerful truths. Yet at his sister's wedding-breakfast, Mr. Blackbrook coquetted with the choice parts of a chicken, and drowned his sorrow in a delectable jelly.

When for a short time he was betrayed into the expression of any cheerful sentiment, if he ever allowed that it was a fine day, he quickly relapsed into congenial gloom, and discovered that there might be a thunder-storm within the next half-hour. His only comfort was in the reflection that his maternal uncle's family were consumptive. Here he anticipated a fine field

for the exercise of his poetic gifts, and, accordingly, when his aunt was gathered to her forefathers, her dutiful nephew laid a sheet of blank paper upon his desk, and settled himself down to write "a Dirge." He began by attributing all the virtues to her—devoting about six lines to each separate virtue. Her person next engaged his attention, and he discovered, though none of her friends had ever remarked her surpassing loveliness, that her step was as the breath of the summer-wind on flowers (certainly no gardener would have trusted her upon his box-borders); that she was fresh as Hebe (she always breakfasted in bed); that she had pearly teeth (her dentist has maliciously informed us that they were made of the very best ivory); and, finally, that her general deportment was most charming—so charming that Mr. Blackbrook never dared trust himself in her seductive presence. Having proceeded thus far with his melancholy duty, the poet ate a hearty supper of the heaviest cold pudding, and—we had almost written—went to bed—but we remember that Mr. Blackbrook always "retired to his solitary couch." He rose, betimes, on the following morning, looking most poetically pale. His dreams had been of woe, and darkness, and death; the pudding had had the desired effect. Again he placed himself at his desk, and having read over the prefatory lines which we have endeavored to describe, he threw his fragrant curl from his marble forehead, and thought of the funeral-pall, the darkened hall—of grief acute, and the unstrung lute. He put his aunt's sorrowing circle in every possible position of despair. He represented his surviving uncle as threatening to pass the serene portals of reason; he discovered that a dark tide rolled at the unhappy man's feet; that the sun itself would henceforth look dark to him; that he would never smile again; and that, in all probability, the shroud would soon enwrap his manly form. He next proceeded to describe minutely the pearly tears of his cousins, and the terrible darkness that had come over their bright, young dreams. An affecting allusion to his own unfathomable grief on the occasion, was concluded by the hope that he might soon join his sainted aunt, though he had never taken the least trouble to pay her a visit while she lived in St. John's Wood. This touching dirge was printed upon mourning-paper, and distributed among Mr. Blackbrook's friends. The death of an aunt was an affecting incident, but still it fell short of the brink of despair. Mr. Blackbrook's natural abiding-place was the edge of a precipice. His muse must be fed on heroic sorrows, hopeless agony, and other poetical condiments of the same serious nature. The course of modern life was too level for his impetuous spirit; but in the absence of that terrible condition to which he aspired, he caught at every incident that could nerve the pinion of his muse for grander flights. A dead fly, which he found crushed between the leaves of a book, furnished him with a theme for one of his tenderest com-

positions. He speculated upon the probable career of the fly—opined that it had a little world of its own, a family, and a sense of the beautiful. This effusion met with such fervent praise, that he followed it up by "Thoughts on Cheese-dust," in which he dived into the mysteries of these animalculæ, and calculated the myriads of lives that were sacrificed to give a momentary enjoyment to the "pampered palate of man." His attention was called, however, from these minor poetic considerations, to a matter approaching in its gravity to that heroic pitch of sorrow which he had sought so unsuccessfully hitherto.

His cousin was drowned by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat. At such a calamity it was reasonable to despair—to refuse comfort—to leave his hair uncombed—to look constantly on the ground—to lose all appetite—to write flowing verse. Mr. Blackbrook entered upon his vocation with a full sense of its heroism. At least one hundred lines would be expected from him on so tremendous an occasion. The catastrophe was so poetical! The sea-weed might have been represented entangled in the golden tresses of the poor girl, had the accident happened only a little nearer the Nore; and the print of her fair form might have been faintly traced upon "the ribbed sea-sand." This was unfortunate. In reality, the "melancholy occurrence" took place at Richmond. Mr. Blackbrook began by calling upon the willows of Richmond and its immediate vicinity to dip their tender branches in the stream, in token of their grief. Mr. Blackbrook, felicitously remembering that Pope once lived not far from Richmond, next invoked that poet's shade, and begged the loan of his melodious rhythm. But the shade in question not answering to the summons, all that remained for the sorrowing poet to do was to take down his dictionary of rhymes, and tune his own lyre to its most mournful cadences. He set to work: he called the Thames a treacherous stream; he christened the wherry a bark; he declared that when the pleasure-party embarked at Richmond-bridge, Death, the lean fellow, was standing upon the beach with his weapon upraised. Asterisks described the death; and some of his friends declared this passage the best in the poem. He then went on to inform his readers that all was over; but by this expression the reader must not infer that the dirge was brought to a conclusion: by no means. Mr. Blackbrook had made up his mind that his state of despair required, at least, one hundred lines to give it adequate expression. He had devoted twenty to the death of a fly—surely, then, a female cousin deserved one hundred. This logical reflection spurred him on. He pulled down the blinds, and in a gloom that suited well with his forlorn state of mind, he began a picture of his condition. With the aid of his dictionary, having asserted that the shroud enwrapped a cousin's form, he reflected that he envied the place of the winding-sheet, and was jealous of the worms. He felt that he

was warming into his subject. He tried to think of the condition in which the remains of his relative would speedily be; and having carefully referred to an eminent medical work as to the length of time which the human body requires to resolve itself into its original earth (for he was precise in his statements), he proceeded to describe, with heart-rending faithfulness, the various stages of this inevitable decay. That was true poetry. He declared that the worm would crawl upon those lips that the lover had fondly pressed, and that the hand which once touched the harp so magically was now motionless forever. Having brought this tragic description to a conclusion, he proceeded to number the flowers that should spring from his cousin's grave, and to promise that

— from year to year,
Roses shall flourish, moistened by a tear.

This vow evidently eased his heart a little, and enabled him to conclude the poem in a more cheerful spirit. He wound up with the reflection, that care was the lot of humanity, and that it was his duty to bear his proportion of the common load with a patient though bruised spirit. He felt that to complete his poetic destiny he ought to wander, none knew whither, and to turn up only at most unseasonable hours, and in most solemn places. But unhappily he was informed that it was necessary he should remain on the spot for the proper management of his affairs. Fate would have it so. Why was he not allowed to pursue his destiny? He was one day mentally bewailing the even tenor of his way, when a few kind friends suggested that he should publish his effusions. At first he firmly refused. What was fame to him—a hopeless, despairing man on the brink of the grave! His friends, however, pressed him in the end into compliance; and in due time Mr. Blackbrook's "Life-drops from the Heart" were offered to the public for the price of ten shillings—little more than one shilling per drop.

An eminent critic wrote the following opinion of our friend and his poetry:

"We notice Mr. Blackbrook as the representative of a school—the Doleful School. He draws terrible pictures; but what are his materials? He does not write from the heart, inasmuch as, if he really felt that incessant agony, which is his everlasting theme, we should find in his performances some original imagery—something with an individual stamp. We rather hold Mr. Blackbrook to be a very deliberate, vain, and calculating being, who takes advantage of a domestic calamity to display his knack of verse-making; who composedly turns a couplet upon the coffin of his mistress; whose sympathy and sensibility are only the ingenious masks of inordinate self-esteem. His view of the poetic is only worthy of an undertaker. He sees nature through a black-crape veil. He describes graves with the minuteness of a body-snatcher; and when he would be impressive is disgusting. You see the actor, not the poet. He admits you (for he can not help it) behind

the scenes. His rhymes are not the music of a poetic faculty; but rather the jingle of a parrot. He is one of a popular school, however; and while the public buy his wares, he will continue to fashion them. Materialist to the back-bone, he simpers about the littleness of human dealings and human sympathies. He who pretends to be melted with pity over the fate of a fly, would use his mother's tombstone as a writing-desk. He deals in human sorrow, as his baker deals in loaves. Nervous dowagers, who love tears and 'dreadful descriptions;' who enjoy 'a good cry;' and who have the peculiar faculty of seeing the dark side of every thing, enjoy his dish of verses amazingly. To sensitive young ladies there is a terrible fascination in his inventories of the tomb and its appendages; and children are afraid to walk about in the dark, after listening to one of his effusions. The followers of his school include one or two formidable young ladies, who enter into descriptions of death—that is to say, the material part of death—with a minuteness that must excite the envy even of the most ingenious auctioneer. When bent upon a fresh composition, these terrible young poetesses, having killed a child, proceed to trace its journey to the tomb—its return to earth. How they gloat over the dire changes!—how systematically the painful portrait is proceeded with! In this they rival Chinese artists. And people of ill-regulated sympathy, who, containing within them all the elements of spiritual culture, are yet affected only by sensual appeals, regard these doleful effusions as the outpourings of true human suffering.

"Mr. Blackbrook and his disciples are hapless materialists, verse-makers without a sense of the beautiful. They are patronized by those to whom they write down; and the effect of their lucubrations is to enchain the imagination, to debase the moral capacity, to weaken that spiritual faith which disdains the horrors of the church-yard. Mr. Blackbrook's adventures in search of despair were undertaken, to our mind, in a cold-blooded spirit. A resolute determination to discover the gloomiest phase of every earthly matter, a longing for the applause of a foolish clique, and a confused idea that Chatterton was a poet because he perished miserably, while Byron owed his inspiration to his domestic unhappiness—make up that picture of a verse-writer which we have endeavored to delineate. When extraordinary vanity is allied to very ordinary ability, the combination is an unwholesome, ascetic, weak, and deformed mind: such a mind has Mr. Blackbrook. He endeavors to drag us into a vault, when we would regard the heavenly aspect of death. Ask him to solve the great mystery, and he points to the fading corpse. His tears suggest the use of onions; and his threats of self-destruction, remind us of the rouge and Indian ink of an indifferent melodramatic actor. We have no respect for his misfortunes, since we find that he esteems them only as opportunities for display: we know that despair is welcome to him. He turns his back

to the sun, and rejoices to see the length of shade he can throw upon the earth. Nature to him is only a vast charnel-house—so constructed that he may sing a life-long requiem. He would have us journey through life with our eyes fixed upon the ground, scenting the gases of decay. But wiser men—poets of the soul—bid us look up to heaven, nor disdain, as we raise our heads, to mark the beauty of the lily—to gather, and with hearty thanks, the fragrance of the rose."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 396.)

CHAPTER XIII.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate success of Miss Jemima Hazeldean's designs upon Dr. Riccabocca, the Machiavelian sagacity with which the Italian had counted upon securing the services of Lenny Fairfield was speedily and triumphantly established by the result. No voice of the Parson's, charmed he ever so wisely, could persuade the peasant-boy to go and ask pardon of the young gentleman, to whom, because he had done as he was bid, he owed an agonizing defeat and a shameful incarceration. And, to Mrs. Dale's vexation, the widow took the boy's part. She was deeply offended at the unjust disgrace Lenny had undergone in being put in the stocks; she shared his pride, and openly approved his spirit. Nor was it without great difficulty that Lenny could be induced to resume his lessons at school; nay, even to set foot beyond the precincts of his mother's holding. The point of the school at last he yielded, though sullenly; and the Parson thought it better to temporize as to the more unpalatable demand. Unluckily Lenny's apprehensions of the mockery that awaited him in the merciless world of his village were realized. Though Stirn at first kept his own counsel, the Tinker blabbed the whole affair. And after the search instituted for Lenny on the fatal night, all attempt to hush up what had passed would have been impossible. So then Stirn told his story, as the Tinker had told his own; both tales were very unfavorable to Leonard Fairfield. The pattern boy had broken the Sabbath, fought with his betters, and been well mauled into the bargain; the village lad had sided with Stirn and the authorities in spying out the misdemeanors of his equals: therefore Leonard Fairfield, in both capacities of degraded pattern boy and baffled spy, could expect no mercy; he was ridiculed in the one, and hated in the other.

It is true that, in the presence of the school-master, and under the eye of Mr. Dale, no one openly gave vent to malignant feelings; but the moment those checks were removed, popular persecution began.

Some pointed and mowed at him; some cursed him for a sneak, and all shunned his society; voices were heard in the hedgerows, as he passed through the village at dusk, "Who was

put in the stocks? baa!" "Who got a bloody nob for playing spy to Nick Stirn? baa!" To resist this species of aggression would have been a vain attempt for a wiser head and a colder temper than our poor pattern boy's. He took his resolution at once, and his mother approved it; and the second or third day after Dr. Riccabocca's return to the Casino, Lenny Fairfield presented himself on the terrace with a little bundle in his hand. "Please, sir," said he to the Doctor, who was sitting cross-legged on the balustrade, with his red silk umbrella over his head. "Please, sir, if you'll be good enough to take me now, and give me any hole to sleep in, I'll work for your honor night and day; and as for the wages, mother says 'just suit yourself, sir.'"

"My child," said the Doctor, taking Lenny by the hand, and looking at him with the sagacious eye of a wizard, "I knew you would come! and Giacomo is already prepared for you! As to wages, we'll talk of them by-and-by."

Lenny being thus settled, his mother looked for some evenings on the vacant chair, where he had so long sate in the place of her beloved Mark; and the chair seemed so comfortless and desolate, thus left all to itself, that she could bear it no longer.

Indeed the village had grown as distasteful to her as to Lenny—perhaps more so; and one morning she hailed the Steward as he was trotting his hog-maned cob beside the door, and bade him tell the Squire that "she would take it very kind if he would let her off the six months' notice for the land and premises she held—there were plenty to step into the place at a much better rent."

"You're a fool," said the good-natured Steward; "and I'm very glad you did not speak to that fellow Stirn instead of to me. You've been doing extremely well here, and have the place, I may say, for nothing."

"Nothin' as to rent, sir, but a great deal as to feeling," said the widow. "And now Lenny has gone to work with the foreign gentleman, I should like to go and live near him."

"Ah, yes—I heard Lenny had taken himself off to the Casino—more fool he; but, bless your heart, 'tis no distance—two miles or so. Can't he come home every night after work?"

"No, sir," exclaimed the widow almost fiercely; "he shan't come home here, to be called bad names and jeered at! he whom my dead good-man was so fond and proud of. No, sir; we poor folks have our feelings, as I said to Mrs. Dale, and as I will say to the Squire himself. Not that I don't thank him for all favors—he be a good gentleman, if let alone; but he says he won't come near us till Lenny goes and axes pardin. Pardin for what, I should like to know? Poor lamb! I wish you could ha' seen his nose, sir—as big as your two fists. Ax pardin! If the Squire had had such a nose as that, I don't think it's pardin he'd ha' been axing. But I let's the passion get the better of me—I humbly beg you'll excuse it, sir. I'm no scollard,

as poor Mark was, and Lenny would have been. if the Lord had not visited us otherways. Therefore just get the Squire to let me go as soon as may be; and as for the bit o' hay and what's on the grounds and orchard, the new-comer will no doubt settle that."

The Steward, finding no eloquence of his could induce the widow to relinquish her resolution, took her message to the Squire. Mr. Hazeldean, who was indeed rarely offended at the boy's obstinate refusal to make the *amende honorable* to Randal Leslie, at first only bestowed a hearty curse or two on the pride and ingratitude both of mother and son. It may be supposed, however, that his second thoughts were more gentle, since that evening, though he did not go himself to the widow, he sent his "Harry." Now, though Harry was sometimes austere and *brusque* enough on her own account, and in such business as might especially be transacted between herself and the cottagers, yet she never appeared as the delegate of her lord except in the capacity of a herald of peace and mediating angel. It was with good heart, too, that she undertook this mission, since, as we have seen, both mother and son were great favorites of hers. She entered the cottage with the friendliest beam in her bright blue eye, and it was with the softest tone of her frank, cordial voice that she accosted the widow. But she was no more successful than the Steward had been. The truth is, that I don't believe the haughtiest duke in the three kingdoms is really so proud as your plain English rural peasant, nor half so hard to propitiate and deal with when his sense of dignity is ruffled. Nor are there many of my own literary brethren (thin-skinned creatures though we are) so sensitively alive to the Public Opinion, wisely despised by Dr. Riccabocca, as that same peasant. He can endure a good deal of contumely sometimes, it is true, from his superiors, (though, thank Heaven! *that* he rarely meets with unjustly); but to be looked down upon, and mocked, and pointed at by his own equals—his own little world—cuts him to the soul. And if you can succeed in breaking this pride, and destroying this sensitiveness, then he is a lost being. He can never recover his self-esteem, and you have chucked him half way—a stolid, inert, sullen victim—to the perdition of the prison or the convict-ship.

Of this stuff was the nature both of the widow and her son. Had the honey of Plato flowed from the tongue of Mrs. Hazeldean, it could not have turned into sweetness the bitter spirit upon which it descended. But Mrs. Hazeldean, though an excellent woman, was rather a bluff, plain-spoken one—and, after all, she had some little feeling for the son of a gentleman, and a decayed fallen gentleman, who, even by Lenny's account, had been assailed without any intelligible provocation; nor could she, with her strong common sense, attach all the importance which Mrs. Fairfield did to the unmannerly impertinence of a few young cubs, which, she said

truly, "would soon die away if no notice was taken of it." The widow's mind was made up, and Mrs. Hazeldean departed—with much chagrin and some displeasure.

Mrs. Fairfield, however, tacitly understood that the request she had made was granted, and early one morning her door was found locked, the key left at a neighbor's to be given to the Steward; and, on farther inquiry, it was ascertained that her furniture and effects had been removed by the errand-cart in the dead of the night. Lenny had succeeded in finding a cottage, on the road-side, not far from the Casino; and there, with a joyous face, he waited to welcome his mother to breakfast, and show how he had spent the night in arranging her furniture.

"Parson!" cried the Squire, when all this news came upon him, as he was walking arm-in-arm with Mr. Dale to inspect some proposed improvement in the Alms-house, "this is all your fault. Why did not you go and talk to that brute of a boy, and that dolt of a woman? You've got 'soft sawder enough,' as Frank calls it in his new-fashioned slang."

"As if I had not talked myself hoarse to both!" said the Parson, in a tone of reproachful surprise at the accusation. "But it was in vain! O Squire, if you had taken my advice about the Stocks—*quieta non movere!*"

"Bother!" said the Squire. "I suppose I am to be held up as a tyrant, a Nero, a Richard the Third, or a Grand Inquisitor, merely for having things smart and tidy! Stocks, indeed!—your friend Rickeybockey said he was never more comfortable in his life—quite enjoyed sitting there. And what did not hurt Rickeybockey's dignity (a very gentleman-like man he is, when he pleases) ought to be no such great matter to Master Leonard Fairfield. But 'tis no use talking! What's to be done now? The woman must not starve, and I'm sure she can't live out of Rickeybockey's wages to Lenny (by the way, I hope he don't board him upon his and Jackeymo's leavings: I hear they dine upon newts and sticklebacks—laugh!). I'll tell you what, Parson, now I think of it—at the back of the cottage which she has taken there are some fields of capital land just vacant. Rickeybockey wants to have 'em, and sounded me as to the rent when he was at the Hall. I only half promised him the refusal. And he must give up four or five acres of the best land round the cottage to the widow—just enough for her to manage—and she can keep a dairy. If she wants capital, I'll lend her some in your name—only don't tell Stirn; and as for the rent, we'll talk of that when we see how she gets on, thankless, obstinate jade that she is! You see," added the Squire, as if he felt there was some apology due for this generosity to an object whom he professed to consider so ungrateful, "her husband was a faithful servant, and so—I wish you would not stand there staring me out of countenance, but go down to the woman at once, or Stirn will have let the land to Rickeybockey,

as sure as a gun. And harkye, Dale, perhaps you can contrive, if the woman is so cursedly stiff-backed, not to say the land is mine, or that it is any favor I want to do her—or, in short, manage it as you can for 'he best." Still even this charitable message failed. The widow knew that the land was the Squire's, and worth a good £3 an acre. "She thanked him humbly for that and all favors; but she could not afford to buy cows, and she did not wish to be beholden to any one for her living. And Lenny was well off at Mr. Rickeybockey's, and coming on wonderfully in the garden way; and she did not doubt she could get some washing—at all events, her haystack would bring in a good bit of money, and she should do nicely, thank their honors."

Nothing further could be done in the direct way, but the remark about the washing suggested some mode of indirectly benefiting the widow. And a little time afterward, the sole laundress in that immediate neighborhood happening to die, a hint from the Squire obtained from the landlady of the inn opposite the Casino such custom as she had to bestow, which at times was not inconsiderable. And what with Lenny's wages (whatever that mysterious item might be), the mother and son contrived to live without exhibiting any of those physical signs of fast and abstinence which Riccabocca and his valet gratuitously afforded to the student in animal anatomy.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF all the wares and commodities in exchange and barter, wherein so mainly consists the civilization of our modern world, there is not one which is so carefully weighed—so accurately measured—so plumbed and gauged—so doled and scraped—so poured out in *minima* and balanced with scruples—as that necessary of social commerce called "an apology!" If the chemists were half so careful in vending their poisons, there would be a notable diminution in the yearly average of victims to arsenic and oxalic acid. But, alas, in the matter of apology, it is not from the excess of the dose, but the timid, niggardly, miserly manner in which it is dispensed, that poor Humanity is hurried off to the Styx! How many times does a life depend on the exact proportions of an apology! Is it a hairbreadth too short to cover the scratch for which you want it? Make your will—you are a dead man! A life, do I say?—a hecatomb of lives! How many wars would have been prevented, how many thrones would be standing, dynasties flourishing—commonwealths brawling round a *bema*, or fitting out galleys for corn and cotton—if an inch or two more of apology had been added to the proffered ell! But then that plaguy jealous, suspicious old vinegar-faced Honor, and her partner Pride—as penny-wise and pound-foolish a she-skinflint as herself—have the monopoly of the arti

le. And what with the time they lose in adjusting their spectacles, hunting in the precise shelf for the precise quality demanded, then (quality found) the haggling as to quantum—considering whether it should be apothecary's weight or avoirdupois, or English measure or Flemish—and, finally, the hullabaloo they make if the customer is not perfectly satisfied with the monstrous little he gets for his money—I don't wonder, for my part, how one loses temper and patience, and sends Pride, Honor, and Apology, all to the devil. Aristophanes, in his "*Comedy of Peace*," insinuates a beautiful allegory by only suffering that goddess, though in fact she is his heroine, to appear as a mute. She takes care never to open her lips. The shrewd Greek knew very well that she would cease to be Peace, if she once began to chatter. Wherefore, O reader, if ever you find your pump under the iron heel of another man's boot, Heaven grant that you may hold your tongue, and not make things past all endurance and forgiveness by bawling out for an apology!

CHAPTER XV.

BUT the Squire and his son, Frank, were large-hearted, generous creatures in the article of apology, as in all things less skimpingly dealt out. And seeing that Leonard Fairfield would offer no plaster to Randal Leslie, they made amends for his stinginess by their own prodigality. The Squire accompanied his son to Rood Hall, and, none of the family choosing to be at home, the Squire, in his own hand, and from his own head, indited and composed an epistle which might have satisfied all the wounds which the dignity of the Leslies had ever received.

This letter of apology ended with a hearty request that Randal would come and spend a few days with his son. Frank's epistle was to the same purport, only more Etonian and less legible.

It was some days before Randal's replies to these epistles were received. The replies bore the address of a village near London, and stated that the writer was now reading with a tutor preparatory to entrance at Oxford, and could not, therefore, accept the invitation extended to him.

For the rest, Randal expressed himself with good sense, though not with much generosity. He excused his participation in the vulgarity of such a conflict by a bitter but short allusion to the obstinacy and ignorance of the village boor; and did not do what you, my kind reader, certainly would have done under similar circumstances, viz., intercede in behalf of a brave and unfortunate antagonist. Most of us like a foe better after we have fought him—that is, if we are the conquering party; this was not the case with Randal Leslie. There, so far as the Etonian was concerned, the matter rested. And the Squire, irritated that he could not repair whatever wrong that young gentleman had sustained,

no longer felt a pang of regret as he passed by Mrs. Fairfield's deserted cottage.

CHAPTER XVI.

LENNY FAIRFIELD continued to give great satisfaction to his new employers, and to profit, in many respects, by the familiar kindness with which he was treated. Riccabocca, who valued himself on penetrating into character, had, from the first, seen that much stuff of no common quality and texture was to be found in the disposition and mind of the English village boy. On farther acquaintance, he perceived that, under a child's innocent simplicity, there were the workings of an acuteness that required but development and direction. He ascertained that the pattern boy's progress at the village-school proceeded from something more than mechanical docility and readiness of comprehension. Lenny had a keen thirst for knowledge, and through all the disadvantages of birth and circumstance, there were the indications of that natural genius which converts disadvantages themselves into stimulants. Still, with the germs of good qualities lay the embryos of those which, difficult to separate, and hard to destroy, often mar the produce of the soil. With a remarkable and generous pride in self-repute, there was some stubbornness; with great sensibility to kindness, there was also strong reluctance to forgive affront.

This mixed nature in an uncultivated peasant's breast interested Riccabocca, who, though long secluded from the commerce of mankind, still looked upon man as the most various and entertaining volume which philosophical research can explore. He soon accustomed the boy to the tone of a conversation generally subtle and suggestive; and Lenny's language and ideas became insensibly less rustic and more refined. Then Riccabocca selected from his library, small as it was, books that, though elementary, were of a higher cast than Lenny could have found within his reach at Hazeldean. Riccabocca knew the English language well, better in grammar, construction, and genius, than many a not ill-educated Englishman; for he had studied it with the minuteness with which a scholar studies a dead language, and amidst his collection he had many of the books which had formerly served him for that purpose. These were the first works he had lent to Lenny. Meanwhile Jackeymo imparted to the boy many secrets in practical gardening and minute husbandry, for at that day farming in England (some favored counties and estates excepted) was far below the nicety to which the art has been immemorably carried in the north of Italy—where, indeed, you may travel for miles and miles as through a series of market-gardens—so that, all these things considered, Leonard Fairfield might be said to have made a change for the better. Yet, in truth, and looking below the surface, that might be fair matter of doubt. For, the

same reason which had induced the boy to fly his native village, he no longer repaired to the church of Hazeldean. The old intimate intercourse between him and the Parson became necessarily suspended, or bounded to an occasional kindly visit from the latter—visits which grew more rare, and less familiar, as he found his former pupil in no want of his services, and wholly deaf to his mild entreaties to forget and forgive the past, and come at least to his old seat in the parish church. Lenny still went to church—a church a long way off in another parish—but the sermons did not do him the same good as Parson Dale's had done; and the clergyman, who had his own flock to attend to, did not condescend, as Parson Dale would have done, to explain what seemed obscure, and enforce what was profitable, in private talk, with that stray lamb from another's fold.

Now, I question much if all Dr. Riccabocca's sage maxims, though they were often very moral, and generally very wise, served to expand the peasant boy's native good qualities, and correct his bad, half so well as the few simple words, not at all indebted to Machiavelli, which Leonard had once reverently listened to, when he stood by his father's chair, yielded up for the moment to the good Parson, worthy to sit in it; for Mr. Dale had a heart in which all the fatherless of the parish found their place. Nor was this loss of tender, intimate, spiritual lore so counterbalanced by the greater facilities for purely intellectual instruction, as modern enlightenment might presume. For, without disputing the advantage of knowledge in a general way, knowledge, in itself, is not friendly to content. Its tendency, of course, is to increase the desires, to dissatisfy us with what is, in order to urge progress to what may be; and, in that progress, what unnoticed martyrs among the many must fall, baffled and crushed by the way! To how large a number will be given desires they will never realize, dissatisfaction of the lot from which they will never rise! *Allons!* one is viewing the dark side of the question. It is all the fault of that confounded Riccabocca, who has already caused Lenny Fairfield to lean gloomily on his spade, and, after looking round, and seeing no one near him, groaned out querulously:

"And am I born to dig a potato-ground?"

Pardieu, my friend Lenny, if you live to be seventy, and ride in your carriage; and by the help of a dinner-pill, digest a spoonful of curry, you may sigh to think what a relish there was in potatoes, roasted in ashes, after you had digged them out of that ground with your own stout young hands. Dig on, Lenny Fairfield, dig on! Dr. Riccabocca will tell you that there was once an illustrious personage* who made experience of two very different occupations—one was ruling men, the other was planting cabbages; he thought planting cabbages much the pleasanter of the two!

* The Emperor Diocletian.

CHAPTER XVII.

DR. RICCABOCCA had secured Lenny Fairfield and might, therefore, be considered to have ridden his hobby in the great whirligig with adroitness and success. But Miss Jemima was still driving round in her car, handling the reins, and flourishing the whip, without apparently having got an inch nearer to the flying form of Dr. Riccabocca.

Indeed, that excellent and only too-susceptible spinster, with all her experience of the villainy of man, had never conceived the wretch to be so thoroughly beyond the reach of redemption as when Dr. Riccabocca took his leave, and once more interred himself amidst the solitudes of the Casino, without having made any formal renunciation of his criminal celibacy. For some days she shut herself up in her own chamber, and brooded with more than her usual gloomy satisfaction on the certainty of the approaching crash. Indeed, many signs of that universal calamity which, while the visit of Riccabocca lasted, she had permitted herself to consider ambiguous, now became luminously apparent. Even the newspaper, which, during that credulous and happy period, had given half a column to Births and Marriages, now bore an ominously-long catalogue of Deaths; so that it seemed as if the whole population had lost heart, and had no chance of repairing its daily losses. The leading articles spoke, with the obscurity of a Pythian, of an impending crisis. Monstrous turnips sprouted out from the paragraphs devoted to General News. Cows bore calves with two heads, whales were stranded in the Humber, showers of frogs descended in the High-street of Cheltenham.

All these symptoms of the world's decrepitude and consummation, which by the side of the fascinating Riccabocca might admit of some doubt as to their origin and cause, now conjoined with the worst of all, viz.—the frightfully progressive wickedness of man—left to Miss Jemima no ray of hope save that afforded by the reflection that she could contemplate the wreck of matter without a single sentiment of regret.

Mrs. Dale, however, by no means shared the despondency of her fair friend, and, having gained access to Miss Jemima's chamber, succeeded, though not without difficulty, in her kindly attempts to cheer the drooping spirits of that female misanthropist. Nor, in her benevolent desire to speed the car of Miss Jemima to its hymeneal goal, was Mrs. Dale so cruel toward her male friend, Dr. Riccabocca, as she seemed to her husband. For Mrs. Dale was a woman of shrewdness and penetration, as most quick-tempered women are; and she knew that Miss Jemima was one of those excellent young ladies who are likely to value a husband in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining him. In fact, my readers of both sexes must often have met, in the course of their experience, with that peculiar sort of feminine disposition, which requires the warmth of the conjugal hearth to develop all

its native good qualities; nor is it to be blamed overmuch if, innocently aware of this tendency in its nature, it turns toward what is best fitted for its growth and improvement, by laws akin to those which make the sunflower turn to the sun, or the willow to the stream. Ladies of this disposition, permanently thwarted in their affectionate bias, gradually languish away into intellectual inanition, or sprout out into those abnormal eccentricities which are classed under the general name of "oddity" or "character." But, once admitted to their proper soil, it is astonishing what healthful improvement takes place—how the poor heart, before starved and stunted of nourishment, throws out its suckers, and bursts into bloom and fruit. And thus many a belle from whom the beaux have stood aloof, only because the puppies think she could be had for the asking, they see afterward settled down into true wife and fond mother, with amaze at their former disparagement, and a sigh at their blind hardness of heart.

In all probability, Mrs. Dale took this view of the subject; and certainly in addition to all the hitherto dormant virtues which would be awakened in Miss Jemima when fairly Mrs. Riccabocca, she counted somewhat upon the mere worldly advantage which such a match would bestow upon the exile. So respectable a connection with one of the oldest, wealthiest, and most popular families in the shire, would in itself give him a position not to be despised by a poor stranger in the land; and though the interest of Miss Jemima's dowry might not be much, regarded in the light of English pounds (not *Milanese lire*), still it would suffice to prevent that gradual progress of dematerialization which the lengthened diet upon minnows and sticklebacks had already made apparent in the fine and slow-evanishing form of the philosopher.

Like all persons convinced of the expediency of a thing, Mrs. Dale saw nothing wanting but opportunities to insure its success. And that these might be forthcoming, she not only renewed with greater frequency, and more urgent instance than ever, her friendly invitations to drink tea and spend the evening, but she artfully so chafed the Squire on his sore point of hospitality, that the Doctor received weekly a pressing solicitation to dine and sleep at the Hall.

At first the Italian pished and grunted, and said *Cospetto*, and *Per Bacco*, and *Diavolo*, and tried to creep out of so much proffered courtesy. But, like all single gentlemen, he was a little under the tyrannical influence of his faithful servant; and Jackeymo, though he could bear starving as well as his master when necessary, still, when he had the option, preferred roast beef and plum-pudding. Moreover, that vain and incautious confidence of Riccabocca, touching the vast sum at his command, and with no heavier drawback than that of so amiable a lady as Miss Jemima—who had already shown him (Jackeymo) many little delicate attentions—had greatly whetted the cupidity which was in the

servant's Italian nature: a cupidity the more keen because, long debarred its legitimate exercise on his own mercenary interests, he carried it all to the account of his master's!

Thus tempted by his enemy, and betrayed by his servant, the unfortunate Riccabocca fell, though with eyes not unblinded, into the hospitable snares extended for the destruction of his—celibacy! He went often to the Parsonage, often to the Hall, and by degrees the sweets of the social domestic life, long denied him, began to exercise their enervating charm upon the stoicism of our poor exile. Frank had now returned to Eton. An unexpected invitation had carried off Captain Higginbotham to pass a few weeks at Bath with a distant relation, who had lately returned from India, and who, as rich as Cræsus, felt so estranged and solitary in his native isle that, when the Captain "claimed kindred there," to his own amaze "he had his claims allowed;" while a very protracted sitting of Parliament still delayed in London the Squire's habitual visitors in the later summer; so that—a chasm thus made in his society—Mr. Hazeldean welcomed with no hollow cordiality the diversion or distraction he found in the foreigner's companionship. Thus, with pleasure to all parties, and strong hopes to the two female conspirators, the intimacy between the Casino and Hall rapidly thickened; but still not a word resembling a distinct proposal did Dr. Riccabocca breathe. And still, if such an idea obtruded itself on his mind, it was chased therefrom with so determined a *Diavolo* that, perhaps, if not the end of the world, at least the end of Miss Jemima's tenure in it, might have approached, and seen her still Miss Jemima, but for a certain letter with a foreign post-mark that reached the Doctor one Tuesday morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE servant saw that something had gone wrong, and, under pretense of syringing the orange-trees, he lingered near his master, and peered through the sunny leaves upon Riccabocca's melancholy brows.

The Doctor sighed heavily. Nor did he, as was his wont, after some such sigh, mechanically take up that dear comforter, the pipe. But though the tobacco-pouch lay by his side on the balustrade, and the pipe stood against the wall between his knees, childlike lifting up its-lips to the customary caress—he heeded neither the one nor the other, but laid the letter silently on his lap, and fixed his eyes upon the ground.

"It must be bad news, indeed!" thought Jackeymo, and desisted from his work. Approaching his master, he took up the pipe and the tobacco-pouch, and filled the bowl slowly, glancing all the while to that dark, musing face on which, when abandoned by the expression of intellectual vivacity or the exquisite smile of Italian courtesy, the deep downward lines revealed the characters of sorrow. Jackeymo did

not venture to speak; but the continued silence of his master disturbed him much. He laid that peculiar tinder which your smokers use upon the steel, and struck the spark—still not a word, nor did Riccabocca stretch forth his hand.

"I never knew him in this taking before," thought Jackeymo; and delicately he insinuated the neck of the pipe into the nerveless fingers of the hand that lay supine on those quiet knees—the pipe fell to the ground.

Jackeymo crossed himself, and began praying to his sainted namesake with great fervor.

The Doctor rose slowly, and, as if with effort, he walked once or twice to and fro the terrace; and then he halted abruptly, and said,

"Friend!"

"Blessed Monsignore San Giacomo, I knew thou wouldst hear me!" cried the servant; and he raised his master's hand to his lips, then abruptly turned away and wiped his eyes.—"Friend," repeated Riccabocca, and this time with a tremulous emphasis, and in the softest tone of a voice never wholly without the music of the sweet South, "I would talk to thee of my child."

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE letter, then, relates to the Signorina. She is well?"

"Yes, she is well now. She is in our native Italy."

Jackeymo raised his eyes involuntarily toward the orange-trees, and the morning breeze swept by and bore to him the odor of their blossoms.

"Those are sweet even here, with care," said he, pointing to the trees. "I think I have said that before to the Padrone."

But Riccabocca was now looking again at the letter, and did not notice either the gesture or the remark of his servant.

"My aunt is no more!" said he, after a pause.

"We will pray for her soul!" answered Jackeymo, solemnly. "But she was very old, and had been a long time ailing. Let it not grieve the Padrone too keenly: at that age, and with those infirmities, death comes as a friend."

"Peace be to her dust!" returned the Italian. "If she had her faults, be they now forgotten forever; and in the hour of my danger and distress, she sheltered my infant! That shelter is destroyed. This letter is from the priest, her confessor. You know that she had nothing at her own disposal to bequeath to my child, and her property passes to the male heir—mine enemy."

"Traitor!" muttered Jackeymo; and his right hand seemed to feel for the weapon which the Italians of lower rank often openly wear in their girdles.

"The priest," resumed Riccabocca, calmly, "has rightly judged in removing my child as a guest from the house in which my enemy enters as lord."

"And where is the Signorina?"

"With that poor priest. See, Giacomo—here, here—this is her handwriting at the end of the letter—the first lines she ever yet traced to me."

Jackeymo took off his hat, and looked reverently on the large characters of a child's writing. But large as they were, they seemed indistinct, for the paper was blistered with the child's tears; and on the place where they had *not* fallen, there was a round fresh moist stain of the tear that had dropped from the lids of the father. Riccabocca renewed, "The priest recommends a convent."

"To the devil with the priest!" cried the servant; then, crossing himself rapidly, he added, "I did not mean that, Monsignore San Giacomo—forgive me! But your Excellency* does not think of making a nun of his only child!"

"And yet why not?" said Riccabocca, mournfully; "what can I give her in the world? Is the land of the stranger a better refuge than the home of peace in her native clime?"

"In the land of the stranger beats her father's heart!"

"And if that beat were stilled, what then? Ill fares the life that a single death can bereave of all. In a convent at least (and the priest's influence can obtain her that asylum among her equals and amidst her sex) she is safe from trial and from penury—to her grave."

"Penury! Just see how rich we shall be when we take those fields at Michaelmas."

"*Pazzie!*" (follies) said Riccabocca, listlessly. "Are these suns more serene than ours, or the soil more fertile? Yet in our own Italy, saith the proverb, 'he who sows land reaps more care than corn.' It were different," continued the father, after a pause, and in a more irresolute tone, "if I had some independence, however small, to count on—nay, if among all my tribe of dainty relatives there were but one female who would accompany Violante to the exile's hearth—Ishmael had his Hagar. But how can we two rough-bearded men provide for all the nameless wants and cares of a frail female child? And she has been so delicately reared—the woman-child needs the fostering hand and tender eye of a woman."

"And with a word," said Jackeymo, resolutely, "the Padrone might secure to his child all that he needs, to save her from the sepulchre of a convent; and ere the autumn leaves fall, she might be sitting on his knee. Padrone, do not think that you can conceal from me the truth, that you love your child better than all things in the world—now the Patria is as dead to you as the dust of your fathers—and your heart-strings would crack with the effort to tear her from them, and consign her to a convent. Padrone, never again to hear her voice—never again to see her face! Those little arms that twined round your neck that dark night, when

* The title of Excellency does not, in Italian, necessarily express any exalted rank, but is often given by servants to their masters.

we fled fast for life and freedom, and you said, as you felt their clasp, 'Friend, all is not yet lost!'"

"Giacomo!" exclaimed the father, reproachfully, and his voice seemed to choke him. Riccabocca turned away, and walked restlessly to and fro the terrace; then, lifting his arms with a wild gesture as he still continued his long, irregular strides, he muttered, "yes, heaven is my witness that I could have borne reverse and banishment without a murmur, had I permitted myself that young partner in exile and privation. Heaven is my witness that, if I hesitate now, it is because I would not listen to my own selfish heart. Yet never, never to see her again—my child! And it was but as the infant that I beheld her! O friend, friend—" (and, stopping short with a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he bowed his head upon his servant's shoulder;) "thou knowest what I have endured and suffered at my hearth, as in my country; the wrong, the perfidy, the—the—" His voice again failed him; he clung to his servant's breast, and his whole frame shook.

"But your child, the innocent one—think now only of her!" faltered Giacomo, struggling with his own sobs.

"True, only of her," replied the exile, raising his face—"only of her. Put aside thy thoughts for myself, friend—counsel me. If I were to send for Violante, and if, transplanted to these keen airs, she drooped and died—look, look—the priest says that she needs such tender care; or if I myself were summoned from the world, to leave her in it alone, friendless, homeless, breadless perhaps, at the age of woman's sharpest trial against temptation; would she not live to mourn the cruel egotism that closed on her infant innocence the gates of the House of God?"

Giacomo was appalled by this appeal; and indeed Riccabocca had never before thus reverently spoken of the cloister. In his hours of philosophy, he was wont to sneer at monks and nuns, priesthood and superstition. But now, in that hour of emotion, the Old Religion reclaimed her empire; and the skeptical, world-wise man, thinking only of his child, spoke and felt with a child's simple faith.

CHAPTER XX.

"But again, I say," murmured Jackeymo, scarce audibly, and after a long silence, "if the Padrone would make up his mind—to marry!"

He expected that his master would start up in his customary indignation at such a suggestion—nay, he might not have been sorry so to have changed the current of feeling; but the poor Italian only winced slightly, and mildly withdrawing himself from his servant's supporting arm, again paced the terrace, but this time quietly and in silence. A quarter of an hour thus passed. "Give me the pipe," said P. Riccabocca, passing into the Belvidere.

Jackeymo again struck the spark, and, wonderfully relieved at the Padrone's return to his usual adviser, mentally besought his sainted namesake to bestow a double portion of soothing wisdom on the benignant influences of the weed.

CHAPTER XXI.

DR. RICCABOCCA had been some little time in the solitude of the Belvidere, when Lenny Fairfield, not knowing that his employer was therein, entered to lay down a book which the Doctor had lent him, with injunctions to leave on a certain table when done with. Riccabocca looked up at the sound of the young peasant's step.

"I beg your honor's pardon—I did not know—"

"Never mind; lay the book there. I wish to speak with you. You look well, my child; this air agrees with you as well as that of Hazeldean?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Yet it is higher ground, more exposed?"

"That can hardly be, sir," said Lenny; "there are many plants grow here which don't flourish at the Squire's. The hill yonder keeps off the east wind, and the place lays to the south."

"Lies, not *lays*, Lenny. What are the principal complaints in these parts?"

"Eh, sir?"

"I mean what maladies, what diseases?"

"I never heard tell of any, sir, except the rheumatism."

"No low fevers? no consumption?"

"Never heard of them, sir."

Riccabocca drew a long breath, as if relieved.

"That seems a very kind family at the Hall."

"I have nothing to say against it," answered Lenny, bluntly. "I have not been treated justly. But as that book says, sir, 'It is not every one who comes into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth.'"

Little thought the Doctor that those wise maxims may leave sore thoughts behind them. He was too occupied with the subject most at his own heart to think then of what was in Lenny Fairfield's.

"Yes; a kind, English, domestic family. Did you see much of Miss Hazeldean?"

"Not so much as of the Lady."

"Is she liked in the village, think you?"

"Miss Jemima? Yes. She never did harm. Her little dog bit me once—she did not ask me to beg its pardon, she asked mine! She's a very nice young lady; the girls say she's very affable; and," added Lenny with a smile, "there are always more weddings going on when she's down at the Hall."

"Oh!" said Riccabocca. Then, after a long whiff, "Did you ever see her play with the little children? Is she fond of children, do you think?"

"Lord, sir, you guess every thing. She's never so pleased as when she's playing with the babies."

"Humph!" grunted Riccabocca. "Babies—well, that's womanlike. I don't mean exactly babies, but when they're older—little girls."

"Indeed, sir, I dare say; but," said Lenny, primly, "I never as yet kept company with the little girls."

"Quite right, Lenny; be equally discreet all your life. Mrs. Dale is very intimate with Miss Hazeldean—more than with the Squire's lady. Why is that, think you?"

"Well, sir," said Leonard, shrewdly, "Mrs. Dale has her little tempers, though she's a very good lady; and Madam Hazeldean is rather high, and has a spirit. But Miss Jemima is so soft: any one could live with Miss Jemima, as Joe and the servants say at the Hall."

"Indeed! Get my hat out of the parlor, and—just bring a clothes-brush, Lenny. A fine sunny day for a walk."

After this most mean and dishonorable inquisition into the character and popular repute of Miss Hazeldean, Signore Riccabocca seemed as much cheered up and elated as if he had committed some very noble action; and he walked forth in the direction of the Hall with a far lighter and livelier step than that with which he had paced the terrace.

"Monsignore San Giacomo, by thy help and the pipe's, the Padrone shall have his child!" muttered the servant, looking up from the garden.

CHAPTER XXII.

YET Dr. Riccabocca was not rash. The man who wants his wedding-garment to fit him must allow plenty of time for the measure. But, from that day, the Italian notably changed his manner toward Miss Hazeldean. He ceased that profusion of compliment in which he had hitherto carried off in safety all serious meaning. For indeed the Doctor considered that compliments, to a single gentleman, were what the inky liquid it dispenses is to the cuttle-fish, that by obscuring the water, sails away from its enemy. Neither did he, as before, avoid prolonged conversations with that young lady, and contrive to escape from all solitary rambles by her side. On the contrary, he now sought every occasion to be in her society; and, entirely dropping the language of gallantry, he assumed something of the earnest tone of friendship. He bent down his intellect to examine and plumb her own. To use a very homely simile, he blew away that froth which there is on the surface of mere acquaintanceships, especially with the opposite sex; and which, while it lasts, scarce allows you to distinguish between small beer and double X. Apparently Dr. Riccabocca was satisfied with his scrutiny—at all events, under that froth there was no taste of bitter. The Italian might not find any great strength of intellect in Miss Jemima, but he found that, disentangled from many little whims and foibles—which he had himself the sense to perceive were harmless enough if they lasted, and not so absolutely con-

stitutional but what they might be removed by a tender hand—Miss Hazeldean had quite enough sense to comprehend the plain duties of married life; and if the sense could fail, it found a substitute in good old homely English principles and the instincts of amiable kindly feelings.

I know not how it is, but your very clever man never seems to care so much as your less gifted mortals for cleverness in his helpmate. Your scholars, and poets, and ministers of state, are more often than not found assorted with exceedingly humdrum good sort of women, and apparently like them all the better for their deficiencies. Just see how happily Racine lived with his wife, and what an angel he thought her, and yet she had never read his plays. Certainly Goethe never troubled the lady who called him "Mr. Privy Councilor" with whims about "monads," and speculations on "color," nor those stiff metaphysical problems on which one breaks one's shins in the Second Part of the Faust. Probably it may be that such great geniuses—knowing that, as compared with themselves, there is little difference between your clever woman and your humdrum woman—merge at once all minor distinctions, relinquish all attempts that could not but prove unsatisfactory, at sympathy in hard intellectual pursuits, and are quite satisfied to establish that tie which, after all, best resists wear and tear—viz., the tough household bond between one human heart and another.

At all events, this, I suspect, was the reasoning of Dr. Riccabocca, when one morning, after a long walk with Miss Hazeldean, he muttered to himself,

"Duro con duro
Non fece mai buon muro."

Which may bear the paraphrase, "Bricks without mortar would make a very bad wall." There was quite enough in Miss Jemima's disposition to make excellent mortar: the Doctor took the bricks to himself.

When his examination was concluded, our philosopher symbolically evinced the result he had arrived at by a very simple proceeding on his part—which would have puzzled you greatly if you had not paused, and meditated thereon, till you saw all that it implied. *Dr. Riccabocca took off his spectacles!* He wiped them carefully, put them into their shagreen case, and locked them in his bureau: that is to say, he left off wearing his spectacles.

You will observe that there was a wonderful depth of meaning in that critical symptom, whether it be regarded as a sign outward, positive, and explicit; or a sign metaphysical, mystical, and esoteric. For, as to the last—it denoted that the task of the spectacles was over; that, when a philosopher has made up his mind to marry, it is better henceforth to be short-sighted—nay, even somewhat purblind—than to be always scrutinizing the domestic felicity, to which he is about to resign himself, through a pair of cold, unillusory barnacles. And for the

things beyond the hearth, if he can not see without spectacles, he is not about to ally to his own defective vision a good sharp pair of eyes, never at fault where his interests are concerned? On the other hand, regarded positively, categorically, and explicitly, Dr. Riccabocca, by laying aside those spectacles, signified that he was about to commence that happy initiation of courtship when every man, be he ever so much a philosopher, wishes to look as young and as handsome as time and nature will allow. Vain task to speed the soft language of the eyes through the medium of these glassy interpreters! I remember, for my own part, that once on a visit to Adelaide, I was in great danger of falling in love—with a young lady, too, who would have brought me a very good fortune—when she suddenly produced from her reticule a very neat pair of No. 4, set in tortoise-shell, and, fixing upon me their Gorgon gaze, froze the astonished Cupid into stone! And I hold it a great proof of the wisdom of Riccabocca, and of his vast experience in mankind, that he was not above the consideration of what your pseudo-sages would have regarded as foppish and ridiculous trifles. It argued all the better for that happiness which is our being's end and aim, that, in condescending to play the lover, he put those unbecoming petrifiers under lock and key.

And certainly, now the spectacles were abandoned, it was impossible to deny that the Italian had remarkably handsome eyes. Even through the spectacles, or lifted a little above them, they were always bright and expressive; but without those adjuncts, the blaze was soft and more tempered: they had that look which the French call *velouté*, or velvety; and he appeared altogether ten years younger. If our Ulysses, thus rejuvenated by his Minerva, has not fully made up his mind to make a Penelope of Miss Jemima, all I can say is, that he is worse than Polyphemus, who was only an Anthropophagos.

He preys upon the weaker sex, and is a Gynophagite!

CHAPTER XXIII.

"AND you commission me, then, to speak to our dear Jemima?" said Mrs. Dale, joyfully, and without any bitterness whatever in that "dear."

DR. RICCABOCCA.—Nay, before speaking to Miss Hazeldean, it would surely be proper to know how far my addresses would be acceptable to the family."

MRS. DALE.—"Ah!"

DR. RICCABOCCA.—"The Squire is of course the head of the family."

MRS. DALE (absent and *distract*).—"The Squire—yes, very true—quite proper." (Then looking up with *naïveté*).—"Can you believe me, I never thought of the Squire. And he is such an odd man, and has so many English prejudices,

that really—dear me, how vexatious that it should never once have occurred to me that Mr. Hazeldean had a voice in the matter. Indeed, the relationship is so distant—it is not like being her father; and Jemima is of age, and can do as she pleases; and—but as you say, it is quite proper that he should be consulted, as the head of the family."

DR. RICCABOCCA.—"And you think that the Squire of Hazeldean might reject my alliance! Pshaw! that's a grand word indeed; I mean, that he might object very reasonably to his cousin's marriage with a foreigner, of whom he can know nothing, except that which in all countries is disreputable, and is said in this to be criminal—poverty."

MRS. DALE (kindly).—"You mistake us poor English people, and you wrong the Squire, heaven bless him! for we were poor enough when he singled out my husband from a hundred for the minister of his parish, for his neighbor and his friend. I will speak to him fearlessly—"

DR. RICCABOCCA.—"And frankly. And now I have used that word, let me go on with the confession which your kindly readiness, my fair friend, somewhat interrupted. I said that if I might presume to think my addresses would be acceptable to Miss Hazeldean and her family, I was too sensible of her amiable qualities not to—not to—"

MRS. DALE (with demure archness).—"Not to be the happiest of men—that's the customary English phrase, Doctor."

RICCABOCCA (gallantly).—"There can not be a better. But," continued he, seriously, "I wish it first to be understood that I have—been married before."

MRS. DALE (astonished).—"Married before!"

RICCABOCCA.—"And that I have an only child, dear to me—inexpressibly dear. That child, a daughter, has hitherto lived abroad; circumstances now render it desirable that she should make her home with me. And I own fairly that nothing has so attached me to Miss Hazeldean, nor so induced my desire for our matrimonial connection, as my belief that she has the heart and the temper to become a kind mother to my little one."

MRS. DALE (with feeling and warmth).—"You judge her rightly there."

RICCABOCCA.—"Now, in pecuniary matters, as you may conjecture from my mode of life, I have nothing to offer to Miss Hazeldean correspondent with her own fortune, whatever that may be."

MRS. DALE.—"That difficulty is obviated by settling Miss Hazeldean's fortune on herself, which is customary in such cases."

DR. RICCABOCCA's face lengthened. "And my child, then?" said he, feelingly. There was something in that appeal so alien from all sordid and merely personal mercenary motives, that Mrs. Dale could not have had the heart to make the very rational suggestion—"But that child is

not *Jemima's*, and you may have children by her."

She was touched, and replied hesitatingly—"But, from what you and *Jemima* may jointly possess, you can save something annually—you can insure your life for your child. We did so when our poor child whom we lost was born," (the tears rushed into *Mrs. Dale's* eyes); "and I fear that *Charles* still insures his life for my sake, though heaven knows that—that—"

The tears burst out. That little heart, quick and petulant thought it was, had not a fibre of the elastic muscular tissues which are mercifully bestowed on the hearts of predestined widows. *Dr. Riccabocca* could not pursue the subject of life insurances further. But the idea—which had never occurred to the foreigner before, though so familiar to us English people, when only possessed of a life income—pleased him greatly. I will do him the justice to say, that he preferred it to the thought of actually appropriating to himself and his child a portion of *Miss Hazeldean's* dower.

Shortly afterward he took his leave, and *Mrs. Dale* hastened to seek her husband in his study, inform him of the success of her matrimonial scheme, and consult him as to the chance of the Squire's acquiescence therein. "You see," said she, hesitatingly, "though the Squire might be glad to see *Jemima* married to some Englishman, yet, if he asks who and what is this *Dr. Riccabocca*, how am I to answer him?"

"You should have thought of that before," said *Mr. Dale*, with unwonted asperity; "and, indeed, if I had ever believed any thing serious could come out of what seemed to me so absurd, I should long since have requested you not to interfere in such matters. Good heavens!" continued the Parson, changing color, "if we should have assisted, underhand as it were, to introduce into the family of a man to whom we owe so much, a connection that he would dislike! how base we should be! how ungrateful!"

Poor *Mrs. Dale* was frightened by this speech, and still more by her husband's consternation and displeasure. To do *Mrs. Dale* justice, whenever her mild partner was really either grieved or offended, her little temper vanished—she became as meek as a lamb. As soon as she recovered the first shock she experienced, she hastened to dissipate the Parson's apprehensions. She assured him that she was convinced that if the Squire disapproved of *Riccabocca's* pretensions, the Italian would withdraw them at once, and *Miss Hazeldean* would never know of his proposals. Therefore, in that case, no harm would be done.

This assurance coinciding with *Mr. Dale's* convictions as to *Riccabocca's* scruples on the point of honor, tended much to compose the good man; and if he did not, as my reader of the gentler sex would expect from him, feel alarm lest *Miss Jemima's* affections should have been irretrievably engaged, and her happiness

thus put in jeopardy by the Squire's refusal, it was not that the Parson wanted tenderness of heart, but experience in womankind; and he believed, very erroneously, that *Miss Jemima Hazeldean* was not one upon whom a disappointment of that kind would produce a lasting impression. Therefore *Mr. Dale*, after a pause of consideration, said kindly—

"Well, don't vex yourself—and I was to blame quite as much as you. But, indeed, I should have thought it easier for the Squire to have transplanted one of his tall cedars into his kitchen-garden, than for you to inveigle *Dr. Riccabocca* into matrimonial intentions. But a man who could voluntarily put himself into the Parish Stocks for the sake of experiment, must be capable of any thing! However, I think it better that I, rather than yourself, should speak to the Squire, and I will go at once."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Parson put on the shovel hat, which—conjoined with other details in his dress peculiarly clerical, and already, even then, beginning to be out of fashion with churchmen—had served to fix upon him, emphatically, the dignified but antiquated style and cognomen of "Parson;" and took his way toward the Home Farm, at which he expected to find the Squire. But he had scarcely entered upon the village green when he beheld *Mr. Hazeldean*, leaning both hands on his stick, and gazing intently upon the Parish Stocks. Now, sorry am I to say that, ever since the Hegira of *Lenny* and his mother, the Anti-Stockian and Revolutionary spirit in *Hazeldean*, which the memorable homily of our Parson had awhile averted or suspended, had broken forth afresh. For though, while *Lenny* was present to be mowed and jeered at, there had been no pity for him, yet no sooner was he removed from the scene of trial, than a universal compassion for the barbarous usage he had received produced what is called "the reaction of public opinion." Not that those who had mowed and jeered repented them of their mockery, or considered themselves in the slightest degree the cause of his expatriation. No; they, with the rest of the villagers, laid all the blame upon the Stocks. It was not to be expected that a lad of such exemplary character could be thrust into that place of ignominy, and not be sensible of the affront. And who, in the whole village, was safe, if such goings-on and puttings-in were to be tolerated in silence, and at the expense of the very best and quietest lad the village had ever known? Thus, a few days after the widow's departure, the Stocks was again the object of midnight desecration: it was bedaubed and bescratched—it was hacked and hewed—it was scrawled all over with pithy lamentations for *Lenny*, and laconic execrations on tyrants. Night after night new inscriptions appeared, testifying the sarcastic wit and the vindictive sentiment of the parish. And perhaps the Stocks

themselves were only spared from ax and bonfire by the convenience they afforded to the malice of the disaffected: they became the Pasquin of Hazeldean.

As disaffection naturally produces a correspondent vigor in authority, so affairs had been lately administered with greater severity than had been hitherto wont in the easy rule of the Squire and his predecessors. Suspected persons were naturally marked out by Mr. Stirn, and reported to his employer, who, too proud or too pained to charge them openly with ingratitude, at first only passed them by in his walks with a silent and stiff inclination of his head; and afterward gradually yielding to the baleful influence of Stirn, the Squire grumbled forth that "he did not see why he should be always putting himself out of his way to show kindness to those who made such a return. There ought to be a difference between the good and the bad." Encouraged by this admission, Stirn had conducted himself toward the suspected parties, and their whole kith and kin, with the iron-handed justice that belonged to his character. For some, habitual donations of milk from the dairy, and vegetables from the gardens, were surlily suspended; others were informed that their pigs were always trespassing on the woods in search of acorns; or that they were violating the Game Laws in keeping lurchers. A beer-house, popular in the neighborhood, but of late resorted to overmuch by the grievance-mongers (and no wonder, since they had become the popular party), was threatened with an application to the magistrates for the withdrawal of its license. Sundry old women, whose grandsons were notoriously ill-disposed towards the Stocks, were interdicted from gathering dead sticks under the avenues, on pretense that they broke down the live boughs; and, what was more obnoxious to the younger members of the parish than most other retaliatory measures, three chestnut trees, one walnut, and two cherry trees, standing at the bottom of the park, and which had, from time immemorial, been given up to the youth of Hazeldean, were now solemnly placed under the general defense of "private property." And the crier had announced that, henceforth, all depredators on the fruit-trees in Copse Hollow would be punished with the utmost rigor of the law. Stirn, indeed, recommended much more stringent proceedings than all these indications of a change of policy, which, he averred, would soon bring the parish to its senses—such as discontinuing many little jobs of unprofitable work that employed the surplus labor of the village. But there the Squire, falling into the department, and under the benignant influence of his Harry, was as yet not properly hardened. When it came to a question that affected the absolute quantity of loaves to be consumed by the graceless mouths that fed upon him, the milk of human kindness—with which Providence has so bountifully supplied that class of the mammalia called the "Bucolic," and of

which our Squire had an extra "yield"—burst forth, and washed away all the indignation of the harsher Adam.

Still your policy of half-measures, which irritates without crushing its victims, which flaps an exasperated wasp-nest with a silk pocket-handkerchief, instead of blowing it up with a match and train, is rarely successful; and, after three or four other and much guiltier victims than Lenny had been incarcerated in the Stocks, the parish of Hazeldean was ripe for any enormity. Pestilent jacobinical tracts, conceived and composed in the sinks of manufacturing towns—found their way into the popular beer-house—heaven knows how, though the Tinker was suspected of being the disseminator by all but Stirn, who still, in a whisper, accused the Papishers. And, finally, there appeared among the other graphic embellishments which the poor Stocks had received, the rude *gravure* of a gentleman in a broad-brimmed hat and top-boots, suspended from a gibbet, with the inscription beneath—"A warnin to hall tirans—mind your hi!—sighnde Captin sTraw."

It was upon this significant and emblematic portraiture that the Squire was gazing when the Parson joined him.

"Well, Parson," said Mr. Hazeldean, with a smile which he meant to be pleasant and easy, but which was exceedingly bitter and grim, "I wish you joy of your flock—you see they have just hanged me in effigy!"

The Parson stared, and, though greatly shocked, smothered his emotions; and attempted, with the wisdom of the serpent and the mildness of the dove, to find another original for the effigy.

"It is very bad," quoth he, "but not so bad as all that, Squire; that's not the shape of your hat. It is evidently meant for Mr. Stirn."

"Do you think so!" said the Squire, softened. "Yet the top-boots—Stirn never wears top-boots."

"No more do you—except in hunting. If you look again, those are not tops—they are leggings—Stirn wears leggings. Besides, that flourish, which is meant for a nose, is a kind of a hook like Stirn's; whereas your nose—though by no means a snub—rather turns up than not, as the Apollo's does, according to the plaster cast in Riccabocca's parlor."

"Poor Stirn!" said the Squire, in a tone that evinced complacency, not unmingled with compassion, "that's what a man gets in this world by being a faithful servant, and doing his duty with zeal for his employer. But you see that things have come to a strange pass, and the question now is, what course to pursue. The miscreants hitherto have defied all vigilance, and Stirn recommends the employment of a regular night-watch with a lantern and blud geon."

"That may protect the Stocks, certainly; but will it keep those detestable tracts out of the beer-house?"

"We shall shut the beer-house up at the next sessions."

"The tracts will break out elsewhere—the humor's in the blood!"

"I've half a mind to run off to Brighton or Leamington—good hunting at Leamington—for a year, just to let the rogues see how they can get on without me!"

The Squire's lip trembled.

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean," said the Parson, taking his friend's hand, "I don't want to parade my superior wisdom; but if you had taken my advice, *quieta non movere*. Was there ever a parish so peaceable as this, or a country-gentleman so beloved as you were, before you undertook the task which has dethroned kings and ruined states—that of wantonly meddling with antiquity, whether for the purpose of uncalled-for repairs, or the revival of obsolete uses."

At this rebuke the Squire did not manifest his constitutional tendencies to choler; but he replied almost meekly, "If it were to do again, faith, I would leave the parish to the enjoyment of the shabbiest pair of Stocks that ever disgraced a village. Certainly I meant it for the best—an ornament to the green; however, now they are rebuilt, the Stocks must be supported. Will Hazeldean is not the man to give way to a set of thankless rascallions."

"I think," said the Parson, "that you will allow that the House of Tudor, whatever its faults, was a determined, resolute dynasty enough—high-hearted and strong-headed. A Tudor would never have fallen into the same calamities as the poor Stuart did!"

"What the plague has the House of Tudor got to do with my Stocks?"

"A great deal. Henry the VIII. found a subsidy so unpopular that he gave it up; and the people, in return, allowed him to cut off as many heads as he pleased, besides those in his own family. Good Queen Bess, who, I know, is your idol in history—"

"To be sure!—she knighted my ancestor at Tilbury Fort."

"Good Queen Bess struggled hard to maintain a certain monopoly; she saw it would not do, and she surrendered it with that frank heartiness which becomes a sovereign, and makes surrender a grace."

"Ha! and you would have me give up the Stocks?"

"I would much rather they had staid as they were, before you touched them; but, as it is, if you could find a good plausible pretext—and there is an excellent one at hand—the sternest kings open prisons, and grant favors, upon joyful occasions. Now a marriage in the royal family is of course a joyful occasion!—and so it should be in that of the King of Hazeldean." Admire that artful turn in the Parson's eloquence!—it was worthy of Riccabocca himself. Indeed, Mr. Dale had profited much by his companionship with that Machiavellian intellect.

"A marriage—yes; but Frank has only just got into long tails!"

"I did not allude to Frank, but to your cousin Jemima!"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE Squire staggered as if the breath had been knocked out of him, and, for want of a better seat, sate down on the Stocks.

All the female heads in the neighboring cottages peered, themselves unseen, through the casements. What could the Squire be about?—what new mischief did he meditate? Did he mean to fortify the Stocks? Old Gaffer Solomons, who had an indefinite idea of the lawful power of squires, and who had been for the last ten minutes at watch on his threshold, shook his head and said, "Them as a-cut out the mon, a-hanging, as a-put in the Squire's head!"

"Put what?" asked his grand-daughter.

"The gallus! answered Solomons—"he be a-go in to have it hung from the great elm-tree. And the Parson, good mon, is a-quotin Scriptor agin it—you see he's a-taking off his gloves, and a-putting his two han's together, as he do when he pray for the sick, Jenny."

That description of the Parson's mien and manner, which, with his usual niceness of observation, Gaffer Solomons thus sketched off, will convey to you some idea of the earnestness with which the Parson pleaded the cause he had undertaken to advocate. He dwelt much upon the sense of propriety which the foreigner had evinced in requesting that the Squire might be consulted before any formal communication to his cousin; and he repeated Mrs. Dale's assurance, that such were Riccabocca's high standard of honor and belief in the sacred rights of hospitality, that, if the Squire withheld his consent to his proposals, the Parson was convinced that the Italian would instantly retract them. Now, considering that Miss Hazeldean was, to say the least, come to years of discretion, and the Squire had long since placed her property entirely at her own disposal, Mr. Hazeldean was forced to acquiesce in the Parson's corollary remark, "That this was a delicacy which could not be expected from every English pretender to the lady's hand." Seeing that he had so far cleared ground, the Parson went on to intimate, though with great tact, that, since Miss Jemima would probably marry sooner or later, (and, indeed, that the Squire could not wish to prevent her), it might be better for all parties concerned that it should be with some one who, though a foreigner, was settled in the neighborhood, and of whose character what was known was certainly favorable, than run the hazard of her being married for her money by some adventurer or Irish fortune-hunter at the watering-places she yearly visited. Then he touched lightly on Riccabocca's agreeable and companionable qualities; and concluded with a skillful peroration upon the excellent occasion the wed-

ding would afford to reconcile Hall and Parish, by making a voluntary holocaust of the Stocks.

As he concluded, the Squire's brow, before thoughtful, though not sullen, cleared up benignly. To say truth, the Squire was dying to get rid of the Stocks, if he could but do so handsomely and with dignity; and if all the stars in the astrological horoscope had conjoined together to give Miss Jemima "assurance of a husband," they could not so have served her with the Squire, as that conjunction between the Altar and the Stocks which the Parson had effected!

Accordingly, when Mr. Dale had come to an end, the Squire replied with great placidity and good sense, "That Mr. Rickeybockey had behaved very much like a gentleman, and that he was very much obliged to him; that he (the Squire) had no right to interfere in the matter, farther than with his advice; that Jemima was old enough to choose for herself, and that, as the Parson had implied, after all, she might go farther and fare worse—indeed, the farther she went (that is, the longer she waited), the worse she was likely to fare. I own for my part," continued the Squire, "that, though I like Rickeybockey very much, I never suspected that Jemima was caught with his long face; but there's no accounting for tastes. My Harry, indeed, was more shrewd, and gave me many a hint, for which I only laughed at her. Still I ought to have thought it looked queer when Mounseer took to disguising himself by leaving off his glasses, ha—ha! I wonder what Harry will say; let's go and talk to her."

The Parson, rejoiced at this easy way of taking the matter, hooked his arm into the Squire's, and they walked amicably toward the Hall. But on coming first into gardens, they found Mrs. Hazeldean herself, clipping dead leaves or fading flowers from her rose-trees. The Squire stole slyly behind her, and startled her in her turn by putting his arm round her waist, and saluting her smooth cheek with one of his hearty kisses; which, by the way, from some association of ideas, was a conjugal freedom that he usually indulged whenever a wedding was going on in the village.

"Fie, William!" said Mrs. Hazeldean coyly, and blushing as she saw the Parson. "Well, who's going to be married now?"

"Lord, was there ever such a woman?"—she's guessed it!" cried the Squire in great admiration. "Tell her all about it, Parson."

The Parson obeyed.

Mrs. Hazeldean, as the reader may suppose, showed much less surprise than her husband had done; but she took the news graciously, and made much the same answer as that which had occurred to the Squire, only with somewhat more qualification and reserve. "Signor Riccabocca had behaved very handsomely; and though a daughter of the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean, might expect a much better marriage, in a worldly point of view, yet as the lady in ques-

tion had deferred finding one so long, it would be equally idle and impertinent now to quarrel with her choice—if indeed she should decide on accepting Signor Riccabocca. As for fortune, that was a consideration for the two contracting parties. Still, it ought to be pointed out to Miss Jemima that the interest of her fortune would afford but a very small income. That Dr. Riccabocca was a widower was another matter for deliberation; and it seemed rather suspicious that he should have been hitherto so close upon all matters connected with his former life. Certainly his manners were in his favor, and as long as he was merely an acquaintance, and at most a tenant, no one had a right to institute inquiries of a strictly private nature; but that, when he was about to marry a Hazeldean of Hazeldean, it became the Squire at least to know a little more about him—who and what he was. Why did he leave his own country? English people went abroad to save; no foreigner would choose England as a country in which to save money! She supposed that a foreign doctor was no very great things; probably he had been but a professor in some Italian university. At all events, if the Squire interfered at all, it was on such points that he should request information."

"My dear madam," said the Parson, "what you say is extremely just. As to the causes which have induced our friend to expatriate himself, I think we need not look far for them. He is evidently one of the many Italian refugees whom political disturbances have driven to our shore, whose boast it is to receive all exiles, of whatever party. For his respectability of birth and family he certainly ought to obtain some vouchers. And if that be the only objection, I trust we may soon congratulate Miss Hazeldean on a marriage with a man who, though certainly very poor, has borne privations without a murmur; has preferred all hardship to debt; has scorned to attempt betraying her into any clandestine connection; who, in short, has shown himself so upright and honest, that I hope my dear Mr. Hazeldean will forgive him if he is only a doctor—probably of laws—and not, as most foreigners pretend to be, a marquis, or a baron at least."

"As to that," cried the Squire, "'tis the best thing I know about Rickeybockey, that he don't attempt to humbug us by any such foreign trumpery. Thank heaven, the Hazeldeans of Hazeldean were never tuft-hunters and tittle-mongers; and if I never ran after an English lord, I should certainly be devilishly ashamed of a brother-in-law whom I was forced to call markee or count! I should feel sure he was a courier, or runaway valley-de-tham. Turn up your nose at a doctor, indeed, Harry!—pshaw, good English style that! Doctor! my aunt married a Doctor of Divinity—excellent man—wore a wig, and was made a dean! So long as Rickeybockey is not a doctor of physick, I don't care a button. If he's *that*, indeed, it would be suspicious; because, you see those foreign doc-

tors of physic are quacks, and tell fortunes, and go about on a stage with a Merry-Andrew."

"Lord, Hazeldean! where on earth did you pick up that idea?" said Harry, laughing.

"Pick it up!—why, I saw a fellow myself at the cattle fair last year—when I was buying short-horns—with a red waistcoat and a cocked hat, a little like the Parson's shovel. He called himself Doctor Phoscophornio—wore a white wig, and sold pills! The Merry-Andrew was the funniest creature—in salmon-colored tights—turned head over heels, and said he came from Timbuctoo. No, no; if Rickeybockey's a physic Doctor, we shall have Jemima in a pink tinsel dress, tramping about the country in a caravan!"

At this notion, both the Squire and his wife laughed so heartily that the Parson felt the thing was settled, and slipped away, with the intention of making his report to Riccabocca.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was with a slight disturbance of his ordinary suave and well-bred equanimity that the Italian received the information, that he need apprehend no obstacle to his suit from the insular prejudices or the worldly views of the lady's family. Not that he was mean and cowardly enough to recoil from the near and unclouded prospect of that felicity which he had left off his glasses to behold with unblinking naked eyes:—no, there his mind was made up; but he had met with very little kindness in life, and he was touched not only by the interest in his welfare testified by a heretical priest, but by the generosity with which he was admitted into a well-born and wealthy family, despite his notorious poverty and his foreign descent. He conceded the propriety of the only stipulation, which was conveyed to him by the Parson with all the delicacy that became a man professionally habituated to deal with the subtler susceptibilities of mankind—viz., that, among Riccabocca's friends or kindred, some one should be found whose report would confirm the persuasion of his respectability entertained by his neighbors;—he assented, I say, to the propriety of this condition; but it was not with alacrity and eagerness. His brow became clouded. The Parson hastened to assure him that the Squire was not a man *qui stupet in titulis*, (who was besotted with titles), that he neither expected nor desired to find an origin and rank for his brother-in-law above that decent mediocrity of condition to which it was evident, from Riccabocca's breeding and accomplishments, he could easily establish his claim. "And though," said he smiling, "the Squire is a warm politician in his own country, and would never see his sister again, I fear, if she married some convicted enemy of our happy constitution, yet for foreign politics he does not care a straw; so that if, as I suspect, your exile arises from some quarrel with your Government—which, being foreign, he takes for granted must be insupportable—he would but consider you as he

would a Saxon who fled from the iron hand of William the Conqueror, or a Lancastrian expelled by the Yorkists in our Wars of the Roses."

The Italian smiled. "Mr. Hazeldean shall be satisfied," said he simply. "I see, by the Squire's newspaper, that an English gentleman who knew me in my own country has just arrived in London. I will write to him for a testimonial, at least to my probity and character. Probably he may be known to you by name—nay, he must be, for he was a distinguished officer in the late war. I allude to Lord L'Estrange."

The Parson started.

"You know Lord L'Estrange?—a profligate, bad man, I fear."

"Profligate!—bad!" exclaimed Riccabocca. "Well, calumnious as the world is, I should never have thought that such expressions would be applied to one who, though I knew him but little—knew him chiefly by the service he once rendered to me—first taught me to love and revere the English name!"

"He may be changed since—" The parson paused.

"Since when?" asked Riccabocca, with evident curiosity.

Mr. Dale seemed embarrassed. "Excuse me," said he, "it is many years ago; and, in short, the opinion I then formed of the gentleman in question was based upon circumstances which I can not communicate."

The punctilious Italian bowed in silence, but he still looked as if he should have liked to prosecute inquiry.

After a pause, he said, "Whatever your impressions respecting Lord L'Estrange, there is nothing, I suppose, which would lead you to doubt his honor, or reject his testimonial in my favor?"

"According to fashionable morality," said Mr. Dale, rather precisely, "I know of nothing that could induce me to suppose that Lord L'Estrange would not, in this instance, speak the truth. And he has unquestionably a high reputation as a soldier, and a considerable position in the world." Therewith the Parson took his leave. A few days afterward, Dr. Riccabocca inclosed to the Squire, in a blank envelope, a letter he had received from Harley L'Estrange. It was evidently intended for the Squire's eye, and to serve as a voucher for the Italian's respectability; but this object was fulfilled, not in the coarse form of a direct testimonial, but with a tact and delicacy which seemed to show more than the fine breeding to be expected from one in Lord L'Estrange's station. It argued that most exquisite of all politeness which comes from the heart: a certain tone of affectionate respect (which even the homely sense of the Squire felt, intuitively, proved far more in favor of Riccabocca than the most elaborate certificate of his qualities and antecedents) pervaded the whole, and would have sufficed in itself to remove all scruples

from a mind much more suspicious and exacting than that of the Squire of Hazeldean. But, lo and behold! an obstacle now occurred to the Parson, of which he ought to have thought long before—viz., the Papistical religion of the Italian. Dr. Riccabocca was professedly a Roman Catholic. He so little obtruded that fact—and, indeed, had assented so readily to any animadversions upon the superstition and priestcraft which, according to Protestants, are the essential characteristics of Papistical communities—that it was not till the hymeneal torch, which brings all faults to light, was fairly illumined for the altar, that the remembrance of a faith so cast into the shade burst upon the conscience of the Parson. The first idea that then occurred to him was the proper and professional one—viz., the conversion of Dr. Riccabocca. He hastened to his study, took down from his shelves long neglected volumes of controversial divinity, armed himself with an arsenal of authorities, arguments, and texts; then, seizing the shovel-hat, posted off to the Casino.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE Parson burst upon the philosopher like an avalanche! He was so full of his subject that he could not let it out in prudent driblets. No, he went souse upon the astounded Riccabocca,

"Tremendo.
Jupiter ipse ruens tumultu."

The sage—shrinking deeper into his arm-chair, and drawing his dressing-robe more closely round him—suffered the Parson to talk for three-quarters of an hour, till indeed he had thoroughly proved his case; and, like Brutus, "paused for a reply."

Then said Riccabocca mildly, "In much of what you have urged so ably, and so suddenly, I am inclined to agree. But base is the man who formally forswears the creed he has inherited from his fathers, and professed since the cradle up to years of maturity, when the change presents itself in the guise of a bribe;—when, for such is human nature, he can hardly distinguish or disentangle the appeal to his reason from the lure to his interests—here a text, and there a dowry!—here Protestantism, there Jemima. Own, my friend, that the soberest casuist would see double under the inebriating effects produced by so mixing his polemical liquors. Appeal, my good Mr. Dale, from Philip drunken to Philip sober!—from Riccabocca intoxicated with the assurance of your excellent lady, that he is about to be "the happiest of men," to Riccabocca accustomed to his happiness, and carrying it off with the seasoned equability of one grown familiar with stimulants—in a word, appeal from Riccabocca the wooer to Riccabocca the spouse. I may be convertible, but conversion is a slow process; courtship should be a quick one—ask Miss Jemima. *Finalmente*, marry me first, and convert me afterward!"

"You take this too jestingly," began the Parson; "and I don't see why, with your excellent understanding, truths so plain and obvious should not strike you at once."

"Truths," interrupted Riccabocca profoundly, "are the slowest growing things in the world! It took 1500 years from the date of the Christian era to produce your own Luther, and then he flung his Bible at Satan (I have seen the mark made by the book on the wall of his prison in Germany), besides running off with a nun, which no Protestant clergyman would think it proper and right to do nowadays." Then he added, with seriousness, "Look you, my dear sir—I should lose my own esteem if I were even to listen to you now with becoming attention—now, I say, when you hint that the creed I have professed may be in the way of my advantage. If so, I must keep the creed and resign the advantage. But if, as I trust—not only as a Christian, but a man of honor—you will defer this discussion, I will promise to listen to you hereafter; and though, to say truth, I believe that you will not convert me, I will promise you faithfully never to interfere with my wife's religion."

"And any children you may have?"

"Children!" said Dr. Riccabocca, recoiling—"you are not contented with firing your pocket-pistol right in my face; you must also pepper me all over with small-shot. Children! well, if they are girls, let them follow the faith of their mother; and if boys, while in childhood, let them be contented with learning to be Christians; and when they grow into men, let them choose for themselves which is the best form for the practice of the great principles which all sects have in common."

"But," began Mr. Dale again, pulling a large book from his pocket.

Dr. Riccabocca flung open the window, and jumped out of it.

It was the rapidest and most dastardly flight you could possibly conceive; but it was a great compliment to the argumentative powers of the Parson, and he felt it as such. Nevertheless, Mr. Dale thought it right to have a long conversation; both with the Squire and Miss Jemima herself, upon the subject which his intended convert had so ignominiously escaped.

The Squire, though a great foe to Popery, politically considered, had also quite as great a hatred to turn-coats and apostates. And in his heart he would have despised Riccabocca if he could have thrown off his religion as easily as he had done his spectacles. Therefore he said, simply—"Well, it is certainly a great pity that Rickeybockey is not of the Church of England, though, I take it, that would be unreasonable to expect in a man born and bred under the nose of the Inquisition"—(the Squire firmly believed that the Inquisition was in full force in all the Italian states, with whips, racks, and thumb-screws; and, indeed, his chief information of Italy was gathered from a perusal he had given

in early youth to *The One-Handed Monk*)—"but I think he speaks very fairly, on the whole, as to his wife and children. And the thing's gone too far now to retract. It is all your fault for not thinking of it before; and I've now just made up my mind as to the course to pursue respecting those d—d Stocks!"

As for Miss Jemima, the parson left her with a pious thanksgiving that Riccabocca at least was a Christian, and not a Pagan, Mahometan, or Jew!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THERE is that in a wedding which appeals to a universal sympathy. No other event in the lives of their superiors in rank creates an equal sensation among the humbler classes.

From the moment the news had spread throughout the village that Miss Jemima was to be married, all the old affection for the Squire and his House burst forth the stronger for its temporary suspension. Who could think of the Stocks at such a season? They were swept out of fashion—hunted from remembrance as completely as the question of Repeal or the thought of Rebellion from the warm Irish heart, when the fair young face of the Royal Wife beamed on the sister isle.

Again cordial courtesies were dropped at the thresholds by which the Squire passed to his home-farm; again the sun-burnt brows uncovered—no more with sullen ceremony—were smoothed into cheerful gladness at his nod. Nay, the little ones began again to assemble at their ancient rendezvous by the Stocks, as if either familiarized with the phenomenon, or convinced that, in the general sentiment of good-will, its powers of evil were annulled.

The Squire tasted once more the sweets of the only popularity which is much worth having, and the loss of which a wise man would reasonably deplore; viz., the popularity which arises from a persuasion of our goodness, and a reluctance to recall our faults. Like all blessings, the more sensibly felt from previous interruption, the Squire enjoyed this restored popularity with an exhilarated sense of existence; his stout heart beat more vigorously; his stalwart step trod more lightly; his comely English face looked comelier and more English than ever—you would have been a merrier man for a week to have come within hearing of his jovial laugh.

He felt grateful to Jemima and to Riccabocca as the special agents of Providence in this general *integratio amoris*. To have looked at him, you would suppose that it was the Squire who was going to be married a second time to his Harry!

One may well conceive that such would have been an inauspicious moment for Parson Dale's theological scruples. To have stopped that marriage—chilled all the sunshine it diffused over the village—seen himself surrounded again by long sulky visages—I verily believe, though a better friend of Church and State never stood on a

hustings, that, rather than court such a revolution, the Squire would have found jesuitical excuses for the marriage if Riccabocca had been discovered to be the Pope in disguise! As for the Stocks, their fate was now irrevocably sealed. In short, the marriage was concluded—first privately, according to the bridegroom's creed, by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who lived in a town some miles off, and next publicly in the village church of Hazeldean.

It was the heartiest rural wedding! Village girls strewed flowers on the way; a booth was placed amidst the prettiest scenery of the Park, on the margin of the lake—for there was to be a dance later in the day—an ox was roasted whole. Even Mr. Stirn—no, Mr. Stirn was *not* present, so much happiness would have been the death of him! And the Papisher, too, who had conjured Lenny out of the stocks; nay, who had himself sate in the Stocks for the very purpose of bringing them into contempt—the Papisher! he had as lief Miss Jemima had married the devil! Indeed he was persuaded that, in point of fact, it was all one and the same. Therefore Mr. Stirn had asked leave to go and attend his uncle the pawnbroker, about to undergo a torturing operation for the stone! Frank was there, summoned from Eton for the occasion—having grown two inches taller since he left—for the one inch of which nature was to be thanked, for the other a new pair of resplendent Wellingtons. But the boy's joy was less apparent than that of others. For Jemima was a special favorite with him—as she would have been with all boys—for she was always kind and gentle, and made many pretty presents whenever she came from the watering-places. And Frank knew that he should miss her sadly, and thought she had made a very queer choice.

Captain Higginbotham had been invited; but, to the astonishment of Jemima, he had replied to the invitation by a letter to herself, marked "*private and confidential*." "She must have long known," said the letter, "of his devoted attachment to her; motives of delicacy, arising from the narrowness of his income, and the magnanimity of his sentiments, had alone prevented his formal proposals; but now that she was informed (he could scarcely believe his senses, or command his passions) that her relations wished to force her into a BARBAROUS marriage with a foreigner of MOST FORBIDDING APPEARANCE, and most *abject circumstances*, he lost not a moment in laying at her feet his own hand and fortune. And he did this the more confidently, inasmuch as he could not but be aware of Miss Jemima's SECRET feelings toward him, while he was *proud and happy* to say, that his dear and distinguished cousin, Mr. Sharpe Currie, had honored him with a warmth of regard which justified the most brilliant EXPECTATIONS—likely to be *soon* realized—as his eminent relative had contracted a *very bad liver-complaint* in the service of his country, and could not last long!"

In all the years they had known each other, Miss

Jemima, strange as it may appear, had never once suspected the Captain of any other feelings to her than those of a brother. To say that she was not gratified by learning her mistake, would be to say that she was more than woman. Indeed, it must have been a source of no ignoble triumph to think that she could prove her disinterested affection to her dear Riccabocca, by a prompt rejection of this more brilliant offer. She couched the rejection, it is true, in the most soothing terms. But the Captain evidently considered himself ill used; he did not reply to the letter, and did not come to the wedding.

To let the reader into a secret, never known to Miss Jemima, Captain Higginbotham was much less influenced by Cupid than by Plutus in the offer he had made. The Captain was one of that class of gentlemen who read their accounts by those corpse-lights, or will-o'-the-wisps, called *expectations*. Ever since the Squire's grandfather had left him—then in short clothes—a legacy of £500, the Captain had peopled the future with expectations! He talked of his expectations as a man talks of shares in a Tontine; they might fluctuate a little—be now up and now down—but it was morally impossible, if he lived on, but that he should be a *millionaire* one of these days. Now, though Miss Jemima was a good fifteen years' younger than himself, yet she always stood for a good round sum in the ghostly books of the Captain. She was an *expectation* to the full amount of her £4000, seeing that Frank was an only child, and it would be carrying coals to Newmarket to leave *him* any thing.

Rather than see so considerable a cipher suddenly sponged out of his visionary ledger—rather than so much money should vanish clean out of the family, Captain Higginbotham had taken what he conceived, if a desperate, at least a certain, step for the preservation of his property. If the golden horn could not be had without the heifer, why, he must take the heifer into the bargain. He had never formed to himself an idea that a heifer so gentle would toss and fling him over. The blow was stunning. But no one compassionates the misfortunes of the covetous, though few perhaps are in greater need of compassion. And leaving poor Captain Higginbotham to retrieve his illusory fortunes as he best may among “the expectations” which gathered round the form of Mr. Sharpe Currie, who was the crossiest old tyrant imaginable, and never allowed at his table any dishes not compounded with rice, which played Old Nick with the Captain's constitutional functions—I return to the wedding at Hazeldean, just in time to see the bridegroom—who looked singularly well on the occasion—hand the bride (who, between sunshiny tears and affectionate smiles, was really a very interesting and even a pretty bride, as brides go) into a carriage which the Squire had presented to them, and depart on the orthodox nuptial excursion amidst the blessings of the assembled crowd.

It may be thought strange by the unreflective that these rural spectators should so have approved and blessed the marriage of a Hazeldean of Hazeldean with a poor, outlandish, long-haired foreigner; but, besides that Riccabocca, after all, had become one of the neighborhood, and was proverbially “a civil-spoken gentleman,” it is generally noticeable that on wedding occasions the bride so monopolizes interest, curiosity, and admiration, that the bridegroom himself goes for little or nothing. He is merely the passive agent in the affair—the unregarded cause of the general satisfaction. It was not Riccabocca himself that they approved and blessed—it was the gentleman in the white waistcoat who had made Miss Jemima—Madam Rickey-bocky!

Leaning on his wife's arm—(for it was a habit of the Squire to lean on his wife's arm rather than she on his, when he was specially pleased; and there was something touching in the sight of that strong sturdy frame thus insensibly, in hours of happiness, seeking dependence on the frail arm of woman)—leaning, I say, on his wife's arm, the Squire, about the hour of sunset, walked down to the booth by the lake.

All the parish—young and old, man, woman, and child—were assembled there, and their faces seemed to bear one family likeness, in the common emotion which animated all, as they turned to his frank fatherly smile. Squire Hazeldean stood at the head of the long table; he filled a horn with ale from the brimming tankard beside him. Then he looked round, and lifted his hand to request silence; and, ascending the chair, rose in full view of all. Every one felt that the Squire was about to make a speech, and the earnestness of the attention was proportioned to the rarity of the event; for (though he was not unpracticed in the oratory of the hustings) only thrice before had the Squire made what could fairly be called “a speech” to the villagers of Hazeldean—once on a kindred festive occasion, when he had presented to them his bride—once in a contested election for the shire, in which he took more than ordinary interest, and was not quite so sober as he ought to have been—once in a time of great agricultural distress, when, in spite of reduction of rents, the farmers had been compelled to discard a large number of their customary laborers; and when the Squire had said, “I have given up keeping the hounds, because I want to make a fine piece of water, (that was the origin of the lake), and to drain all the low lands round the park. Let every man who wants work come to me!” And that sad year the parish rates of Hazeldean were not a penny the more.

Now, for the fourth time, the Squire rose, and thus he spoke. At his right hand, Harry; at his left, Frank. At the bottom of the table, as vice-president, Parson Dale, his little wife behind him, only obscurely seen. She cried readily, and her handkerchief was already before her eyes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE SQUIRE'S SPEECH.

"FRIENDS and neighbors—I thank you kindly for coming round me this day, and for showing so much interest in me and mine. My cousin was not born among you as I was, but you have known her from a child. It is a familiar face and one that never frowned, which you will miss at your cottage doors, as I and mine will miss it long in the old Hall—"

Here there was a sob from some of the women, and nothing was seen of Mrs. Dale but the white handkerchief. The Squire himself paused, and brushed away a tear with the back of his hand. Then he resumed, with a sudden change of voice that was electrical—

"For we none of us prize a blessing till we have lost it! Now, friends and neighbors—a little time ago, it seemed as if some ill-will had crept into the village—ill-will between you and me, neighbors!—why, that is not like Hazeldean!"

The audience hung their heads! You never saw people look so thoroughly ashamed of themselves. The Squire proceeded—

"I don't say it was all your fault; perhaps it was mine."

"Noa—noa—noa," burst forth in a general chorus.

"Nay, friends," continued the Squire humbly, and in one of those illustrative aphorisms which, if less subtle than Riccabocca's were more within reach of the popular comprehension; "nay—we are all human; and every man has his hobby: sometimes he breaks in the hobby, and sometimes the hobby, if it is very hard in the mouth, breaks in him. One man's hobby has an ill habit of always stopping at the public house! (Laughter). Another man's hobby refuses to stir a peg beyond the door where some buxom lass patted its neck the week before—a hobby I rode pretty often when I went courting my good wife here! (Much laughter and applause). Others have a lazy hobby, that there's no getting on; others, a runaway hobby that there's no stopping: but to cut the matter short, my favorite hobby, as you well know, is always trotted out to any place on my property which seems to want the eye and hand of the master. I hate (cried the Squire warming) to see things neglected and decayed, and going to the dogs! This land we live in is a good mother to us, and we can't do too much for her. It is very true, neighbors, that I owe her a good many acres, and ought to speak well of her; but what then? I live among you, and what I take from the rent with one hand, I divide among you with the other (low, but assenting murmurs). Now the more I improve my property, the more mouths it feeds. My great-grandfather kept a Field-Book, in which were entered, not only the names of all the farmers and the quantity of land they held, but the average number of the laborers each employed. My grandfather and father followed his example: I have done the same. I find,

neighbors, that our rents have doubled since my great-grandfather began to make the book. Ay—but there are more than four times the number of laborers employed on the estate, and at much better wages, too! Well, my men, that says a great deal in favor of improving property, and not letting it go to the dogs. (Applause). And therefore, neighbors, you will kindly excuse my hobby: it carries grist to your mill. (Reiterated applause). Well—but you will say, 'What's the Squire driving at?' Why this, my friends: There was only one worn-out, dilapidated tumble-down thing in the Parish of Hazeldean, and it became an eyesore to me; so I saddled my hobby, and rode at it. O ho! you know what I mean now! Yes, but neighbors, you need not have taken it so to heart. That was a scurvy trick of some of you to hang me in effigy, as they call it."

"It warn't you," cried a voice in the crowd, "it war Nick Stirn."

The Squire recognized the voice of the Tinker; but though he now guessed at the ringleader—on that day of general amnesty, he had the prudence and magnanimity not to say, "Stand forth, Sprott: thou art the man." Yet his gallant English spirit would not suffer him to come off at the expense of his servant.

"If it was Nick Stirn you meant," said he, gravely, "more shame for you. It showed some pluck to hang the master; but to hang the poor servant, who only thought to do his duty, careless of what ill-will it brought upon him, was a shabby trick—so little like the lads of Hazeldean, that I suspect the man who taught it to them was never born in the parish. But let by-gones be by-gones. One thing is clear, you don't take kindly to my new Pair of Stocks! They have been a stumbling-block and a grievance, and there's no denying that we went on very pleasantly without them. I may also say that in spite of them we have been coming together again lately. And I can't tell you what good it did me to see your children playing again on the green, and your honest faces, in spite of the Stocks, and those diabolical tracts you've been reading lately, lighted up at the thought that something pleasant was going on at the Hall. Do you know, neighbors, you put me in mind of an old story which, besides applying to the Parish, all who are married, and all who intend to marry, will do well to recollect? A worthy couple, named John and Joan, had lived happily together many a long year, till one unlucky day, they bought a new bolster. Joan said the bolster was too hard, and John that it was too soft. So, of course, they quarreled. After sulking all day, they agreed to put the bolster between them at night." (Roars of laughter among the men; the women did not know which way to look, except, indeed, Mrs. Hazeldean, who, though she was more than usually rosy, maintained her innocent, genial smile, as much as to say, "There is no harm in the Squire's jests.") The orator resumed, "After

they had thus lain apart for a little time, very silent and sullen, John sneezed. 'God bless you!' says Joan over the bolster. 'Did you say God bless me?' cries John—'then here goes the bolster!'"

Prolonged laughter and tumultuous applause.

"Friends and neighbors," said the Squire, when silence was restored, and lifting the horn of ale, "I have the pleasure to inform you that I have ordered the Stocks to be taken down, and made into a bench for the chimney nook of our old friend Gaffer Solomons yonder. But mind me, lads, if ever you make the Parish regret the loss of the Stocks, and the overseers come to me with long faces, and say, 'the Stocks must be rebuilt,' why—" Here from all the youth of the village rose so deprecating a clamor, that the Squire would have been the most bungling orator in the world if he had said a word further on the subject. He elevated the horn over his head, "Why, that's my old Hazeldean again! Health and long life to you all!"

The Tinker had sneaked out of the assembly, and did not show his face in the village for the next six months. And as to those poisonous tracts, in spite of their salubrious labels, "The Poor Man's Friend," or "The Rights of Labor," you could no more have found one of them lurking in the drawers of the kitchen-dressers in Hazeldean, than you would have found the deadly nightshade on the flower-stands in the drawing-room of the Hall. As for the revolutionary beer-house, there was no need to apply to the magistrates to shut it up; it shut itself up before the week was out.

O young head of the great House of Hapsburg, what a Hazeldean you might have made of Hungary!—What a "*Moriamur pro rege nostro*" would have rung in your infant reign—if you had made such a speech as the Squire's!

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIES OF THE LAW.

AS a happy illustration of the certainty, cheapness, and expedition of the English law, in upholding those who are in the right, we have received the following strange narrative from an esteemed correspondent, who is himself a lawyer:

"The most litigious fellow I ever knew, was a Welshman, named Bones. He had got possession, by some means, of a bit of waste ground behind a public-house in Hogwash-street. Adjoining this land was a yard, belonging to the parish of St. Jeremiah, which the Parish Trustees were fencing in with a wall. Bones alleged that one corner of their wall was advanced about ten inches on his ground, and as they declined to remove it back, he kicked down the brickwork before the mortar was dry. The Trustees having satisfied themselves that they were not only within their own boundary, but that they had left Bones some feet of the parish land to boot, built up the wall again. Bones kicked it down again.

"The Trustees put it up a third time under

the protection of a policeman. The inexorable Bones, in spite of the awful presence of this functionary, not only kicked down the wall again, but kicked the bricklayers into the bargain. This was too much, and Bones was marched off to Guildhall for assaulting the bricklayers. The magistrate rather pooh-poohed the complaint, but bound over Bones to keep the peace. The *causa belli*, the wall, was re-edified a fourth time; but when the Trustees revisited the place next morning, it was again in ruins! While they were in consultation upon this last insult, they were politely waited on by an attorney's clerk, who served them all with 'writs' in an action of trespass, at the suit of Bones, for encroaching on his land.

"Thus war was declared about a piece of dirty land, literally not so big as a door-step, and the whole fee-simple of which would not sell for a shilling. The Trustees, however, thought they ought not to give up the rights of the parish to the obstinacy of a perverse fellow, like Bones, and resolved to indict Bones for assaulting the workmen. Accordingly, the action and the indictment went on together.

"The action was tried first, and as the evidence clearly showed the Trustees had kept within their own boundary, they got the verdict. Bones moved for a new trial; that failed. The Trustees now thought they would let the matter rest, as it had cost the parish about one hundred and fifty pounds, and they supposed Bones had had enough of it. But they had mistaken their man. He brought a writ of error in the action, which carried the cause into the Exchequer Court, and tied it up nearly two years, and in the mean time he forced them, *nolens volens*, to try the indictment. When the trial came on, the Judge said, that as the whole question had been decided in the action, there was no occasion for any further proceedings, and therefore the defendant had better be acquitted, and so make an end of it.

"Accordingly, Bones was acquitted; and the very next thing Bones did, was to sue the Trustees in a new action, for maliciously instituting the indictment against him without reasonable cause! The new action went on to trial; and it being proved that one of the Trustees had been overheard to say that they would punish him, this was taken as evidence of malice, and Bones got a verdict for forty shillings damages besides all the costs. Elated with this victory, Bones pushed on his old action in the Exchequer Chamber to a hearing, but the court affirmed the judgment against him, without hearing the Trustees' counsel.

"The Trustees were now sick of the very name of Bones, which had become a sort of bugbear, so that if a Trustee met a friend in the street, he would be greeted with an inquiry after the health of his friend Mr. Bones. They would have gladly let the whole matter drop into oblivion, but Jupiter and Bones had determined otherwise; for the indomitable Briton brought a writ of error in the House of Lords,

on the judgment of the Exchequer Chamber. The unhappy Trustees had caught a Tartar, and follow him into the Lords they must. Accordingly after another year or two's delay, the case came on in the Lords. Their Lordships pronounced it the most trumpety writ of error they had ever seen, and again affirmed the judgment, with costs, against Bones. The Trustees now taxed their costs, and found that they had spent not less than five hundred pounds in defending their claim to a bit of ground that was not of the value of an old shoe. But, then, Bones was condemned to pay the costs. True; so they issued execution against Bones; caught him, after some trouble, and locked him up in jail. The next week, Bones petitioned the Insolvent Court, got out of prison; and, on examination of schedule, his effects appeared to be £0 0s. 0d.! Bones had, in fact, been fighting the Trustees on credit for the last three years; for his own attorney was put down as a creditor to a large amount, which was the only satisfaction the Trustees obtained from perusing his schedule.

They were now obliged to have recourse to the Parish funds to pay their own law expenses, and were consoling themselves with the reflection that these did not come out of *their own pockets*, when they received the usual notification that a bill in Chancery had been filed against them, at Mr. Bones's suit, to overhaul their accounts with the parish, and *prevent the misapplication of the parish money* to the payment of their law costs! This was the climax. And being myself a disciple of Coke, I have heard nothing further of it; being unwilling, as well, perhaps, as unqualified, to follow the case into the labyrinthic vaults of the Court of Chancery. The catastrophe, if this were a tale, could hardly be mended—so the true story may end here.

THE ROBBER OUTWITTED.

WILLIE BAILIE was a household name about a hundred years ago, in the upper parts of Clydesdale. Men, women, and children had heard of Willie, and the greater proportion had seen him. Few, in his time, could excel Willie in dexterity in his profession, which consisted of abstracting money from people's pockets, and in other predatory feats. He frequented the fairs all round the district, and no man's purse was safe if Willie happened to be in the market. The beautiful village of Moffat, in Annandale, was one of his frequent places of resort when any of its fairs happened to be held, and here, among the honest farmers, he was invariably successful; and to show his professional skill on such occasions, he has been known to rob a man and return his purse to him two or three times in the same day; but this he did only with his intimate friends, who were kind to him in providing lodgings, when plying his nominal occupation of tinker from one farm-house to another; in the case of others, it was, of course, different. His wife abetted

him in all his thieving exploits, and generally sat in a place in the outskirts of the town, that had been previously fixed on, and there received in silence whatever spoil her husband might throw incidentally into her lap in the shape of her fairing. But Willie was a privileged freebooter, was generous withal, and well liked by the people in the neighborhood, on whom he rarely committed any acts of plunder, and any one might have trusted what he called his "honor."

Willie's character was well known both to high and low, and he became renowned for a heroism which few who esteem respectability would now covet. The high estimation in which he was held as an adept in his profession, induced a Scottish nobleman to lay a high bet, with an Englishman of some rank, that Willie would actually rob and fairly despoil a certain noted riever on the southern side of the border, who was considered one of the most daring and dexterous that frequented the highways in those dubious times, and one whose exploits the gentleman was in the habit of extolling. The Scottish nobleman conferred with Willie, and informed him of the project—a circumstance which mightily pleased our hero, and into which he entered with all enthusiasm. The interest which Willie took in the matter was to the nobleman a guarantee of ultimate success; and, having given all the marks of the robber, and directed him to the particular place on the road where he was sure to meet with him, he left it to Willie himself to arrange the subsequent mode of procedure.

Willie's ingenuity was instantly at work, and he concocted a scheme which fairly carried him through the enterprise. He got an old, frail-looking pony, partially lame, and with long, shaggy hair. He filled a bag of considerable dimensions with a great quantity of old buttons, and useless pieces of jingling metal. He next arrayed himself in beggarly habiliments, with clouted shoes, tattered under-garments, a cloak mended in a hundred places, and a soiled, broad-brimmed bonnet on his head. The *money-bag* he tied firmly behind the saddle; he placed a pair of pistols under his coat, and a short dagger close by his side. Thus accoutred he wended his way slowly toward the border, both he and the animal apparently in the last stage of helplessness and decrepitude. The bag behind was carefully covered by the cloak, that spread its *duddy* folds over the hinder parts of the poor lean beast that carried him. Sitting in a crouching posture on the saddle, with a long beard and an assumed palsified shaking of the hand, nobody would have conceived for a moment that Willie was a man in the prime of life, of a well-built, athletic frame, with more power in his arm than three ordinary men, and of an intrepid and adventurous spirit, that feared nothing, but dared every thing. In this plight, our worthy went dodging over the border, and entered the neighboring kingdom, where every person that met him regarded him as a poor,

doited, half-insane body, fit only to lie down at the side of a hedge, and die unheeded, beside the crazy steed. In this way, he escaped without suspicion, and advanced without an adventure to the skirts of the wood, where he expected to encounter his professional brother.

When Willie entered the road that led through the dark and suspicious forest, he was all on the alert for the highwayman. Every rustling among the trees and bushes arrested his attention, not knowing but a whizzing ball might in a moment issue therefrom, or that the redoubted freebooter himself might spring upon him like a tiger. Neither of these, however, occurred; but a man on horseback was seen advancing slowly and cautiously on the road before him. This might be he, or it might not, but Willie now recollected every particular mark given of the man with whom he expected to encounter, and he was prepared for the most vigilant observation. As the horseman advanced, Willie was fully convinced that he had met with his man, and this was the critical moment, for here was the identical highwayman.

"How now, old fellow?" exclaimed the robber; "what seek you in these parts? Where are you bound for, with this magnificent equipage of yours?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I am e'en a puir honest man frae Scotland, gaen a wee bit farther south on business of some consequence, and I am glad I have met with a gentleman like you, and I would fain put myself under your protection in this dreary wood, as I am a stranger, and wadna like ony mischance to befa', considering the errand I am on."

The robber eyed Willie with a sort of leer, thinking he had fallen in with an old driveling fool, at whose expense he might amuse himself with impunity, and play a little on his simplicity.

"What makes you afraid of this wood?" said the robber.

"Why, I was told that it was infested with highwaymen; and, to tell you the truth, as I take you to be an honest man and a gentleman, I hae something in this bag that I wadna like to lose, for twa reasons—baith because of its value, and because it was intrusted to *my* care."

"What have you got, pray, that you seem so anxious to preserve? I can't conceive that any thing of great value can be intrusted to your care. Why, I would not give a crown-piece, nor the half of it, for the whole equipage."

"That's just the very thing. You see, I am not what I appear to be. I have ta'en this dress, and this auld, slovenly pony, for the purpose of avoiding suspicion in these precarious places. I have behind me a bag full of gold—you may hear by the jingling of the pieces when I strike here with my hand. Now, I am intrusted with all this treasure, to convey it to a certain nobleman's residence in the south; and I say again, that I am glad that I have met you, to conduct me safely through the forest."

At this, the robber was highly amused, and could scarcely believe that a simplicity so ex-

treme, and bordering on insanity, could exist; and yet there was an archness in the old man's look, and a williness in his manner, that hardly comported with his external appearance. He said he had gold with him—he affirmed that he was not exactly what he appeared to be—not so poor as his tattered garments would indicate, and withal trustworthy, having so large a sum of money committed to his care. It might be, there was not a word of truth in his story; he might be some cunning adventurer from the border, plying a certain vocation on his own account, not altogether of a reputable cast; but, whatever the case might be, the silly old man was completely in his power, and, if he had gold in his possession, it must be seized on, and no time was to be lost.

"I tell you," said the highwayman, wheeling his horse suddenly round in front of Willie's pony, "I tell you, old man, that I am that same robber of whom you seem to be afraid, and I demand an instant surrender of your gold."

"Hoot, toot," exclaimed Willie, gae wa, gae wa! You a robber! You are an honest man, and you only want to joke me."

"I tell you distinctly that I am the robber, and I hold you in my power."

"And I say as distinctly," persisted Willie, "that you are a true man. That face of yours is no a robber's face—there's no a bit o' a robber about ye, and sae ye maun e'en guard me through the wood, and gie me the word o' a leel-hearted Englishman that ye'll no see ony ill come ower me."

"No humbug!" vociferated the highwayman, in real earnest; "dismount, and deliver me that bag immediately, else I will make a riddle of your brainless skull in a trice."

Willie saw that it was in vain to parley, for the highwayman had his hand on the pommel of his pistol, and an unscrupulous act would lay him dead at his feet. Now was the time for the wary Scot to put his plan in execution. All things had happened as he wished, and he hoped the rest would follow.

"Weel, weel," said Willie, "since it maun be, it maun be. I shall dismount, and deliver you the treasure, for life is sweet—sweeter far than even gold to the miser. I wanted to act an honest part, but, as we say on the north side of the border, 'Might makes right,' and sae, as I said, it e'en maun be."

Willie then, with some apparent difficulty, as an old, stiff-limbed man, lifted himself from the pony, and stood staggering on the ground.

"Now," said he, laying his hand heavily on the money-bag, "I have a request or two to make, and all is yours. When I return to Scotland, I must have some marks about my person to show that I have been really robbed, and that I have not purloined the gold to my own purposes. I will place my bonnet here on the side of the road, and you will shoot a ball through it; and then, here is this old cloak—you must send another ball exactly through

here, so that I can show, when I return, what a fray I have been in, and how narrowly I have escaped."

To this the robber consented, and, having alighted from his steed, made two decided perforations in the way he was desired. This was with Willie a great point gained, for the robber's pistols were now empty, and restored to their place.

"I have yet another request," said Willie, "and then the matter will be completed. You must permit me to cut the straps that tie the bag to the saddle, and to throw it over this hedge, and then go and lift it yourself, that I may be able to swear that, in the struggle, I did what I could to conceal the money, and that you discovered the place where I had hid it, and then seized it; and thus I will stand acquitted in all points."

To this also the highwayman consented. Willie, accordingly, threw the heavy bag over the hedge, and obsequiously offered to hold the robber's high-spirited steed till he should return with the treasure. The bandit, suspecting nothing on the part of the driveling old man, readily committed his horse to his care, while he eagerly made his way through the hedge to secure the prize. In the mean time, however, Willie was no less agile; for, having thrown off his ragged and cumbersome cloak, he vaulted upon the steed of the highwayman with as much coolness as if he had been at his own door. When the robber had pushed his way back through the hedge, dragging the bag with him, he was confounded on seeing his saddle occupied by the simpleton whose gold he had so easily come by. But he was no longer a simpleton—no longer a wayfaring man in beggar's weeds—but a tall, buirdly man, arrayed in decent garb, and prepared to dispute his part with the best.

"What, ho! scoundrel! Do you intend to run off with my horse? Dismount instantly, or I will blow out your brains!"

"The better you may," replied Willie; "your pistols are empty, and your broadsword is but a reed; advance a single step nearer, and I will send a whizzing ball through your beating heart. As to the bag, you can retain its contents, and sell the buttons for what they will bring. In the mean time, farewell, and should you happen to visit my district across the border, I shall be happy to extend to you a true Scotch hospitality."

On this, Willie applied spur and whip to the fleet steed, and in a few minutes was out of the wood, and entirely beyond the reach of the highwayman. When Willie had time to consider the matter, he found a valise behind the saddle, which, he had no doubt, was crammed with spoils of robbery; nor was he mistaken, for, on examination, it contained a great quantity of gold, and other precious articles. The highwayman, on opening Willie's bag, found it filled with old buttons and other trash. His indignation knew no bounds: he swore, and vociferated, and stamped with his feet, but all to no pur-

pose; he had been outwitted by the wily Scot, and, artful as he himself was, he had met with one more artful still.

The Scottish nobleman gained the bet, and the affair made a great noise for many a long year. Daring men of this description were found in every part of the kingdom, frequenting the dark woods, the thick hedges, and the ruinous buildings by the wayside; and, what is remarkable, these desperadoes were conventionally held in high repute, and were deemed heroes. In the time of Charles II., when the English thoroughfares were so infested with such adventurers, we find that one Claude Duval, a highwayman, while he was a terror to all men, was at the same time a true gallant in the esteem of all the ladies. He was as popular and renowned as the greatest chieftains of his age; and, when he was at last apprehended, "dames of high rank visited him in prison, and, with tears, interceded for his life; and, after his execution, the corpse lay in state, with all the pomp of scutcheons, wax-lights, black hangings, and mutes." The order of society in the times to which we refer was vastly different from what it is now. Men's habits and moral sentiments were then of the lowest grade, but, thanks to the clearer light and better teaching of Christianity, the condition of all classes is vastly elevated. The Gospel has effected in the community infinitely more than all law and social regulations otherwise could have accomplished.

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A CHAPTER ON BEARS, THEIR HABITS, HISTORY, Etc.

Slender. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England: you are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but I warrant you the women have so cried and shrieked at it that it passed—but women, indeed can not abide 'em; they are very ill-favored, rough things.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

THOSE who ramble amid the beautiful scenery of Torquay, who gaze with admiration on the bold outlines of the Cheddar Cliffs, or survey the fertile fen district of Cambridge-shire, will find it difficult to believe that in former ages these spots were ravaged by bears surpassing in size the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains, or the polar bear of the Arctic regions; yet the abundant remains found in Kent's Hole Torquay, and the Banwell Caves, together with those preserved in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge, incontestably prove that such was the case. Grand indeed was the Fauna of the British isles in those early days! Lions—the true old British lions—as large again as the biggest African species, lurked in the ancient thickets; elephants, of nearly twice the bulk of the largest individuals that now ex-

ist in Africa or Ceylon, roamed here in herds; at least two species of rhinoceros forced their way through the primeval forests; the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami as bulky and with as great tusks as those of Africa. These statements are not the offspring of imagination, but are founded on the countless remains of these creatures which are continually being brought to light, proving from their numbers and variety of size, that generation after generation had been born, and lived, and died in Great Britain.*

It is matter of history, that the brown bear was plentiful here in the time of the Romans, and was conveyed in considerable numbers to Rome, to make sport in the arena. In Wales they were common beasts of chase, and in the history of the Gordons, it is stated that one of that clan, so late as 1057, was directed by his sovereign to carry three bears' heads on his banner, as a reward for his valor in killing a fierce bear in Scotland.

In 1252, the sheriffs of London were commanded by the king to pay fourpence a day for "our white bear in the Tower of London and his keeper;" and in the following year they were directed to provide "unum musellum et unam catenam ferream"—*Anglicè*, a muzzle and an iron chain, to hold him when out of the water, and a long and strong rope to hold him when fishing in the Thames. This piscatorial bear must have had a pleasant time of it, as compared to many of his species, for the barbarous amusement of baiting was most popular with our ancestors. The household book of the Earl of Northumberland contains the following characteristic entry: "Item, my Lorde usith and accustomed to gyfe yearly when hys Lordshipe is att home to his barward, when he comyth to my Lorde at Cristmas with his Lordshippes beests, for making his Lordship pastyme the said xij days xxs."

In Bridgeward Without there was a district called Paris Garden; this, and the celebrated Hockley in the Hole, were in the sixteenth century the great resorts of the amateurs in bear-baiting and other cruel sports, which cast a stain upon the society of that period—a society in a transition state, but recently emerged from barbarism, and with all the tastes of a semi-barbarous people. Sunday was the grand day for these displays, until a frightful occurrence which took place in 1582. A more than usually exciting bait had been announced, and a prodigious concourse of people assembled. When the sport was at its highest, and the air rung with blasphemy, the whole of the scaffolding on which the people stood gave way, crushing many to death, and wounding many more. This was considered as a judgment of the Almighty on these Sabbath-breakers, and gave rise to a general prohibition of profane pastime on the Sabbath.

Soon after the accession of Elizabeth to the

throne, she gave a splendid banquet to the French ambassadors, who were afterward entertained with the baiting of bulls and bears (May 25, 1559). The day following, the ambassadors went by water to Paris Garden, where they patronized another performance of the same kind. Hentzer, after describing from observation a very spirited and bloody baiting, adds, "To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he can not escape because of his chain. He defends himself with all his strength and skill, throwing down all that come within his reach and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing their whips out of their hands and breaking them." Laneham, in his account of the reception of Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, in 1575, gives a very graphic account of the "righte royalle pastimes." "It was a sport very pleasant to see the bear, with his pink eyes learing after his enemies' approach; the nimbleness and wait of the dog to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear again to avoid his assaults. If he were bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he were taken once, then by what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, with tossing and tumbling he would work and wind himself from them, and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and the slaver hanging about his physiognomy."

These barbarities continued until a comparatively recent period, but are now, it is to be hoped, exploded forever. Instead of ministering to the worst passions of mankind, the animal creation now contribute, in no inconsiderable degree, to the expansion of the mind and the development of the nobler feelings. Zoological collections have taken the place of the Southwark Gardens and other brutal haunts of vice, and we are glad to say, often prove a stronger focus of attraction than the skittle ground and its debasing society. By them, laudable curiosity is awakened, and the impression, especially on the fervent and plastic minds of young people, is deep and lasting. The immense number of persons* of the lower orders, who visited the London Gardens during the past season, prove the interest excited. The love of natural history is inherent in the human mind, and now for the first time the humbler classes are enabled to see to advantage, and to appreciate the beauties of animals of whose existence they were in utter ignorance, or if known, so tinctured with the marvelous, as to cause them to be regarded mainly as objects of wonder and of dread.

California is hardly less remarkable for its bears than for its gold. The Grizzly Bear, expressively named *Ursus Ferox* and *U. Horribilis*.

* See "A History of British Fossil Mammals," by our great Zoologist, Professor Owen.

* The number of visitors to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, during the past year, was very nearly 400,000.

reigns despotic throughout those vast wilds which comprise the Rocky Mountains and the plains east of them, to latitude 61°. In size it is gigantic, often weighing 800 pounds; and we ourselves have measured a skin eight feet and a half in length. Governor Clinton received an account of one fourteen feet long, but there might have been some stretching of this skin. The claws are of great length, and cut like a chisel when the animal strikes a blow with them. The tail is so small as not to be visible; and it is a standing joke with the Indians (who with all their gravity are great wags), to desire one unacquainted with the grizzly bear to take hold of its tail. The strength of this animal may be estimated from its having been known to drag easily to a considerable distance, the carcass of a bison, weighing upward of a thousand pounds. Mr. Dougherty, an experienced hunter, had killed a very large bison, and having marked the spot, left the carcass for the purpose of obtaining assistance to skin and cut it up. On his return, the bison had disappeared! What had become of it he could not divine; but at length, after much search, discovered it in a deep pit which had been dug for it at some distance by a grizzly bear, who had carried it off and buried it during Mr. Dougherty's absence. The following incident is related by Sir John Richardson: "A party of voyagers, who had been employed all day in tracking a canoe up the Saskatchewan, had seated themselves in the twilight by a fire, and were busy preparing their supper, when a large grizzly bear sprang over their canoe that was tilted behind them, and seizing one of the party by the shoulder, carried him off. The rest fled in terror, with the exception of a Metif, named Bourasso, who, grasping his gun, followed the bear as it was retreating leisurely with his prey. He called to his unfortunate comrade that he was afraid of hitting him if he fired at the bear, but the man entreated him to fire immediately, as the bear was squeezing him to death. On this he took a deliberate aim, and discharged his piece into the body of the bear, which instantly dropped his prey to follow Bourasso, who however escaped with difficulty, and the bear retreated to a thicket, where it is supposed to have died." The same writer mentions a bear having sprung out of a thicket, and with one blow of his paw completely scalped a man, laying bare the skull, and bringing the skin down over the eyes. Assistance coming up, the bear made off without doing him further injury; but the scalp, not being replaced, the poor man lost his sight, though it is stated the eyes were uninjured.

Grizzly bears do not hug, but strike their prey with their terrific paws. We have been informed by a gentleman who has seen much of these creatures (having indeed killed five with his own hand) that when a grizzly bear sees an object, he stands up on his hind legs, and gazes at it intently for some minutes. He then, if it be a man or a beast, goes straight on utterly regardless of numbers, and will seize

it in the midst of a regiment of soldiers. One thing only scares these creatures, and that is the *smell* of man. If in their charge they should cross a scent of this sort, they will turn and fly.

Our informant was on one occasion standing near a thicket, looking at his servant cleaning a gun. He had just dismounted, and the bridle of the thorough-bred horse was twisted round his arm. While thus engaged, a very large grizzly bear rushed out of the thicket, and made at the servant, who fled. The bear then turned short upon this gentleman, in whose hand was a rifle, carrying a small ball, forty to the pound; and as the bear rose on his hind legs to make a stroke, he was fortunate enough to shoot him through the heart. Had the horse moved in the slightest at the critical moment, and jerked his master's arm, nothing could have saved him; but the noble animal stood like a rock. On another occasion, a large bear was shot mortally. The animal rushed up a steep ascent, and fell back, turning a complete somersault ere he reached the ground. The same gentleman told us two curious facts, for which he could vouch; namely, that these bears have the power of moving their claws independently. For instance, they will take up a clod of earth which excites their curiosity, and crumble it to pieces by moving their claws one on the other; and that wolves, however famished, will never touch a carcass which has been buried by a grizzly bear, though they will greedily devour all other dead bodies. The instinct of burying bodies is so strong with these bears, that instances are recorded where they have covered hunters who have fallen into their power and feigned death, with bark, grass, and leaves. If the men attempted to move, the bear would again put them down, and cover them as before, finally leaving them comparatively unhurt.

The grizzly bears have their caves, to which they retire when the cold of winter renders them torpid; and this condition is taken advantage of by the most intrepid of the hunters. Having satisfied themselves about the cave, these men prepare a candle from wax taken from the comb of wild bees, and softened by the grease of the bear. It has a large wick, and burns with a brilliant flame. Carrying this before him, with his rifle in a convenient position, the hunter enters the cave. Having reached its recesses, he fixes the candle on the ground, lights it, and the cavern is soon illuminated with a vivid light. The hunter now lies down on his face, having the candle between the back part of the cave where the bear is, and himself. In this position, with the muzzle of the rifle full in front of him, he patiently awaits his victim. Bruin is soon roused by the light, yawns and stretches himself, like a person awaking from a deep sleep. The hunter now cocks his rifle, and watches the bear turn his head, and with slow and waddling steps approach the candle. This is a trying moment, as the extraordinary tenacity of life of the grizzly bear renders an unerr-

ing shot essential. The monster reaches the candle, and either raises his paw to strike, or his nose to smell at it. The hunter steadily raises his piece; the loud report of the rifle reverberates through the cavern; and the bear falls with a heavy crash, pierced through the eye, one of the few vulnerable spots through which he can be destroyed.

The Zoological Society have at various times possessed five specimens of the grizzly bear. The first was Old Martin, for many years a well known inhabitant of the Tower Menagerie. We remember him well as an enormous brute, quite blind from cataract, and generally to be seen standing on his hind legs with open mouth, ready to receive any tit-bit a compassionate visitor might bestow. Notwithstanding the length of time he was in confinement (more than twenty years), all attempts of conciliation failed, and to the last he would not permit of the slightest familiarity, even from the keeper who constantly fed him. Some idea may be formed of his size, when we say that his skull (which we recently measured) exceeds in length by two inches the largest lion's skull in the Osteological Collection, although several must have belonged to magnificent animals.

After the death of old Martin, the Society received two fine young bears from Mr. Catlin, but they soon died. Their loss, however, has been amply replaced by the three very thriving young animals which have been recently added to the collection. These come from the Sierra Nevada, about 800 miles from San Francisco, and were brought to this country by Mr. Pacton. They were transported with infinite trouble across the Isthmus of Panama, in a box carried on men's shoulders, and are certainly the first of their race who have performed the overland journey. The price asked was £600, but they were obtained at a much less sum; since their sojourn in this country, they have greatly increased in size, and enjoy excellent health. An additional interest attaches to these animals from two of them having undergone the operation for cataract.

Bears are extremely subject to this disease, and of course are thereby rendered blind. Their strength and ferocity forbade any thing being done for their relief, until a short time ago, when, by the aid of that wonderful agent, chloroform, it was demonstrated that they are as amenable to curative measures as the human subject.

On the 5th of last November, the first operation of the sort was performed on one of these grizzly bears, which was blind in both eyes. As this detracted materially from his value, it was decided to endeavor to restore him to sight; and Mr. White Cooper having consented to operate, the proceedings were as follow: A strong leathern collar to which a chain was attached, was firmly buckled around the patient's neck, and the chain having been passed round one of the bars in front of the cage, two powerful men endeavored to pull him up, in order that a sponge

containing chloroform should be applied to his muzzle by Dr. Snow. The resistance offered by the bear was as surprising as unexpected. The utmost efforts of these men were unavailing; and, after a struggle of ten minutes, two others were called to their aid. By their united efforts, Master Bruin was at length brought up, and the sponge fairly tied round his muzzle. Meanwhile the cries and roarings of the patient were echoed in full chorus by his two brothers, who had been confined to the sleeping den, and who scratched and tore at the door to get to the assistance of their distressed relative. In a den on one side was the Cheetah, whose leg was amputated under chloroform some months ago, and who was greatly excited by the smell of the fluid and uproar. The large sloth bear in a cage on the other side, joined heartily in the chorus, and the Isabella bear just beyond, wrung her paws in an agony of woe. Leopards snarled in sympathy, and laughing hyenas swelled the chorus with their hysterical sobs. The octo-basso growling of the polar bears, and roaring of the lions on the other side of the building, completed as remarkable a diapason as could well be heard.

The first evidence of the action of the chloroform on the bear, was a diminution in his struggles; first one paw dropped, then the other. The sponge was now removed from his face, the door of the den opened, and his head laid upon a plank outside. The cataracts were speedily broken up, and the bear was drawn into the cage again. For nearly five minutes he remained, as was remarked by a keeper without knowledge, sense, or understanding, till at length one leg gave a kick, then another, and presently he attempted to stand. The essay was a failure, but he soon tried to make his way to his cage. It was Garrick, if we remember right, who affirmed that Talma was an indifferent representative of inebriation, for he was not drunk in his legs. The bear, however acted the part to perfection, and the way in which (like Commodore Trunnion on his way to church) he tacked, during his route to his den, was ludicrous in the extreme. At length he blundered into it, and was left quiet for a time. He soon revived, and in the afternoon ate heartily. The following morning on the door being opened, he came out, staring about him, caring nothing for the light, and began humming, as he licked his paws, with much the air of a musical amateur sitting down to a sonata on his violoncello.

A group might have been dimly seen through the fog which covered the garden on the morning of the 15th November, standing on the spot where the proceedings above narrated took place ten days previously. This group comprised Professor Owen, Mr. Yarrell, the president of the Society, Count Nesselrode, Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Pickersgill, R. A., Captain Stanley, R. N., and two or three other gentlemen. They were assembled to witness the restoration to sight of another of the grizzly bears. The bear this time was brought out of the den, and his chain passed round the rail in front of it. Diluted

chloroform was used, and the operation was rendered more difficult by the animal not being perfectly under its influence. He recovered immediately after the couching needle had been withdrawn from the second eye, and walked pretty steadily to his sleeping apartment, where he received the condolences of his brethren, rather ungraciously it must be confessed, but his head was far from clear, and his temper ruffled. When the cataracts have been absorbed the animals will have sight.

The wooded districts of the American continent were tenanted before civilization had made such gigantic strides, by large numbers of the well known black bear, *Ursus Americanus*. Some years ago, black bears' skins were greatly in vogue for carriage hammer-cloths, &c.; and an idea of the animals destroyed, may be formed from the fact, that in 1783, 10,500 skins were imported, and the numbers gradually rose to 25,000 in 1803, since which time there has been a gradual decline. In those days, a fine skin was worth from twenty to forty guineas, but may now be obtained for five guineas.

The chase of this bear is the most solemn action of the Laplander; and the successful hunter may be known by the number of tufts of bears' hair he wears in his bonnet. When the retreat of a bear is discovered, the ablest sorcerer of the tribe beats the *runic* drum to discover the event of the chase, and on which side the animal ought to be assailed. During the attack, the hunters join in a prescribed chorus, and beg earnestly of the bear that he will do them no mischief. When dead, the body is carried home on a sledge, and the rein-deer employed to draw it, is exempt from labor during the remainder of the year. A new hut is constructed for the express purpose of cooking the flesh, and the huntsmen, joined by their wives, sing again their songs of joy and of gratitude to the animal, for permitting them to return in safety. They never presume to speak of the bear with levity, but always allude to him with profound respect, as "the old man in the fur cloak." The Indians, too, treat him with much deference. An old Indian, named Keskarrah, was seated at the door of his tent, by a small stream, not far from Fort Enterprise, when a large bear came to the opposite bank, and remained for some time apparently surveying him. Keskarrah, considering himself to be in great danger, and having no one to assist him but his aged wife, made a solemn speech, to the following effect: "Oh, bear! I never did you any harm; I have always had the highest respect for you and your relations, and never killed any of them except through necessity. Pray, go away, good bear, and let me alone, and I promise not to molest you." The bear (probably regarding the old gentleman as rather a tough morsel) walked off, and the old man, fancying that he owed his safety to his eloquence, favored Sir John Richardson with his speech at length. The bear in question, however, was of a different species to, and more

sanguinary than the black bear, so that the escape of the old couple was regarded as remarkable.

The *Ursus Americanus* almost invariably hibernates; and about a thousand skins have been annually imported by the Hudson's Bay Company, from these black bears destroyed in their winter retreats. A spot under a fallen tree is selected for its den, and having scratched away a portion of the soil, the bear retires thither at the commencement of a snow-storm, and the snow soon furnishes a close warm covering. When taken young, these bears are easily tamed; and the following incident occurred to a gentleman of our acquaintance: a fine young bear had been brought up by him with an antelope of the elegant species called *Furcifer*, the two feeding out of the same dish, and being often seen eating the same cabbage. He was in the habit of taking these pets out with him, leading the bear by a string. On one occasion he was thus proceeding, a friend leading the antelope, when a large fierce dog flew at the latter. The gentleman, embarrassed by his charge, called out for assistance to my informant, who ran hastily up, and in doing so accidentally let the bear loose. He seemed to be perfectly aware that his little companion was in difficulty, and rushing forward, knocked the dog over and over with a blow of his paw, and sent him off howling. The same bear would also play for hours with a Bison calf, and when tired with his romps, jumped into a tub to rest; having recovered, he would spring out and resume his gambols with his boisterous playfellow, who seemed to rejoice when the bear was out of breath, and could be taken at a disadvantage, at which time he was sure to be pressed doubly hard. There was a fine bear of this description in the old Tower Menagerie, which long shared his den with a hyena, with whom he was on good terms except at meal-times, when they would quarrel in a very ludicrous manner, for a piece of beef, or whatever else might happen to form a bone of contention between them. The hyena, though by far the smaller was generally master, and the bear would moan most piteously in a tone resembling the bleating of a sheep, while the hyena quietly consumed the remainder of the dinner.

The following is an account of an adventure which occurred to Frank Forester, in America. A large bear was traced to a cavern in the Round Mountain, and every effort made for three days without success to smoke or burn him out. At length a bold hunter, familiar with the spot, volunteered to beard the bear in his den. The well-like aperture, which, alone could be seen from without, descended for about eight feet, then turned sharp off at right angles, running nearly horizontally for about six feet, beyond which it opened into a small circular chamber, where the bear had taken up his quarters. The man determined to descend, to worm himself, feet forward, on his back, and to shoot at the eyes of the bear, as they would be

visible in the dark. Two narrow laths of pine wood were accordingly procured, and pierced with holes, in which candles were placed and lighted. A rope was next made fast about his chest, a butcher's knife disposed in readiness for his grasp, and his musket loaded with two good ounce bullets, well wrapped in greased buckskin. Gradually he disappeared, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the musket ready cocked in his hand. A few anxious moments—a low stifled growl was heard—then a loud, bellowing, crashing report, followed by a wild and fearful howl, half anguish, half furious rage. The men above wildly and eagerly hauled up the rope, and the sturdy hunter was whirled into the air uninjured, and retaining in his grasp his good weapon; while the fierce brute rushed tearing after him even to the cavern's mouth. As soon as the man had entered the small chamber, he perceived the glaring eyeballs of the bear, had taken steady aim at them, and had, he believed, lodged his bullets fairly. Painful moanings were soon heard from within, and then all was still! Again the bold man determined to seek the monster; again he vanished, and his musket shot roared from the recesses of the rock. Up he was whirled; but this time, the bear, streaming with gore, and furious with pain, rushed after him, and with a mighty bound, cleared the confines of the cavern! A hasty and harmless volley was fired, while the bear glared round as if undecided upon which of the group to wreak his vengeance. Tom, the hunter, coolly raised his piece, but snap! no spark followed the blow of the hammer! With a curse Tom threw down the musket, and, drawing his knife, rushed forward to encounter the bear single handed. What would have been his fate had the bear folded him in his deadly hug, we may be pretty sure; but ere this could happen, the four bullets did their work, and he fell; a convulsive shudder passed through his frame, and all was still. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh, and great were the rejoicings at his destruction.

The wild pine forests of Scandinavia yet contain bears in considerable numbers. The general color of these European bears is dark brown, and to a great degree they are vegetable feeders, although exceedingly fond of ants and honey. Their favorite food is berries and succulent plants; and in autumn, when the berries are ripe, they become exceedingly fat. Toward the end of November the bear retires to his den, and passes the winter months in profound repose. About the middle of April he leaves his den, and roams about the forest ravenous for food. These bears attain a large size, often weighing above four hundred pounds; and an instance is on record of one having weighed nearly seven hundred and fifty pounds. The best information relative to the habits and pursuits of these Scandinavian bears is to be found in Mr. Lloyd's "Field Sports of the North of Europe," from which entertaining work we shall draw largely.

When a district in Sweden is infested with bears, public notice is given from the pulpit during divine service, that a skäll or battue is to take place, and specifying the number of people required, the time and place of rendezvous, and other particulars. Sometimes as many as 1500 men are employed, and these are regularly organized in parties and divisions. They then extend themselves in such a manner that a cordon is formed, embracing a large district, and all simultaneously move forward. By this means the wild animals are gradually driven into a limited space, and destroyed as circumstances admit. These skälls are always highly exciting, and it not unfrequently happens that accidents arise, from the bears turning upon and attacking their pursuers. A bear which had been badly wounded, and was hard pressed, rushed upon a peasant whose gun had missed fire, and seized him by the shoulders with his fore paws. The peasant, for his part, grasped the bear's ears. Twice did they fall, and twice get up, without loosening their holds, during which time the bear had bitten through the sinews of both arms, from the wrists upward, and was approaching the exhausted peasant's throat, when Mr. Falk, "öfwer jäg mästare," or head ranger of the Wermeland forests, arrived, and with one shot ended the fearful conflict.

Jan Svenson was a Dalecarlian hunter of great repute, having been accessory to the death of sixty or seventy bears, most of which he had himself killed. On one occasion he had the following desperate encounter: having, with several other peasants, surrounded a very large bear, he advanced with his dog to rouse him from his lair; the dog dashed toward the bear, who was immediately after fired at and wounded by one of the peasants. This man was prostrated by the infuriated animal, and severely lacerated. The beast now retraced his steps, and came full on Jan Svenson, a shot from whose rifle knocked him over. Svenson, thinking the bear was killed, coolly commenced reloading his rifle. He had only poured in the powder, when the bear sprang up and seized him by the arm. The dog, seeing the jeopardy in which his master was placed, gallantly fixed on the bear's hind quarters. To get rid of this annoyance, the bear threw himself on his back, making with one paw a blow at the dog, with the other holding Svenson fast in his embraces. This he repeated three several times, handling the man as a cat would a mouse, and in the intervals he was biting him in different parts of the body, or standing still as if stupefied. In this dreadful situation Svenson remained nearly half an hour; and during all this time the noble dog never ceased for a moment his attacks on the bear. At last the brute quitted his hold, and moving slowly to a small tree at a few paces' distance, seized it with his teeth; he was in his last agonies, and presently fell dead to the ground. On this occasion Svenson was wounded in thirty-one different places, princi-

pally in the arms and legs. This forest monster had, in the early part of the winter, mortally wounded another man, who was pursuing him, and from his great size was an object of general dread.

Lieutenant Oldenburg, when in Torp in Norrland, saw a chasseur brought down from the forest, who had been desperately mangled by a bear. The man was some distance in advance of his party, and wounded the animal with a ball. The bear immediately turned on him; they grappled, and both soon came to the ground. Here a most desperate struggle took place, which lasted a considerable time. Sometimes the man, who was a powerful fellow, being uppermost, at other times the bear. At length, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, the chasseur gave up the contest, and turning on his face in the snow, pretended to be dead. Bruin, on this, quietly seated himself on his body, where he remained for near half an hour. At length the chasseur's companions came up, and relieved their companion by shooting the bear through the heart. Though terribly lacerated, the man eventually recovered.

Captain Eurenus related to Mr. Lloyd an incident which he witnessed in Wenersborg, in 1790: A bear-hunt or skäll was in progress, and an old soldier placed himself in a situation where he thought the bear would pass. He was right in his conjecture, for the animal soon made his appearance, and charged directly at him. He leveled his musket, but the piece missed fire. The bear was now close, and he attempted to drive the muzzle of the gun down the animal's throat. This attack the bear parried like a fencing master, wrested the gun from the man, and quickly laid him prostrate. Had he been prudent all might have ended well, for the bear, after smelling, fancied him dead, and left him almost unhurt. The animal then began to handle the musket, and knock it about with his paws. The soldier seeing this, could not resist stretching out his hand and laying hold of the muzzle, the bear having the stock firmly in his grasp. Finding his antagonist alive, the bear seized the back of his head with his teeth, and tore off the whole of his scalp, from the nape of the neck upward, so that it merely hung to the forehead by a strip of skin. Great as was his agony, the poor fellow kept quiet, and the bear laid himself along his body. While this was going forward, Captain Eurenus and others approached the spot, and on coming within sixteen paces, beheld the bear licking the blood from the bare skull, and eying the people, who were afraid to fire lest they should injure their comrade. Captain Eurenus asserted, that in this position the soldier and bear remained for a considerable time, until at last the latter quitted his victim, and slowly began to retire, when a tremendous fire being opened, he fell dead. On hearing the shots, the wretched sufferer jumped up, his scalp hanging over his face, so as to completely blind him. Throwing it back with his hand, he ran toward his com-

rades like a madman, frantically exclaiming, "The bear! the bear!" the scalp was separated, and the captain described it as exactly resembling a peruke. In one respect the catastrophe was fortunate for the poor soldier; it was in the old days of pipe-clay and pomatum, and every one in the army was obliged to wear his hair of a certain form, and this man being, for satisfactory reasons, unable to comply with the regulation, and a tow wig not being admissible, he immediately received his discharge.

A curious circumstance is related by Mr. Lloyd, showing the boldness of wolves when pressed by hunger. A party were in chase of a bear, who was tracked by a dog. They were some distance behind the bear, when a drove of five wolves attacked and devoured the dog. Their appetites being thus whetted, they forthwith made after the bear, and coming up with him, a severe conflict ensued, as was apparent from the quantity of hair, both of the bear and wolves, that was scattered about the spot. Bruin was victorious, but was killed a few days afterward by the hunters. The wolves, however, had made so free with his fur, that his skin was of little value. On another occasion, a drove of wolves attacked a bear, who, posting himself with his back against a tree, defended himself for some time with success; but at length his opponents contrived to get under the tree, and wounded him desperately in the flank. Just then some men coming up, the wolves retreated, and the wounded bear became an easy prey.

It occasionally happens that cattle are attacked by bears, but the latter are not always victorious. A powerful bull was charged in the forest by a bear, when, striking his horns into his assailant, he pinned him to a tree. In this situation they were both found dead—the bull from starvation, the bear from wounds. So says the author above quoted.

The hybernation of bears gives rise to a curious confusion of cause and effect in the minds of the Swiss peasantry. They believe that bears which have passed the winter in the mountain caverns, always come out to reconnoitre on the 2d of February; and that they if the weather be then cold and winterly, return, like the dove to the ark, for another fortnight; at the end of which time they find the season sufficiently advanced to enable them to quit their quarters without inconvenience; but that, if the weather be fine and warm on the 2d, they sally forth, thinking the winter past. But on the cold returning after sunset, they discover their mistake, and return in a most sulky state of mind, without making a second attempt until after the expiration of six weeks, during which time man is doomed to suffer all the inclemencies consequent on their want of urbanity. Thus, instead of attributing the retirement of the bears to the effects of the cold, the myth makes the cold to depend on the seclusion of the bears!

The fat of bears has, from time immemorial,

enjoyed a high reputation for promoting the growth of hair; but not a thousandth part of the bear's grease sold in shops comes from the animal whose name it carries. In Scandinavia, the only part used for the hair is the fat found about the intestines. The great bulk of the fat, which in a large bear may weigh from sixty to eighty pounds, is used for culinary purposes. Bears' hams, when smoked, are great delicacies, as are also the paws; and the flesh of bears is not inferior to our excellent beef.

On a certain memorable day, in 1847, a large hamper reached Oxford, per Great Western Railway, and was, in due time delivered according to its direction, at Christchurch, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the University for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish color. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived to receive his education at our learned University. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and the door of the room being open, he rushed off down the c'oisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish looking creature that was rushing into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, ensconced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tig-lath-pe-leser (as the bear was called), being scared by the silver wand, turned from the chapel, and scampered frantically about the large quadrangle, putting to flight the numerous parties of dogs, who in those days made that spot their afternoon rendezvous. After a sharp chase, a gown was thrown over Tig, and he was with difficulty secured. During the struggle, he got one of the fingers of his new master into his mouth, and—did he bite it off? No, poor thing! but began vigorously sucking it, with that peculiar mumbling noise for which bears are remarkable. Thus was he led back to Mr. B.'s rooms, walking all the way on his hind legs, and sucking the finger with all his might. A collar was put round his neck, and Tig became a prisoner. His good-nature and amusing tricks soon made him a prime favorite with the undergraduates; a cap and gown were made, attired in which (to the great scandal of the *dons*) he accompanied his master to breakfasts and wine parties, where he contributed greatly to the amusement of the company, and partook of good things, his favorite viands being muffins and ices. He was in general of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of rage, during which his violence was extreme; but a kind word, and a finger to suck, soon brought

him round. He was most impatient of solitude, and would cry for hours when left alone, particularly if it was dark. It was this unfortunate propensity which brought him into especial disfavor with the Dean of Christchurch, whose Greek quantities and hours of rest were sadly disturbed by Tig's lamentations.

On one occasion he was kept in college till after the gates had been shut, and there was no possibility of getting him out without the porter seeing him, when there would have been a fine of ten shillings to pay the next morning; for during this term an edict had gone forth against dogs, and the authorities not being learned in zoology, could not be persuaded that a bear was not a dog. Tig was, therefore, tied in a court-yard near his master's rooms, but that gentleman was soon brought out by his piteous cries, and could not pacify him in any other way than by bringing him into his rooms; and at bed time Tig was chained to the post at the bottom of the bed, where he remained quiet till day-light, and then shuffling on to the bed, awoke his master by licking his face—he took no notice, and presently Tig deliberately put his hind legs under the blankets and covered himself up; there he remained till chapel time, when his master left him, and on his return found that the young gentleman had been amusing himself during his solitude by overturning every thing he could get at in the room, and, apparently, had had a quarrel and fight with the looking-glass, which was broken to pieces and the wood work bitten all over. The perpetrator of all this havoc sat on the bed, looking exceedingly innocent, but rocking backward and forward as if conscious of guilt and doubtful of the consequences. Near to Tig's house there was a little monkey tied to a tree, and Jacko's great amusement was to make grimaces at Tig; and when the latter composed himself to sleep in the warm sunshine, Jacko would cautiously descend from the tree, and, twisting his fingers in Tig's long hair, would give him a sharp pull and in a moment was up the tree again, chattering and clattering his chain. Tig's anger was most amusing—he would run backward and forward on his hind legs sucking his paws, and with his eyes fixed on Jacko, uttering all sorts of threats and imprecations, to the great delight of the monkey. He would then again endeavor to take a nap, only to be again disturbed by his little tormentor. However, these two animals established a truce, became excellent friends, and would sit for half-an-hour together confronting each other, apparently holding a conversation. At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the University, retired into the country, and was daily taken out for a walk round the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame who sold whipcord, sugar-candy, and other matters, and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterward he got loose, and at once made off for the

shop, into which he burst to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter; the moment she saw his shaggy head and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived the offender was discovered, seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away.

Mr. Buckland had made a promise that Tig should pay a visit to a village about six miles distant, and determined that he should proceed thither on horseback. As the horse shied whenever the bear came near him, there was some difficulty in getting him mounted; but at last his master managed to pull him up by the chain while the horse was held quiet. Tig at first took up his position in front, but soon walked round and stood up on his hind legs, resting his fore paws on his master's shoulders. To him this was exceedingly pleasant, but not so to the horse, who not being accustomed to carry two, and feeling Tig's claws, kicked and plunged to rid himself of the extra passenger. Tig held on like grim death, and stuck in his claws most successfully; for in spite of all the efforts of the horse he was not thrown. In this way the journey was performed, the country folks opening their eyes at the apparition.

This reminds us of an anecdote mentioned by Mr. Lloyd: a peasant had reared a bear which became so tame that he used occasionally to cause him to stand at the back of his sledge when on a journey; but the bear kept so good a balance that it was next to impossible to upset him. One day, however, the peasant amused himself by driving over the very worst ground he could find, with the intention, if possible, of throwing Bruin off his equilibrium. This went on for some time, till the animal became so irritated that he gave his master, who was in front of him, a tremendous thump on the shoulder with his paw, which frightened the man so much that he caused the bear to be killed immediately; this, as he richly deserved the thump, was a shabby retaliation.

When term recommenced, Tiglath-pe-lester returned to the University, much altered in appearance, for being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white; he was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage; the only way to restrain him when in a rage, was to hold him by the ears; but on one occasion having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast parties of eminent savants, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough. In more than one instance he

made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire; on the whole, however, he conducted himself with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure.

Still, however, the authorities at Christchurch, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either "he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor dear Tig was, accordingly, put into a box—a much larger one than that in which he had arrived—and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park; here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself; but, alas! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the University was endeared to him; he refused his food; he ran perpetually up and down his den in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead, a victim to a broken heart!

NOT ALL ALONE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

NOT all alone; for thou canst hold
Communion sweet with saint and sage;
And gather gems, of price untold,
From many a consecrated page:
Youth's dreams, the golden lights of age,
The poet's lore, are still thine own;
Then, while such themes thy thoughts engage,
Oh, how canst thou be all alone?

Not all alone; the lark's rich note,
As mounting up to heaven, she sings;
The thousand silvery sounds that float
Above, below, on morning's wings;
The softer murmurs twilight brings—
The cricket's chirp, cicada's glee;
All earth, that lyre of myriad strings,
Is jubilant with life for thee!

Not all alone; the whispering trees,
The rippling brook, the starry sky,
Have each peculiar harmonies
To soothe, subdue, and sanctify:
The low, sweet breath of evening's sigh,
For thee hath oft a friendly tone,
To lift thy grateful thoughts on high,
And say—thou art not all alone!

Not all alone; a watchful Eye,
That notes the wandering sparrow's fall,
A saving Hand is ever nigh,
A gracious Power attends thy call—
When sadness holds the heart in thrall,
Oft is His tenderest mercy shown;
Seek, then, the balm vouchsafed to all,
And thou canst never be alone!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE public mind has been almost wholly absorbed, during the past month, in anxiety for the safety of the American steamer *Atlantic*. She was known to have left Liverpool on the 28th of December, and was seen four days out by a packet which afterward reached New York. From that time until the 16th of February an interval of *fifty days*, nothing whatever was known of her fate. The anxiety of the public mind was becoming intense, when, on the evening of February 16th, the *Africa* arrived with news of her safety. It seems that on the 6th of January the main shaft of her engine was broken, which rendered the engine completely unmanageable. She stood for Halifax until the 11th, against strong head winds, when it became evident that she could not reach that port before her provisions would give out, and she accordingly put back for Cork, where she arrived on the 22d of January. Her mails and passengers came in the *Africa*. The *Cambria* had been chartered to bring her cargo, and was to sail February 4th. The *Atlantic* was to be taken to Liverpool for repairs, which would probably occupy three months. Few events within our recollection have caused more general joy than the intelligence of her safety.

CONGRESS, during the past month, has done but little of permanent interest to any section of the country. Various important subjects have been extensively discussed, but upon none of them has any favorable or decisive action been taken. Several attempts have been made, by the friends of a protective tariff in the House of Representatives, to insert some provisions in the deficiency and appropriation bills which would secure an amendment of the existing tariff favorable to their views. None of these efforts, however, have been successful. A zealous discussion has also been had upon a bill to establish a branch of the United States Mint in the city of New York; it met with strong opposition—especially from the city of Philadelphia and was finally defeated. A bill concerning the land titles in California has also been largely discussed in the Senate, and finally passed. A resolution has been adopted in that body authorizing the President of the United States to confer the brevet rank of Lieutenant General; it is of course designed for application to General Scott. A bill further reducing the rates of postage has passed the House of Representatives. Three cents was by it adopted as the uniform rate of letter postage. The bill was very greatly changed in the Senate, and its fate is still doubtful. The French Spoliation Bill, the project for establishing a line of steamers on the coast of Africa, and other bills have been before Congress but no action has been had upon them. The Senate has passed a bill appropriating ten millions of acres of public lands (equal to twelve millions five hundred thousand dollars) to be apportioned among the several States in an equitable ratio, for the endowment of Hospitals for the indigent insane. This act is one of the most philan-

thropic and beneficent ever passed by any legislative body. It has been ably and zealously pressed upon the attention of Congress by Miss Dix, whose devotion to the cause of humanity has already won for her a world-wide reputation.

Elections of United States Senators have been held in several of the States with various results. In FLORIDA, on the 15th of January, Mr. MALLORY, Democrat, was elected over Mr. YULEE. In MISSOURI, after a protracted effort, HENRY S. GEYER, Whig, was elected on the fortieth ballot, receiving 80 votes against 55 for Mr. BENTON, and 20 scattering. Mr. GEYER is a German by birth, but came to this country when he was about three years old. He is now one of the ablest lawyers and most upright men in the State which he is hereafter in part to represent. In PENNSYLVANIA, Mr. BROADHEAD, Democrat, was elected without serious difficulty. In NEW YORK both branches of the Legislature proceeded to nominate a Senator in accordance with the law upon the subject, on the 4th day of February. In the Assembly HAMILTON FISH was nominated, receiving 79 votes against 48 for other candidates. In the Senate he had 16 votes, while 16 Senators voted each for a separate candidate, one of them, Senator BEEKMAN from New York City, being a Whig. After two balloting, on Mr. Beekman's motion, the Senate adjourned. No nomination has been made, nor can the attempt be renewed, except by the passage of a special law. In MASSACHUSETTS repeated efforts to elect a Senator have proved unsuccessful. CHARLES SUMNER, Free Soil, has several times lacked but three or four votes of an election, Mr. WINTHROP being his principal opponent. The vacancy occasioned by Mr. Webster's resignation has been filled by the election of Hon. ROBERT RANTOUL. Mr. BOUTWELL was elected Governor of the State by the Legislature. The effort to elect a Senator for the next term will be renewed from time to time. In RHODE ISLAND, after several balloting, in which two Whigs and one Democrat received about an equal number of votes each, CHARLES T. JAMES, Esq., Democrat, was elected, having received a large number of Whig votes. In OHIO, an attempt to elect a Senator to succeed Mr. EWING, proved ineffectual. Ten ballots were had, after which the Legislature adjourned, thus abandoning the effort. In MICHIGAN General CASS has been re-elected United States Senator by the Legislature.

The Legislature of NORTH CAROLINA has closed its session. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that have been made to excite among the people of this State serious disaffection toward the Union, the action of the Legislature has been exceedingly moderate. Resolutions upon the subject, calculated to inflame the public mind, were laid upon the table by a very decisive vote. A bill has been passed authorizing an agricultural, mineralogical, and botanical survey of the State. The Governor is to make the appointment, and the Surveyor is required personally, or by his assistants, "to visit every county in the State, and examine every thing of interest or value in either of the above departments, to ascertain the nature and character of

its products, and the nature and character of its soil, as well as to give an account of its minerals."

Gen. Quitman, Governor of Mississippi, has been indicted at New Orleans on charge of having participated in the unlawful expedition from the United States against Cuba. He has resigned his office, and given bail for his appearance in Court, asking for a speedy trial. A number of others have also been indicted, one of whom, Gen. Henderson, has been tried. The trial lasted several days, and was conducted on both sides with great ability. The connection of the accused with the expedition seemed to have been clearly proved: the jury, however, were not able to agree on a verdict, four of them, it is said, taking the ground that the expedition was justifiable and proper.

Intelligence to December 19th has been received from the Commission to survey the boundary line between Mexico and the United States. The Mexican Commissioner, Gen. Conde, had joined the American Commissioners at El Paso. Several conferences were had before a starting point could be agreed upon for the survey, as the maps of that region were very inconsistent and imperfect. Throughout New Mexico, according to the most recent advices, great inconvenience is sustained from Indian depredations, made in spite of treaty stipulations.

The Arkansas Legislature adjourned January 14, after a session of seventy-one days, which has been fruitful in acts of local importance.

The Governor of Texas has designated the first Thursday in March as a day of public thanksgiving. The fact is worthy of record here as an evidence that this New England custom is steadily making its way into the new States.

Accidents to steamboats on our Western waters continue to challenge public attention. The steamer *John Adams* on the Ohio, on the 27th of January, struck a snag and sunk in two minutes. One hundred and twenty-three lives were lost—mostly of emigrants.

Hon. GEORGE F. FORT was installed into office as Governor of New Jersey on the 21st of January. His inaugural address recommends the establishment of free schools, the enactment of general incorporation laws, homestead exemption, &c., and urges a full assent to the Compromise measures of the last session of Congress.

Some attention has been attracted to a letter from Gen. HOUSTON to Hon. John Letcher of Virginia, rebuking very severely the attempt made by South Carolina to induce Virginia to take the lead in a scheme of secession. Gen. Houston speaks of the Constitution as the most perfect of human instruments, and refuses to countenance any attempt to alter or amend its provisions. He says that every intelligent and disinterested observer must concede that agitation at the North is dying out, that the laws are obeyed, and that no necessity exists for resisting or dissolving the Union. The letter exerts a marked influence on the political movements of the day.

The House of Representatives in Delaware on the 5th of February adopted a series of resolutions very warmly approving the Compromise measures of the last session of Congress, and especially the law for the more effectual enforcement of the provisions of the Constitution requiring the surrender of fugitive slaves.

Hon. D. S. KAUFMAN, member of Congress from Texas, died very suddenly on the 31st of January. His decease was ascribed to an affection of the

heart, but it is supposed by those who knew him most intimately to have resulted from a wound received by a pistol shot some years since in a rencontre in the Texas Legislature. The ball had never been extracted. He was a gentleman of ability and of a very amiable disposition.

A large "Union meeting" was held at Westchester, N. Y., on the 30th of January. A letter was received from Daniel Webster, regretting his inability to attend the meeting, and warmly approving its objects. Mr. Clay also wrote a letter which was read at the meeting, in which he said that "two classes of disunionists threaten our country: one is that which is open and undisguised in favor of separation—the other is that which, disowning a desire of dissolution of the Union, adopts a course and contends for measures and principles which must inevitably lead to that calamitous result." He considered the latter the "more dangerous, because it is deceptive and insidious."

A correspondence between Mr. MATHEW, a British consul, and the Governor of South Carolina, has excited some attention. Mr. Mathew represents the very great inconvenience occasioned by the law of South Carolina requiring the imprisonment of every colored person arriving in her ports until the departure of the vessel, and the payment of expenses by her captain. The correspondence is friendly, and the subject has been referred to a committee in the South Carolina Legislature. The fact of a correspondence between the representative of a foreign power and one of the States of the Union, in its separate capacity, excites remark and censure.

From CALIFORNIA our advices are to the 15th of January. The cholera had entirely disappeared. The result of the late State election had been definitely ascertained. In the Senate there is a Whig majority of two, and in the Assembly a Whig majority of nine. This result is deemed important on account of the pending election of U. S. Senator in place of Mr. Frémont. Gov. Burnett has resigned, and Lieut.-Gov. McDougal been installed in his place. Hon. David C. Broderick, formerly of New York, was chosen President of the Senate. Renewed difficulties have occurred with the Indians, and the general impression seemed to be that no friendly arrangement could be made with them. They demand the free use of their old hunting-grounds, and will listen to no proposition which involves their surrender. The settlers, especially on the Trinity and Klamath rivers, suffer grievously from their marauding incursions, and have been compelled to raise and arm companies to repel them. A serious and protracted war is apprehended.

The latest arrival brings the report of a discovery of gold exceeding in magnitude any before made. Twenty-seven miles beyond the Trinity River, it is said, is a beach seven miles in extent, bounded by a high bluff. A heavy sea, breaking upon the shore washes away the lighter sand, and that which remains is rich to an unparalleled extent. A company has been formed to proceed to this locality, and the Secretary estimates the sum which each member will secure, at many millions.

The whole amount of gold dust shipped at San Francisco during the year 1850, is officially stated at \$29,441,583. At least twenty millions are supposed to have gone forward, in addition, in private hands, so that the total product of the mines during the year is estimated at nearly fifty millions. The mines in all quarters continued to yield abundant returns

MEXICO.

We have intelligence from Mexico to the 25th of January. Congress assembled on the 1st. The President opened the session by a speech about an hour in length. He says that the stipulations of the treaty of peace with the United States have been faithfully observed, and have proved highly advantageous for Mexico. Three treaties have been concluded during his administration—one with the United States in regard to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, another with the same power concerning the extradition of criminals, and another with Guatemala on the same subject. Domestic tranquillity has been preserved throughout the country; complaint, however, is made that the States transcend their rightful authority, and thus weaken the General Government; and the necessity of providing a remedy for this abuse, in order to maintain the integrity of the Federal Constitution, is strongly urged. Commerce and manufactures are said to have flourished, and the mining business, which is the chief resource of Mexico, has been peculiarly good. Their entire returns during the last year are estimated at thirty millions. The President urges the propriety of making laws to restrain the licentiousness of the press. The army has been thoroughly reformed, consisting now of only 6246 men, all of whom are characterized as "true soldiers," stationed in places where their services will be most useful to the Republic. On the 15th, Gen. Arista was inaugurated President of Mexico. His opening address was brief, pertinent, and patriotic. He spoke of peace as the first necessity of the Republic, and promised that it should be "maintained at any cost, as the only manner in which the happiness and prosperity of the people can be secured." He says that "every thing will be done by the central authorities to enable the States to equalize the expenses and their revenues; to multiply their ways of communication; to augment their agricultural and commercial industry; in short, to make them great and powerful, attracting to their bosoms the intelligent, industrious and enlightened population which they so much need." The address was received with great satisfaction. The ceremony of the inauguration was extremely brilliant, and was witnessed by an immense concourse of people. After it was over, the President and his ministers repaired to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung, and prayers offered up for the happiness of the nation. The personal popularity of Gen. Arista is very great, and the best hopes are indulged of his administration.

Mr. Letcher, the American Minister, left for the United States, on the 26th, and reached New Orleans Feb. 4th. It was supposed that he brought the Tehuantepec treaty ratified with him. A revolt against the central government has occurred in Guanajuato, but it was soon put down by the troops. A number of the ringleaders in it have been executed. The Mexican Government has granted to a company styled Rubio, Barron, Garay, Torre & Co., the whole of the public lands in the State of Sonora, comprising one of the most valuable tracts in the whole country.

The Yucatan papers complain loudly of the encroachments of the English in fortifying Belize, and in otherwise interfering in the affairs of the Peninsula. The American Hydrographic Party was busily engaged in surveying the route across the Isthmus.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

From NICARAGUA we have intelligence to the 13th of January. A rich placer of gold is said to

have been discovered about eight miles from Real ejo. The crops throughout the country have been seriously threatened by immense flocks of locusts. In consequence of the alarm created by this menaced destruction, the Government has thrown open all the ports of the country to the free admission of all kinds of grain. Don Jose Sacasa has been elected Director of Nicaragua—the term of the present incumbent expiring on the 1st of May. The difficulties between the Government of San Salvador and the British Charge, Mr. Frederick Chatfield, have led to the blockade by the latter, on behalf of his Government, of all the ports of San Salvador. Mr. Chatfield resorted to this extreme measure because the Government refused to comply with his demands, that they should countermand certain instructions they had given to their agents, and contradict, officially, certain statements concerning the British Government made in the public prints of San Salvador. The cause of this blockade was certainly somewhat singular; but the form of it was still more so; for by its terms, British vessels were excluded from its operation. Mr. Chatfield has also written a letter to the Minister for Foreign Affairs of Nicaragua, complaining of the unwillingness of that Government to negotiate with Great Britain, acting on behalf of the King of Mosquito, for a boundary between the territories of Mosquito and those of Nicaragua; and saying that, "as a proof of the conciliatory spirit of the British Government," it had determined to prescribe and maintain a certain boundary line, which is designated. He adds that the British government is still willing to treat on the subject, and urges the importance of "coming to a friendly understanding with the Mosquito government, since *no canal*, or any other improved mode of transit across the Isthmus, can well be established before the difficulty, raised by Nicaragua on this point, is put an end to." In a subsequent letter, enforcing the necessity of arranging the claims of a British house for damages, Mr. Chatfield makes a singular but evident allusion to the hopes entertained by the Government of Nicaragua of aid from the United States. He says that, "Whatever assurances Nicaragua may receive that the conduct of its Government, however irregular it may be toward another, will at all times find support from third parties, still the Government of Nicaragua must feel that no reliance should be placed on such assurances, as no foreign Government will compromise political and commercial interests on the behalf of a country whose rulers reject the ordinary means of settling matters open to dispute, by argument, and negotiation."

From VALPARAISO we have intelligence to January 2d. The U. S. Corvette Vincennes had been at that port, and took the American Minister, Hon. Bailie Peyton, on a visit to the province of Concepcion. A very destructive fire had occurred at Valparaiso, at which property to the value of a quarter of a million of dollars was consumed. Congress met December 16th, in extra session. A law had been passed authorizing the Executive to reform the Custom-House regulations. A law is under discussion making an appropriation of \$36,000 annually to the Pacific Steam Navy. By an existing law of the country, eight acres of land are given to each foreign colonist: a new law is proposed, largely increasing the grant. The sum of \$2244 has been voted to afford temporary residences for a colony of German emigrants. These facts are important indications of the efforts made to invite foreigners into the country. HENRI HERZ, the pianist, was at Valparaiso on the 1st of January. On the 5th,

there was an eruption of the volcano of Portillo, near Santiago.

GREAT BRITAIN.

It is decided that Parliament is to be opened by the Queen in person, on the 4th of February. Speculation is rife as to the course of Government upon the subject of the "Papal Aggressions," of which though there are many rumors, nothing authentic has transpired. The excitement upon this subject, though the mode of manifestation is changed, seems not to have died away. It occupies less space in the newspapers, and fewer public meetings are held; the discussion now being carried on in books and pamphlets, of which the last month has produced about one hundred, in addition to nearly two hundred before published. In the address of the English prelates to the Queen, which was noticed in our last Number, no mention was made of the Irish Church. The bishops of that country have taken the matter up, and have protested both to her Majesty and to their English brethren, against any proceedings which shall imply that the two branches of the Episcopal Church have separate rights and interests. The Church question, in various aspects, can not well fail of being the prominent one in the ensuing session of Parliament. A movement has been set on foot, by the High Church Party with a view to a *convocation* for the settlement of various questions in debate within the Church; at a public meeting for this object speeches marked by peculiar acrimony were made. Secessions to the Roman Church, among the higher classes and the clergy, are more frequent than at any former period.

The unwonted prospect of a surplus in the revenue, has occasioned propositions for the abolition of many of the most onerous and odious taxes. Among those spoken of are the window tax, the tax on paper, that on tea, and the malt tax. The paper tax seems to be the favorite of the press; but the probability is that the reduction will be made upon the window tax. The question threatens to be an embarrassing one for the Ministry, who will find it difficult to decide among so many conflicting claims.

The Austrian government has officially demanded that punishment should be inflicted upon those persons who committed the assault upon General Haynau. After a somewhat prolonged correspondence the British Home Secretary declined to make any inquiry into the matter, on the plea that "it could not be attended with any satisfactory result." The refusal of General Haynau to enter any complaint before the authorities is assigned as the ground for this conclusion. Prince Schwartzberg, in his closing dispatch, hints that the Austrian government may consider it "befitting to exercise reciprocity with regard to British subjects who may happen to be in Austria."

In the colonies, the process of "annexation" goes on steadily. In India one or two extensive districts are in course of absorption. At the Cape of Good Hope, the Governor has deposed the most powerful of the Kafir chiefs, and appointed a British officer to assume the control of his people. In Australia vehement opposition has sprung up against the transportation system; and there is reason to suppose that this outlet for the criminal population of Great Britain will soon be closed.

The "Crystal Palace," is so far completed that it has been made over into the hands of the Commissioners. Severe storms have luckily occurred, which have proved the entire stability of the edi-

fice, not a pane of glass, even, of which has been broken by them. Mr. Paxton has written a letter to Lord John Russell, strenuously urging that after the first fortnight, and with the exception of one day in each week, admission to the Exhibition be gratis.

FRANCE.

From France the political intelligence is of considerable importance, not so much on its own account, as showing a deep and increasing hostility between the President and the National Assembly. This feeling has been manifested by several incidents, and has caused within three weeks three separate Ministries, besides an interregnum of a week. The personal adherents of the President in the Assembly have never constituted more than a third of that body; but he has always succeeded in carrying his measures by dexterously pitting one party against the other: each party preferring him to their opponents. But when the President's designs for the perpetuation of his power became apparent, all parties began to look upon General Changarnier as in some sort a counterpoise. A collision having arisen between the General and the Ministers, the Assembly took part with the former, whereupon the Ministry resigned. The President, despite the remonstrances of the leaders of the Assembly, made the dismissal of Changarnier a *sine qua non* in the appointment of a new Ministry. He at length succeeded in forming one that would take this step; and the General was dismissed, and the enormous military functions he had exercised were divided among a number of officers. A fierce opposition at once sprang up against the new Ministry. A singular coalition was formed, mainly through the tactics of M. Thiers, of Conservatives, Cavaignac Republicans, and ultra Democrats, so that a vote declaring want of confidence in the Ministry passed by 417 to 278; whereupon this Ministry resigned. No man of all the majority could be found who would undertake to form a Ministry from its discordant elements; a like attempt to form one from the minority in the Assembly was unsuccessful. At last, the President formed one of which not an individual was a member of the Assembly. Throughout the whole of these transactions, Louis Napoleon has shown a political skill and dexterity scarcely inferior to that manifested in the field by the Great Emperor. With vastly inferior forces at his command, he has gained every point: he has got rid of his most formidable rival, Changarnier; he has convinced, apparently, the middle classes that the only hope of peace and stability lies in his possession of power; and the Assembly have been driven into acts of opposition which can bear no other interpretation than that of a factious struggle for power. The position of the President is considerably strengthened by the late occurrences.

GERMANY.

The Dresden Free Conference is still in session, and matters seem as impracticable as the Genius of Mysticism could desire. Enough has transpired to show that the minor Powers have not been alarmed without good reason. The cordial understanding between Austria and Prussia is displayed perhaps too ostentatiously to be altogether sincere; but there can be no doubt that the two governments have combined to aggrandize themselves at the expense of the others. It seems to be determined that the new Executive Committee will be composed of eleven votes, of which Austria and Prussia are each to have two. The Committee of the old

Confederation consisted of seventeen votes, of which those Powers had one each, and even then it was complained that their influence was excessive. It is admitted on all hands that any approach to a nearer union is impracticable at present; that the Dresden Conference is quite as incapable of improvising a German Nation, as was that assembly of pedants and pettifoggers that called itself the Frankfort Parliament.—Hostilities have ceased in Schleswig-Holstein, the stadtholderate of which have yielded their functions to the commissioners of the Confederation.—The first trial by jury at Vienna, took place, under the new Austrian Constitution, on the 15th of January.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

UNITED STATES.

The literary incidents of the month have not been very noteworthy. JAMES, the English novelist, has been lecturing at Albany to large and interested audiences. He has bought a residence at Stockbridge, Mass., where he will reside, in the immediate neighborhood of Longfellow, the Sedgwicks, and other literary celebrities. A series of valuable lectures upon Art have been delivered before the Artists of New York, in pursuance of a very excellent plan adopted by their Association. The first of the series was delivered by HENRY JAMES, Esq., and was an excellent critical exposition of the nature and characteristics of Art. He was followed by GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq., in a fine sketch of the condition and prospects of Art on the Continent. The leading idea of his lecture was that Art never promised more abundant results than now.

Congress at its last session appropriated two thousand dollars to commence the purchase of a library for the use of the President of the United States. It is a little singular that a project so eminently useful should have been so long neglected. Its execution has been now undertaken with spirit, under the direction of Mr. Charles Lanman.

The birth-day of BURNS was celebrated by a public dinner on the 25th of January at the Astor House, in New York. The poet BRYANT was present as a guest, and made a very happy speech, in which he said that the fact that Burns had taken a local dialect, and made it classical and given it a character of universality, was of itself sufficient to stamp him as a man of the highest order of genius.

Mr. HOE, celebrated for his printing presses, has just completed a new one, having eight cylinders, and thus throwing off eight sheets at each revolution, for the use of the *Sun* newspaper in New York. He was the recipient lately of a public dinner given to him by the proprietors of the paper, at which several of the most eminent literary celebrities in the country were present as guests. The occasion was one of interest: we hope it may be deemed indicative of a growing disposition to tender public honors to the benefactors, as well as to the destroyers, of their race.

The literary productions of the month will be found noticed in another department of this Magazine. Several works of interest are promised by the leading publishers. The Harpers have in press a volume of traveling sketches, entitled *Nile Notes*, by an American, which will be found to be one of the best of its kind. It is written with great vivacity and with very marked ability. Many of its chapters are fully equal to *Eothen*, and the work in its general characteristics is not at all inferior to that spirited and admirable book. The Harpers

have also in press a work by Mr. H. M. FIELD, giving a succinct history of the *Great Irish Rebellion* with biographical sketches of the most prominent of the Irish Confederates. It will find a wide circle of readers. The Harpers are also about to publish MAYHEW's *London Labor and the London Poor in the Nineteenth Century*, made up of his Letters in the *London Morning Chronicle* upon that subject, revised and extended. These papers reveal a state of things not at all creditable to the English people or to the age in which we live. As originally published in London they excited great attention and have done much toward arousing the public sense of justice to the poor.

COOPER, the novelist, has a work in preparation upon the Social History of this country. It will probably, however, not be published until fall. Mr. Putnam has in progress a new and very elegantly printed uniform edition of his novels. Another New York house promise a complete edition of Joanna Baillie's poems, with a new edition of Elizabeth Barret Browning.

Prof. AGASSIZ, the celebrated Naturalist, is making a survey of the Florida reefs and keys, in the hope that he may throw some light upon their formation and growth. He is nominally attached to the Coast Survey.

American scholars still continue their valuable contributions to classical learning. Prof. DRISLER, of Columbia College, one of the most thorough and accurate linguists in the country, is engaged upon an *English-Greek Lexicon*, which will be a most valuable aid to the classical student, in connection with similar works by the same author hitherto issued.

In the departments of religious and theological literature, we find indications of renewed activity among the divines of our country. Prof. J. ADDISON ALEXANDER, of Princeton, has a new critical and exegetical work in the course of preparation. Rev. Dr. SPRING will soon publish, through M. W. Dodd, a volume under the title of *First Things*, a series of lectures designed to set forth and illustrate some of the facts and moral duties earliest revealed to mankind. From Rev. Dr. CONDIT, of Newark, we are to have a work entitled *The Christian Home*, setting forth the relations, duties, and benefits of the domestic institution. Rev. H. A. ROWLAND, author of a work on the Common Maxims of Infidelity, has in press a volume under the title of *The Path of Life*.

The late EDMOND CHARLES GENET, Ambassador from the Republic of France to this country at the close of the last century, left behind him, at his decease, a vast amount of papers, consisting of journals of his life, letters from the prominent statesmen and politicians of this country, and correspondence with his sister, the celebrated Madame Campan. It is understood that members of his family are arranging them with a view to publication. From the close social and political relations which M. Genet, after his dismissal from the embassy, bore to the prominent politicians of the Democratic party, there can be no doubt that these papers, if judiciously edited, will throw much light upon the political history of the period preceding the war of 1812.

It is known by those familiar with current Continental literature, that the wife of Prof. EDWARD ROBINSON published, some time since, in Germany, under her usual pseudonym, TALVI, a very full and excellent history of the early Colonization of New England. This work has lately been translated from German into English by William Hazlitt, and

published in London. It was published originally at Leipsic in 1847. We presume it will be reprinted here.

REV. H. T. CHEEVER's *Whale and his Captors* has been reprinted in London, with a preface by Dr. SCORESBY, who commends it very highly.

EUROPEAN.

The London *Leader* destroys the romance of Lamartine's visit to England. It seems, according to that paper, that he did not go for the philosophic purpose of studying the country, but to make bargains for the publication of his *History of the Directory*, which he offered for five thousand pounds. The publishers, he urged, could issue it simultaneously in England, France, and Germany, and so secure an enormous profit. "Our countrymen," says the *Leader*, "with an indifference to Mammon worthy of a philosopher, declined the magnificent proposal: and Lamartine returned to France and sold his work to an association of publishers for 12,000 francs, which he hopes to get." He is also to publish a new novel in the *feuilleton* of the *Siècle*.

EDMOND TEXIER, a French journalist, has published a very lively history of French journals and journalists. It is a small and unelaborate book, but is exceedingly readable. Political writers in France, it will be remembered, are required to sign their names to their articles. The *Vote Universel* recently contained a strong essay signed by GILLAND. The Attorney-general prosecuted the paper, alleging that the article was written by GEORGE SAND, and citing the bad spelling of Gilland's private letters as a proof that he could not have been the writer. Madame George Sand peremptorily denies having written a line of the article, and avers that Rousseau himself, in a single letter in her possession, makes three mistakes in spelling three lines, owing to the difficult and capricious rules of the French language.

Lady MORGAN has published a pamphlet on the Roman Catholic Controversy. It is in the form of a letter to Cardinal WISEMAN, and is a defense of herself against an attack upon a passage in her book on Italy. In that book she had related a curious anecdote. She said that when Bonaparte entered Italy the enthroned chair of St. Peter, contained in the magnificent shrine of bronze which closes the view of the nave in St. Peter's Cathedral, was brought into a better light and the cobwebs brushed off. Certain curious letters were discovered on the surface, which were deciphered and found to contain the Arabian formula, "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Cardinal Wiseman branded this story as "false, foolish, slanderous, and profligate." Lady Morgan gives as her authority for it the eminent *savans* Denon and Champollion, who saw the inscription, deciphered it, and told its meaning in her presence. Her letter is ably written, and excites attention.—Lady Morgan is said to be the oldest living writer who continues to write: for though Miss Joanna Baillie is some five years, and Rogers perhaps ten years her senior, neither of the latter has touched a pen in the way of authorship for a long time; whereas Lady Morgan, for all her blindness, has, according to the Liverpool Albion, for a good while back, been a regular contributor to one of the London morning journals.

The British government has bestowed a pension of £100 a year upon the widow of the celebrated Belzoni, who died fifteen years ago. The public satisfaction at this announcement is tempered with

surprise that the pension was not bestowed fifteen years ago. Mr. Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," and other literary works of a light character, has received a retiring pension of the same amount. Similar pensions have been granted to George Petrie, LL.D., author of "The Round Towers of Ireland," and other antiquarian works; and to Dr. KITTO, editor of the "Pictorial Bible," "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and other works in that department of letters. Dr. Kitto, although deaf from an early age, in consequence of an accident, has traveled over many lands in connection with the Missionary Society.

Letters from Rome announce the death in that city of Mr. Ritchie, the sculptor, of Edinburgh. The circumstances are peculiarly melancholy. It had been the dream of Mr. Ritchie's life to go to Rome; this year he was able to travel, and he arrived in that city in September last, with some friends as little acquainted with the nature of the malaria as himself. With these friends it appears that he made a visit to Ostia; the season was dangerous; the party took no precautions, and they all caught the malaria fever. He died after a few days' illness, and was followed to the grave by most of the English and American artists in Rome.

AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD, whose enterprise has opened a new field for historical research, was born in Paris, March 5, 1817. His father, who was Dean of Bristol, filled a high civil office in Ceylon, between the years 1820 and 1830. The early years of the future explorer of Nineveh were spent in Florence, where he early acquired his artistic tastes and skill as a draughtsman. On returning to England, young Layard commenced the study of law, but his love of adventure rendered this profession distasteful to him, and he abandoned it. In 1839 he left England, with no very definite object in view, visited Russia and the North of Europe, and spent some time in Germany. Thence he took his course toward the Danube, and visited the semi-barbarous provinces on the Turkish frontier, which form the debatable ground between the Orient and the Occident. In Montenegro he passed some time, aiding an active young Chief in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of his subjects. From hence he passed into the East, where he led the life of an Arab of the desert, and acquired a thorough knowledge of the languages of Arabia and Turkey. We next find him in Persia, Asia Minor, and Syria, where he visited almost every spot made memorable by history or tradition. He now felt an irresistible desire to penetrate to the regions beyond the Euphrates, to which history and tradition point as the birth-place of the wisdom of the West. At Constantinople, he fell in with the English Ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, by whom he was encouraged to undertake and carry on those excavations amid the Assyrian and Babylonian ruins, which have conclusively demonstrated that a gigantic civilization had passed away before what we are accustomed to call ancient civilization dawned, a civilization stretching back almost to the days when the ark rested upon Ararat; a civilization which was old when the pyramids were young. And, what is still more remarkable, the relics of this civilization are more perfect and beautiful in proportion to the remoteness of their date, the earlier of these ancient sculptures being invariably the noblest in design, and the most exquisite and elaborate in execution.

In 1848, Mr. Layard visited England for a few months, where, notwithstanding the monthly attacks of an aguish fever contracted in the damp

apartments which he was obliged to inhabit while prosecuting his excavations at Nimroud, he prepared for the press the two volumes of his Nineveh and its Remains, executed the drawings for the hundred plates, and a volume of inscriptions in the cuneiform character for the British Museum.

The last survivor of Cook's voyage, a sailor named John Wade, is said to be now begging his bread at Kingston-on-Thames. He is within a few months of completing his hundredth year, having been born in New York in May, 1751. He was with Cook when he was killed on the Island of Hawaii; and is said to have served at the battles of Cape St. Vincent, Teneriffe, the Nile, Copenhagen, Camperdown, and Trafalgar.

An interesting collection of sketches, by members of the Sketching Society has been opened to the public. This society numbers among its members the two Chalons, Bone, Christall, Partridge, Stump, Leslie, Stanfield, and Uwins. What gives to the present collection a unique interest is that they are entirely impromptu productions, three hours being the limit allowed for their completion. At each meeting of the society the president announces a subject, and the drawings are made on the spot.

Sir Roger de Coverley's chaplain is familiar to the recollection of all. He has lately found an imitator. The Vicar of Selby announced a few weeks since, that he should that day commence reading the sermons of others, as there were many productions of the ablest divines which were altogether unknown to his parishioners; and he thought the time spent in writing so many new sermons might be more usefully employed in other matters connected with his profession. He then proceeded to read a sermon which he said he had heard preached at the University with great effect.

Professor OWEN, in 1840, had submitted to him for examination, a fossil body, which he was enabled to identify as the tooth of some species of whale. It was subsequently discovered that certain crags upon the coast of Suffolk, especially one at Felixstow, contained an immense quantity of fossils of a similar character, which examinations, undertaken by Owen and Henslow, showed to be rolled and water-worn fragments of the skeletons of extinct species of mammals, mostly of the whale kind. This discovery has been shown by a recent trial in the English courts, to be of immense pecuniary value. A Mr. Lawes took out a patent for the manufacture of super-phosphate of lime, as a substitute for bone-dust, for agricultural purposes, by applying sulphuric acid to any mineral whatever, known or unknown, which might contain the phosphate of lime. It was found that these fossil remains contained of this from 50 to 60 per cent., and Mr. Lawes undertook to extend his patent so as to include the production of the super-phosphate from them. In this he was unsuccessful, the court deciding that he could not claim a monopoly of all the fossil remains in the country. It was shown on the trial, that an income of more than \$50,000 a year has been derived from the use of this phosphate.

A number of classical works of decided interest have recently been published; among them are: *Platonis Opera Omnia*. This new edition of Plato is edited by Stallbaum, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful editorial care bestowed upon it. It is in one volume, small folio, uniform with the edition of Aristotle by Weisse, and that of Cicero by Nobbe.—Lachmann's edition of *Lucretius* supplies a want which has been long felt of a good critical edition of the philosophical poet

The volume of the text is accompanied by a critical commentary in a separate volume.—The second part of the second volume of Professor Ritschl's edition of *Plautus* containing the "Pseudulus," has appeared. The editor has the reputation of being the best Plautinian scholar in Germany. He has spent years in the preparation of this edition, having undertaken an entirely new recension of the works of the great dramatic poet.—*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*. This important work, under the editorial charge of the veteran Böckh, with whom is associated Franz, is rapidly approaching completion. The third part of the third volume is published. A fourth part, which will complete the work, is promised speedily.

From the press of the Imperial Academy at St. Petersburg has appeared the first volume of a collection of *Mohammedan Sources for the History of the Southern Coasts of the Caspian Sea*. The volume contains 643 pages of the Persian text of the history of Tabaristan, Rujan, and Massanderan, by Seher-Eddin, edited, with a German introduction, by Bernhard Dorn, Librarian of the Imperial Library. It gives a history, commencing with the mythical ages and ending with the year 1476, of the various dynasties which have ruled those regions, which have scarcely been brought within the light of authentic history, but to which we must look for the solution of many interesting problems in relation to the progress and development of the race. The editor promises forthwith a translation of the history, with annotations.

Professor HEINRICH EWALD, of Göttingen, has just put forth a translation of and commentary upon the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, marked by that free dealing with the sacred text characteristic of the Rationalistic school. He proposes to himself the task of separating what he supposes to be the original substance of the evangelical narrative from subsequent additions and interpolations—"to free the kernel from the Mosaic husk." The author had intended to delay the publication of this commentary until after the publication of his History of the Jews; but he thought he perceived in the present state of religion in Germany, and especially in the alarming decline of the religious element among the masses of the people, a call upon him to furnish an antidote—such as it is. In the preface he takes occasion to make some severe criticisms upon the politics of the day, and in particular those of Prussia.

OBITUARIES.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, the Ornithologist, died at his residence a few miles from New York, on the 27th of January. He was born in Louisiana, about 1775, of French parentage, traces of which were apparent through life in the foreign intonation with which he spoke the English language, although he wrote it with great vigor and correctness. He early manifested that enthusiastic love of nature, which subsequently became his ruling passion, and the mainspring of all his endeavors through life. In the preface to his "Ornithological Biography," he gives a vivid sketch of the growth of his fondness for the winged creation. "None but aerial companions," says he, "suited my fancy; no roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest." With increasing years, a desire for the actual possession of his favorites

grew up in his mind. But this longing was no-wise satiated by the possession of them dead: with their life their charms were gone. At this period his father showed him a book of illustrations—of no very high artistic excellence, we may well believe. A bush thrown into certain solutions, in a particular state, will cause crystalization. The young enthusiast's mind was in such a state—the vague desires, the indefinite longings crystalized around that Book of Illustrations. He longed to be a creator. To imitate by lines and colors the beings he loved, became the passion of his life. But like all true artists, he was at first doomed to experience the disappointment of being unable to realize his ideal: his drawings so far from truly representing the originals, were even inferior to the engravings in his book. Every year he made hundreds, which he regularly burned upon every succeeding birthday.

In his sixteenth year he was sent to Paris to pursue his education. There he studied drawing under the revolutionary painter David. But his heart was ever in his native woods, and after a stay of eighteen months he gladly returned. His father now gave him a farm near Philadelphia, at the junction of the Pekioming Creek and the Schuylkill. Here he married, and entered into mercantile transactions, apparently with ill success. He was in the forests when he should have been in the counting-house, if he would succeed in business. His friends looked askance at him, as one who only made drawings when he might have made money. They were doubtless correct in their estimate of his capacity. That indomitable spirit which bore him thousands of miles through the untrodden wilderness, softened the earth or the branch of a tree for his bed; "bore bravely up his chin" when he swam the swollen stream, with his rifle and painting materials lashed above his head—was doubtless adequate, if directed to that end, to have gained any given amount of money. Pegasus made an indifferent plow-horse; and Audubon but a poor trader. So after ten years of this divided pursuit, one bright October morning found him floating down the Ohio in a skiff in which were his wife and child, his scanty wares, and a couple of negro rowers. He set up his household gods at Henderson, Kentucky, where he resided for some years, and engaged again, with a partner, in trade. Still he was accustomed to make long excursions, with no companion but his dog and rifle, a tin box strapped to his side containing his brushes and paints. All this while his collection of drawings, which was subsequently to constitute the "Birds of America," grew under his hand; yet strange to say, the thought of publishing never entered his mind.

One spring day in 1810, a stranger entered the counting-room of Audubon, presented specimens of a book he was preparing, and requested his patronage. The stranger was Alexander Wilson, and the book was his "American Ornithology." Audubon was about to subscribe for it, when his partner asked him, in French, why he did so, assuring him that his own drawings were far better, and that he must be as well acquainted with the habits of American birds as the stranger could be. Wilson asked if Audubon had any drawings of birds. A large portfolio was exhibited: and the veteran ornithologist could not avoid the conclusion that his own efforts were far surpassed. He became sad, and though Audubon showed him every attention, loaned him drawings, and accompanied him through the neighboring woods, the thought of being excelled was more than he could bear. He departed, shaking the dust from his feet, and entered in his

diary that "literature or art had not a friend in the place."

The year following, we find Audubon far down among the bayous of Florida, still engaged in collecting materials for his work; yet still, apparently, with no definite purpose of publication. Of the next ten or twelve years of his life, we have no particular accounts. But we understand that he has left behind him an autobiography, which will doubtless be made public, and which we venture to predict, will exceed in interest and adventure the lion-king Cumming's African exploits, springing as Audubon's did from high devotion to science, instead of the mere animal instinct of destruction. All this while his great work was growing. But in a single night the result of the labor of years was destroyed by a pair of rats, who selected a box containing two hundred drawings, with more than a thousand figures, as a place in which to rear their plundering brood. "The burning heat," says he, "which rushed through my brain was too great to be endured without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the dormant powers being aroused into action through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forward to the woods as gayly as though nothing had happened." In three years his portfolios were again full.

In 1824, Audubon found himself at Philadelphia on his way to the great lakes. Here he was introduced to Lucien Bonaparte, who seems to have induced him to determine upon the publication of his work. A year and a half of happy toil ensued, enlivened by a new object. He had loved and wooed Nature for her own dear self; but now he began to feel presentiments that his bride would raise him to a throne among the immortals. In 1826 he set sail for England. His first feeling was that of despondency. What was he, whose acquirements had been won by the solitary wanderings of more than a quarter of a century, amid lonely forest solitudes; what could he be in comparison with those who had been trained and taught by intercourse with civilized life? But these feelings were of brief duration. The wonderful backwoodsman was warmly welcomed by the best and wisest men of Europe. Cuvier was his admirer, Alexander von Humboldt became his cherished friend and correspondent. "The hearts of all," wrote Wilson, "warmed toward Audubon, who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome, before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs."

And so Audubon was encouraged to publish his work. It was a vast undertaking. It would take sixteen years to accomplish it; he was now somewhat declined into the vale of years, and would be an old man when it was completed; and when the first drawings were put into the hands of the engraver he had not a single subscriber. But his heart was upborne by reliance on that Power, on whom depends success. After three years spent in Europe, he returned to America in 1829, leaving his work in process of execution in Edinburgh. Toward the close of 1830 his first volume, containing one hundred plates, every figure of the size and colors of life, was issued. It was hailed with universal applause; royal names headed his subscription list, which, at one thousand dollars each, reached the number of 175, of whom eighty were Americans. His name was enrolled among the

members of the learned Societies of Great Britain and the Continent, and the world claimed him among her great men.

In the Autumn of 1831, Audubon visited Washington, where he received from Government letters of protection and assistance, to be used at all national ports, revenue, and naval stations. Having been delayed by sickness, he proceeded upon his expedition toward the close of the following summer. He tracked the forests of Maine, explored the shores of the British provinces, bringing back rich spoils; and returned to Charleston, to spend the winter in the preparation of his drawings and the accompanying descriptions. In 1834 he published his second volume. The three following years were passed in exploring expeditions, mostly to the South, one of which was to Florida, another to Texas, in a vessel placed at his disposal by Government, and in the preparation of his drawings and descriptions. At the close of this period he published the fourth and last volume of plates, and the fifth of descriptions. The whole work contained 435 plates, comprising more than a thousand figures of birds, all drawn of the size of life, in their natural attitudes and circumstances, and colored from nature.

In 1839 Audubon commenced in this country the republication of the "Birds of America," in seven large octavo volumes, which were issued during the succeeding five years. Before the expiration of this period, however, he commenced the preparation of the "Quadrupeds of America," of which he had materials for five large volumes: in the literary department of which he was assisted by Dr. Bachman, of Charleston. This has recently been concluded, and forms a monument to his memory hardly less imposing than his earlier work. In the meanwhile, though more than sixty winters had passed over his head, he projected an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, with all the adventurous spirit of his youth. But he perhaps over-rated his physical capabilities; at least the expedition was not made. The concluding years of his life were passed on the beautiful estate of Minniesland, upon the Hudson, some ten miles from New York. For several years his health had been giving way, until the time when he passed from earth to the still land of the immortals. His was a happy life. He had found his vocation, and pursued it for long years, earnestly, faithfully, and triumphantly. The forms of beauty which won his early love, and drew him into the broad forests, he brought back to cheer us who can not follow his footsteps. He has linked himself with the undying loveliness of Nature; and, therefore, his works are a possession to all men forevermore.

JOSEPH BEM, the famous Polish General in the late Hungarian war, died at Aleppo in the early part of December. It is somewhat singular that during the whole course of hostilities he declared his conviction that he should survive until the year 1850. Bem was born in 1795 at Tarnow in Galicia. Having completed his education at the Military School in Warsaw, he entered the army, and served as lieutenant of artillery in the divisions of Davoust and Macdonald. On the conclusion of peace, he remained with the Polish army, who were now in the Russian service, where he attained the rank of captain and adjutant, and was finally appointed teacher in the Artillery School at Warsaw. Dissatisfied with his position, he applied for a discharge, which was granted; but for some unexplained cause he was summoned before a court-

martial, and sentenced to an imprisonment of two months. From 1825 to the outbreak of the Polish insurrection in 1830, he resided at Lemberg, where he busied himself with mechanical and mathematical studies. When the rising of the Poles took place, he hastened to Warsaw, was appointed major, and obtained the command of a regiment of flying artillery. For his distinguished services at the battles of Igania and Ostrolenka he was raised successively to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and colonel, and received the command of the Polish artillery. At Ostrolenka he was wounded, but as he lay upon the ground, he directed the movements of his guns. When the cause of Poland was lost, he headed the first emigration to France, where the greater portion of the next eighteen years was spent. In 1833 he entered into negotiations with Don Pedro of Portugal to raise a Polish regiment for his service; but the project was unsuccessful; and Bem incurred the suspicions of his fellow exiles, by one of whom an attempt was made to assassinate him. The following years he passed in France and England, where we trace him by several treatises which he published upon the organization of artillery, the manufacture of powder, the distillation of brandy, the modes of working in wood and metal, and a system of mnemonics. He also taught languages, for a time, for very scanty pay, at London and Oxford, but was obliged to abandon this occupation in consequence of a surgical operation for the extraction of a bullet; for a time he was in receipt of the few shillings weekly which the Polish Association were able to bestow upon destitute exiles. The bread of exile which Dante found so bitter, was sweet compared with that which Bem, for long years, was forced to taste. He made an attempt to establish a Polytechnic Company, near Paris, which failed from the want of adequate funds.

Upon the breaking out of the revolutions of 1848, we find Bem in the thick of the conflict. On the 14th of October he made his appearance at Vienna, where he endeavored to organize the revolt in the Austrian capital. Here he could never have anticipated success; but he was aware that resistance in Vienna would give the Hungarians time to arm. Finding the cause hopeless in Vienna, he betook himself to Kossuth, at Comorn. Here he had some difficulty in proving his identity; but at length Bem succeeded in winning the confidence of the Hungarian ruler. At Pesth, where he concerted future operations with Kossuth, another attempt was made to assassinate Bem by a young Pole who had conceived the idea that he had betrayed the popular cause at Vienna. From Pesth Bem was dispatched by Kossuth to Transylvania, in order to organize the revolt against Austria. The transactions in Transylvania formed perhaps the most brilliant portion of the whole Hungarian war. In the course of ten weeks, with a newly raised army, always inferior in force to the enemy, by a series of hard fighting and skillful manœuvres, he placed Transylvania in the hands of the Hungarians. The accession of Russia to the side of Austria was decisive of the contest. Bem, sorely pressed in Transylvania, was summoned by Kossuth to assume the command in chief; and at Temesvar, on the 10th of August 1849, he lost the last battle of Hungary; though he here displayed the highest qualities of the soldier and the general. The Austrians were repulsed at all points, mowed down by the terrible fire from the Hungarian artillery, which Bem had posted with his accustomed skill; but his

troops were exhausted, and a fresh body of Austrians under Prince Lichtenstein, decided the day. "A single draught of wine to each hussar," said Guyon, "would have saved the battle." In the rout which ensued, Bem, who was weakened by his wounds, was thrown from his horse, and broke his collar bone. The day following the disastrous battle of Temesvar, Kossuth resigned the dictatorship into the hands of Görgey, who two days after, on the 13th of August, surrendered his whole army, consisting of 24,000 men with 144 pieces of cannon, to the Russians.

Bem at first made some efforts to prolong the hopeless contest; but it was in vain, and on the 17th of the month he bade farewell to the country from which he had hoped so much. Kossuth, Dembinski, Bem, and some others took refuge in Turkey, where their residence or extradition was made a political question by the powers of Europe. In the anticipation of being given up, Bem embraced Mohammedanism, and entered the Turkish service, under the name of Murad Bey. There is nothing to wonder at in this procedure. His one principle through life had been hatred to Russia, and to this he would not hesitate to sacrifice any and every other consideration; his only religion was to avenge his country upon the Czar; if that could be done, it mattered little to him whether it was effected under the banner of the cross or the crescent. He persisted to the last in his profession of Mohammedanism, and was buried with military honors, greatly lamented by the Ottoman government, into whose military organization he had introduced many beneficial reforms. Bem possessed military genius of a high order; he was bold and rapid in his decisions, fertile in resources, whether to take advantage of a victory or to retrieve a defeat. He clearly perceived that the most effective arm in modern warfare is artillery, the service of which he always superintended in person. Previous to a battle he appointed the positions his guns were to assume, examined and leveled them in person, whence he was nicknamed, by his German legion, "the Piano-forte player." At the time of his death, he had reached his fifty-sixth year, but the severe exposures which he had undergone, and his numerous wounds, gave him the appearance of a still greater age. As a man, all who knew Bem were enthusiastic in his praise. Generous in disposition, gentle and modest in demeanor, he inspired deep personal attachment in all with whom he came in contact.

VISCOUNT ALFORD (John Hume Cust) died on the 2d of January. In 1849 he succeeded to the vast Bridgewater estates, and assumed, by royal license, the name of Egerton, in place of that of Cust. He was a member of the House of Commons from 1836 to 1847. He inherited an estate from the late Earl of Bridgewater, under a will of very singular character. By this document it was provided that unless Lord Alford should, within five years, succeed in gaining a rank in the peerage higher than that of earl, the estate should go to his brother, with a like condition, which also failing, it was to pass to another branch of the family.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE (Henry Pelham Fiennes Pelham Clinton) died Jan. 12, at the age of 66. He was one of the most consistent and unbending of the Tory conservative nobility of England, and a most strenuous opponent of every measure of

reform. He said of himself that "on looking back to the past, I can honestly assert that I repent of nothing that I have done. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum*. Such has been the cradle of my opinions: time may have matured them, and given them something like authority; at all events, the sentiments that might have been doubtful, are now rootedly confirmed." Thus incapable of learning by experience, of becoming wiser as a man than he was when a boy, his political career was thoroughly consistent. He was alike opposed to Catholic emancipation, the repeal of the Test Act, and any modification of the Corn Laws. When Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, he refused, in spite of the positive demand of Government, to insert in the commission of the peace the names of two gentlemen who were not members of the Established Church. When the Reform Bill was in agitation, he stood up manfully for the rotten boroughs which enabled him to return six members to the House of Commons, the disfranchisement of which cost him a large sum which he had invested in property of which the franchise constituted the main value. His hereditary possessions were very large, and by his wife he obtained estates to the value of £12,000 per annum, besides personal property to the amount of £200,000; yet, owing to extensive purchases of unproductive estates, he was embarrassed in pecuniary matters. Apart from his narrow and bigoted politics, his character was marked by many noble and excellent traits.

FREDERICK BASTIAT, the leader of the free-trade party in France, died at Rome, on the 24th of December. He was a member of the National Assembly; and his death was hastened by his severe and protracted labors during the last session. His essays, bearing the general title of *Sophismes Economiques*, originally published in a periodical, the *Journal des Economistes*, of which he was editor, have been made known to the American public through the columns of the *Evening Post*, which is a sufficient guarantee of their authority with the upholders of that policy.

W. H. MAXWELL, the Irish novelist, died at Musselburg, near Edinburgh, December 29. In early life he was a captain in the British army, and noted for his social qualities. He subsequently entered the Church, and obtained the benefice of prebendary of Balla, a wild district in Connaught, with an income, but no congregation or official duties. Among his works we recollect "Hector O'Halloran," "Story of My Life," "Wild Sports of the West," and many humorous sketches in the periodical literature of the day.

PROFESSOR SCHUMACHER, the Astronomer of the Observatory at Altona, died on the 28th of December, in his 71st year. For many years he conducted the *Astronomische Nachrichten*, in which capacity he was well known in the scientific world. He had been successively Professor of Astronomy at the University of Copenhagen, and Director of the Observatory at Mannheim, in Baden. From 1817 to 1821 he measured the length of the degree of longitude from Copenhagen to the western coast of Jutland, and that of the degree of latitude from the northern extremity of Jutland to the frontiers of Hanover. He subsequently executed for the English Government the measure of the difference of longitude between the observatories of Greenwich and Altona.

Literary Notices.

The Howadji; or, Nile Notes (published by Harper and Brothers), is a new volume of Oriental travels, by a young New-Yorker, describing a voyage on the Nile and the marvels of Egypt, with a freshness and originality that give it all the fascination of a romance. Speaking in the character of the Howadji, which is the name given by the Egyptians to foreign travelers, the author describes a succession of rare incidents, revealing the very heart of Eastern life, and transporting us into the midst of its dim, cloud-like scenes, so as to impress us with the strongest sense of reality. He does not claim the possession of any antiquarian lore; he has no ambition to win the fame of a discoverer; nor in the slightest degree is he a collector of statistical facts. He leaves aside all erudite speculations, allowing the moot points of geography and history to settle themselves, and gives himself up to the dreamy fancies and romantic musings which cluster round the imagination in the purple atmosphere of the East. His work is, in fact, a gorgeous prose-poem, inspired by his recollections of strange and vivid experiences, and clothed in the quaint, picturesque costume which harmonizes with his glowing Oriental visions. No previous traveler has been so richly imbued with the peculiar spirit of the East. His language is pervaded with its luxurious charm. Bathed in the golden light of that sunny clime, his words breathe a delicious enchantment, and lull the soul in softest reveries. The descriptive portions of the book are often diversified with a vein of profound and tender reflection, and with incidental critical allusions to Art, which have the merit both of acuteness and originality. From the uncommon force and freedom of mind, exhibited in this volume, with its genuine poetic inspirations, we foresee that a brilliant career in letters is opened to the author, if his ambition or tastes impel him to that sphere of activity.

Crumbs from the Land o' Cakes, by JOHN KNOX (published by Gould and Lincoln), is a rapid sketch of a tour in Scotland, by an enthusiastic admirer and native of that country. It makes no pretensions to originality or literary skill, but written without affectation, and from recent actual experience, it makes a very readable volume. The title is quaintly explained in the preface. "Crumbs are but trifles, though a morsel of manchineel may poison a man, and the same quantity of gingerbread may tickle his palate; but the crumbs here presented do not belong to either class. All Scotchmen know that the cakes for which their native land is celebrated are made of oatmeal (baked hard); which, though substantial, are very dry: this consideration will show the propriety of the title. It is also appropriate in another respect, for the writer is conscious that these fragmentary notes of travel in his native country are, in comparison to the richness of the materials and the subject, but as the crumbs to the loaf."

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston, have published a third volume of DE QUINCY'S *Writings*, comprising his *Miscellaneous Essays* on sacred subjects, of which the quaint peculiarity of the title is suggestive of the bold, fanciful genius of the

author. Among them, we find "Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts;" "The Vision of Sudden Death;" "Dinner, Real and Reputed," and others, all redolent of the strange imaginative conceits, the playful toying with language, and the startling intensity of description which characterize the Visions of the English Opium Eater.

The same house have issued a neat duodecimo edition of GOETHE'S *Faust*, translated by HAYWARD, of which the curious aesthetic and philological merits are well known to every German scholar. It is an almost literal transcript of the original into English prose, but executed with such a profound appreciation of its spirit, such nice verba accuracy, and such exquisite handling of the delicate mechanism of language, as to present a more faithful idea of the wild and marvelous beauty of the great German poem, than the most successful translation in verse. According to Mr. Hayward's theory of translation, "If the English reader, not knowing German, be made to stand in the same relation to Faust as the English reader, thoroughly acquainted with German stands in toward it—that is, if the same impressions be conveyed through the same sort of medium, whether bright or dusky, coarse or fine—the very extreme point of a translator's duty has been attained." The loudly-expressed verdict of competent literary judges (so far as we know without a dissenting voice), and the numerous editions it has gone through on both sides of the Atlantic, are ample proofs of the felicitous and effective manner in which the translator has completed the task thus imposed upon himself. The Preface and Notes attached to this volume, show the vivacity of his genius, and his rich stores of choice learning.

Lavengro: The Scholar—The Gipsy—The Priest, by GEORGE BORROW (published by Harper and Brothers, and George P. Putnam), is the title of certain portions of the unique autobiography of the erratic author of "The Bible in Spain." Among the many things which he professes to have aimed at in this book, is the encouragement of charity, and free and genial manners, as well as the exposure of humbug in various forms. The incidents related are in accordance with this design. Borrow's early life was filled with strange and startling adventures. With a taste from the cradle for savage freedom, he never became subject to social conventionalisms. His soul expanded in the free air, by the side of running streams, and in the mountain regions of liberty. He received the strongest impressions from all the influences of nature. He was led by a strange magnetism to intimacy with the most eccentric characters. An ample fund of material for an interesting narrative was thus provided. He has made use of them in his own peculiar and audacious manner. A more self-reliant writer is not to be found in English literature. He has no view to the effect of his words on the reader, but aims only to tell the story with which his mind teems. Hence his pages are as fresh as morning dew, and often run riot with a certain gipsy wildness. His narrative has little continuity. He piles up isolated incidents, which remain in his memory, but with no regard to regu-

lar sequence or completeness. On this account he is sometimes not a little provoking. He shuts off the stream at the moment your curiosity is most strongly excited. But the joyous freedom of his spirit, his consummate skill as a story teller, and the startling eccentricities of his life, so little in accordance with the tameness and dull proprieties of English society, give an elastic vitality to his book, and make it of more interest to the reader than almost any recent issue of the English press.

Harper and Brothers have commenced the publication of a new series of juvenile tales by JACOB ABBOTT, entitled *The Franconia Stories*. The first volume, called *Malleville*, is a very agreeable narrative of life in New Hampshire, abounding in attractive incidents, and related in the fresh and natural style for which the author is justly celebrated. This series is intended by the author to exert a kindly moral influence on the hearts and dispositions of the readers, although it will contain little formal exhortation and instruction. He has no doubt hit upon the true philosophy, in this respect, nothing being so distasteful to a young reader as the interruption of the narrative by the statement of a moral, unless he can contrive to swallow the sugar, while he rejects the medicine. Mr. Abbott relies on his quiet and peaceful pictures of happy domestic life, and the expression of such sentiments and feelings as it is desirable to exhibit in the presence of children. He is far more sure of the effect aimed at by this method, than by any insipid dilutions of Solomon or Seneca.

The Practical Cook-Book (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) is the title of a new work on gastronomic science, by a Lady of Boston, which brings the taste and philosophy of that renowned seat of the Muses to the elucidation of the mysteries of the cuisine. The young housekeeper will be saved from many perplexities by consulting its lucid oracles.

Edward H. Fletcher has published a new edition of the celebrated *Discourse on Missions*, by JOHN FOSTER, delivered in 1818, before the London Baptist Missionary Society, with a Preliminary Essay on the Skepticism of the Church, by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle. It is republished in this country with a view to counteract the impression since made by the extraordinary writer, in his critique on Rev. Dr. Harris's popular work, "The Great Commission," in which Foster alludes to the missionary enterprise in terms of disparagement, giving the opposers of evangelical missions and evangelical religion the sanction of his great name, and the authority of his latest opinions. In the opinion of the Editor, no better refutation of his argument can be given than is contained in the Missionary Discourse from Mr. Foster's own pen. Being written in the maturity of his intellect, and regarded by himself as one of his most successful efforts, it may be taken as a more authentic expression of his opinions than the letter to Dr. Harris, which was written in his old age: an old age rendered gloomy and morose by seclusion from the world, and by the failure of the schemes which he had fondly cherished in more ardent years. The character of the Discourse is tersely summed up in a short paragraph by Mr. Thompson. "In the thoroughness of its discussion and the comprehensiveness of its view; in the clearness and strength of its reasoning, and the force and beauty of its diction; in the glow of its sentiment, and the sublimity of its faith, this discourse stands at the head of productions of its class, as an exhibition of the grandeur of the work of

missions, and of the imperative claims of that work upon the Church of Christ. There is nothing in it local or temporary, but it comes to Christians of this generation with all the freshness and power which thirty years ago attended its delivery." The Preliminary Essay by the Editor is a vigorous and uncompromising attack on the prevalent skepticism of the Church in respect to the obligations of the Missionary Enterprise.

J. S. Redfield has issued a work on *The Restoration of the Jews*, by SETH LEWIS, in which the author maintains the doctrine of a literal return of the Jews to Palestine, and the second coming of Christ in connection with that event. Mr. Lewis, whose death took place one or two years since, at an advanced old age, was one of the District Judges of the State of Louisiana, and highly respected for his learning and ability, as well as his exemplary private character. He was devoted to the study of the Scriptures, and presents the fruits of his research with modesty and earnestness, though hardly in a manner adapted to produce a general conviction of the correctness of his views.

The same publisher has issued *A Practical System of Modern Geography*, by JOHN F. ANDERSON, a successful teacher of one of the Public Schools in this city. The leading features of this little work are brevity, clearness, and simplicity. The author has aimed to present a practical system of Geography, unconnected with subjects not pertaining to the science, in a manner adapted to facilitate the rapid progress of the pupil. We think that he has met with great success in the accomplishment of his plan.

Tallis, Willoughby, and Co. continue the serial publication of *The Life of Christ*, by JOHN FLEETWOOD, which beautiful work is now brought down to the Twelfth Number. It is embellished with exquisite engravings, and in all respects is worthy of a place in every family.

The same house are bringing out *Scripture Illustrations for the Young*, by FREDERICK BAMBRIDGE, in a style of peculiar beauty—a work every way adapted to charm the taste and inform the mind of the juvenile reader.

The Dove and the Eagle (published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, Boston) is a slight satirical poem, with some clever hits at transcendentalism, socialism, teetotalism, woman's-rights-ism, and other rampant hobbies of the day.

Among the latest republications of Robert Carter and Brothers, we find a neat edition of *Young's Night Thoughts*, printed on excellent white paper, in a convenient, portable form; *The Principles of Geology Explained*, by Rev. DAVID KING, showing the relations of that science to natural and revealed religion; *The Listener*, by CAROLINE FRY; the able and elaborate work on *The Method of the Divine Government*, by JAMES M'COSH; and *Daily Bible Illustrations*, by JOHN KITTO, in three volumes. This last work has gained an extensive popularity in England, and has the rare merit of presenting the scenes of Sacred History in a vivid and picturesque light, with a rare freedom from bombast on the one hand, and from weak commonplace on the other.

The Carters have recently published a new edition of Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY's popular contribution to the cause of Temperance, entitled *Water Drops*, consisting of an original collection of stories, essays, and short poems, illustrative of the benefits of total abstinence. The Eighth Edition of Dr. G. B. CHEEVER's *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*, is also just issued by the same house.

The History of the United States, by RICHARD HILDRETH, Vol. IV. (published by Harper and Brothers), commences a new series of his great historical work, embracing the period subsequent to the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1789, and reaching to the close of Mr. Monroe's first Presidential term in 1821. The volume now issued is devoted to the administration of Washington, and gives a condensed and intelligible view of the early development of American legislation, of the gradual formation of the parties which have since borne the most conspicuous part in our national politics, and of the character and influence of the statesmen who presided over the first operations of the Federal Government.

With a greater vivacity of style than is shown in the preceding volumes, the present exhibits the results of no less extensive research, and a more profound spirit of reflection. Mr. Hildreth evidently aims at a rigid impartiality in his narrative of political events, although he never affects an indifference toward the pretensions of conflicting parties. His sympathies are strongly on the side of Washington, Hamilton, and Jay, with regard to the questions that soon embarrassed the first administration. While he presents a lucid statement of the principles at issue, he takes no pains to conceal his own predilections, always avoiding, however, the tone of a heated partisan. This portion of his work, accordingly, is more open to criticism, than his account of the earlier epochs of American history. The political devotee may be shocked at the uncompromising treatment of some of his favorites, while he can not fail to admit the ability which is evinced in the estimate of their characters.

Among the topics which occupy an important place in this volume, are the Inauguration of the Federal Government, the establishment of the Revenue System, the Financial Policy of Hamilton, the Growth of Party Divisions, the Insurrection in Pennsylvania, Mr. Jay's Treaty with England, and Mr. Monroe's Mission to France. These are handled with great fullness and clearness of detail, with a sound and discriminating judgment, and in a style which, though seldom graphic and never impassioned, has the genuine historical merits of precision, energy, and point. We rejoice to welcome this series as an admirable introduction to the political history of our Republic, and shall look for its completion with impatience.

LOSSING'S *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution* (published by Harper and Brothers) has now reached the close of the First Volume. Its interest has continued without diminution through the successive Numbers. The liveliness of the narrative, as well as the beauty of the embellishments, has given this work a wide popularity, which we have no doubt it will fully sustain by the character of the subsequent volumes. The union of history, biographical incidents, and personal anecdotes is one of its most attractive features, and in the varied intercourse of Mr. Lossing with the survivors of the Revolutionary struggle, and the descendants of those who have deceased, he has collected an almost exhaustless store of material for this purpose, which he has shown himself able to work up with admirable effect.

The United States: Its Power and Progress (published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) is a translation by EDMUND L. DU BARRY of the Third Paris edition of a work by M. POUSSIN, late Minister of France to the United States. It presents a systematic historical view of the early colonization of the country, with an elaborate description of the

means of national defense, and of agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and education in the United States. M. Poussin had some excellent qualifications for the performance of this task. Residing in this country for many years, he was able to speak from experience of the practical working of republican institutions. Connected with the Board of Engineers appointed by the American Government for topographical surveys in reference to future military operations, he had attained an exact knowledge of our geographical position, and the whole organization of our internal improvements. A decided republican in feeling, his warmest sympathies were with the cause of political progress in this country. Free from the aristocratic prejudices of the Old World, the rapid development of social prosperity in the United States was a spectacle which he could not contemplate with indifference. Hence his volume is characterized not only by breadth of information, but by fairness of judgment. If he sometimes indulges a French taste for speculative theories, he is, in general, precise and accurate in his statements of facts. His description of our organization for the defense of the coast and the frontiers is quite complete, and drawn to a great degree from personal observation, may be relied on as authentic. We can freely commend this work to the European who would attain a correct view of the social condition, political arrangements, and industrial resources of the United States, as well as to our own citizens who are often so absorbed in the practical operations of our institutions as to lose sight of their history and actual development.

Salander and the Dragon, by FREDERIC WILLIAM SHELTON (published by George P. Putnam and Samuel Hueston), is a more than commonly successful attempt in a difficult species of composition, and one in which the disgrace of failure is too imminent to present a strong temptation to any but aspirants of the most comfortable self-complacency. Mr. Shelton, however, has little to fear from the usual perils that beset this path of literary effort. He has a genius for the vocation. With such a fair fruitage, from the first experiment, we hope he will allow no rust to gather on his implements.

Salander is a black, or rather greenish monster of a dwarf, without bones, capable of being doubled into all shapes, like a strip of India Rubber, and stretching himself out like the same. He was committed for safe-keeping to the jailer of an important fortress, called the Hartz Prison. The jailer, whose name was Goodman, held the place under the Lord of Consienza, a noble of the purest blood, and very strict toward his vassals. After suffering no slight annoyance from the pranks of the horrid imp, the jailer applied to the lord of the castle for relief, who told him that the rascally prisoner had been imposed upon him by forged orders, but now that he had him in possession, he must guard him with the strictest vigilance, and subject him to the most severe treatment. The adventures of the jailer with the infernal monster compose the materials of the allegory, which is conducted with no small skill, and with uncommon beauty of expression. The upshot of the story is to illustrate the detestable effects of slander, a vice which the author treats with a wholesome bitterness of invective, regarding it as one of the most diabolical forms of the unpardonable sin. It could not be incarnated in a more loathsome body than that of the hideous Salander. We can only tolerate his presence on account of the exceeding beauty of the environment in which he is placed.

Geo. P. Putnam has published the Fifth Volume of COOPER'S *Leather-Stocking Tales*, containing *The Prairie*, with an original Introduction and Notes by the author. In this volume we have the last scenes in the exciting career of Leather-Stocking, who has been driven from the forest by the sound of the ax, and forced to seek a desperate refuge in the bleak plains that skirt the Rocky Mountains. The new generation of readers, that have not yet become acquainted with this noble creation, have a pleasure in store that the veteran novel-reader may well envy.

An Address by HENRY B. STANTON, and *Poem* by ALFRED B. STREET pronounced before the Literary Societies of Hamilton College, are issued in a neat pamphlet by Rogers and Sherman Utica. Mr. Stanton's Address presents a comparative estimate of Ultraists, Conservatives, and Reformers, as mingled in the conflicting classes of American Society, using the terms to designate forces now in operation rather than parties and with no special reference to combinations of men which have been thus denominated. His views are brought forward with vigor and discrimination, and free from the offensive tone which discussions of this nature are apt to produce. In applying the principles of his Address to the subject of American literature, he forcibly maintains the absurdity of an abject dependence on the ancient classics. "I would not speak disparagingly of the languages of Greece and Rome. As mere inventions, pieces of mechanism, they are as perfect as human lip ever uttered, as exquisite as mortal pen ever wrote; and the study of the literature they embalm refines the taste and strengthens the mind. But while the writers of Greece and Rome are retained in our academic halls, they should not be allowed to exclude those authors whose researches have enlarged the boundaries of knowledge, and whose genius has added new beauties to the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Let Homer and Shakspeare, Virgil and Milton, Plato and Bacon, Herodotus and Macaulay, Livy and Bancroft, Xenophon and Prescott, Demosthenes and Webster, Cicero and Brougham, stand on the same shelves, and be studied by the same classes."

Mr. STREET'S Poem is a polished and graceful description of the romantic scenery of the Mohawk Valley, interspersed with several striking Indian legends, comparing the tranquil happiness of the present day, with the carnage and misery of the old warfare. Mr. Street gives a pleasing picture in the following animated verses:

View the lovely valley now!
Villages strew, like jewels on a chain,
All its bright length. Whole miles of level grain,
With leagues of meadow-land and pasture-field,
Cover its surface; gray roads wind about,
O'er which the farmer's wagon clattering rolls,
And the red mail-coach. Bridges cross the streams,
Roofed, with great spider-webs of beams within.

Homesteads to homesteads flash their window-
gleams,

Like friends they talk by language of the eye;
Upon its iron strips the engine shoots,
(That half-tamed savage with its boiling heart
And flaming veins, its warwhoop and its plume,
That seems to fly in sullen rage along—
Rage at its captors—and that only waits
Its time to dash its victims to quick death).
Swift as the swallow skims, that engine fleets
Through all the streaming landscape of green field
And lovely village. On their pillared lines,
Distances flash to distances their thoughts,
And all is one abode of all the joy
And happiness that civilization yields.

Harper and Brothers have republished from the English edition Lord HOLLAND'S *Foreign Reminiscences*, edited by his son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland—a book which has excited great attention from the English press, and will be read with interest by the lovers of political anecdote in this country. It is filled with rapid, gossiping notices of the principal European celebrities of the past generation, and devotes a large space to personal recollections of the Emperor Napoleon. Lord Holland writes in an easy conversational style, and his agreeable memoirs bear internal marks of authenticity.

Jane Bouverie, by CATHERINE SINCLAIR, is a popular English novel (republished by Harper and Brothers), intended to sketch a portrait of true feminine loveliness, without an insipid formality and without any romantic impossibilities of perfection. The denouement has the rare peculiarity of not ending in marriage, the heroine remaining in the class of single ladies, designated by the author as *par excellence* "The Sisters of England."

London Labor and the London Poor, by HENRY MAYHEW (republished by Harper and Brothers), is the title of a work of the deepest interest and importance to all who wish to obtain a comprehensive view of the present condition of industry and its rewards in the metropolis of Great Britain. It consists of the series of papers formerly contributed by the author to the *Morning Chronicle*, entirely rewritten and enlarged by the addition of a great variety of facts and descriptions. The author has devoted his attention for some time past to the state of the working classes. He has collected an immense number of facts, illustrative of the subject, which are now brought to light for the first time. His evident sympathies with the poor do not blind his judgment. His statements are made after careful investigation, and show no disposition to indulge in theoretic inferences. As a vivid picture of London life, in the obscure by-ways, concerning which little is generally known, his work possesses an uncommon value. It is to be issued in successive parts, illustrated with characteristic engravings, the first of which only has yet appeared in the present edition.

Harper and Brothers have published a new English novel by the author of *Mary Barton*, entitled *The Moorland Cottage*, a pleasing domestic story of exquisite beauty.

Three Leaves from Punch.

LECTURES ON LETTERS.

WE find in a recent number of that well-known and reliable newspaper, the London PUNCH, an interesting sketch of a new and improved system of teaching the elementary branches of education. It proceeds upon principles somewhat different from those which have generally obtained in the popular methods of instruction. It was prepared by the Editor of the journal referred to, for the Council of Education established a few years since by the English Government, for the express purpose of discussing and promoting improved methods of public teaching. In a note accompanying the work, the author states that, as soon as it was completed, he forwarded it, by

THE PARCELS CONVEYANCE COMPANY,



with a polite note to the Secretary of the Council.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to present to the readers of the New Monthly Magazine a full description of this novel work. We can only give a slight sketch of the manner in which it proposes to teach the Alphabet. The author thinks that, in the systems in general use hitherto, advantage has not been sufficiently taken of the pictorial form, as capable of connecting with the alphabet, not only agreeable associations, but many useful branches of knowledge.



He would begin with the letter **A**, by rendering it attractive to children as a swing, and the

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opportunity might then be taken of leading the conversation to the swing of the pendulum, the laws which govern its oscillations, and the experiments of Maupertius, Clairault, and Lemonnier, upon its variations in different latitudes.



G, the child might be told, stands for George, and the pictorial illustrations of St. George and the dragon (the latter about to swallow its own tail) would enable the teacher to enter upon a disquisition relative to the probable Eastern origin of the legendary stories of the middle ages.



H would naturally suggest reminiscences of modern English history. The teacher would give some account of George Fox, the first Quaker, and of the singular customs and opinions of the sect he founded. Thence the child might be led to perceive the evils of schism, and the legitimate, and mischievous consequences of that right of private judgment still claimed by a small, but happily now an influential minority in the established church.



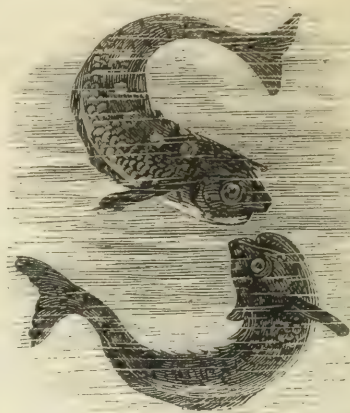
J might introduce some profitable remarks upon Natural History, when the difference could be explained between bipeds by nature, and quadrupeds who become bipeds only for selfish ends.



Advantage might be taken of the pictorial illustration of **K** to lay the foundation of an acquaintance both with the science of Pneumatics, and with Captain Reid's theory of the laws affecting the course of storms.



With the letter **M** the child might learn the meaning of what is termed the centre of gravity, so important to be maintained by ladies walking on stilts.



The letter **S**, reminding the teacher of *Pisces—fishes*—one of the signs of the Zodiac, would furnish him with a suitable opportunity for discoursing upon Astronomy. Afterward he might take up the subject of Ichthyology, and speak of the five orders, *the apodal, the jugular, the abdominal, the thoracic, and cartilaginous*, species, into which the great family of fishes is divided.

The Editor of this work gives also a general outline of the manner in which this system was received by the Council, when it was first brought to their notice. The President was so highly delighted with it, that he not only promised to give the matter still further consideration, but invited the author to bring forward certain other works for infancy, upon which, it was generally understood, he had been engaged. To this polite invitation the Editor replied that he had been able as yet to complete only two works of this description, namely, the delightful Poem,

HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE,



and the equally interesting and still more tragic history of

COCK ROBBIN.



He thought the teacher could not better follow out Dr. Watts's idea of "improving the shining hour," than by rendering the same lesson of industry available for a full account of the genus *apis*, taking care not to confound in the child's mind the *apis* of entomology with *apis* the bull, worshiped by the ancient Egyptians. With regard to the historical work referred to, it was high time that the juvenile mind should be disabused of a popular error. The facts were, that a man of the name of *Sparrow* had robbed a farm-yard of its poultry, for which offense, after being taken and made to confess his guilt, he was transported. The crime and punishment were suggestive of many useful reflections upon the importance of honesty; but the facts were ludicrously distorted and deprived of all their moral force in the spurious account published by certain booksellers in St. Paul's Church-yard of the same transaction. A question is asked, "Who kill'd Cock Robin?" and the following answer is given:

"I says the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin!!!"

In continuing his account of this interview, the Editor introduces the new system of musical notation, which he also brought to the notice of the Council, and which they all agreed would be found exceedingly useful in

ASSISTING A PUPIL UP THE GAMUT.



But into this branch of the subject we can not follow him. In fact, the Editor states that, at this point of his exposition, he was constrained to desist by noticing that several members of the Council had become so deeply impressed with the merits of his pictorial system, that they were illustrating it in their own persons, by throwing themselves into the form of

THE LETTER **Y**



PUNCH ON SPECIAL PLEADING.

INTRODUCTION.

BEFORE administering law between litigating parties, there are two things to be done—in addition to the parties themselves—namely, first to ascertain the subject for decision, and, secondly, to complicate it so as to make it difficult to decide. This is effected by letting the lawyers state in complicated terms the simple cases of their clients, and thus raising from these opposition statements a mass of entanglement which the clients themselves might call nasty crotchets, but which the lawyers term "nice points." In every subject of dispute with two sides to it, there is a right and a wrong, but in the style of putting the contending statements, so as to confuse the right and the wrong together, the science of special pleading consists. This system is of such remote antiquity, that nobody knows the beginning of it, and this accounts for no one being able to appreciate its end. The accumulated chicanery and blundering of several generations, called in forensic language the "wisdom of successive ages," gradually brought special pleading into its present shape, or, rather, into its present endless forms. Its extensive drain on the pockets of the suitors has rendered it always an important branch of legal study, while, when properly understood, it appears an instrument so beautifully calculated for distributive justice, that, when brought to bear upon property, it will often distribute the whole of it among the lawyers, and leave nothing for the litigants themselves.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE PROCEEDINGS IN AN ACTION, FROM ITS COMMENCEMENT TO ITS TERMINATION.

ACTIONS are divided into *Real*, in which there is often much sham; *Personal*, in which the personality is frequently indulged in by Counsel, at the expense of the witnesses; and *Mixed*, in which a great deal of pure nonsense sometimes prevails. The Legislature being at last sensible to the shamness of *Real*, and the pure nonsense of *Mixed* actions, abolished all except four, and for the learning on these subjects, now become obsolete, we must refer to the "books," which have been transferred to the shops of Butter, from the shop of Butterworth.*

There are three superior Courts of Common Law, one of their great points of superiority being their superior expense, which saves the Common Law from being so common as to be positively vulgar; and its high price gives it one of the qualities of a luxury, rendering it *caviare* to the million, or indeed to any but the *millionaire*. These Courts are the Queen's Bench—a bench which five judges sit upon; the Exchequer, whose sign is a chess or draught-board—some say to show how difficult is the game of law, while others maintain it is merely emblematic of the drafts on the pockets of the suitor; and thirdly, the Common Pleas, which took its title, possi-

* Butterworth—the Law Publisher in Fleet street.

bly, from the fact of the lawyers finding the profits such as to make them un-Common-ly Pleas'd.

The real and mixed actions not yet abolished, are—1st, the Writ of Right of Dower, and 2d, the Writ of Dower; both relating to widows; but as widows are formidable persons to go to law against, these actions are seldom used. The third is the action of *Quare Impedit*, which would be brought against me by a parson if I kept him out of his living; but as the working parsons find it difficult to get a living, this action is also rare. The fourth is the action of Ejectment, for the recovery of land, which is the only action that can not be brought without some ground.

Of personal actions, the most usual are debt, and a few others; but we will begin by going into debt as slightly as possible. The action of debt is founded on some contract, real or supposed, and when there has been no contract, the law, taking a contracted view of matters, will have a contract implied. Debt, like every other personal action, begins with a summons, in which VICTORIA comes "greeting;" which means, according to JOHNSON, "saluting in kindness," "congratulating," or "paying compliments at a distance;" but, considering the unpleasant nature of a writ at all times, we can not help thinking that the word "greeting" is misapplied. The writ commands you to enter an appearance within eight days, and, by way of assisting you to make an appearance, the writ invests you, as it were, with a new suit.

The action of Covenant lies for breach of covenant, that is to say, a promise under seal; and under wafer it is just as binding, for you are equally compelled to stick to it like wax.

The action of *Detinue* lies where a party seeks to recover what is detained from him; though it does not seem that a gentleman detaining a newspaper more than ten minutes at a coffee-house would be liable to detinue, though the action would be an ungentlemanly one, to say the least of it.

The action of Trespass lies for any injury committed with violence, such as assault and battery, either actual or implied; as, if A, while making pancakes, throws an egg-shell at B, the law will imply battery, though the egg-shell was empty.

The action of Trespass on the Case lies, where a party seeks damages for a wrong to which trespass will not apply—where, in fact, a man has not been assaulted or hurt in his person, but where he has been hurt in that tender part—his pocket. Of this action there are two species, called *assumpsit*, by which the law—at no time very unassuming—assumes that a person, legally liable to do a thing, has promised to do it, however unpromising such person may be; and *trover*, which seeks to recover damages for property which it is supposed the defendant found and converted, so that an action might perhaps be brought in this form, to recover from Popery those who have been found and converted

to the use, or rather lost and converted to the abuses, of the Romish Church.

Having gone slightly into the different forms of actions; having just tapped the reader on the shoulder with a writ in each case, which, by the way, should be personally served on him at home, though the bailiff runs the risk of getting sometimes served out, we shall proceed to trial—perhaps, of the reader's patience—in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE DECLARATION.

THE writ being now served, it is next to be returned, and this is sometimes done by giving it back at once to the bailiff or throwing it in his face. Such quick returns as these would bring such very small profit to a plaintiff that they are not allowable, and the writ can only be returned by the sheriff bringing it back, on a certain day, into the superior court. He then gives a short account, in writing, of the manner in which the writ has been executed; but, if the bailiff has been pumped upon—as we find reported in SHOWER—or pelted with oysters, as in SHELLEY's case, or kicked down stairs, as he was in FOOT against the Sheriff, it does not seem that the particulars need be set forth.

If the defendant does not appear within eight days after the writ has come "greeting," as if it would say, "my service to you," the plaintiff may, in most cases, appear for him; and this shows how true it is that appearances are often deceitful and treacherous; for, when a plaintiff appears for a defendant, it is only to have an opportunity of appearing against him at the next step.

The pleadings now commence, which were originally delivered orally by the parties themselves in open Court, when success might depend on length of tongue; but the parties themselves being got rid of, in the modern practice, and the lawyers coming in to represent them, success usually depends on length of purse. The object of pleading, whether oral or written, is to bring the parties to an issue; which means, literally, a way out; but, in practice, the effect of getting plaintiff and defendant to an issue is to let them both regularly in.

Almost all pleas, except those of the simplest kind, must be signed by a barrister; who does not usually draw the plea, but he merely draws the half guinea for the use of his name. The pleading begins with the declaration, in which the plaintiff is supposed to state the cause of action; but in which he gives such an exaggerated account of his grievances, that not more than one-tenth of what he states, is to be believed. For example, if A has had his nose slightly pulled by B, the former proceeds to say that "the defendant, with force and arms, and with great force and violence, seized, laid hold of, pulled, plucked, and tore, and with his fists, gave and struck a great many violent blows, and strokes, on and about, divers parts of the plaintiff's nose." If JONES has been given into

custody by SMITH, without sufficient reason; and JONES brings an action for false imprisonment; instead of saying, "he was compelled to go to a station-house," he declares that the defendant, "with force, and arms, seized, laid hold of, and with great violence pulled, and dragged, and gave, and struck a great many violent blows and strokes, and forced, and compelled him—the plaintiff—to go in and along divers public streets and highways, to a police office; whereby the plaintiff was not only greatly hurt, bruised, and wounded, but was also kept."

If SNOOKS's dog bites THOMSON's pet lamb, SNOOKS declares, "That defendant did willfully and injuriously keep a certain dog, he, the defendant, well knowing that the said dog was and continued to be fierce and mad, and accustomed to attack, bite, injure, hurt, chase, worry, harass, tear, agitate, wound, lacerate, snap at, and kill sheep and lambs, and that the said dog afterward to wit, on the — day of —, and divers other days, did attack (&c., &c., down to) and kill one hundred sheep and one hundred lambs of the plaintiff; whereby the said sheep and the said lambs (it will be remembered there was only one lamb), were greatly terrified, damaged, injured, hurt, deteriorated, frightened, depreciated, floored, flustered, and flabbergasted, to the damage of the plaintiff of £—, and therefore he brings his suit."

The various forms of declaration are so numerous, that they fill a volume of 700 large pages of Chitty, who is quite chatty on this dry subject, so much does he find to say with regard to it. To this able and amusing writer we refer those who are curious to know how a school-master may declare for "work and labor, care, diligence, and attendance of himself, his ushers and teachers, there performed and bestowed in and about the teaching, instructing, boarding, educating, lodging, flogging, enlightening, thrashing, washing, whipping, and otherwise soundly improving divers infants and persons." These, and almost all other conceivable causes of action, are dealt with fully in the pages to which we allude, and all therefore who wish the treat of going to law, are referred to the treatise alluded to

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.

(FROM OUR OWN PROTECTIONIST.)

THIS melancholy event came off last week, when prizes were distributed to the breeders of the very leanest stock—a brass band, the horns and ophicleides draped with black crape, playing funeral airs at intervals. The results of free trade were never more shockingly conspicuous than in the shadowy forms of steers and oxen; while there was a pen of a dozen pigs, scarcely one of which was visible to the naked eye. We observed more than one benevolent lady weeping pearls over indefinite things that had vainly struggled to become porkers. There were sheep that were nothing but the merest bladebones, here and there covered with threads of worsted. The QUEEN and PRINCE

ALBERT, with two of the little Princes, visited the spectacle, contemplating it with becoming gravity. The Prince carried away the prize for a bull that was only visible when placed under a glass of forty Opera power. Occasionally, an acute ear might detect sounds that a liberal mind might interpret as ghost-like bellowsings—spectral bleatings—with now and then an asthmatic attempt at a grunt. The DUKE OF WELLINGTON's battering-ram is not to be seen when looked at in front; but only from either side. It is said to have been fed upon old drum-heads, with occasionally the ribbons of a recruiting sergeant chopped and made into a warm mash. We ought, by the way, to have remarked that the DUKE OF RICHMOND attended, as President, in deep mourning; and bore in his face and manner the profoundest traces of unutterable woe. However, let us proceed to give the list of prizes, all of them so many triumphant proofs of the withering influence of Free-Trade.

OXEN OR STEERS.

The DUKE OF RUTLAND carried away the £30 prize for the thinnest steer. It had been fed on waste copies of Protectionist pamphlets with the tune of "The Roast Beef of Old England," played in A flat on a tin trumpet. Some idea may be entertained of the nicety with which the animal had been brought to the lowest point of life, when we state that five minutes after the noble Duke received the prize, the thing died; all the brass band braying "The Roast Beef of Old England" for half-an-hour, in the vain hope of reviving it. The beast was distributed among the Marylebone poor; all of them ordered to appear in spectacles to see, if possible, their proper quantities.

LONG-WOOLED SHEEP.

The DUKE OF ATHOLL bore off the first prize of £20, for an extraordinary specimen of Highland sheep, that both puzzled and delighted the judges. The sheep had been reared upon Highland thistles, according to the Duke's well-known hospitality; and these thistles so judiciously served, that they had taken the place of the wool, growing through the animal's sides, and coating them all over with their brushy points. The REV. MR. BENNETT was present, and was much delighted with his wool of thistles; he is to be presented with a comforter—the thing will be very popular by Christmas, to be called the Atholl Bosom Friend—woven from the fleece. The web, in place of the vulgar linen shirt, is expected to become very general with the ladies and gentlemen who feed upon the honey hived at St. Barnabas.

PIGS.

COLONEL SIETHORP took the prize for the Pig of Lead; so small a pig, that it might creep down the tube of a MORDAN's pencil. MR. DISRAELI sent the shadow of a sow; one of his practical epigrams, showing he had ceased to have even a real squeak for Protection; he also sent a porker that, from its largeness of size—where smallness was the object—was deemed

hopeless of any reward. However, MR. DISRAELI carefully removing a muzzle from the pig's snout, the animal collapsed flat as a crush-hat. The fact is, MR. DISRAELI had, as he afterward averred, seemingly fattened the hog upon a pair of bellows. There are, we have heard, pigs that see the wind; whether MR. DISRAELI's pig is of that sort, the eloquent Protectionist said not. He, however, took a second prize; and next year promises to exhibit a whole litter of the smallest pigs in the world, suckled upon vials of aquafortis.

cows.

The leap of the Cow that jumped over the Moon was exhibited by the DUKE OF RICHMOND. This Cow had been fed on the printer's ink from the *Standard* newspaper, which sufficiently accounts for the daring altitude of its flight. The Duke was proffered the gold medal, but resolutely refused any such vanity.

In conclusion, we are happy to say that the Exhibition was well attended. The thousands of our countrymen who witnessed the wretched condition of the cattle must have carried away with them the profound conviction, that the days of Free Trade are numbered; and that a speedy return to Protection is called for by the interests of man and brute—from Dukes to steers, from Parliament men to pigs.

OUR GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

THERE is so much precious ore being brought from California, that people are beginning to fear gold may become a drug as well as a metal. Already gold fish are quoted at Hungerford market lower than silver, the recent importations having acted even upon the finny tribe, and those with silver scales have had the balance turned in their favor. In Europe, we go to great expense in watering the road to lay the dust; but the gold dust of California is so valuable, that no watering carts are employed, and when a man comes home from a dusty walk he has only to shake his coat, to shake a good round sum into his pocket. In California the housemaids stipulate for the dust as a perquisite, and the "regular dustman" of the place pays an enormous sum for the privilege of acting as "dust-contractor for the district."

UNIVERSAL CONTEMPT OF COURT.

It seems that any person is liable to be committed to prison for his lifetime by the Court of Chancery, as guilty of contempt of Court, for not paying that which he has not to pay, and for not doing other impossibilities. What a number of people might be committed for contempt of the Court of Chancery, if we all expressed our feelings!

STARTLING FACT!



Oxford Swell. "DO YOU MAKE MANY OF THESE MONKEY-JACKETS NOW?"

Snip. "OH DEAR YES, SIR. THERE ARE MORE MONKEYS IN OXFORD THIS TERM THAN EVER, SIR."

Early Spring Fashions.



FIG. 1.—MORNING AND EVENING COSTUMES.

MARCH is a fickle month; one day dallying with Zephyrus in the warm sunlight, and promising verdure and flowers, and the next playing bo-peep with Boreas at every corner, and spreading a mantle of frost or snow over the fields where the early blossoms are venturing forth.

"Now Winter lingers in the lap of Spring,"

and the ladies should remember the trite maxim, when preparing to lay aside their heavy garments,

that "one swallow does not make a Summer." A few sunny days, during this month, will allow a change of out-of-door costume, and for these Fashion has already provided; but generally the winter fabrics and forms will be seasonable till near the close of the month. The PROMENADE COSTUMES are the same as in February, and we omit an illustration of them.

In the large plate, the larger figure on the left, shows a beautiful and graceful style of MORNING

COSTUME. It consists of a robe of blue *brocade*; the high body opens in the front nearly to the waist. The fronts of the skirt are lined with amber satin, and a fulling of the same is placed on the edge of the fronts, graduating in width toward the top, and carried round the neck of the dress.

The sleeves are very wide from the elbow, and lined with amber satin. The edge of the sleeve is left plain, but there is a *rûche* of satin round the middle of the sleeve, just below the elbow. Underdress of jaconet muslin, trimmed with lace, or embroidery. The cap is of *tulle*, with blue trimmings.

The larger figure on the right, exhibits an **EVENING DRESS** of great elegance. A skirt of white satin, the lower part trimmed with narrow folds of the same, put on at equal distances. The sides are decorated with an elongated puffing of satin, surrounded with a fulling of narrow *blonde*. Over this is worn a short round tunic of white *tulle*, encircled with a frilling of *blonde*, and decorated upon each side of the front with two small white roses, surrounded with green leaves. The body plain, pointed, draped with white *tulle* and lace, forming short sleeves. The small figure in the group shows a pretty style of dress for a little Miss. It is of dark blue cachmere, the skirt trimmed with two rows of ribbon-velvet. The cape is formed of narrow folds, open in the front, and continued across with bands of velvet. Pantaloon of embroidered cambric. The bonnet is formed of narrow pink fancy ribbon.



FIG. 2.—MORNING COSTUME.

FIGURE 2 represents another pretty style of **MORNING COSTUME**. It is a high dress of pale blue silk, opening in front nearly to the waist, which is long and pointed. It has a small cape, vandyked at the edge, and trimmed with a narrow fringe, having a heading of velvet; the sleeves to correspond. The skirt is long and full, with three broad flounces deeply vandyked, and edged with two rows of narrow fringe corresponding with those of the capes. The top flounce is headed by a single row of fringe. Underdress and undersleeves, jaconet muslin, trimmed with lace or embroidery. The cap is black lace, with a tie and falls of the same. A full *rûche* of white *tulle* entirely surrounds the face.

In bonnets there are a great variety of new and elegant patterns. The front of the brims continue very large and open, the crowns round, low, and small. FIGURE 3 is rather an exception to the extreme of fashion. It shows a very neat style of



FIG. 3.

plain bonnets suitable for the closing winter. It is of ultramarine velvet, with a broad black lace turned back over the edge, and a deep curtain. A very fashionable style is composed of Orient gray pearl, half satin, half *velours épinglé*, having a very rich effect, and decorated with *touffés maraquis* made of *marabouts*. Several very light and elegant bonnets have appeared, made entirely of *blonde*, and ornamented with pink *marabouts*, and *sablés* with silver, which droops in *touffés* upon the inclined side of the front, while the other side is relieved with a bunch of pink velvet leaves. Another style is very elegant for early Spring, represented in FIGURE 4. It is made of light green fluted ribbon, a plain foundation, over which, at the edge of the front and toward the crown, is the same material, vandyked in pattern. The bonnet front



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

is waved. Bonnets of white silk (FIGURE 5) trimmed with lace, quite small and ornamented in the front with small bunches of flowers, are fashionable for a carriage costume.

The season for balls is nearly over. Dresses for these assemblies are made of light material, and with two or three skirts. One charming model is composed of white *tulle*, with three skirts trimmed all round with a broad open-worked satin ribbon; the third skirt being raised on one side, and attached with a large bouquet of flowers, while the ribbon is twisted, and ascends to the side of the waist, where it finishes. The same kind of flowers ornament the sleeves and centre of the corsage, which is also trimmed with a deep drapery of *tulle*.

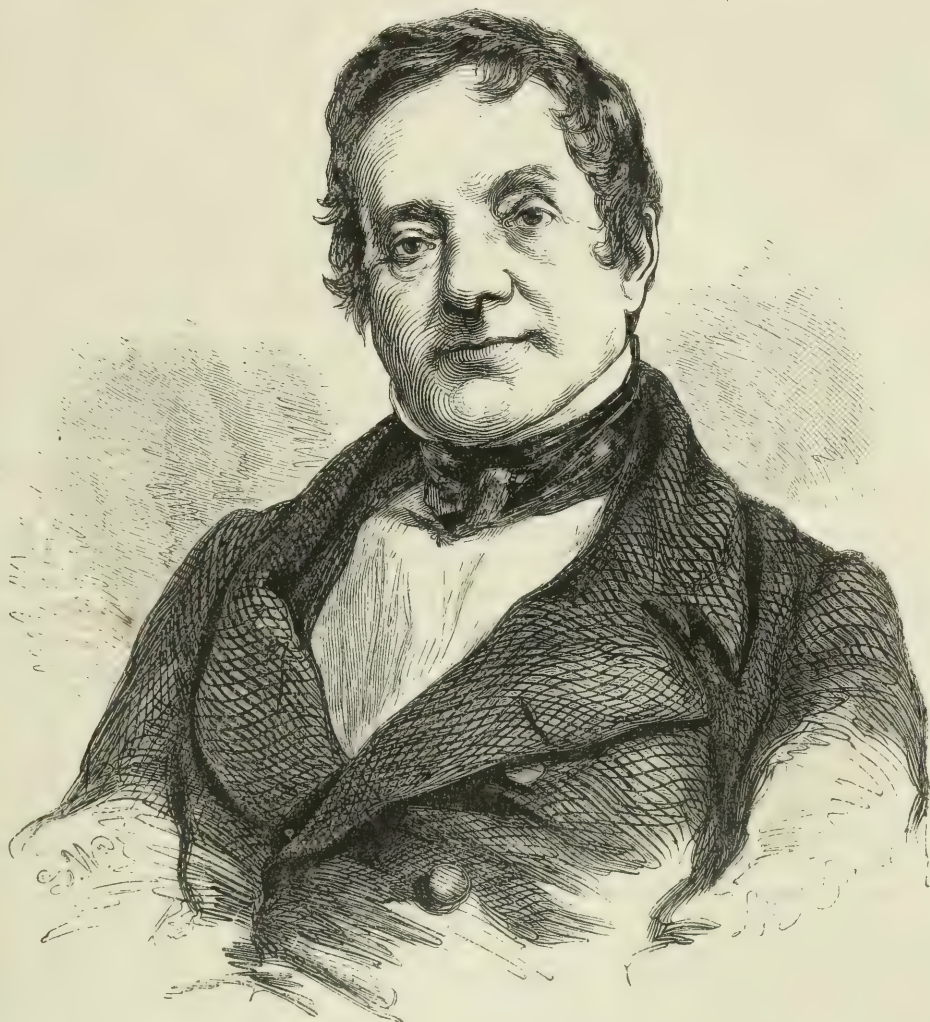
Feather trimmings are now much in vogue, disposed on fringes of *marabout*, and placed at the edge of the double skirts of *tulle*.

FOR HEAD DRESSES, flowers and lace are in constant request.

FASHIONABLE COLORS are of deep and mellow hues; white predominates for evening use.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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Washington Irving

[From a Daguerreotype by Plumbe.]

THERE is a freshness about the fame and the character of Mr. IRVING, no less than about his writings, which enables us to contemplate them with unabated delight. Few men are so identified personally with their literary productions, or have combined with admiration of their genius such a cordial, home-like welcome in the purest affections of their readers. We never become weary with the repetition of his familiar name; no caprice of fashion tempts us to enthrone a new idol in place of the ancient favorite; and even intellectual jealousies shrink back before the soft brilliancy of his reputation. In the present Number of our Magazine, we give our readers a portrait of the

cherished author, with a sketch of his sunny residence, which we are sure will be a grateful memorial of one, to whom our countrymen owe such an accumulated fund of exquisite enjoyments and delicious recollections. We will not let the occasion pass without a few words of recognition, though conscious of no wish to indulge in criticisms which at this late day might appear superfluous.

The position of Mr. IRVING in American literature is no less peculiar than it is enviable. With the exception of Mr. PAULDING, none of our eminent living authors have been so long before the public. He commenced his career as a writer almost with the commencement of the

present century. The first indications of his rich vein of humor and invention that appeared through the press, were contained in the *Jonathan Oldstyle Letters*, published in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1802, when he was in the twentieth year of his age. His health at this time having become seriously impaired, he spent a few years in European travel, and soon after his return in 1806, he wrote the sparkling papers in *Salmagundi*, which at once decided his position as a shrewd observer of society, a pointed and vigorous satirist, a graphic delineator of manners, and a quaint moral teacher, whose joyous humor graciously attempered the bitterness of his wit. It was not, however, till the appearance of *Knickerbocker*, that his unique powers, in this respect, were displayed in all their vernal bloom, giving the promise of future golden harvests, which has since been more than redeemed in the richness and beauty of the varied productions of his genius.

The lapse of years has brought no cloud over the early brightness of Mr. Irving's fame. He has sustained his reputation with an elastic vigor that shows the soundness of its elements. At the dawn of American letters, he was acknowledged to possess those enchantments of style, that betray the hand of a master. His rare genius captivated all hearts. His name was identified by our citizens with the racy chronicles of their Dutch ancestors, and soon became associated with local recollections and family traditions. Born in a quarter of the town, whose original features have passed away before the encroachments of business, he has witnessed the growth of his fame with the growth of the city. The memory of *Diedrich Knickerbocker* is now immortalized at the corners of the streets, and in our most crowded thoroughfares. Even the dusty haunts of Mammon are refreshed with the emblems of a man of genius who once trod their pavements.

With his successive publications, a new phase of Mr. Irving's intellectual character was displayed to the public, but with no decrease of the admiration, which from the first had stamped him as a universal favorite. The *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveler* revealed a magic felicity of description, with a pathetic tenderness of sentiment, that gave a still more mellow beauty to his composition; while his elaborate historical work, *The Life of Columbus*, established his reputation for unrivaled skill in sustaining the continuous interest of a narrative, and in grouping its details with admirable picturesque effect. His later productions, illustrative of Indian life, and his still more recent works on the history of Mahomet and the biography of Goldsmith, are marked with the characteristic traits of the author, proving that his right hand has lost none of its cunning, nor his tongue aught of its mellifluous sweetness.

It is highly creditable to the tastes of the present generation, that Mr. Irving retains, to such a remarkable degree, his wonted ascend-

ency. Other authors of acknowledged eminence have arisen in various departments of literature, since he won his earlier laurels, and many of them since he has ceased to be a young man, but they have not enticed the more youthful class of readers from the allegiance which was paid to him by their fathers. The monarch that knew not Joseph has not yet ascended the throne. Indeed many of the most true-hearted admirers of Mr. Irving were not born until long after the *Sketch Book* had made his name a household word among the tasteful readers of English literature. This enduring popularity could not spring from any accidental causes. It must proceed from those qualities in the author, which are the pledge of a permanent fame. If a foretaste of literary immortality is desirable on earth, we may congratulate Mr. Irving on the possession of one of its most significant symbols, in the unfading brilliancy of his reputation for little less than half a century.

We have already alluded to the use made by Mr. Irving of the historical legends of our country. Nor is this his only claim on the American heart. He is peculiarly a national writer. He has sought his inspirations from the woods and streams, the lakes and prairies of his native land. No poet has been more successful in throwing the spell of romance around our familiar scenery. Under his creative pen the lordly heights of the Hudson have become classic ground. The beings of his weird fancy have peopled their forest dells, and obtained a "local habitation" as permanent as the river and the mountains. His love of country is a genial passion, inspired by the reminiscences of his youth, and quickened by the studies of his manhood. He is proud of his birthright in a land of freedom. His protracted residence abroad has never seduced him from the ardor of his first attachment to the American soil. His favorite writings are pervaded with this spirit. Yet he betrays none of the prejudices of national pride. His patriotism is free from all tincture of bigotry. He scorns the narrowness of exclusive partialities. With genuine cosmopolitan tastes, he gathers up all that is precious and beautiful in the traditions, or manners, or institutions of other lands, finding materials for his gorgeous pictures in the ancestral glories of English castles, and the splendid ruins of the Alhambra, as well as in the quaint legends of Manhattan, and the adventures of trapper life in the Far West. This singular universality has given him the freedom of the whole literary world. As he every where finds himself at home, his fame is not the monopoly of any nation. He has his circle of admirers around the hearth-stones of every cultivated people. Even the English, who are slow to recognize a melody in their own language when spoken by a transatlantic tongue, have vied with his countrymen in rendering homage to his genius. His evident mastery, even in those departments of composition which have been the favorite sphere of the most popular English writers, has softened the

asperity of criticism, and won a genial admiration from the worshipers of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. In this respect Mr. Irving stands alone among American writers. Cherished with a glow of affectionate enthusiasm by his own countrymen, he has secured a no less beautiful fame among myriads of readers, with whom his sole intellectual tie is the spontaneous attraction of his genius.

His universality is displayed with equal strength in the influence which he exerts over all classes of minds. He has never been raised to a factitious eminence by the applauses of a clique. His fame is as natural and as healthy as his character, owing none of its lustre to the gloss of flattery, or the glare of fashion. His themes have been taken, to a great extent from common life. He has derived the coloring of his pictures from the universal sentiments of humanity. He is equally free from cold, prosaic, common-place hardness of feeling and from sickly and mawkish effeminacy. He loves to deal with matters of fact, but always surrounds them with the light of his radiant imagination. He exalts and glorifies the actual, without losing it in the clouds of a vaporous ideal. Refined and fastidious in feeling, he retains his sympathy with the most homely realities of life, chuckles over the luscious comforts of a Dutch ménage, and professes no philosophical indifference to the savor of smoking venison in an Indian lodge. With the curious felicity of his style, he uses no strange and far-fetched words. Its charm depends on the beauty of its combinations, not on the rarity of its language. He employs terms that are in the mouths of the people, but weaves them up into those expressive and picturesque forms that never cease to haunt the memory of the reader. Accordingly, he is cherished with equal delight by persons of every variety of culture. His fascinating volumes always formed a part of the traveling equipage of one of the most celebrated New-England judges, and they may be found with no less certainty among the household goods of the emigrant, and the resources for a rainy day on the frugal shelves of the Yankee farmer. They still detain the old man from his pillow, and the schoolboy from his studies. Under their potent charm, the merchant forgets his Wall-street engagements; the preacher lingers over their seductive sentences till the Sunday becomes an astonishment; the statesman is beguiled into oblivion of the salvation of his country; and the advocate is absorbed in the fortunes of some "roystering varlet," till his own forlorn client loses all chance of recovering his character.

The writings of Mr. Irving are no less distinguished by the truthfulness and purity of their moral tone, than by their delightful humor, and their apt delineations of nature and society. It is small praise to say that he never panders to a vicious sentiment, that he makes no appeal to a morbid imagination, and has written nothing to encourage a false and effeminate view of

life. His merits, in this respect, are of a positive character. No one can be familiar with his productions, without receiving a kindly and generous influence. His goodness of heart communicates a benignant contagion to his readers. His mild and beautiful charity, his spirit of wise tolerance, the considerateness and candor of his judgments, the placable gentleness of his temper, and the just appreciation of the infinite varieties of character and life are adapted to mitigate the harshness of the cynic, and even to quell the wild furies of the bigot. His sharpest satire never degenerates into personal abuse. It seems the efflorescence of a rich nature, susceptible to every shade of the ludicrous, rather than the overflow of a poisonous fountain, spreading blight and mildew in its course. If he laughs at the follies of the world, it is not that he has any less love for the good souls who commit them, but that with his exuberant good-nature he has no heart to use a more destructive weapon than his lambent irony. With his fine moral influence, he never affects the sternness of a reformer. He is utterly free from all didactic pedantry. We know nothing that he has written with a view to ethical effect. He reveals his own nature in the sweet flow of his delicate musings, and if he does good it is with delightful unconsciousness. He would blush to find that he had been useful when he aimed only to give pleasure, or rather to relieve his own mind of its "thick coming fancies."

In describing the position of Mr. Irving in the field of American literature, we have incidentally touched upon the characteristics of his genius, to which he is indebted for his high and enviable fame. We need not expand our rapid sketch into a labored analysis. Indeed every just criticism of his writings would only repeat the verdict that has so often been pronounced by the universal voice.

Nor is it exclusively as a writer that Mr. Irving has won such a distinguished place in the admiration of his countrymen. While proud of his successes in the walks of literature, they have regarded his personal character with affectionate delight, and lavished the heartfelt sympathies on the man which are never paid to the mere author. The purity of this offering is the more transparent, as Mr. Irving has never courted the favor of the public, nor been placed in those relations with his fellow-men, that are usually the conditions of general popularity. He has wisely kept himself apart from the excitements of the day; with decided political opinions, he has abstained from every thing like partisanship; no one has been able to count on his advocacy of any special interests; and with his singular fluency and grace of expression in written composition, he has never affected the arts of popular oratory. His habits have been those of the well-educated gentleman—neither cherishing the retirement of the secluded student, nor seeking a prominence in public affairs—throwing a charm over the social circles which he frequented by the brilliancy of his intellect,

the amenity of his manners, and the ease of his colloquial intercourse—but never surrounded by the prestige of factitious distinction by which so many inferior men obtain an ephemeral notoriety. His appointment as Minister to Spain has been his sole official honor; and this was rather a tribute to his literary eminence than the reward of political services. On his return from Europe in 1832, after an absence of nearly twenty years, he was received with a spontaneous welcome by his fellow-citizens, such as has been seldom enjoyed by the most successful claimants of popular favor; and from that time to the present, no one has shown a more undisputed title to the character of the favorite son of Manhattan. In his beautiful retreat at Sunnyside, "as quiet and sheltered a nook as the heart of man could desire in which to take refuge from the cares and troubles of this world," he listens to the echoes of his fame, cheered by the benedictions of troops of friends, and enjoying the autumn maturity of life with no mists of envy and bitterness to cloud the purple splendors of his declining sun.

It is understood that Mr. Irving is now engaged in completing the *Life of Washington*, a work of

which he commenced the preparation before his residence in Europe as Minister to the Spanish Court. We are informed that it will probably be given to the public in the course of another season. It can not fail to prove a volume of national and household interest. The revered features of the Immortal Patriot will assume a still more benignant aspect, under the affectionate and skillful touches of the congenial Artist. With his unrivaled power of individualization, his practiced ability in historical composition, and his acute sense of the moral perspective in character, he will present the illustrious subject of his biography in a manner to increase our admiration of his virtues, and to inspire a fresh enthusiasm for the wise and beneficent principles of which his life was the sublime embodiment. There is a beautiful propriety in the still more intimate connection of the name of WASHINGTON IRVING with that of the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. It is meet that the most permanent and precious memorial of the First Chief of the American Republic should be presented by the Patriarch of American Letters. It would be a fitting close of his bright career before the public—the melodious swan-song of his historic Muse.



SUNNYSIDE,
THE RESIDENCE OF
WASHINGTON IRVING



William Cullen Bryant.

THE birthplace of Mr. BRYANT, in a secluded and romantic spot among the mountains of western Massachusetts, seems to have been selected by Nature as a fit residence for the early unfolding of high poetic genius. Situated on the forest elevations above the beautiful valley of the Connecticut in the old county of Hampshire, surrounded by a rare combination of scenery, in which are impressively blended the wild and rugged with the soft and graceful, adorned in summer with the splendors of a rapid and luxuriant vegetation, in winter exposed to the fiercest storms from the northwest which bury the roads and almost the houses in gigantic snow-drifts, inhabited by a hardy and primitive population which exhibit the peculiar traits of New England character in their most salient form, the little town of Cummington has the distinction of giving birth to the greatest American poet.

It was here that he was first inspired with a sense of the glory and mystery of Nature—first learned to “hold communion with her visible forms,” and to lend his ear to her “various language”—first awoke to the consciousness of the “vision and the faculty divine,” which he has since displayed in such manifold forms of poetic creation. It was under the shadow of his “native hills”—

“Broad, round, and green, that in the summer sky
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards, and beechen forests basking lie,
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between
Where brawl o’er shallow beds the streams unseen”—

in the “groves which were God’s first temples,” where the “sacred influences”

“From the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him”—

that the spirit of the boy-poet was touched with the mystic harmonies of the universe, and received those impressions of melancholy grandeur from natural objects, which pervade the most characteristic productions of his genius.

Mr. BRYANT’S vocation for poetry was marked at a very early age. The history of literature scarcely affords an example of such a precocious, and, at the same time, such a healthy development. His first efforts betray no symptoms of a forced, hot-bed culture, but seem the spontaneous growth of a prolific imagination. They are free from the spasmodic forces which indicate a morbid action of the intellect, and flow in the polished, graceful, self-sustaining tranquillity, which is usually the crowning attainment of a large and felicitous experience. Among his earliest productions were several translations

from different Latin poets, some of which, made at ten years of age, were deemed so successful, as to induce his friends to publish them in the newspaper of a neighboring town. These were followed by a regular satirical poem, entitled "The Embargo," written during the heated political controversies concerning the policy of Mr. Jefferson, many of whose most strenuous opponents resided at Northampton (at that time the centre of political and social influence to a wide surrounding country), and from the contagion of whose intelligence and zeal, the susceptible mind of the young poet could not be expected to escape. This was published in Boston, in 1808, before the author had completed his fourteenth year. Its merits were at once acknowledged; it was noticed in the principal literary review of that day; it was read with an eagerness in proportion to the warmth of party spirit; and, indeed, so strong was the impression which it made on the most competent judges, that nothing but the explicit assertions of the friends of the writer could convince them of its genuineness. It seemed, in all respects, too mature and finished a performance to have proceeded from such a juvenile pen. This point, however, was soon decided, and if any remaining doubts lingered in their minds, they might have been removed by the production of "Thanatopsis," which was written about four years after, when the author was in the beginning of his nineteenth year.

This remarkable poem was not published until 1816, when it appeared in the *North American Review*, then under the charge of Mr. DANA, who has himself since attained to such a signal eminence among the poets and essayists of America, and between whom and Mr. Bryant a singular unity of intellectual tastes laid the foundation for a cordial friendship, which has been maintained with a warmth and constancy in the highest degree honorable to the character of both parties. Meanwhile, Mr. Bryant had established himself in the profession of the law, in the beautiful village of Great Barrington, exchanging the mountain wildness of his native region, for the diversified and singularly lovely scenery of the Housatonic Valley, where he composed the lines "To Green River," "Inscription for an entrance to a Wood," "To a Waterfowl," and several of his other smaller poems, which have since hardly been surpassed by himself, and certainly not by any other American writer.

The "Thanatopsis," viewed without reference to the age at which it was produced, is one of the most precious gems of didactic verse in the whole compass of English poetry, but when considered as the composition of a youth of eighteen, it partakes of the character of the marvelous. It is, however, unjust to its rich and solemn beauty to contemplate it in the light of a prodigy. Nor are we often tempted to revert to the singularity of its origin, when we yield our minds to the influence of its grand and impressive images. It seems like one of those majestic products of nature, to which we assign

no date, and which suggest no emotion but that of admiration at their glorious harmony.

The objection has been made to the "Thanatopsis," that its consolations in view of death are not drawn directly from the doctrines of religion, and that it in fact makes no express allusion to the Divine Providence, nor to the immortality of the soul. These ideas are so associated in most minds with the subject matter of the poem, that their omission causes a painful sense of incongruity. But the writer was not composing a homily, nor a theological treatise. His imagination was absorbed with the soothing influences of nature under the anticipation of the "last bitter hour." In order to make the contrast more forcible, the poem opens with a cold and dreary picture of the common destiny. Earth claims the body which she has nourished; man is doomed to renounce his individual being and mingle with the elements; kindred with the sluggish clod, his mould is pierced by the roots of the spreading oak. The sun shall no more see him in his daily course, nor shall any traces of his image remain on earth or ocean.

But the universality of this fate relieves the desolation of the prospect. Nature imparts a solace to her favorite child, glides into his darker musings with mild and healing sympathy, and gently counsels him not to look with dread on the mysterious realm, which is the final goal of humanity. No one retires alone to his eternal resting-place. No couch more magnificent could be desired than the mighty sepulchre in which kings and patriarchs have laid down to their last repose. Every thing grand and lovely in nature contributes to the decoration of the great tomb of man. The dead are every where. The sun, the planets, the infinite host of heaven, have shone on the abodes of death through the lapse of ages. The living, who now witness the departure of their companions without heed, will share their destiny. With these kindly admonitions, Nature speaks to the spirit when it shudders at the thought of the stern agony and the narrow house.

The stately movement of the versification, the accumulated grandeur of the imagery, the vein of tender and solemn pathos, and the spirit of cheerful trust at the close, which mark this extraordinary poem, render it more effective, in an ethical point of view, than volumes of exhortation; while, regarded as a work of art, the unity of purpose with which its leading thought is presented under a variety of aspects, gives it a completeness and symmetry which remove the force of the objection to which we have alluded.

In a similar style of majestic thought is the "Forest Hymn," from which we can not refrain from quoting an inimitable passage, descriptive of the alternation between Life and Death in the Universe, which seems to us to open the heart of the mystery with a truthfulness of insight that has found expression in language of unsurpassable energy.

"My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finish'd, yet renew'd
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die—but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy, Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne—the sepulchre,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end."

The soft and exquisite beauty of the lines entitled "To a Waterfowl" is appreciated by every reader of taste. They belong to that rare class of poems which, once read, haunt the imagination with a perpetual charm. A more natural expression of true religious feeling than that contained in the closing stanzas, is nowhere to be met with.

"Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallow'd up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

"He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

But we have no space to dwell upon the attractive details of Mr. Bryant's poetry, though



BRYANT'S RESIDENCE. AT ROSLYN, (HEMPSTEAD HARBOR) L. I.

it would be a grateful task to pass in review the familiar productions, of which we can weary as little as of the natural landscape. It needs no profound analysis to state their most general characteristics. Bryant's descriptions of nature are no less remarkable for their minute accuracy than for the richness and delicacy of their suggestions in the sphere of sentiment. No one can ever be tempted to accuse him of obtaining his knowledge of nature at second hand. He paints nothing which he has not seen. His images are derived from actual experience.

Hence they have the vernal freshness of an orchard in bloom. He is no less familiar with the cheerful tune of brooks in flowery June than with the voices and footfalls of the thronged city. He has watched the maize-leaf and the maple-bough growing greener under the fierce sun of midsummer; the mountain wind has breathed its coolness on his brow; he has gazed at the dark figure of the wild-bird painted on the crimson sky; and listened to the sound of dropping nuts as they broke the solemn stillness of autumn woods. The scenes of nature which he

has loved and wooed have rewarded him with their beautiful revelations in the moral world. Her dim symbolism has become transparent to the anointed eye of the reverent bard, and initiated him into the mysteries which give a new significance to the material creation.

It is true that the staple of his poetry is reflection, rather than passion, reminding us of the chaste severity of sculpture, and not appealing to the fancy by any sensuous or voluptuous arts of coloring. But a deep sentiment underlies the expression; and he touches the springs of emotion with a powerful hand, though he never ceases to be master of his own feelings. The apparent coldness of which some have complained, may be ascribed to the frigidity of the reader, with more truth than to the apathy of the writer. With its highly intellectual character, the poetry of Mr. Bryant is adapted to win a more profound and lasting admiration than if it were merely the creation of a productive fancy. It may gain a more limited circle of readers (although its universal popularity sets aside this supposition), but they who have once enjoyed its substantial reality will place it on the same shelf with Milton and Wordsworth, with a "sober certainty" that they will always find it instinct with a fresh and genuine vitality.

The influence of this poetry is of a pure and ennobling character; never ministering to false or unhealthy sensibility, it refreshes the better feelings of our nature; inspiring a tranquil confidence in the on-goings of the Universe, with whose most beautiful manifestations we are brought into such intimate communion. Its most pensive tones, which murmur such sweet, sad music, never lull the soul in the repose of despair, but inspire it with a cheerful hope in the issues of the future. The "inexorable Past" shall yet yield the treasures which are hidden in its mysterious depths, and every thing good and fair be renewed in "the glory and the beauty of its prime."

"All shall come back, each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign."

As a prose writer, Mr. Bryant is distinguished for signal excellencies both of thought and expression, evincing a remarkable skill in various departments of composition, from the ephemeral political essay to the high-wrought fictitious tale, and graphic recollections of foreign travel. The superior brightness of his poetic fame can alone prevent him from being known to posterity as a vigorous and graceful master of prose, surpassed by few writers of the present day.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

IN the early months of last year the Great Exhibition had become as nearly a "fixed fact" as any thing in the future can be. The place where and the building in which it was to be held, then became matters for grave consideration. The first point, fortunately, pre-

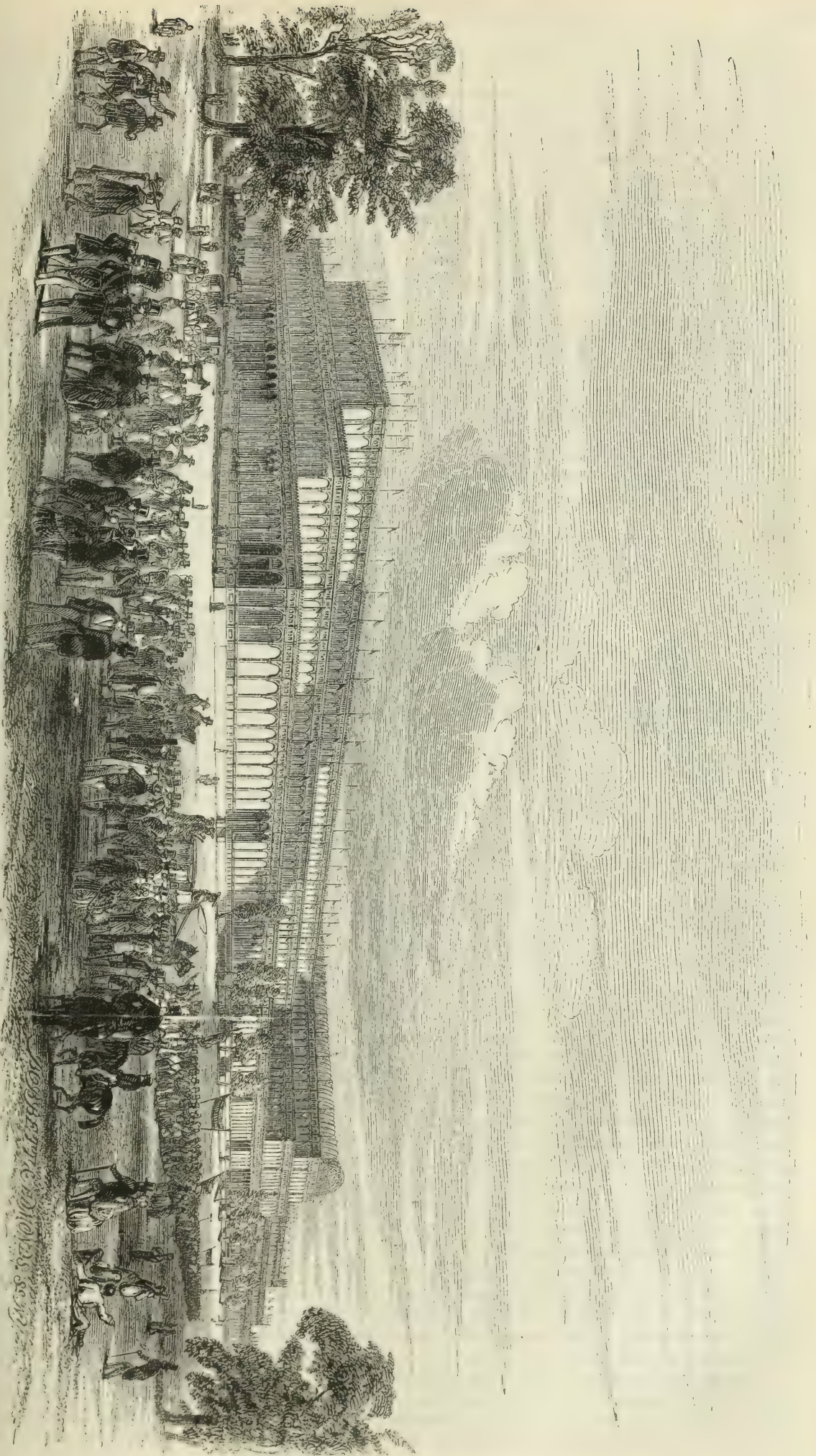
sented little difficulty, the south side of Hyde-park, between Kensington-road and Rotten-row, having been early selected as the locality.

The construction of the edifice, however, presented difficulties not so easily surmounted. The Building Committee, comprising some of the leading architects and engineers of the kingdom, among whom are Mr. Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, and Mr. Stephenson, the constructor of the Britannia Tubular Bridge, advertised for plans to be presented for the building. When the committee met, they found no want of designs; their table was loaded with them, to the number of 240. Their first task was to select those which were positively worthless, and throw them aside. By this process the number for consideration was reduced to about sixty; and from these the committee proceeded to concoct a design, which pleased nobody—themselves least of all. However, the plan, such as it was, was decided upon, and advertisements were issued for tenders for its construction. This was the signal for a fierce onslaught upon the proceedings of the committee. For the erection of a building which was to be used for only a few months, more materials were to be thrown into one of the main lungs of the metropolis, than were contained in the eternal pyramids of Egypt. Moreover, could the requisite number of miles of brickwork be constructed within the few weeks of time allotted? and was it not impossible that this should, in so short a time, become sufficiently consolidated to sustain the weight of the immense iron dome which, according to the design of the committee, was to rest upon it?

The committee, fortunately, were not compelled to answer these and a multitude of similar puzzling interrogatories which were poured in upon them. Relief was coming to them from an unexpected quarter: whence, we must go back a little to explain.

On New Year's Day, of the year 1839, Sir Robert Schomburgk, the botanist, was proceeding in a native boat up the River Berbice, in Demerara. In a sheltered reach of the stream, he discovered resting upon the still waters an aquatic plant, a species of lily, but of a gigantic size, and of a shape hitherto unknown. Seeds of this plant, to which was given the name of "Victoria Regia," were transmitted to England, and were ultimately committed to the charge of JOSEPH PAXTON, the horticulturist at Chatsworth, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Devonshire. The plant produced from these seeds became the occasion, and in certain respects the model, for the Crystal Palace.

Every means was adopted to place the plant in its accustomed circumstances. A tropical soil was formed for it of burned loam and peat; Newcastle coal was substituted for a meridian sun, to produce an artificial South America under an English heaven; by means of a wheel a ripple like that of its native river, was communicated to the waters of the tank upon which



THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.

its broad leaves reposed. Amid such enticements the lily could not do otherwise than flourish; and in a month it had outgrown its habitation. The problem was therefore set before its foster-father to provide for it, within a few weeks, a new home. This was not altogether a new task for Mr. Paxton, who had already devoted much attention to the erection of green-houses; and within the required space of time, he had completed this house for the "Victoria Regia," and therein, in the sense in which the acorn includes the oak, that of the Crystal Palace.

While Mr. Paxton was planning an abode for this Brobdignagian lily, the Building Committee of the Exhibition were poring wearily over the 240 plans lying upon their table. They had rejected the 180 worthless ones, and from the remainder had concocted, as we have said, with much cogitation and little satisfaction, their own design. Such as it was, however, it was determined that it should be executed—if possible.

This brings us down to the middle, or to be precise, to the 18th of June, on which day Mr. Paxton was sitting as chairman on a railway committee. He had previously made himself acquainted with the case laid before them, and was not therefore under the necessity of now devoting his attention to it. He took advantage of this leisure moment to work out a design for the Exhibition Building, which he had conceived some days previously. In ten days thereafter elevations, sections, working plans and specifications, were completed from this draft, and the whole was submitted to the inspection of competent and influential persons, by whom it was unanimously announced to be practicable, and the only practicable scheme presented.

This design was then laid before the contractors, Messrs. Fox and Henderson, who at once determined to submit a tender for the construction of a building in accordance with it. In a single week, they had calculated the amount and cost of every pound of iron, every pane of glass, every foot of wood, and every hour of labor which would be required, and were prepared with a tender and specifications for the construction of the edifice. But here arose a difficulty. The committee had advertised only for proposals for carrying out their own design; but, fortunately, they had invited the suggestion on the part of contractors, of any improvements upon it; and so Mr. Paxton's plan was presented simply as an "improvement" upon that of the committee, with which it had not a single feature in common. This, with certain modifications, was adopted, and the result is the Crystal Palace—itself the greatest wonder which the Exhibition will present—the exterior of which is represented in our accompanying Illustration.

The building consists of three series of elevations of the respective heights of 64, 44, and 24 feet, intersected at the centre by a transept of 72 feet in width, having a semicircular roof

rising to the height of 108 feet in the centre. It extends in length 1851 feet from north to south, more than one-third of a mile, with a breadth of 456 feet upon the ground; covering 18 superficial acres, nearly double the extent of our own Washington-square; and exceeding by more than one half the dimensions of the Park or the Battery. The whole rests upon cast-iron pillars, united by bolts and nuts, fixed to flanges turned perfectly true, so that if the socket be placed level, the columns and connecting-pieces must stand upright; and, in point of fact, not a crooked line is discoverable in the combination of such an immense number of pieces. For the support of the columns, holes are dug in the ground, in which is placed a bed of concrete, and upon this rest iron sockets of from three to four feet in length, according to the level of the ground, to which the columns are firmly attached by bolts and nuts. At the top, each column is attached by a girder to its opposite column, both longitudinally and transversely, so that the whole eighteen acres of pillars is securely framed together.

The roofs, of which there are five, one to each of the elevations, are constructed on the "ridge and furrow principle, and glazed with sheets of glass of 49 inches in length. The construction will be at once understood by imagining a series of parallel rows of the letter V (thus, VVV), extending in uninterrupted lines the whole length of the building. The apex of each ridge is formed by a wooden sash-bar with notches upon each side for holding the laths in which are fitted the edges of the glass. The bottom bar, or rafter, is hollowed at the top so as to form a gutter to carry off the water, which passes through transverse gutters into the iron columns, which are hollow, thus serving as water-pipes; in the base of the columns horizontal pipes are inserted, which convey the accumulated water into the sewers. The exhalations, from so large an extent of surface, from the plants, and from the breath of the innumerable visitors, rising and condensed against the glass, would descend from a flat roof in the form of a perpetual mist, but it is found that from glass pitched at a particular angle the moisture does not fall, but glides down its surface. The bottom bars are therefore grooved on the inside, thus forming interior gutters, by which the moisture also finds its way down the interior of the columns, through the drainage pipes, into the sewers. These grooved rafters, of which the total length is 205 miles, are formed by machinery, at a single operation.

The lower tier of the building is boarded, the walls of the upper portion being composed, like the roof, of glass. Ventilation is provided for by the basement portion being walled with iron plates, placed at an angle of 45 degrees, known as *luffer-boarding*, which admits the air freely, while it excludes the rain. A similar provision is made at the top of each tier of the building. These are so constructed that they can be closed at pleasure. In order to subdue the intense

light in a building having such an extent of glass surface, the whole roof and the south side will be covered with canvas, which will also preclude the possibility of injury from hail, as well as render the edifice much cooler.

In the construction of the building care has been taken to give to each part the stiffest and strongest form possible in a given quantity of material. The columns are hollow, and the girders which unite them are trellis-formed. The utmost weight which any girder will ever be likely to sustain is seven and a half tons; and not one is used until after having been tested to the extent of 15 tons; while the breaking weight is calculated at 30 tons. At first sight, there would seem to be danger that a building presenting so great a surface to the action of the wind, would be liable to be blown down. But from the manner in which the columns are framed together they can not be overthrown except by breaking them. Experiments show that in order to break the 1060 columns on the ground floor, a force of 6360 tons must be exerted, at a height of 24 feet. The greatest force of the wind ever known is computed at 22 pounds to the superficial foot; assuming a possible force of 28 pounds, and suppose a hurricane of that momentum to strike at once the whole side of the building, the total force would be less than 1500 tons—not one-fourth of the capacity of the building to sustain, independent of the bracings, which add materially to its strength. So that, if any reliance at all can be placed upon theoretical engineering, there can be no doubt as to the safety of the building.

Entering at the main east or west entrance, we find ourselves in a nave 64 feet in height, 72 in breadth, and extending without interruption the whole length of the building, one-third of a mile. Parallel with this, but interrupted by the transept in the centre, are a series of side aisles of 48 and 24 feet in breadth, with a height of 44 and 24 feet. Over the centre of the nave swells the semicircular roof of the transept, overarched the stately trees beneath—a Brobdignagian green-house with ancient elms instead of geraniums and rose-bushes. The whole area of the ground floor is 772,784 square feet; and that of the galleries 217,100; making in all within a fraction of one million square feet; to which may be added 500,000 feet of hanging-space, available for the display of the products of human heads and hands.

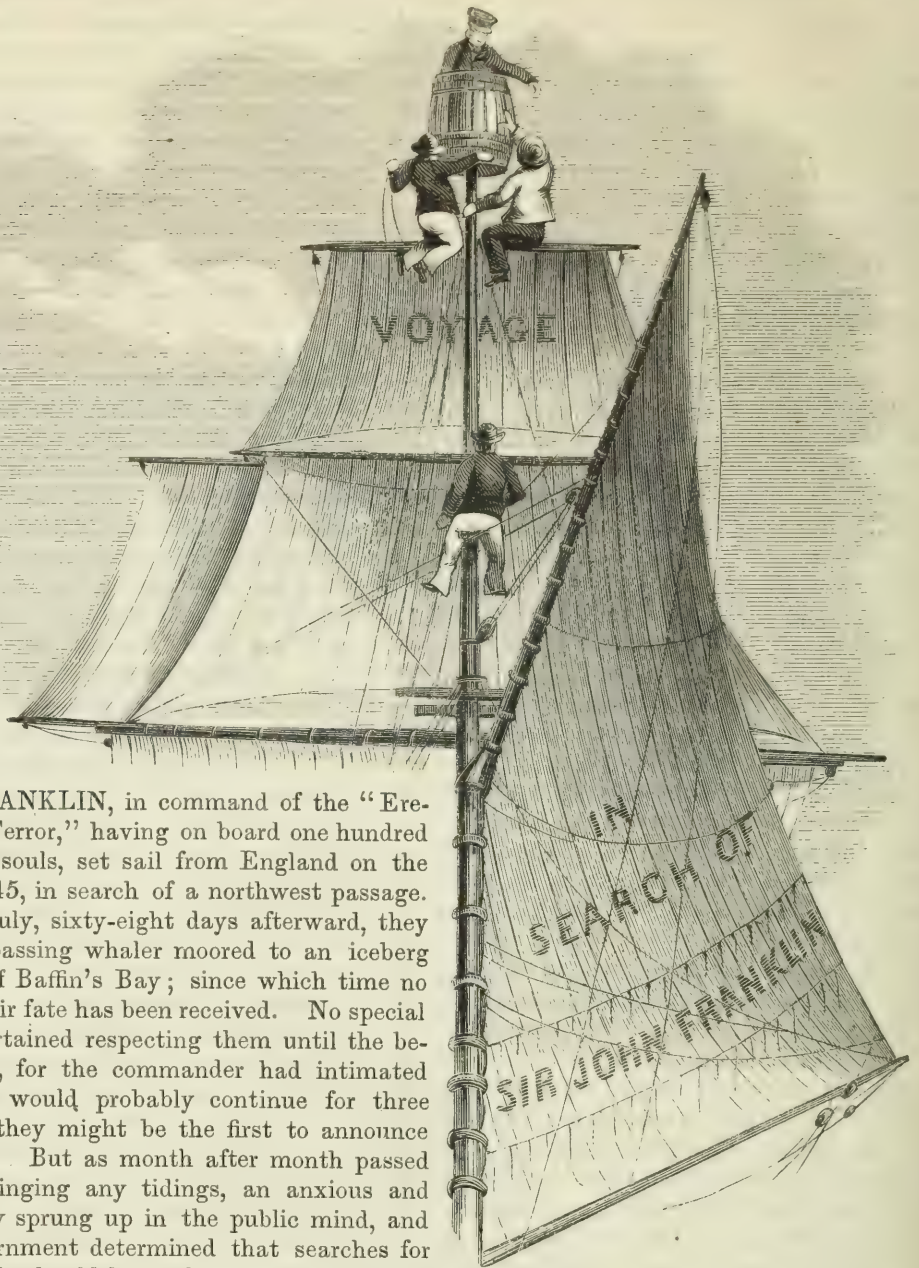
There are three refreshment rooms, one in the transept, and one near each end, around the trees which were left standing, where ices and pastry for the wealthy, and bread-and-butter and cheese for the poorer are to be furnished. No wine, spirits, or fermented liquors are to be sold; only tea, coffee, and unfermented drinks; pure water is to be furnished gratis to all comers by the lessees of the refreshment rooms.

In respect to the decoration of the interior, a keen controversy has been waged. The fact of

iron being the material of construction renders it necessary that it should be painted to preserve it from the action of the atmosphere. On the one hand, it is said that the fact that the structure is metallic should be indicated by the decoration, otherwise the whole will have no more appearance of stability than an arbor of wicker-work. Those who take this view recommend that the interior should be bronzed. On the other hand, those to whom the decoration is intrusted affirm that the object of using color is to increase the effect of light and shade. If the whole were of one uniform dead color the effect of the innumerable parts of which the building is composed, all falling in similar lines, one before the other, would be precisely that of a plane surface; the extended lines of pillars presenting the aspect of a continuous wall. In order to bring out the distinctive features of the building various colors must be used; and experiments show that a combination of the primary colors, red, blue, and yellow, is most pleasant to the eye. The best means for using these is to place blue, which retreats, upon the concave surfaces, yellow, which advances, upon the convex ones, reserving red for plane surfaces. But as when these colors come in contact each becomes tinged with the complementary color of the other—the blue with green, the red with orange—a line of white is interposed between them. Applying these principles, the shafts of the columns are to be yellow, the concave portions of their capitals blue, the under side of the girders red, and their vertical surfaces white.

Among all the wonders of the Crystal Palace nothing is more wonderful than its cheapness, and the rapidity of its construction. Possession of the site was obtained on the 30th of July; in a period of only 145 working-days the building was to all intents and purposes completed. As to cheapness it costs less per cubic foot than an ordinary barn. If used only for the Exhibition, and at its close returned to the contractors, the cost will be nine-sixteenths of a penny a foot; or, if permanently purchased, it will be one penny and one-twelfth. Thus: The solid contents are 33,000,000 cubic feet; the price if returned is £79,800, if retained £150,000. This simple fact, that a building of glass and iron, covering eighteen acres, affording room for nine miles of tables, should have been completed in less than five months from the day when the contract was entered into, at a cost less than that of the humblest hovel, opens a new era in the science of building.

As to the final destination of the Crystal Palace, it is the wish of the designer that it should be converted into a permanent winter-garden with drives and promenades. Leaving ample space for plants, there would be two miles of walks in the galleries, and the same amount for walks upon the ground floor; in summer the removal of the upright glass would give the whole the appearance of a continuous walk or garden.



SIR JOHN FRANKLIN, in command of the "Erebus" and "Terror," having on board one hundred and thirty-eight souls, set sail from England on the 19th of May, 1845, in search of a northwest passage. On the 26th of July, sixty-eight days afterward, they were seen by a passing whaler moored to an iceberg near the centre of Baffin's Bay; since which time no intelligence of their fate has been received. No special anxiety was entertained respecting them until the beginning of 1848, for the commander had intimated that the voyage would probably continue for three years, and that they might be the first to announce their own return. But as month after month passed away without bringing any tidings, an anxious and painful sympathy sprung up in the public mind, and the British Government determined that searches for the missing vessels should be made in three different quarters by three separate expeditions fitted out for that purpose.

One quarter, however, that region known as Boothia, where there was a probability of success, was beyond the scope of these expeditions, and Lady Franklin determined to organize an expedition to explore that region. For this purpose she appropriated all the means under her control; and a subscription was opened to supply the deficiency. The "Prince Albert," a ketch of less than ninety tons burden, measuring in length about seventy-two feet, and seventeen in breadth, was purchased for the expedition. She was taken to Aberdeen to be fitted up; a double planking was put upon her, by way of pea-jacket to fit her for her arctic voyage, and a crew of fourteen canny Scotchmen, secured by the promise of double pay. Captain Forsyth, of the Royal Navy, proffered his gratuitous services as commander. Attached to the expedition, having special charge of the stores and scientific instruments, with the ex-

press understanding that he should head one of the exploring parties to be sent out from Regent's Inlet, was Mr. W. PARKER SNOW, from whose Journal we propose to draw up some account of the pleasures of sailing through the ice.

Mr. Snow seems to have been precisely the man for such an undertaking. He left America at three days' notice to join any expedition which might be sent out by Lady Franklin. With an active, hopeful temperament, never so happy as in a gale of wind, if it was only blowing the right way, he rushed to the embrace of the Arctic Snows with as much alacrity as though they were kinsmen as well as namesakes. He had, moreover, a happy faculty of turning his hand to every thing, and no disposition to hide his talent in a napkin. A physician had been engaged for the vessel; but when, two days before sailing, the disciple of Esculapius saw the diminutive craft, he declined to proceed:—Mr. Snow volunteered to perform his duties; he had read a little medicine at odd

hours; and by the aid of Rees's Guide, and Smee's Broadsheet, his practice was uniformly successful—either in spite of, or on account of, his informal professional training. The sailors, as might be expected from their Scotch blood, were desirous of having religious worship on board:—Mr. Snow offered his services as chaplain, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and offering up prayer.

On the 6th of June, 1850, the Prince Albert set sail from Aberdeen; a fortnight brought them within two hundred miles of the shores of Greenland. Then came, for a week, a succession of heavy gales, which drove them back upon their course; so that in six days their progress was not more than a dozen miles. The 1st of July, however, found them off Cape Farewell. Some idea of the multifarious occupations of the many-officed Mr. Snow, at a time when his proper duties had not commenced, may be gathered from his description of

LIFE ON SHIPBOARD.

"At half-past six I used to turn out; and, warm or cold, wet or dry, take an immediate ablution in the pure and natural element. For half an hour I would then walk on deck, fair or foul; and, a little before eight, examine the men's forecabin; see to their condition, and whether any of them were sick; and if so, give them medicine. At eight bells, I would then take the chronometrical time for Captain Forsyth, while he observed the altitude of the sun, to get our longitude. Latterly I used, by his desire, to take a set of sights also myself, taking the time from a common watch, and comparing it afterward with the chronometer. The chronometers were then wound up by me, and the thermometer, barometer, &c., registered. At eight o'clock the two mates went to breakfast; the captain and I getting ours soon after them. During the forenoon I had to attend to the stores, provisions, &c.; write my accounts, journals, and other papers; and at noon worked up the ship's reckoning, the observations, and wrote the ship's log, examining our present position and future course. The mates had their dinner at noon: the captain and I at three P.M.; after which, a stroll for an hour or so on deck was taken by both of us. Tea came round at six, and at eight P.M. I used to try the temperature of the air on deck, and of the sea. After that, we would read together in the stern cabin. At ten, we would take our hot grog; and, generally about eleven, when free from rough weather or the neighborhood of ice, turn in for the night. Very little candle was required below at night, as there was seldom more than an hour or two's darkness during any part of our voyage, until we were returning. It was not long after this date, moreover, that we had continued daylight through the whole twenty-four hours."

The principal obstruction and danger in arctic navigation arises from the ice; fields of which often occur of twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and ten or fifteen feet in thickness. From these crystal plains rise sometimes isolated, sometimes

in groups, elevations of thirty or more feet in height, called *hummocks*. Dr. Scoresby once saw a field so free from hummocks and fissures that a coach might have traversed it for leagues in a straight direction, without obstruction. In May or June these fields begin to drift along in solemn procession to the southwestward, in which direction they hold their steady course, whether in calm or in spite of adverse winds. When these floating continents emerge from the drift ice which had hitherto protected them, they are shattered and broken up by the long, deep swell of the ocean. A ground-swell, hardly perceptible in the open sea, will break up a field in a few hours. These fields sometimes acquire a rotary motion, which gives their circumference a velocity of several miles an hour, producing a tremendous shock when one impinges upon another. "A body of more than ten thousand millions of tons in weight," says Dr. Scoresby, "meeting with resistance when in motion, produces consequences scarcely possible to conceive. The strongest ship is but an insignificant impediment between two fields in motion."—Mr. Snow gives the following account of

TAKING THE FIRST ICE.

"We had come so quickly and unexpectedly upon this "stream" (not having seen it, owing to the thick weather, until close aboard of it), that promptitude of decision and movement was absolutely necessary. It was one of those moments when the *seaman* comes forward, and by boldly acting, either in the one way or the other, shows what he is made of. In the present case the question instantly arose as to whether the vessel should at once run through the ice now before her, or wait until clearer and milder weather came. The mate, as ice-master, was asked by the captain which, in his opinion, was best. He advised *heaving to, to windward of it, and waiting*. The second mate was then asked; and he, without knowing the other's opinion, strongly urged the necessity of *running through at once*. Captain Forsyth, using his own judgment, very wisely decided upon the latter, and accordingly run the ship on. And a pretty sight, too, it was, as the "Prince Albert" under easy and working sail, in a moment or two more entered the intricate channels that were presented to her between numerous bergs and pieces of ice, rough and smooth, large and small, new and old, dark and white. It was hazy weather, snowing and raining at the time; and all hands having been summoned on deck, were wrapped in their oil-skin dresses and waterproof overcoats. Standing on the topsail-yard was the second mate conning the ship; half-way up the weather rigging clung the captain, watching and directing as necessary; while aft, on the raised counter near the wheel, stood the chief mate telling the helmsman how to steer. This being the first ice in any large and continuous quantity that we had met, I looked at it with some curiosity. The moment we had entered within the outer edge of the stream the water became as smooth as a com-

mon pond on shore; and it was positively a pretty sight to see that little vessel dodging in and out and threading her way among the numerous pieces of ice that beset her proper and direct course. The ice itself presented a most beautiful appearance both in color and form, being variegated in every direction. We were soon in the very thick of it; and before five minutes had elapsed from our first taking it we could see no apparent means of either going on or retracing our steps. But it was well managed, and after about an hour's turning hither and thither, this way and that way, straight and crooked, we got fairly through, and found clear water beyond.

"Throughout the night the wind blew a complete hurricane, and the short high sea was perfectly furious; lashing about in all directions with the madness of a maelström, and with a violence that, apparently, nothing could resist. Heavy squalls, with sharp sleet and snowstorms from the southward, added to the fearful tempest that was raging. It was impossible to see three miles ahead, the weather being so thick. Occasionally an iceberg would dart out through the mist, heaving its huge body up and down in frightful motion, now advancing, next receding, and again approaching with any thing but pleasant proximity. Our little vessel, however, as usual, stood it well. Could we have divested ourselves of the reality of the scene, it might have been likened to a fancy picture, in which some strange and curious dance was being represented between the sea, the ice, and the ship; the latter, by the aid of the former, gallantly lifting herself to, and then declining from the other. But it was too real; and the greater danger of the land being possibly near, was too strongly impressed upon our minds, to allow any visionary feeling to possess us at the time. It was the worst and most dangerous night we had yet had, and hardly a man on board rested quietly below until the height of it was past."

Soon after this a boat's crew was sent ashore for water, where in a lonely spot they discovered the grave of an European, with an inscription on a rude wooden tablet at its head, stating that "John Huntley of Shetland, was buried there in August, 1847." The sailors replaced the board which had blown down; and left the solitary grave, with the humble tribute of a wish for the repose of the poor fellow's soul. A few days later while on shore, Mr. Snow was spectator of the

OVERTURN OF AN ICEBERG.

"I was speedily awakened to reality by a sudden noise like the cracking of some mighty edifice of stone, or the bursting of several pieces of ordnance. Ere the sound of that noise had vibrated on the air, a succession of reports like the continued discharge of a heavy fire of musketry, interspersed with the occasional roar of cannon, followed quickly upon one another, for the space of perhaps two minutes; when, suddenly, my eye was arrested by the oscillation of a moder-

ate-sized iceberg not far beneath my feet, in a line away from the hill I was upon; and the next moment it tottered, and with a sidelong inclination, cut its way into the bosom of the sea upon which it had before been reclining. Roar upon roar pealed in echoes from the mountain heights on every side: the wild seabird arose with fluttering wings and rapid flight as it proceeded to a quarter where its quiet would be less disturbed: the heretofore peaceful water presented the appearance of a troubled ocean after a fierce gale of wind; and, amid the varied sounds now heard, human voices from the boat came rising up on high in honest English—strangely striking on the ear—hailing to know if I had seen the 'turn,' and also whether I wanted them to join me. But an instant had not passed before the mighty mass of snow and ice which had so suddenly overturned, again presented itself above the water. This time, however, it bore a different shape. The conical and rotten surface that had been uppermost, when I had first noticed it, was gone, and a smooth, table-like plane, from which streamed numerous cascades and *jets d'eau*, was now visible. The former had sunk some hundred feet below, when the 'berg,' reversing itself, had been overturned by its extreme upper weight, and thus brought the bottom of it high above the level of the sea."

Northward, and still northward: thicker and more continuous grew the ice-plains, while ever and anon a sound like the discharge of heavy artillery booming along the lonely seas, announced that one iceberg after another had burst amid this freezing arctic midsummer. They now found that they were approaching the great Pack, where their labors were properly to begin. Due preparations were made, by laying in order ice-anchors, claws, and axes, getting tow-ropes, warps, and tracking-belts in order for instant use, and

INSTALLING THE CROW'S NEST.

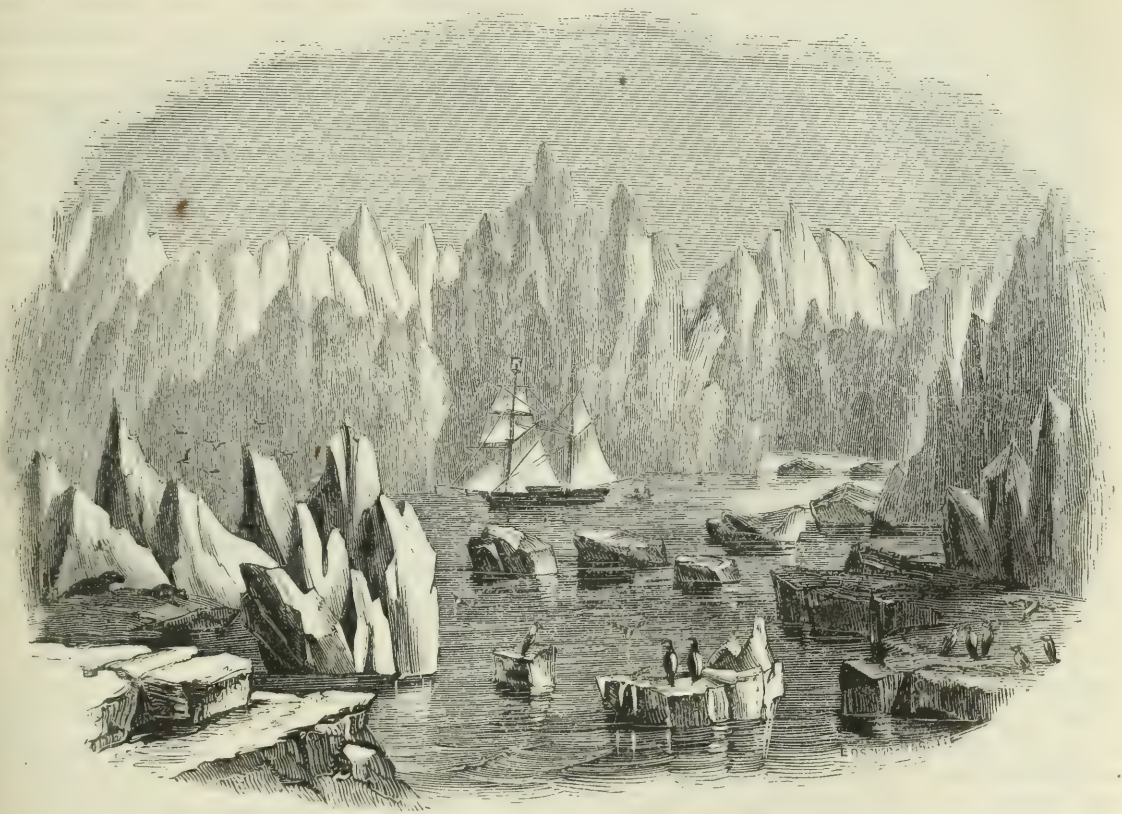
"The 'Crow's Nest' is a light cask, or any similar object, appointed for the look-out man aloft to shelter himself in, and is in large ships generally at the *topmast* head. In smaller vessels, however, it is necessary to have it as high up as possible, in order to give from it a greater scope of vision than could be attained lower down. Consequently, in the *Prince Albert* it was close to the 'fore-truck,' that is, completely at the mast-head. In our case, it was a long, narrow, but *light* cask, having at the lower part of it a trap, acting like a valve, whereby any one could enter; and was open at the upper part. In length it was about four feet, so that a person on the look-out had no part of himself exposed to the weather but his head and shoulders. In the interior of it was a small seat, slung to the hinder part of the cask, and a spy-glass, well secured. To reach this, a rope ladder was affixed to the bottom of it, as seen in the engraving. This is called the 'Jacob's Ladder,' and the boatswain may be observed attaching the lower parts of it to the foremast-

head. Upon the top-gallant yard are two men, busy in securing the cask to the mast, while the second mate is inside trying its strength, and giving directions concerning it. The 'Crow's Nest' is a favorite place with many whaling captains, who are rarely out of it for days when among the ice. I was very frequently in it myself, fair weather or foul—from six to a dozen times a day—both for personal gratification, and for the purpose of looking out. It was a favorite spot with me at midnight, when the atmosphere was clear, and the whole beauty of arctic scenery was exposed to view. It was all fresh to me: I enjoyed it; and had enough to do, admiring the enormous masses of ice we were passing, the white-topped mountains in the distance, and the strange aspect of every thing around me. It seemed, as we slowly threaded our way through the bergs, that we were about approaching some great battle-field, in which we were to be actively engaged; and that we were now,

cautiously, passing through the various outposts of the mighty encampment; at other times I could almost fancy we were about to enter secretly, by the suburbs, some of those vast and wonderful cities whose magnificent ruins throw into utter insignificance all the grandeur of succeeding ages. Silently, and apparently without motion, did we glide along, amidst dark hazy weather, rain, and enough wind to fill the sails and steady them, but no more."

Northward yet, and ever northward:—More frequent and massive grew the icebergs among which the little "Prince Albert" threaded its way; while far and near, to the east and north and west the eye met nothing but a uniform dazzling whiteness shot up from the glittering ice-peaks. Now and then a bear was seen, sitting a grim sentinel, by some seal-hole, from which his prey was soon "expected out." As they advanced the ice closed in around them, until at last they were fairly

SURROUNDED BY ICEBERGS.



"We were fairly 'in the ice:' but ice of which most readers have no idea. The water frozen in our ponds and lakes at home is but as a mere thin pane of glass in comparison to that which now came upon us. Fancy before you miles and miles of a tabular icy rock eight feet or more, solid, thick throughout, unbroken, or only by a single rent here and there, not sufficient to separate the piece itself. Conceive this icy rock to be in many parts of a perfectly even surface, but in others covered with what might well be conceived as the ruins of a mighty city suddenly destroyed by an earthquake, and the remains jumbled together in one confused mass. Let there be also huge blocks of most fantastic

form scattered about upon this tabular surface, and in some places rising in towering height, and in one apparently connected chain, far, far beyond the sight. Take these in your view, and you will have some faint idea of what was the kind of ice presented to my eye as I gazed upon it from aloft. We had at last come to the part most dreaded by the daring and adventurous whalers. *Melville's Bay*, often called, from its fearful character, the 'Devil's Nip,' was opening to my view, and stretching away far to the northward out of sight. But neither bay nor aught else, except by knowledge of its position, could I discover. Every where was ice; and the wonder to me was, how we were to get

on at all through such an apparently insurmountable barrier.

"Our position now was becoming more and more confined as to sailing room. The channel in which we had hitherto been quietly gliding, narrowed till little better than the breadth of the ship. At 4^h 30^m P.M. we could get no further, a barrier of 'hummocky' ice intervening right across our passage between us and some open water, visible not above seventy yards from us. Speedily the channel through which we had come began to close, and after trying in vain to force our way through the obstruction, we found ourselves at six o'clock completely beset. The *Devil's Thumb*, which was now plainly visible, at this time bore S.E. (compass) about thirty miles. Other land was also seen topping over enormous glaciers, which were most wonderful to look at, and used to entrance my gaze for hours. At six o'clock our actual labors in the ice commenced. It was beginning to press upon us rather hard; and from the appearance of that which blocked our way, it was evident there had been a heavy squeeze here, and we were afraid of getting fixed in another. Accordingly every effort was made to remove the obstacle which impeded our passage. We first began to try and *heave* the ship through by attaching strong warps to ice anchors, which latter being fastened in the solid floe, enabled a heavy strain to be put in force. The windlass was then set to work, but to no purpose, as we hardly gained a fathom. We next tried what heaving out the pieces that were in our way would do, but this proved of no avail. The saws were then set to work to cut off some angular projections that inconveniently pressed against our side; and while this was being done, I sprung on to the hummocky pieces and examined the difficulty. The obstacle, however, was not removed; and at two in the morning a crack in the large floe to the westward of us was observed to be gradually enlarging. In less than half an hour the water appeared in larger quantities astern, and a 'lane' was opened, by a circuitous route, into the clear space ahead of us, whither we wanted to go. All hands were called to the ship, and the vessel's head turned round to the southward, any further attempt to get through the channel we had been working at being given up. Sail was made to a light breeze, and some delicate manœuvring had to be accomplished in getting the ship round and in among some heavy ice, toward the passage we wished to enter.

"When I went on deck the next morning about eight, I found the weather very thick, with heavy rain. Our position seemed to me but little improved from that of the past night, for numerous 'bergs' of every size and shape appeared to obstruct our path. A fresh breeze was blowing from the S.E., and our ship was bounding nimbly to it in water as smooth as a mill-pond. But no sooner did she get to the end of her course one way, than she had to retrace her steps and try it another. We seemed completely hemmed in on every side by heavy

packed ice, rough uneven hummocks, or a complete fleet of enormous bergs. Like a frightened hare did the poor thing seem to fly, here, there, and every where, vainly striving to escape from the apparent trap she had got into. It was a strange and novel sight. For three or four hours—indeed ever since we had entered this basin of water, we had been vainly striving to find some passage out of it, in as near a direction as possible to our proper course, but neither this way, nor any other way, nor even that in which we had entered (for the passage had again suddenly closed), could we find one. At last, about ten A.M., an opening between two large bergs was discovered to the N.W. Without a moment's delay our gallant little bark was pushed into it, and soon we found ourselves threading through a complete labyrinth of ice rocks, if they may be so called, where the very smallest of them, ay, or even a fragment from one of them, if falling on us, would have splintered into ten thousand pieces the gallant vessel that had thus thrust herself among them, and would have buried her crew irretrievably. Wonderful indeed was it all. Numerous lanes and channels, not unlike the paths and streets of a mighty city, branched off in several directions; but our course was in those that led us most to the northward. Onward we pursued our way in this manner for about two hours, when, suddenly, on turning out of a passage between some lofty bergs, we found the view opening to us, a field of ice appearing at the termination of the channel, and at the extreme end a schooner fast to a 'floe,' that is, lying alongside the flat ice, as by a quay. The wind was fair for us, blowing a moderate breeze, so that we soon ran down to her in saucy style, rounding to just ahead of her position, and making fast in like manner. To our great joy we found that, as we had suspected, and, indeed, knew, as soon as colors were hoisted, it was indeed Sir John Ross in the 'Felix.' Glad was I of an opportunity to see the gallant old veteran, whose name and writings had latterly been so frequently before me. Directly we got on board, Sir John Ross came to meet us; I saw before me him who, for four long years and more, had been incarcerated, hopelessly, with his companions, in those icy regions to which we ourselves were bound. I was struck with astonishment! It was nothing, in comparison, for the young and robust to come on such a voyage; but that *he*, at his time of life, when men generally think it right—and right, perhaps, it is, too—to sit quietly down at home by their own firesides, should brave the hardship and danger once again, was indeed surprising.

"In the evening both vessels had to move into another position, in consequence of the bergs approaching too closely toward us. To watch these mountain, icy monsters in a calm, as they slowly and silently, yet surely and determinedly, move about in the narrow sheet of water by which they chance to be encompassed, one could well imagine that it was some huge mysterious

thing, possessed of life, and bent on the fell purpose of destruction. Onward it almost imperceptibly glides, until reaching an opposing floe, it forces its way far through the solid ice, plowing up the pieces and throwing them aside in hilly heaps with a force and power apparently incredible. Should it happen that an impetus is given to it by wind, or other causes besides those thus occasioned by the tide, or current, it is mighty in its strength, and terrific in the desolation it produces. Nothing can save a ship if thus caught by one, as was the case in the memorable and fatal year of 1830, in this very bay, when vessels were 'squeezed flat'—

'reared up by the ice, almost in the position of a rearing horse! others thrown fairly over on their broadsides; and some actually overrun by the advancing floe and totally buried by it.' "

The obstructions presented by the ice continued to increase so that in a whole fortnight, in spite of the most strenuous exertions, they made only twelve miles in their northward course. And even this, as they subsequently learned, was more than was performed by the government expedition, which was five weeks in advancing thirty miles. On the third of August, in Melville's Bay, night closed in upon

THE PRINCE ALBERT IN A DANGEROUS POSITION.



"There was still more danger now, on account of the heavier and worse kind of ice about us. Several bergs and rugged hummocks were in very close quarters to us. At four A.M. we had again to unship the rudder; and this we could hardly do, in consequence of being completely beset. The 'Felix' was just ahead; but not a particle of water any where near or around us could be seen. Several times both vessels were in extreme danger; and once we sustained a rather heavy pressure, being canted over on the starboard side most unpleasantly. But the 'Prince Albert' stood it well; although it was painfully evident that should the heavy outer floes still keep setting in upon those which inclosed us, nothing could save her. To describe our position at this moment it will be only necessary to observe that both vessels were as completely in the ice as if they had been dropped into it from on high, and frozen there. It had been impossible for me to sleep during the night in consequence of the constant harsh grating sound

that the floes caused as they slowly and heavily moved along or *upon* the ship's side, crushing their outer edges with a most unpleasant noise close to my ear. My sleeping berth was half under and half above the level of the water, when the ship was on an even keel. In the morning I heard the grating sound still stronger and close to me: I threw myself off the bed and went on deck. From the deck, I jumped on to the ice, and had a look how it was serving the poor little vessel. Under her stern I perceived large masses crushed up in a frightful manner, and with terrific force, sufficient, I thought, to have knocked her whole counter in. My only wonder was how she stood it; but an explanation, independent of her own good strength, was soon presented to me in the fact that the floe I was standing upon was moving right round, and grinding in its progress all lesser pieces in its way. This was the cause of safety to ourselves and the 'Felix.' Had the heavy bodies of ice been impelled directly toward us,

as we at first feared they would be, instead of passing us in an angular direction, we should both, most assuredly, have been crushed like an egg-shell. The very *bergs*, or the *floating* ones, near which we had been fast on the previous day, were aiding in the impetus given by the tide or current to the masses now in motion; and most providential was it that no wind was blowing from the adverse quarter at the time. Upon each side of the ship the floes were solid and of great thickness, and pressing closely upon her timbers. Under the bow, several rough pieces had been thrown up nearly as high as the level of the bowsprit, and these were in constant change, as the larger masses drove by them.

"I ascended on deck, and found all the preparations for taking to the ice, if necessary, renewed. Spirits of wine, for portable fuel, had been drawn off, and placed handy; bags of bread, pemmican, &c., were all in readiness; and nothing was wanting in the event of a too heavy squeeze coming. We could perceive that, sooner or later, a collision between the two floes, the one on our larboard and the other on our starboard side, must take place, as the former had not nearly so much motion as the latter; but where this collision would occur was impossible to say. Between the 'Felix' and us, the passage was blocked principally by the same sort of pieces that I have mentioned as lying under our bow; and astern of us were several small bergs that might or might not be of service in breaking the collision. Very fortunately they proved the former; for, presently, I could perceive the floe on our starboard hand, as it came crushing and grinding all near it, in its circular

movement, catch one of its extreme corners on a large block of ice a short distance astern, and by the force of the pressure drive it into the opposite floe, rending and tearing all before it; while at the same time itself rebounded, as it were, or swerved on one side, and glided more softly and with a relaxed pressure past us. This was the last trial of the kind our little 'Prince' had to endure; for afterward a gradual slackening of the whole body of ice took place, and at ten it opened to the southward. We immediately shipped the rudder, and began heaving, warping, and tracking the ship through the loose masses that lay in that, the only direction for us now to pursue, if we wished to get clear at all."

On the 10th of August, as the sun, which now never sank below the horizon, rose above a low-lying fog-bank, one of the government expeditions was seen emerging from the mist. The expedition consisted of two screw steamers, each having a sailing vessel in tow. A strange sight it was to see these steamers—the first that ever burst into that silent sea—gliding along amid the eternal ice of the arctic circle. They proved of great service in breaking through the ice, dashing stem on against the massy barriers; then backing astern, to gain headway, and repeating the manœuvre until a passage was forced. When the ice was too thick to be broken in this manner, a hole was drilled in it, into which a powder-cylinder was placed, the mine fired, and the fragments dragged out by the steamers. The "Prince Albert" and "Felix" were taken in tow, for some three hundred miles by the steamers. Mr. Snow gives the following sketch and description of

THE ARCTIC DISCOVERY SHIPS AT MIDNIGHT



"I have before made mention of the remarkable stillness which may be observed at midnight in these regions; but not until now did it come upon me with such force, and in such a singular manner. I can not attempt to describe the mingled sensations I experienced, of constant surprise and amazement at the extraordinary occurrence then taking place in the waters I was gazing upon, and of renewed hope, mellowed into a quiet, holy, and reverential feeling of gratitude toward that mighty Being who, in this solemn silence, reigned alike supreme, as in the busy hour of noon when man is eager at his toil, or the custom of the civilized world gives to business active life and vigor. Save the distant humming noise of the engine working on board of the steamer towing us, there was no sound to be heard denoting the existence of any living thing, or of any animate matter. Yet there we were, perceptibly, nay, rapidly, gliding past the land and floes of ice, as though some secret and mysterious power had been set to work to carry us swiftly away from those vexatious, harassing, and delaying portions of our voyage, in which we had already experienced so much trouble and perplexity. The leading vessels had passed all the parts where any further difficulty might have been apprehended, and this of course gave to us in the rear a sense of perfect security for the present. All hands, therefore, except the middle watch on deck, were below in our respective vessels; and, as I looked forward ahead of us, and beheld the long line of masts and rigging that rose up from each ship before me, without any sail set, or any apparent motion to propel such masses onward, and without a single human voice to be heard around, it did seem something wonderful and amazing! And yet, it was a noble sight: six vessels were casting their long shadows across the smooth surface of the passing floes of ice, as the sun, with mellowed light, and gentler, but still beautiful lustre, was soaring through the polar sky, at the back of Melville's Cape. Ay, in truth it was a noble sight; and well could I look upward to the streaming pendant of my own dear country that hung listlessly from the mast-head of the 'Assistance,' and feel the highest satisfaction in my breast that I, too, was one of her children, and could boast myself of being born on her own free soil, under her own revered and idolized flag. But even as I beheld that listless symbol of my country's name, pendant from the lofty truck, my glance was directed higher; and as it caught the pale blue firmament of heaven, still in this midnight hour divested of star or moon that shine by night, and brightened by the sun; my heart breathed a prayer that He, who dwells far beyond the ken of mortal eye, would deign to grant that the attempt now making should not be made in vain, but that those whom we were now on our way to seek might be found and restored to their home and sorrowing friends; and that, until then, full support and strength might be afforded them."

After parting company with the other vessels,

the "Prince Albert" stood on her way westward, until they almost reached the spot where it had been proposed to winter, and where the design of the expedition would begin to be put in execution. But they found the harbor which they had proposed to enter blocked up with ice; and so unaccountable a discouragement came over the expedition, that on the 22d of August a sudden resolution was taken to return forthwith. The Journal of Mr. Snow is extremely guarded as to the reasons for this determination. The vessel had performed admirably; every preparation had been made for wintering; they were provisioned for two years; the crew were in excellent health: and yet the whole expedition, which had been fitted out at such a sacrifice, was abandoned, almost before it was fairly begun. We are led to infer that the true reason was that the officers in command had not the cool, determined courage requisite for such a charge. But we are sure that such a deficiency can not be laid to the charge of our author. From this time forth a tone of deep and bitter chagrin runs through the Journal at this inglorious termination of the expedition. It was no small addition to this feeling of intense mortification, that on the very day when they determined to abandon the enterprise, and return home, the American Expedition fitted out by Mr. GRINNELL, which they had seen, a fortnight before, blocked up by ice, as they supposed, in Melville's Bay, but which had now overtaken them, notwithstanding their own tow by the steamers, was seen boldly pressing its way where they themselves dared not follow. Notwithstanding this feeling of mortification, Mr. Snow has too intense a sympathy with daring and courage, ennobled by high and philanthropic purpose, to fail to do ample justice to

THE AMERICAN RELIEF EXPEDITION.

"Large pieces of ice were floating about, and setting rapidly up the inlet. We had to stand away for some distance, to round the edge of this stream; and as we approached the far end, we perceived that a vessel, which we had some time before seen, was apparently standing right in toward us. At first, we took her to be Sir John Ross's schooner, the 'Felix,' but a few moments more settled the point, by her size and rig being different, and her colors being displayed, which proved her to be one of the 'Americans!' All idea of sleep was now instantly banished from me. The American vessels already up here, when we had fancied them still in Melville's Bay, not far from where we had left them on the 6th instant! Much as I knew of the enterprising and daring spirit of our transatlantic brethren, I could not help being astonished. They must have had either some extraordinary luck, or else the ice had suddenly and most effectually broken up to admit of their exit, unaided by steam or other help, in so short a time. I felt, however, a pleasure in thus finding my repeated observations concerning them so thoroughly verified; and I was not

sorry for themselves that they were here. All exclusive nationality was done away with. We were all engaged in the same noble cause; we were all striving forward in the same animating and exciting race, and none should envy the other his advance therein. We showed our colors to him; and Captain Forsyth immediately determined to go on board of him, and see whether the same plan of search for him was laid out as for us. The boat was lowered, and in a short time we were standing on the deck of the 'Advance,' Lieutenant De Haven, of the American Navy, and most cordially received, with their accustomed hospitality, by our transatlantic friends.

"The 'Advance' was most extraordinarily fortified to resist any pressure of the ice, and to enable her to force her way against such impediments as those she encountered this evening. Her bow was one solid mass of timber—I believe I am right in saying, from the foremast. Her timbers were increased in size and number, so that she might well be said to have been doubled inside as well as out. Her deck was also doubled, then felted, and again lined inside, while her cabin had, in addition, a sheathing of cork. The after-part of the vessel was remarkably strong; and a movable bulk-head, which ran across the forepart of the cabin, could at any time be unshipped to afford a free communication fore and aft when needed. The crew, if I remember rightly, lived in a strongly built 'round-house' on deck, amidships, one end of which was converted into a cook-house, called a 'galley,' and another the 'pantry.' Ten men formed the number of the working seamen; there were no 'ice-masters,' nor regular 'ice-men;' but most of the sailors were long accustomed to the ice. A steward and a cook completed the full complement of the ship. The officers lived in a truly republican manner. The whole cabin was thrown into one spacious room, in which captain, mates, and surgeon lived together. Their sleeping berths were built around it, and appeared to possess every accommodation to make them comfortable.

"The 'Advance' was one of two vessels (the other being the 'Rescue'—a smaller craft) that had been bought and fitted out in the most noble and generous manner, solely by one individual—HENRY GRINNELL, Esq., a merchant of New York. This truly great and good man had long felt his heart yearn toward the lost ones, whom we were now seeking, and their friends; and desiring to redeem the partial pledge given by the government of the United States to Lady Franklin, he yielded to the strong impulses awakened by some of her private letters, which he had had the opportunity of reading, and being blest with an ample fortune, he determined to employ no small portion of it in sending out at his own expense an expedition to this quarter of the world, to aid in the search that England was making this year after her gallant children. It required, however, not a trifling sum to accomplish this, and I well know

with what distrust and doubt of its fulfillment the first notice of his intentions was received in New York and elsewhere, when publicly made known. But he was not a man, it has appeared, to promise what he means not, or can not perform. At a very heavy outlay he purchased two vessels, one of, I believe, 125 tons, and the other of 95 tons, and had them strengthened and prepared in a most efficient manner for the service they were to enter upon. Applying to Congress, then assembled, he got these ships received into the naval force, and brought under naval authority. Officers and crews were appointed by the Board of Administration for Maritime Affairs, and the government, moreover, agreed to pay them as if in regular service; making an additional allowance on each pay, of a grade in rank above. This having been accomplished, and all things in readiness, on the 24th of May, 1850, he had the satisfaction of seeing his two ships and their brave crews depart from New York on their generous mission. He accompanied them himself for some distance, and finally bid them farewell on the 26th, returning in his yacht to the city, where, as he has often declared, he can sit down now in peace, and be ready to lay his head at rest forever; knowing that he has done his duty, and striven to perform the part of a faithful steward with the wealth which he enjoys. *

"The 'Advance' was manned by sixteen persons, officers included. Her commander, Lieutenant De Haven, a young man of about twenty-six years of age, had served in the United States exploring expedition, under Commodore Wilkes, in the Antarctic Seas. He seemed as fine a specimen of a seaman, and a rough and ready officer, as I had ever seen. Nor was he at all deficient in the characteristics of a true gentleman, although the cognomen is so often misapplied and ill-understood. With a sharp, quick eye, a countenance bronzed and apparently insured to all weathers, his voice gave unmistakable signs of energy, promptitude, and decision. There was no mistaking the man. He was undoubtedly well-fitted to lead such an expedition, and I felt charmed to see it.

"His second in command (for they were very differently organized from us) was still younger and more slim, but withal of equally determined and sailorlike appearance. Next to him was a junior officer, of whom I saw but little; but that little was enough to tell me that the executives under Captain De Haven would be efficient auxiliaries to him. Last of all, though not least among them, was one of whom I must be excused for saying more than a casual word or two. It was Dr. Kane, the surgeon, naturalist, journalist, &c., of the expedition. Of an exceedingly slim and apparently fragile form and make, and with features to all appearance far more suited to a genial climate, and to the comforts of a pleasant home, than to the roughness and hardships of an arctic voyage, he was yet a very old traveler both by sea and land. His rank as a surgeon in the American navy,

and his appointment, at three days' notice, to this service, were sufficient proof of his abilities, and of his being considered capable of enduring all that would have to be gone through. While our captain was talking to the American commander, Dr. Kane turned his attention to me, and a congeniality of sentiment and feeling soon brought us deep into pleasant conversation. I found he had been in many parts of the world, by sea and land, that I myself had visited, and in many other parts that I could only long to visit. Old scenes and delightful recollections were speedily revived. Our talk ran wild; and *there*, in that cold, inhospitable, dreary region of everlasting ice and snow, did we again, in fancy, gallop over miles and miles of lands far distant, and far more joyous. Ever-smiling Italy, and its softening life; sturdy Switzerland, and its hardy sons; the Alps, the Apennines, France, Germany, and elsewhere were rapidly wandered over. India, Africa, and Southern America were brought before us in swift succession. Then came Spain and Portugal, and my own England; next appeared Egypt, Syria, and the Desert; with all of these was he personally familiar, in all had he been a traveler, and in all could I join him, too, except the latter. Rich in anecdote and full of pleasing talk, time flew rapidly as I conversed with him, and partook of the hospitality offered me. Delighted at the knowledge that I had been residing for some time in New York, he tried all he could to make me enjoy the moment."

After parting with the American Expedition, the "Prince Albert" took her homeward way, reaching Aberdeen on the 1st of October. "As it was quite dark," says Mr. Snow, "few witnessed our arrival, and I was not sorry for it. Had we returned fortunate, it would have been different; as it was, why, the night was, I thought, better suited to our condition. The "Prince Albert" brought the latest tidings received of the "Advance" and "Rescue," when

BROTHER JONATHAN GIVES JOHN BULL "A LEAD."

"If I had ever before doubted the daring and enterprising character of the American, what I saw and heard on board of the 'Advance' would have removed such doubt; but these peculiar features in the children of the Stars and Stripes were always apparent to me, and admiringly acknowledged. I was given a brief history of their voyage to the present time, as also an outline of their future plans. They intended to push on wherever they could, this way or that way, as might be found best, in the direction of Melville Island, and parts adjacent, especially Banks's Land; and they meant to winter wherever they might chance to be, in the Pack or out of the Pack. As long as they could be moving or making any progress, in any direction that might assist in the object for which they had come, they meant still to be going on, and, with the true characteristic of the American, cared for no obstacles or impediments that might arise in their way. Neither

fears, nor the necessary caution which might easily be alleged as an excuse for hesitation or delay, at periods when any thing like fancied danger appeared, was to deter them. Happy fellows! thought I: no fair winds nor opening prospects will be lost with you; no dissension or incompetency among your executive officers exist to stay your progress. Bent upon one errand alone, your minds set upon *that* before you embarked, no trifles nor common danger will prevent you daring every thing for the carrying out of your mission. Go on, then, brave sons of America, and may at least some share of prosperity and success attend your noble exertions!

"If ever a vessel and her officers were capable of going through an undertaking in which more than ordinary difficulties had to be encountered, I had no doubt it would be the American; and this was evinced to me, even while we were on board, by the apparently reckless way in which they dashed through the streams of heavy ice running off from Leopold Island. I happened to go on deck when they were thus engaged, and was delighted to witness how gallantly they put aside every impediment in their way. An officer was standing on the heel of the bowsprit, conning the ship and issuing his orders to the man at the wheel in that short, decisive, yet *clear* manner, which the helmsman at once well understood and promptly obeyed. There was not a rag of canvas taken in, nor a moment's hesitation. The way was before them: the stream of ice had to be either gone through boldly or a long *detour* made; and, despite the heaviness of the stream, *they pushed the vessel through in her proper course.* Two or three shocks, as she came in contact with some large pieces, were unheeded; and the moment the last block was past the bow, the officer sung out, 'So: steady as she goes on her course;' and came aft as if nothing more than ordinary sailing had been going on. I observed our own little bark nobly following in the American's wake; and, as I afterward learned, she got through it pretty well, though not without much doubt of the propriety of keeping on in such procedure after the 'mad Yankee,' as he was called by our mate."

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE PINS?

EVERY body uses pins—men, women, and children. Every body buys them. Every body bends them, breaks them, knocks off their heads, and loses them. They enter into every operation, from the drawing-room to the scullery. Go where you will, if you look sharp, you may calculate with certainty on picking up a pin—in the streets, in the cabs, on door-steps and mats, in halls and drawing-rooms, sticking in curtains and sofas, and paper-hangings, in counting-houses and lawyers' offices, keeping together old receipts and bills, and fragments of papers, in ladies' needlework, in shopkeepers' parcels, in books, bags, baskets, luggage—they are to be found every where, let them get there how

they may, by accident or design. Their ubiquity is astounding—and their manufacture, being in proportion to it, must be something prodigious. There is no article of perpetual use with which we are so familiar; and out of this familiarity springs indifference, for there is no article about whose final destination we are so profoundly ignorant. We know well enough the end of things (not half so useful to us) that wear out in the course of time, or that are liable to be smashed, cracked, chipped, put out of order, or otherwise rendered unavailable for further service; but of the fate of this little article, so universal in its application, so indispensable in its utility, we know nothing whatever. Nobody ever thinks of asking, **WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?** For our own parts, we should be very glad to get an answer to that question, and should be very much obliged to any person who could furnish us with it.

The question is by no means an idle one. If we could get at the statistics of pins, we should have some tremendous revelations. The loss in pins, strayed, stolen, and mislaid, is past all calculation. Millions of billions of pins must vanish—no woman alive can tell how or where—in the course of a year. Of the actual number fabricated, pointed, headed, and papered up for sale from one year's end to another (remember they are to be found in every house, large and small, within the pale of civilization), we should be afraid to venture a conjecture; but, judging from what we know of their invincible tendency to lose themselves, and our own inveterate carelessness in losing them, we apprehend that, could such a return be obtained, it would present an alarming result. Think of millions of billions of pins being in course of perpetual disappearance! And that this has been going on for centuries and centuries, and will continue to go on, probably, to the world's end. A grave matter to contemplate, my masters! A pin, in its single integrity, is a trifle, atomic, in comparison with other things that are lost and never found again. But reflect for a moment upon pins in the aggregate. The grand sum-total of human life is made up of trifles—all large bodies are composed of minute particles. Years are made up of months, months of weeks, weeks of days, days of hours, hours of minutes, minutes of seconds; and, coming down to the seconds, and calling in the multiplication-table to enlighten us, we shall find that there are considerably upward of thirty-one millions of them in a year. Try a similar experiment with the pins. Assume any given quantity of loss in any given time, and calculate what it will come to in a cycle of centuries. Most people are afraid of looking into the future, and would not, if they could, acquire a knowledge of the destiny that lies before them. Pause, therefore, before you embark in this fearful calculation; for the chances are largely in favor of your arriving at this harrowing conclusion, that, by the mere force of accumulation and the inevitable pressure of quantity, the great globe

itself must, at no very distant period, become a vast shapeless mass of pins.

As yet we have no signs or tokens of this impending catastrophe, and are entirely in the dark about the process that is insidiously conducting us to it; and hence we ask, in solemn accents, **WHAT BECOMES OF THE PINS?** Where do they go to? How do they get there? What are the attractive and repulsive forces to which they are subject after they drop from us? What are the laws that govern their wanderings? Do they dissolve and volatilize, and come back again into the air, so that we are breathing pins without knowing it? Do they melt into the earth, and go to the roots of vegetables, so that every day of our lives we are unconsciously dining on them? The inquiry baffles all scholarship; and we are forced to put up with the obscure satisfaction which Hamlet applies to the world of apparitions, that there are more pins in unknown places and unsuspected shapes upon the earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

LAMARTINE ON THE RELIGION OF REVOLUTIONARY MEN.

I KNOW—I sigh when I think of it—that hitherto the French people have been the least religious of all the nations of Europe. Is it because the idea of God—which arises from all the evidences of Nature, and from the depths of reflection, being the profoundest and weightiest idea of which human intelligence is capable—and the French mind being the most rapid, but the most superficial, the lightest, the most unreflective of all European races—this mind has not the force and severity necessary to carry far and long the greatest conception of the human understanding?

Is it because our governments have always taken upon themselves to think for us, to believe for us, and to pray for us? Is it because we are and have been a military people, a soldier-nation, led by kings, heroes, ambitious men, from battlefield to battlefield, making conquests, and never keeping them, ravaging, dazzling, charming, and corrupting Europe; and bringing home the manners, vices, bravery, lightness, and impiety of the camp to the fireside of the people?

I know not, but certain it is that the nation has an immense progress to make in serious thought if she wishes to remain free. If we look at the characters, compared as regards religious sentiment, of the great nations of Europe, America, even Asia, the advantage is not for us. The great men of other countries live and die on the scene of history, looking up to heaven; our great men appear to live and die, forgetting completely the only idea for which it is worth living and dying—they live and die looking at the spectator, or, at most, at posterity.

Open the history of America, the history of England, and the history of France; read the great lives, the great deaths, the great martyrdoms.

the great words at the hour when the ruling thought of life reveals itself in the last words of the dying—and compare.

Washington and Franklin fought, spoke, suffered, ascended, and descended in their political life of popularity in the ingratitude of glory, in the contempt of their fellow-citizens—always in the name of God, for whom they acted; and the liberator of America died, confiding to God the liberty of the people and his own soul.

Sidney, the young martyr of a patriotism, guilty of nothing but impatience, and who died to expiate his country's dream of liberty, said to his jailer—"I rejoice that I die innocent toward the king, but a victim, resigned to the King on High, to whom all life is due."

The Republicans of Cromwell only sought the way of God, even in the blood of battles. Their politics were their faith—their reign a prayer—their death a psalm. One hears, sees, feels, that God was in all the movements of these great people.

But cross the sea, traverse La Mancha, come to our times, open our annals, and listen to the last words of the great political actors of the drama of our liberty. One would think that God was eclipsed from the soul, that His name was unknown in the language. History will have the air of an atheist, when she recounts to posterity these annihilations, rather than deaths, of celebrated men in the greatest year of France! The victims only have a God; the tribunes and lictors have none.

Look at Mirabeau on the bed of death—"Crown me with flowers," said he; "intoxicate me with perfumes. Let me die to the sound of delicious music"—not a word of God or of his soul. Sensual philosopher, he desired only supreme sensualism, a last voluptuousness in his agony. Contemplate Madame Roland, the strong-hearted woman of the Revolution, on the cart that conveyed her to death. She looked contemptuously on the besotted people who killed their prophets and sibyls. Not a glance toward heaven! Only one word for the earth she was quitting—"Oh, Liberty!"

Approach the dungeon door of the Girondins. Their last night is a banquet; the only hymn, the Marseillaise!

Follow Camille Desmoulins to his execution. A cool and indecent pleasantry at the trial, and a long imprecation on the road to the guillotine, were the two last thoughts of this dying man on his way to the last tribunal.

Hear Danton on the platform of the scaffold, at the distance of a line from God and eternity. "I have had a good time of it; let me go to sleep." Then to the executioner, "you will show my head to the people—it is worth the trouble!" His faith, annihilation; his last sigh, vanity. Behold the Frenchman of this latter age!

What must one think of the religious sentiment of a free people whose great figures seem thus to march in procession to annihilation, and to whom that terrible minister—death—itself

recalls neither the threatenings nor promises of God!

The republic of these men without a God has quickly been stranded. The liberty, won by so much heroism and so much genius, has not found in France a conscience to shelter it, a God to avenge it, a people to defend it against that atheism which has been called glory. All ended in a soldier and some apostate republicans travestied into courtiers. An atheistic republicanism can not be heroic. When you terrify it, it bends; when you would buy it, it sells itself. It would be very foolish to immolate itself. Who would take any heed? the people ungrateful and God non-existent! So finish atheist revolutions!—*Bien Publique.*

[From Dickens's Household Words.]

THOMAS HARLOWE.

ALL amid the summer roses
In his garden, with his wife,
Sate the cheerful Thomas Harlowe,
Glancing backward through his life.

Woodlarks in the trees were singing,
And the breezes, low and sweet,
Wafted down laburnum blossoms,
Like an offering, at his feet.

There he sate, good Thomas Harlowe,
Living o'er the past in thought;
And old griefs, like mountain summits,
Golden hues of sunset caught.

Thus he spake: "The truest poet
Is the one whose touch reveals
Those deep springs of human feeling
Which the conscious heart conceals.

"Human nature's living fountains,
Ever-flowing, round us lie,
Yet the poets seek their waters
As from cisterns old and dry.

"Hence they seldom write, my Ellen,
Aught so full of natural woe,
As that song which thy good uncle
Made so many years ago.

"My sweet wife, my life's companion,
Canst thou not recall the time
When we sate beneath the lilacs,
Listening to that simple rhyme?

"I was then just five-and-twenty,
Young in years, but old in sooth;
Hopeless love had dimmed my manhood,
Care had saddened all my youth.

"But that touching, simple ballad,
Which thy uncle writ and read,
Like the words of God, creative,
Gave a life unto the dead.

"And thenceforth have been so blissful
All our days, so calm, so bright,
That it seems like joy to linger
O'er my young life's early blight.

"Easy was my father's temper,
And his being passed along
Like a streamlet 'neath the willows,
Lapsing to the linnet's song.

"With the scholar's tastes and feelings,
He had all he asked of life
In his books and in his garden,
In his child, and gentle wife.

- "He was for the world unfitted;
For its idols knew no love;
And, without the serpent's wisdom
Was as guileless as the dove.
- "Such men are the schemer's victims.
Trusting to a faithless guide,
He was lured on to his ruin,
And a hopeless bankrupt died.
- "Short had been my father's sorrow;
He had not the strength to face
What was worse than altered fortune,
Or than faithless friends—disgrace.
- "He had not the strength to combat
Through the adverse ranks of life;
In his prime he died, heart-broken,
Leaving unto us the strife.
- "I was then a slender stripling,
Full of life, and hope, and joy;
But, at once, the cares of manhood
Crushed the spirit of the boy.
- "Woman oft than man is stronger
Where are inner foes to quell,
And my mother rose triumphant,
When my father, vanquished, fell.
- "All we had we gave up freely,
That on him might rest less blame;
And, without a friend in London,
In the winter, hither came.
- "To the world-commanding London,
Came as atoms, nothing worth;
'Mid the strift of myriad workers,
Our small efforts to put forth.
- "Oh, the hero-strength of woman,
When her strong affection pleads,
When she tasks her to endurance
In the path where duty leads!
- "Fair my mother was and gentle,
Reared 'mid wealth, of good descent,
One who, till our time of trial,
Ne'er had known what hardship meant.
- "Now she toiled. Her skillful needle
Many a wondrous fabric wrought,
Which the loom could never equal,
And which wealthy ladies bought.
- "Meantime I, among the merchants
Found employment; saw them write,
Brooding over red-lined ledgers,
Ever gain, from morn till night.
- "Or amid the crowded shipping
Of the great world's busy hive,
Saw the wealth of both the Indies,
For their wealthier marts, arrive
- "So we lived without repining,
Toiling, toiling, week by week;
But I saw her silent sufferings
By the pallor of her cheek.
- "Love like mine was eagle-sighted;
Vainly did she strive to keep
All her sufferings from my knowledge,
And to lull my fears to sleep.
- "Well I knew her days were numbered;
And, as she approached her end,
Stronger grew the love between us,
Doubly was she parent—friend!
- "God permitted that her spirit
Should through stormy floods be led,
That she might converse with angels
While she toiled for daily bread.
- "Wondrous oft were her communings,
As of one to life new-born,
- When I watched beside her pillow,
'Twixt the midnight and the morn.
- "Still she lay through one long Sabbath,
But as evening closed she woke,
And like one amazed with sorrow,
Thus with pleading voice she spoke:
- "God will give whate'er is needful;
Will sustain from day to day;
This I know—yet worldly fetters
Keep me still a thrall to clay!
- "Oh, my son, from these world-shackles
Only thou canst set me free!
'Speak thy wish,' said I, 'my mother,
Lay thy lov'd commands on me!
- "As if strength were given unto her
For some purpose high, she spake:
'I have toiled, and—like a miser—
Hoarded, hoarded for thy sake.
- "Not for sordid purpose hoarded,
But to free from outward blame,
From the tarnish of dishonor,
Thy dead father's sacred name,
- "And I lay on thee this duty—
'Tis my last request, my son—
Lay on thee this solemn duty
Which I die and leave undone!
- "Promise, that thy dearest wishes,
Pleasure, profit, shall be naught,
Until, to the utmost farthing,
Thou this purpose shalt have wrought!"
- "And I promised. All my being
Freely, firmly answered, yea!
Thus absolved, her angel-spirit,
Breathing blessings, passed away.
- "Once more in the noisy, jostling
Human crowd; I seemed to stand,
Like to him who goes to battle,
With his life within his hand.
- "All things wore a different aspect;
I was now mine own no more:
Pleasure, wealth, the smile of woman
All a different meaning bore.
- "Thus I toiled—though young, not youthful
Ever mingling in the crowd,
Yet apart; my life, my labor,
To a solemn purpose vowed.
- "Yet even duty had its pleasure,
And I proudly kept apart;
Lord of all my weaker feelings;
Monarch of my subject heart.
- "Foolish boast! My pride of purpose
Proved itself a feeble thing,
When thy uncle brought me hither,
In the pleasant time of Spring.
- "Said he, 'Thou hast toiled too closely;
Thou shalt breathe our country air;
Thou shalt come to us on Sundays,
And thy failing health repair!"
- "Now began my hardest trial.
What had I with love to do?
Loving thee was sin 'gainst duty,
And 'gainst thy good uncle too!
- "Until now my heart was cheerful;
Duty had been light till now,
—Oh that I were free to woo thee;
That my heart had known no vow!
- "Yet, I would not shrink from duty;
Nor my vow leave unfulfilled!
—Still, still, had my mother known thee,
Would she thus have sternly willed?

"Wherefore did my angel-mother
Thus enforce her dying prayer?
—Yet what right had I to seek thee,
Thou, thy uncle's wealthy heir!

"Thus my spirit cried within me;
And that inward strife began,
That wild warfare of the feelings
Which lays waste the life of man.

"In such turmoil of the spirit,
Feeble is our human strength;
Life seems stripped of all its glory:
—Yet was duty lord at length.

"So at least I deemed. But meeting
Toward the pleasant end of May
With thy uncle, here he brought me,
I who long had kept away.

"He was willful, thy good uncle;
I was such a stranger grown;
I must go to hear the reading
Of a ballad of his own.

"Willing to be won, I yielded.
Canst thou not that eve recall,
When the lilacs were in blossom,
And the sunshine lay o'er all?

"On the bench beneath the lilacs,
Sate we; and thy uncle read
That sweet, simple, wondrous ballad,
Which my own heart's woe portrayed.

'Twas a simple tale of nature—
Of a lowly youth who gave
All his heart to one above him,
Loved, and filled an early grave.

"But the fine tact of the poet
Laid the wounded spirit bare,
Breathed forth all the silent anguish
Of the breaking heart's despair.

"'Twas as if my soul had spoken,
And at once I seemed to know,
Through the poet's voice prophetic,
What the issue of my woe.

"Later, walking in the evening
Through the shrubbery, thou and I,
With the woodlarks singing round us,
And the full moon in the sky;

"Thou, my Ellen, didst reproach me,
For that I had coldly heard
That sweet ballad of thy uncle's,
Nor responded by a word.

"Said I, 'If that marvelous ballad
Did not seem my heart to touch;
It was not from want of feeling,
But because it felt too much.'

"And even as the rod of Moses
Called forth water from the rock;
So did now thy sweet reproaches
All my secret heart unlock.

"And my soul lay bare before thee;
And I told thee all; how strove,
As in fierce and dreary conflict,
My stern duty and my love.

"All I told thee—of my parents,
Of my angel-mother's fate;
Of the vow by which she bound me;
Of my present low estate.

"All I told thee, while the woodlarks
Filled with song the evening breeze,
And bright gushes of the moonlight
Fell upon us through the trees.

"And thou murmured'st, oh! my Ellen,
In a voice so sweet and low;

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'Would that I had known thy mother,
Would that I might soothe thy woe!"

"Ellen, my sweet, life's companion!
From my being's inmost core
Then I blessed thee; but I bless thee,
Bless thee, even now, still more!

"For, as in the days chivalric
Ladies armed their knights for strife.
So didst thou, with thy true counsel,
Arm me for the fight of life.

"Saidst thou, 'No, thou must not waver,
Ever upright must thou stand:
Even in duty's hardest peril,
All thy weapons in thy hand.

"Doing still thy utmost, utmost;
Never resting till thou'rt free!—
But, if e'er thy soul is weary,
Or discouraged—think of me!"

"And again thy sweet voice murmured,
In a low and thrilling tone;
'I have loved thee, truly loved thee,
Though that love was all unknown!"

"And the sorrows and the trials
Which thy youth in bondage hold,
Make thee to my heart yet dearer
Than if thou hadst mines of gold!

"Go forth—pay thy debt to duty;
And when thou art nobly free,
He shall know, my good old uncle,
Of the love 'twixt thee and me!"

"Ellen, thou wast my good angel!
Once again in life I strove—
But the hardest task was easy,
In the light and strength of love.

"And, when months had passed on swiftly,
Canst thou not that hour recall—
'Twas a Christmas Sabbath evening—
When we told thy uncle all?

"Good old uncle! I can see him,
With those calm and loving eyes,
Smiling on us as he listened,
Silent, yet with no surprise.

"And when once again the lilacs
Blossom'd, in the merry May,
And the woodlarks sang together,
Came our happy marriage day.

"My sweet Ellen, then I blessed thee
As my young and wealthy wife,
But I knew not half the blessings
With which thou wouldst dower my life!"

Here he ceased, good Thomas Harlowe;
And as soon as ceased his voice—
That sweet chorusing of woodlarks
Made the silent night rejoice.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 463.)

PART THE FIRST—MORNING.

VII.

"I AM not about to relate a family history," he began; "but there are some personal circumstances to which I must allude. At nineteen, I was left the sole protector of two sisters, and of a ward of my father, whose guardianship also devolved upon me. It was a heavy responsibility at so early an age, and pressed hard upon a temperament better adapt-

ed for gayety and enjoyment. I discharged it, however, with the best judgment I could, and with a zeal that has bequeathed me, among many grateful recollections, one source of lasting and bitter repentance."

"Repentance, Forrester?" I cried, involuntarily.

"You may understand the sort of dangers to which these young creatures were exposed in the spring-tide of their beauty, protected only by a stripling, who knew little more of the world than they did themselves. Upon that point, perhaps, I was too sensitive. I knew what it was to struggle against the natural feelings of youth, and was not disposed to place much trust in the gad-flies who gathered about my sisters. Well—I watched every movement, and I was right. Yet, with all my care, it so happened that an offense—an insult such as your heartless libertines think they may inflict with impunity on unprotected women—was offered to one of my sisters. Our friendless situation was a mark for general observation, and it was necessary that society should know the terms I kept with it. My enemy—for I made him so on the instant—would have appeased me, but I was inaccessible to apologies. We met; I was wounded severely—my opponent fell. This fearful end of the quarrel affected my sister's health. She had a feeling of remorse about being the cause of that man's death, and her delicate frame sunk under it."

"Perhaps," said I, "there might have been other feelings, which she concealed."

"That fear has cast a shadow over my whole life. But we will not talk of it. I must hasten on. There was a fatal malady in our family—the treacherous malady which is fed so luxuriously by the climate of England. My remaining sister, plunged into grief at our bereavement, became a prey to its wasting and insidious influence. You saw that the servant who opened the door was in mourning? I have mentioned these particulars that you may understand I was not alone in the world, as I am now, when the lady you have seen came to reside in my house. At that time, my sisters were living."

"And she?"

"Was my father's ward, of whom I have spoken. During the early part of her life she lived in Scotland, where she had friends. Now listen to me attentively. Gertrude Hastings lost her mother in her childhood; and upon the death of her father, being a minor, her education and guardianship devolved upon my father, who was trustee to her fortune. At his death, which took place soon afterward, the trust came into my hands. It was thought advisable, under these circumstances, that she should have the benefit of wiser counsel than my own, and for several years she was placed in the house of her mother's sister, who lived at no great distance from the English Border. It was my duty to visit her sometimes." He hesitated, and his voice trembled as he spoke.

"Well—I entreat you to proceed."

"Let me collect myself. I visited her sometimes—at first at long intervals, then more frequently. Every man in his youth forms some ideal, false or true, of the woman to whom he would devote his love. Such dreams visited me, but my situation forbade me to indulge in them, and I resolved to devote myself to the charge I had undertaken, and to forego all thoughts of marriage. I never found this conflict beyond my strength until I saw Gertrude Hastings."

I was struck with horror at these words, and shuddered at what I feared was yet to come. He perceived the effect they took upon me, and went on:

"You are precipitate in your judgment, and I must beg that you will hear me patiently to the end. I will be brief, for I am more pained by the disclosure than you can be. Why should I prolong a confession which you have already anticipated? I loved her; and every time I saw her, I loved her more and more. I was justified by the circumstances that drew us together—the equality of our births—the connection of our families. She was free to choose—so was I. I knew of no impediment, and there was none at the time she inspired me with that fatal passion which, when it grew too strong to be concealed from her, she was unable to return."

I breathed more freely; but seeing the emotion under which poor Forrester was laboring, I kept silence, and waited for him to resume.

"I despise what is called superstition," he said, "as much as any of those bald philosophers we are in the habit of meeting. When they, or you, or I, talk of supernatural agencies, we must each of us be judged by the measure of our knowledge. Ignorance and unbelief evade the question they fear to examine by the easy process of rejecting the evidence on which it rests. If the evidence be trustworthy, if it be clear and coherent in every particular, if it be such as we should be bound to admit upon matters that come within the range of our experience, I have yet to learn upon what grounds it can be rejected when it relates to matters of which we know nothing. Our inability to refute it should make us pause before we heap odium on the witnesses who vouch for its truth."

Forrester was proceeding in this strain, apparently under an apprehension that the disclosure he was about to make required some prologue of this kind to bespeak credit for it, little suspecting that there were incidents in my own life which rendered me too easy a recipient of such statements. But I interrupted him by an assurance that I was quite prepared to believe in things much more extraordinary than any which he could have to relate. He then returned to the narrative.

"Gertrude's aunt had been bred up in Scotland, and was a staunch supporter of the old customs, and a stickler for the popular faith in the ceremonies that are practiced there on cer

tain anniversaries. On one of these occasions, Gertrude, whose imagination had, probably, been affected by the stories she had heard concerning them, was induced, half in play and half in earnest, to try the virtue of one of the charms prescribed for the Eve of All Hallows. We might safely smile at these things, if they did not sometimes, as in this instance, lead to serious results. You see I am relating it to you calmly and circumstantially, although it has blighted my existence. The charm worked out its ends to a miracle. The table was laid out with supper, the necessary incantations having been previously performed, and Gertrude, hiding behind a screen, waited for the appearance of the lover who was to decide her future destiny. They say there was a long pause—at least it seemed so to her—and then a footstep was heard, and then the figure of a man entered the room, and seated himself at the table. Trembling with terror, she looked out from her hiding-place, and saw him clearly within two or three yards of her. The chair had been so placed that his face was exactly opposite to her. She scanned his features so accurately, that she remembered the minutest particulars, to the color of his hair and eyes, and the exact form of his mouth, which had a peculiar expression in it. The figure moved, as if to rise from the chair, and Gertrude, struck to the heart with fear, uttered a loud shriek, and fell in a swoon upon the ground. Her friends, who were watching outside, rushed into the room, but it was empty."

"And that figure—has she never seen it since?"

"Never till to-night. *She recognized you in an instant.*"

My amazement at this narrative nearly deprived me of the power of speech.

"What followed this?" I inquired.

"A delusion that has occupied her thoughts ever since. It took such complete possession of her, that all arguments were useless. When she was asked if she believed it to be real, her invariable answer was that it was real to her. I suffered her to indulge this fancy, hoping that one day or another she would recover from what I regarded as a trance of the mind; but I was mistaken. She always said she was sure of your existence; and looked forward to the realization of her destiny, like one who lived under an enchantment. By slow degrees I relinquished all hopes, and resolved to sacrifice my own happiness to hers, if the opportunity should ever arrive. After this she came to London, broken down in health, and rapidly wasting away under the influence of the protracted expectation that was destroying her. Then it was I first met you. I had some misgiving about you from the beginning, and prevailed upon her to describe to me again and again the person of my spectral rival. It was impossible to mistake the portrait. My doubts were cleared up, and the duty I had to perform was obvious. But I determined to make further inquiry before

I revealed to either what I knew of both, and having heard you speak of your birth-place and residence, I went into the country, satisfied myself on all points respecting you, and at the same time learned the whole particulars of your life. Still I delayed from day to day my intention of bringing you together, knowing that when it was accomplished my own doom would be sealed forever. While I delayed, however, she grew worse, and I felt that it would be criminal to hesitate any longer. I have now fulfilled my part—it remains for you to act upon your own responsibility. My strength exerted for her has carried me so far—I can go no further."

As he uttered these words he rose and turned away his head. I grasped his hand and tried to detain him. He stood and listened while I expressed the unbounded gratitude and admiration with which his conduct inspired me, and explained, hurriedly, the fascination that had held me in a similar trance to that which he had just described. But he made no observation on what I said. It appeared as if he had resolved to speak no more on the subject; and he exhibited such signs of weariness and pain that I thought it would be unreasonable to solicit his advice at that moment. And so we parted for the night.

VIII.

I pondered all night upon the history related to me by Forrester. In the desire to escape from the clouds which still darkened my judgment, I endeavored to persuade myself at one moment that Forrester was trying to impose upon me, and at another that he must be laboring under a mental aberration. The pride of reason revolted from the incredible particulars of that extraordinary narrative; yet certain coincidences, which seemed to confirm their truth, made me hesitate in my skepticism. If I had related to him what had happened to myself, he would have had as good a right to doubt my sanity or veracity as I had to doubt his. This was what staggered me.

I sifted every particle of the story, and was compelled to confess that there was nothing in it which my own experience did not corroborate. The fetch, or wraith, or whatever it was that had appeared to Gertrude, was a counterpart illusion to the figure that had appeared to me. Upon her memory, as upon mine, it had made so vivid an impression, that our recognition of each other was mutual and instantaneous. That fact was clear, and placed the truth of Forrester's statement beyond controversy. It was competent to others, who had no personal evidence of such visitations, to treat with indifference the mysteries of the spiritual world; but I was not free, however much I desired it, to set up for a philosophical unbeliever. All that remained, therefore, was to speculate in the dark on the circumstances which were thus shaping out our destiny, and which, inscrutable as they were, commanded the submission of my reason and my senses.

It occurred to me that, as Gertrude's residence beyond the border might not have been distant many miles from the spot where I imagined I had seen her, it was possible—barely possible—that her appearance there might have been a reality after all. This supposition was a great relief to me, for I would gladly have accepted a natural solution of the phenomenon, and I accordingly resolved to question her upon the subject.

I thought the next day would never come, yet I shuddered at its coming. I was eager to see her again, although I dreaded the interview; and I will frankly acknowledge, that when I approached the house I trembled like a man on the eve of a sentence which was to determine the issue of life or death.

The blinds were down in all the windows, and the aspect of the whole was chill and dismal. Where sickness is, there, too, must be cheerlessness and fear. The passion which had so long possessed me was as strong as ever, but it was dashed with a hideous terror; there was so much to explain and to be satisfied upon before either of us could rightly comprehend our situation.

I knocked faintly. There was no answer. I knocked again, more loudly, but still lowly, and with increasing apprehension. The door was opened by Forrester. He looked dreadfully haggard, as if he had been sitting up all night, worn by grief and watching. I spoke to him, something broken and hardly articulate: he bent his head, and, raising his hand in token of silence, beckoned me to follow him. He was evidently much agitated, and a suspicion crossed my mind that he already repented the sacrifice he had made. But I did him wrong.

When we reached the door of the room in which we had seen Gertrude on the preceding night Forrester paused, as if to gather up his manhood for what was to follow; then, putting forward his hand, he pushed open the door.

"Go in—go in," he cried, in a choking voice; and hurrying me on he retreated back into the shadow, as if he wished to avoid being present at our meeting.

The room was in deep twilight. The curtains were drawn together over the windows, and there was less disorder in the apartment than when I had last seen it. The evidences of illness which I had observed scattered about were removed, and the furniture was more carefully arranged. The atmosphere was heavy, and affected me painfully. But I thought nothing of these things, although the slightest incident did not escape me. Gertrude still lay upon the sofa, and appeared to be more tranquil and composed. There was a solemn hush over her as she lay perfectly calm and motionless. I fancied she was asleep, and approached her gently. Her hands were stretched down by her sides, and I ventured to raise one of them to my lips. I shall never forget the horror of that touch. A thrill shot through my veins; as if a bolt of ice had struck upon my heart and

frozen up its current at the fountain. It was the hand of a corpse.

In the first feeling of madness and despair which seized upon me I ran my hands wildly over her arms, and even touched her face and lips, doubting whether the form that lay before me was of this world. Some such wild apprehension traversed my brain; but the witnesses of death in the flesh were too palpable in many ways to admit of any superstitious incredulity. The violent surprise and emotion of the night before had proved too much for her wasted strength, and she had sunk suddenly under the fearful re-action.

The shock overwhelmed me. Not only was she taken from me at the very instant of discovery and possession, but all hope of mutual explanation was extinguished forever. Upon one point alone had I arrived at certainty, but that only rendered me more anxious to clear up the rest. I had seen her living, had spoken to her, and heard her voice; and now she was dead, the proof of her actual humanity was palpable. It was some comfort to know that she to whom I had dedicated myself under the influence of a sort of sorcery, was a being actuated by passions like my own, and subject to the same natural laws; but it was the extremity of all conceivable wretchedness to lose her just as I had acquired this consoling knowledge. The phantom had scarcely become a reality when it again faded into a phantom.

A few days afterward, for the second time, I followed a hearse to the grave. The only persons to whom I had consecrated my love were gone; and this last bereavement seemed to me at the time as if it were final, and as if there was nothing left for me but to die. My reason, however, had gained some strength by my rough intercourse with the world; and even in the midst of the desolation of that melancholy scene I felt as if a burden had been taken off my mind, and I had been released from a harassing obligation. At all events I had a consciousness, that as the earth closed over the coffin of Gertrude, I passed out of the region of dreams and deceptions, and that whatever lay in advance of me, for good or evil, was of the actual, toiling, practical world. The exodus of my delusion seemed to open to me a future, in which imagination would be rebuked by the presence of stern and harsh realities. I felt like a manumitted slave, who goes forth reluctantly to the hard work of freedom, and would gladly fall back, if he could, upon the supine repose which had spared him the trouble of thinking for himself.

Forrester bore his agony with heroic endurance. I, who knew what was in his heart, knew what he suffered. But his eyes were still and his lips were fixed, and not a single quiver of his pulses betrayed his anguish to the bystanders. When the last rites were over, and we turned away, he wrung my hand without a word of leave-taking, and departed. A few days afterward he left England. The associa-

tions connected with the scenes of his past life—with the country that contained the ashes of all he loved—embittered every hour of his life, and he wisely sought relief in exile. I was hurt at not having received some communication from him before he went away; but I knew he was subject to fits of heavy depression, and his silence, although it pained me at the time, did not diminish the respect and sympathy inspired by his conduct.

I will not dwell upon the immediate effect which the dissolution of Gertrude, and the phantoms connected with her, had upon my mind. Shattered and subdued, I re-entered the world, which I was now resolved, out of cowardice and distrust of myself, not to leave again; taking mental exercise, as an invalid, slowly recovering from the prostration of a long illness, tests his returning strength in the open air. I had a great fear upon me of going into the country, and being once more alone. The tranquillity of Nature would have thrown me back into despair, while the crowded haunts of London kept me in a state of activity that excluded the morbid influences I had so much reason to dread. Of my new experiences in the second phase of my life, as different from the former as light from darkness, I shall speak with the same fidelity which I have hitherto strictly observed.

PART THE SECOND—NOON.

I.

When I had deposited Gertrude in the grave I was a solitary tree, singled out by the lightning, from the rest of the forest, and blasted through every part of its articulation. There was no verdure in my soul. I was dead to the world around me. I lived in what was gone—I had no interest in what was to come. I believed that the fatal spell that had exercised such a power over my thoughts and actions had accomplished its catastrophe, and that there was nothing further for me to fulfill but death. My Idol had perished in her beauty and her love. She had withered before my eyes, destroyed by the supernatural passion which had bound us to each other. How then could I live, when that which was my life had vanished like a pageant in the sky? I thought I could not survive her. Yet I did. And seeing things as I see them now, and knowing the supremacy of time over affliction, I look back and wonder at the thought which desolated my heart under the immediate pressure of a calamity that appeared irreparable, but for which the world offered a hundred appeasing consolations.

I went again into the bustle—the strife of vanities, ambitions, passions, and interests. At first I merely suffered myself to be carried away by the tide; my plank was launched, and I drifted with the current. But in a little time I began to be excited by the roar and jubilee of the waters.

For many months Gertrude was ever present to me, in moments of respite and solitude. As certain as the night returned, the stillness of

my chamber was haunted by her smiles. The tomb seemed to give up its tenant in the fresh bloom and sweet confidence of life, and she would come in her star-light brightness, smiling sadly, as if she had a feeling of something wanted in that existence to which death had translated her, and looking reproachfully, but sweetly down upon me for lingering so long behind her. By degrees, as time wore on, her form grew less and less distinct, and, wearied of watching and ruminating, I would fall asleep and lose her; and so, between waking and sleeping, the floating outlines vanished, and she visited me no more. At last I almost forgot the features which were once so deeply portrayed upon my heart. Poor human love and grief, how soon their footprints are washed away!

I resided entirely in London, without any settled plan of life, tossed about upon the living surge, and indifferent whither it swept me. I lived from hour to hour, and from day to day, upon the incidents that chanced to turn up. People thought there was something singular in my manner, and that my antecedents were ambiguous; consequently I was much sought after, and invited abroad. My table was covered with cards. I was plagued with inquiries, and found that ladies were especially anxious to know more about me than I chose to tell. My silence and reserve piqued their curiosity. Had I been a romantic exile, dressed in a bizarre costume, with an interesting head of hair, and an impenetrable expression of melancholy in my face, I could not have been more flattered by their inconvenient attentions. Out of this crush of civilities I made my own election of friends. My acquaintance was prodigious—my intimacies were few. Wherever I went I met a multitude of faces that were quite familiar to me, and to which I was expected to bow, but very few individuals whom I really knew. I had not the kind of talent that can carry away a whole *London Directory* in its head. I could never remember the names of the mob of people I was acquainted with. I recognized their faces, and shook their hands, and was astonished to find how glibly they all had my name, although I hardly recollected one of theirs, and this round of nods and how-d'ye-do's constituted the regular routine of an extensive intercourse with society. The clatter, frivolous as it was, kept me in motion, and there was health in that; but it was very wearisome. A man with a heart in his body desires closer and more absorbing ties. But we get habituated to these superficialities, and drop into them with surprising indifference; knowing or hoping that the sympathy we long for will come at last, and that, if it never comes, it is not so bad a thing after all, to be perpetually stopped on the journey of life by lively gossips, who will shake you by the hand, and insist upon asking you how you are, just as cordially as if they cared to know.

There was one family I visited more frequently than the rest of my miscellaneous ac-

quaintance. I can hardly explain the attraction that drew me so much into their circle, for there was little in it that was lovable in itself, or that harmonized with my tastes. But antagonisms are sometimes as magnetic as affinities in the moral world. They were all very odd, and did nothing like other people. They were so changeable and eccentric that they scarcely appeared to me for two evenings in succession to be the same individuals. They were perpetually shifting the slides of character, and exhibiting new phases. Their amusements and occupations resembled the incessant dazzle of a magic lantern. They were never without a novelty of some kind on hand—a new whim, which they played with like a toy till they got tired of it—a subtle joke, with a little malicious pleasantry in it—or a piece of scandal, which they exhausted till it degenerated into ribaldry. Their raillery and mirth, even when they happened to be in their most good-natured moods, were invariably on the side of ridicule. They took delight in distorting every thing, and never distorted any thing twice in the same way. They laughed at the whole range of quiet, serious amiabilities, as if all small virtues were foibles and weaknesses; and held the heroic qualities in a sort of mock awe that was more ludicrous and humiliating than open scoffing and derision. In this way they passed their lives, coming out with fresh gibes every morning, and going to bed at night in the same harlequinade humor. It seemed as if they had no cares of their own, and made up for the want of them by taking into keeping the cares of their neighbors; which they tortured so adroitly that, disrelish it as you might, it was impossible to resist the infection of their grotesque satire.

One of the members of this family was distinguished from the rest by peculiarities special to himself. He was a dwarf in stature, with a large head, projecting forehead, starting eyes, bushy hair, and an angular chin. He was old enough to be dealt with as a man; but from his diminutive size, and the singularity of his manners, he was treated as a boy. Although his mental capacity was as stunted as his body, he possessed so extraordinary a talent for translating and caricaturing humanity, that he was looked upon as a domestic mime of unrivaled powers. He could run the circle of the passions with surprising facility, rendering each transition from the grave to the gay so clearly, and touching so rapidly, yet so truly, every shade of emotion, that your wonder was divided between the dexterity, ease, and completeness of the imitation, and the sagacious penetration into character which it indicated. Acting, no doubt, is not always as wise as it looks; and the mimicry that shows so shrewd on the surface is often a mere mechanical trick. But in this case the assumptions were various, distinct, and broadly marked, and not to be confounded with the low art that paints a feeling in a contortion or a grimace. During these strange feats he never spoke a word. He did not require language to

give effect or intelligence to his action. All was rapid, graphic, and obvious, and dashed off with such an air of original humor that the most serious pantomime took the odd color of a jest without compromising an atom of its grave purpose. Indeed this tendency to indulge in a kind of sardonic fun was the topping peculiarity of the whole group, and the dwarf was a faithful subscriber to the family principles.

I suffered myself to be most unreasonably amused by this daily extravagance. The dwarf was a fellow after my own fancy: an irresponsible fellow, headlong, irregular, misshapen, and eternally oscillating to and fro without any goal in life. He never disturbed me by attempts to show things as they were, or by over-refined reasoning upon facts, in which some people are in the habit of indulging until they wear off the sharp edge of truths, and fritter them down into commonplaces. In short, he never reasoned at all. He darted upon a topic, struck his fangs into it, and left it, depositing a little poison behind him. His singularities never offended me, because they never interfered with my own. He turned the entire structure and operations of society to the account of the absurd; and made men, not the victims of distaste as I did, but the puppets of a farce. We arrived, however, at much the same conclusion by different routes, and the dwarf and I agreed well together; although there was an unconfessed repulsion between us which prohibited the interchange of those outward tokens of harmony that telegraph the good fellowship of the crowd.

From the first moment of our acquaintance I had a secret distrust about my friend the dwarf. I shrank from him instinctively when I felt his breath upon me, which was as hot as if it came from a furnace. I felt as if he was a social Mephistophiles, exercising a malignant influence over my fate. Yet, in spite of this feeling, we became intimate all at once. As I saw him in the first interview, I saw him ever after. We relaxed all formalities on the instant of introduction, when he broke out with a gibe that put us both at our ease at once. We were intimates in slippers and morning-gowns, while the rest of the family were as yet on full-dress ceremony with me.

II.

After I had known this family a considerable time, a lady from a distant part of the country, whom I had never seen or heard of before, came on a visit to them. She was a woman of about twenty-five years of age, with a handsome person, considerable powers of conversation, and more intellect than fine women usually take the trouble to cultivate or display, preferring to trust, as she might have safely done, to the influence of their beauty. Her form was grand and voluptuous; her head, with her hair bound up in fillets, had a noble classical air; and her features were strictly intellectual. She had never been married; and exhibiting, as she did at all times, a lofty superiority over the people by whom she was surrounded in this house, it opened a

strange chapter of sprightly malevolence to observe how they criticised her, and picked off her feathers, whenever she happened to be out of the room. They affected the most sublime regard for her, and the way they showed it was by wondering why she remained single, and trying to account for it by sundry flattering inuendoes, with a sneer lurking under each of them.

The men had no taste—this was said so slyly as to make every body laugh—or perhaps they were afraid of her; she was hard to please; her mind was too masculine, which made her appear more repulsive than she really was; she did not relish female society, and men are always jealous of women who are superior to themselves, and so, between the two—hem!—there was the old adage! Then she aimed at eccentricity, and had some uncommon tastes; she was fond of poetry and philosophy, and blue stockings are not so marketable as hosiery of a plainer kind: in short, it was not surprising that such a woman should find it rather difficult to suit herself with a husband. But whoever did succeed in overcoming her fastidiousness would get a prize!

These criticisms, probably, awakened an interest in my mind about this lady. She was evidently not understood by her critics; and it was by no means unlikely that, in attributing peculiarities to her which did not exist, they might have overlooked the true excellencies of her character. In proportion as they depreciated her, she rose in my estimation, by the rule of contraries. It had always been a weakness of mine to set myself against the multitude on questions of taste, and to reverse their judgment by a foregone conclusion. I then believed, and do still in a great measure believe, that persons of genius are not appreciated or comprehended by the mob; but I occasionally committed the mistake of taking it for granted that persons who were depreciated by the mob must of necessity be persons of genius.

Astræa—for so she was familiarly called, at first in the way of covert ridicule, but afterward from habit—was thoroughly in earnest in every thing she said and did. She could adapt herself to the passing humor of vivacity or sarcasm without any apparent effort, but her natural manner was grave and dominant. Beneath the severity of her air was an unsettled spirit, which a close observer could not fail to detect. It was to carry off or hide this secret disquietude of soul (such, at least, it appeared to me), that, with a strong aversion to frivolity, she heeded all the frivolous amusements; but then it was done with an effort and excess that showed how little her taste lay in it, and that it was resorted to only as an escape from criticism. She had no skill in these relaxations, and blundered sadly in her attempts to get through them; and people tried to feel complimented by her condescension, but were never really satisfied. And when she had succeeded in getting up the group to the height of its gayety, and thought that every body was fully employed, she would take advantage of the general merriment and relapse into her

own thoughts. It was then you could see clearly how little interest she took in these things. But she was too important a person to be allowed to drop out, and as she was well aware of the invidious distinction with which she was treated, she would speedily rally and mix in the frivolity again. All this was done with a struggle that was quite transparent to me. She never played that part with much tact. Yet her true character baffled me, notwithstanding. There was an evident restlessness within; as if she were out of her sphere, or as if there were a void to be filled, a longing after something which was wanted to awaken her sympathies, and set her soul at repose. Of that I was convinced; but all beyond was impenetrable obscurity.

The mystery that hovered about her manner, her looks, her words, attracted me insensibly toward her. She was an enigma to the world as I was myself; and a secret feeling took possession of me that there were some latent points of unison in our natures which would yet be drawn out in answering harmony. This feeling was entirely exempt from passion. Gertrude had absorbed all that was passionate and loving in my nature—at least, I thought so then. And the difference between them was so wide, that it was impossible to feel in the same way about Gertrude first and Astræa afterward. Simplicity, gentleness, and timidity, were the characteristics of Gertrude; while Astræa was proud, grand, almost haughty, with a reserve which I could not fathom. If it be true that the individual nature can find a response only in another of a certain quality, then it would have been absurd to delude myself by any dreams of that kind about Astræa. If I had really loved Gertrude, I could not love Astræa. They were essentially in direct opposition to each other. As for Astræa, she appeared inaccessible to the weaknesses of passion; her conversation was bold, and she selected topics that invited argument, but rarely awakened emotion. Energetic, lofty, and severe, her very bearing repelled the approaches of love. He would have been a brave man who should have dared to love Astræa. I wondered at her beauty, which was not captivating at a glance, but full of dignity. I wondered, admired, listened, but was not enslaved.

She treated me with a frankness which she did not extend to others. This did not surprise me in the circle in which I found her. It was natural enough that she should avail herself of any escape that offered from that atmosphere of *persiflage*. I was guided by a similar impulse. But the same thing occurs every day in society. People always, when they can, prefer the intercourse which comes nearest to their own standard. It does not follow, however, that they must necessarily fall in love. Such a suspicion never entered my head.

I soon discovered that her knowledge was by no means profound; and that her judgment was not always accurate. Setting aside the showy accomplishments which go for nothing as mental culture she was self-educated. She

had been an extensive reader, but without method. She touched the surface of many subjects, and carried away something from each, to show that she had been there, trusting to her vigorous intellect for the use she should make of her fragmentary acquisitions. It was only when you discussed a subject fully with her that you discovered her deficiencies. In the ordinary way, rapidly lighting upon a variety of topics, she was always so brilliant and suggestive that you gave her credit for a larger field of acquisitions than she really traversed. This discovery gave me an advantage over her; and my advantage gave me courage.

One evening we were talking of the mythology, one of her favorite themes.

"And you seriously think," I observed, in answer to something she said, "that the story of Hercules and the distaff has a purpose?"

"A deep purpose, and a very obvious moral," she replied.

"Will you expound it to me?"

"It is quite plain—the parable of strength vanquished by gentleness. There is nothing so strong as gentleness."

This reply took me by surprise, and I observed, "I should hardly have expected that from you." I was thinking more of the unexpected admission of the power of gentleness from the lips of Astræa, than of the truth or depth of the remark.

"Do you mean that as a compliment?" she inquired.

"Well—no. But from a mind constituted like yours, I should have looked for a different interpretation."

"Then you think that my mind ought to prostrate itself before a brawny development of muscles?"

"No, no; remember, you spoke of gentleness."

"That is the mind of woman," she answered, "taking its natural place, and asserting its moral power. For gentleness, like beauty, is a moral power."

"Beauty a moral power?" I exclaimed.

"That is its true definition, unless you would degrade it by lowering it to the standard of the senses," she replied, kindling as she spoke. "It elevates the imagination; we feel a moral exaltation in the contemplation of it; it is the essential grace of nature; it refines and dignifies our whole being; and appreciated in this aspect, it inspires the purest and noblest aspirations."

This creed of beauty was very unlike any thing I had anticipated from her. If any body in a crowded drawing-room had spoken in this style, I should have expected that she would have smiled somewhat contemptuously upon them.

"Your definition is imperfect," I ventured to say; "I do not dispute it as far as it goes, but it is defective in one article of faith."

"Oh! I am not sent from the stars—though they have voted me Astræa—to convert heathens. Pray, let us have your article of faith."

"I believe implicitly in your religion," said I; "but believing so much, I am compelled to believe a little more. If beauty calls up this homage of the imagination, and inspires these pure and elevating aspirations, it must awaken the emotions of the heart. To feel and appreciate beauty truly, therefore, is, in other words, to love."

"That is an old fallacy. If love were indispensable to the appreciation of beauty, it would cruelly narrow the pleasures of the imagination."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I believe them to be inseparable."

"You are talking riddles," she replied, as if she were getting tired of the subject; "but, true or false, I have no reliance upon the word love, or the use that is made of it. It means any thing or nothing."

"Then you must allow me to explain myself;" and so I set about my explanation without exactly knowing what it was I had to explain. "I spoke of love as an abstract emotion." She smiled very discouragingly at that phrase, and I was, therefore, bound to defend it. "Certainly there is such a thing—listen to me for a moment. I was not speaking of the love of this or that particular object—a love that may grow up and then die to the root; but the love which may be described as the poetical perception and permanent enjoyment of the ideal."

"We must not quarrel about the word," interrupted Astræa, as if she wished to bring the conversation to a close; "we agree, possibly, in the thing, although I should have expressed it differently."

"I grant," said I, trying to gather my own meaning more clearly, "love must have an object. Abstractions may occupy the reason, but do not touch the heart. When beauty appeals to the heart it must take a definite shape, and the love it inspires must be addressed to that object alone."

"We have changed our argument," observed Astræa, quickly, "and see, we must change our seats, too, for supper is announced."

I felt that I was rhapsodizing, and that, if I had gone on much further, I must have uttered a great deal that Astræa would have inevitably set down as rank nonsense. I was not sorry, therefore, that the conversation was broken off at that dubious point. We were both scared out of our subtleties by the flutter and laughter that rang through the room as every body rose to go to supper; and in a few moments I found myself seated at table with Astræa next to me, and my friend the dwarf seated exactly opposite.

III.

The chatter of the party was, as usual, noisy and sarcastic. They were in an extraordinary flow of spirits, and indulged their unsparing raillery to an extravagant excess. The dwarf had quite a roystering fit upon him, and tossed his great shapeless head about with such outrageous fun, that one might suppose he was laboring under a sudden access of delirium, or had,

at least, fallen in with a rare God-send to exercise his powers of frantic ridicule upon. These things, no doubt, presented themselves to me in an exaggerated light, for I was a little out of humor with myself; and could not help contrasting the reckless levity of the group with the stillness of Astræa, who must have secretly despised the companionship into which she was thrown.

Whenever any body uttered a joke (and dreary and miserable jokes they were), the dwarf, who acted a sort of chorus to their obstreperous humors, would jerk his head back with a theatrical "Ha!" and spread out his hands like so many coiling snakes, with an indescribable exaggeration of astonishment. Then a sneer and chirrup would run round the table, rising presently into a loud laugh, which the lady of the house would discreetly suppress by lifting her finger half way to her face—a signal that was understood to imply a cessation of hostilities when the ribaldry was supposed to be going too far.

I looked at Astræa involuntarily on one of these occasions, and found her eyes turned at the same instant to mine. The same thought was in both our minds. We both abhorred the coarseness of the scene, and felt the same desire to be alone. The position which thus extracted the feelings that we held in common was full of peril to us; but at such moments one never thinks of peril.

I asked her to take wine, pouring it into her glass at the same moment. This implied a familiarity between us which I certainly did not intend, and should not have been conscious of if I had not chanced to notice the face of the dwarf. He was looking straight at us, his mouth pursed out, and his head thrust forward as if to make way for a sudden writhing or elevation of his shoulders. It was the express image of a man who had discovered something very strange, or in whom a previous doubt had just been confirmed. I could not at all comprehend his meaning; but I knew he had a meaning, and that threw me back upon myself to find out the point of the caricature. I attributed it to the unceremonious freedom I had taken with Astræa, and regretted that I had given occasion to so pitiful a jest; but I was by no means satisfied that there was not an *arrière pensée* in the mind of the dwarf.

The spiteful mirth went on in a rapid succession of vulgar inuendoes, puns, and jokes. The peculiarities of one intimate friend after another were anatomized with surprising skill; nobody was spared; and the finger of the hostess was in constant requisition to check the riot, and direct the scandal-hunters after fresh quarry. As none of the people who were thus made the subjects of unmerciful ridicule were known to me or Astræa, we took no part in their dissection, and imperceptibly dropped into a conversation between ourselves.

We resumed our old subject, and talked in low and earnest tones. I supposed that they were all too much engaged in the personal topics

that afforded them so much amusement to think about us, and had no suspicion that they were observing us closely all the time. I was apprised of the fact by the astounding expression I detected on the face of my indefatigable Mephistophiles: I shall never forget it. It was a face of saturnine ecstasy, with a secret smile of pleasure in it, evidently intended for me alone, as if he rejoiced, and wondered, and congratulated me, and was in high raptures at my happiness. I was astonished and confounded, and felt myself singularly agitated; yet, I knew not why—I was not angry with him: for although his manner was inexplicable, and ought to have been taken as an offense from its grossness, still, for some unaccountable reason, it was pleasant rather than disagreeable to me.

I forgot the little demon, however, in the delight of looking at Astræa, and listening to her. There was such a charm in her eyes, and in the sound of her voice, that I was soon drawn again within its powerful influence. As to the subject of our conversation, it was of secondary interest to the pleasure of hearing her speak. Whatever I said was but to induce her to say more. To struggle in an argument was out of the question—all I yearned for was the music of her tones. Not that I quite lost the thread of our discussion, but that I was more engaged in following the new graces and embellishments it derived from her mode of treating it, than in pursuing the main topic. Again I turned to the dwarf, and there he was again glaring upon us with a look of transport. But his fiery eyes no longer leaped out upon me alone; they were moved quickly from Astræa to me alternately, and were lighted up with a wild satisfaction that appeared to indicate the consummation of some delirious passion. I never saw so much mad glee in a human face; all the more mad to me, since I was entirely ignorant of the source from whence it sprang. Once I thought Astræa observed him, but she turned aside her head, and hastily changed the conversation, apparently to defeat his curiosity.

Many times before I took leave that night the mime repeated his antics; and, as if to make me feel assured that I was really the object of his pantomimic raptures, he squeezed my hand significantly at parting, and with more cordiality than he had ever shown me before.

As I bade Astræa "good-night," she gave me her hand—in the presence of the whole family; there was nothing to conceal in her thoughts. I took it gently in mine, and, gazing for a moment intently into her face, in which I thought I perceived a slight trace of confusion, I bowed and withdrew.

That was a night of strange speculation. For some time past, I had thought little of Gertrude—had almost forgotten her. That night she returned, but unlike what she had ever been before. The smile, like sunlight let in upon the recesses of a young bud, no longer cleft her lips; and her eyes were cold and glassy. I felt, too, that I had recalled her by an effort of the

will, and that she did not come involuntarily, as of old.

There was a sense of guiltiness in this. Was Gertrude fading from my memory?—and was Astræa concerned in the change? No, Astræa was nothing to me—she was out of my way—the height on which she stood was frozen. What was it, then, that troubled and excited me, and blotted out the past?

I was more unhappy than ever; yet it was an unhappiness that carried me onward, as if there was an escape for it, or a remedy. I was perplexed and disturbed. I was like a bird suddenly awakened in its cage amidst the glare of torches. I tried to think of Gertrude, but it was in vain. The thought no longer appealed me. The dwarf-mime was before me with all his devilish tricks and gestures. I could not rid myself of his hideous features. They danced and gibbered in the air, and were always fastened upon me. He was like a human nightmare; and even the gray dawn, as it came through the curtains, only showed that misshapen head more clearly. What was this dwarf to me that he should haunt me thus, and become an agony to my soul. Was he my fate? or was he sent to torture me to some deed of self-abandonment? I should have gone mad with this waking dream, but as the morning advanced, and the light spread, my aching eyes closed in an uneasy sleep.

I was dissatisfied with myself, without exactly knowing why. I hated the dwarf, yet was fascinated by the very importunity that made me hate him. Why should he meddle with me? Why should he exult in any diversion of my fortunes? What was he to me, or Astræa to either of us? I was an unchartered ship, in which no living person had an interest, drifting on the wide waste of waters. Why should his eyes traverse the great expanse to keep watch on me? Could he not let me founder on the breakers, without making mocking signals to me from the shore, where he and his stood in heartless security? My sleep was full of dreams of that malignant demon, and I awoke in a state of actual terror from their violent action on my nerves.

IV.

The next morning I went out, determined to dissipate these harassing reflections, and, above all things, resolved not to see Astræa. I wandered about half the day, perfectly sincere in my intention of avoiding the quarter of the town in which she lived. My mind was so much absorbed, that I was quite unconscious of the route I had taken, until, raising my eyes, I saw the dwarf standing before me on the steps of his own door. I had dropped into the old track by the sheer force of habit, and have no doubt that my tormentor put the worst construction on the flush that shot into my face at seeing him. The same riotous glee was in his eyes that I had noticed, for the first time, on the evening before; but it now took something of a look of triumph that perplexed me more than ever.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, with a chuckle that

literally palpitated through his whole body—"you are come at last. I have been looking out for you the whole morning."

"Indeed!"

"How did you sleep last night?" he continued; "what sort of dreams had you? I'll answer for it that no dancing dervish ever went through such contortions!"

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"Why, there!" he replied, "you turn red and white by turns. Are you hit?—are you hit? Confess yourself, and I will comfort you."

"Come, come," said I, anxious not to provoke the explanation I panted for, yet dreaded, "this *badinage* is sorry work for the day-light. You should keep it till the lamps are lighted!"

"Have at you, then," he returned, his features undergoing a comical transition into affected gravity; "I will talk proverbs with you, and look as gloomy as a mute at a funeral:" giving, at the same time, an irresistible imitation of one of those ghastly, wire-drawn, drunken faces. "Mercy upon us! what ominous tokens are in that doleful countenance of yours! The candle gives out its warning-sheet for the bespoken of the grave; the sea has its sights and sounds for the doomed man who is to sup with the fishes; the cricket challenges death in the hearth; the devil gives three knocks at the door when some miserable wretch is passing through the mortal agony; and there are signs in your face of a living torture, which any man galloping by may see. What does it mean? Is the leaf only turned over by the wind, and will the next blast whisk it back again? or are its fibres riven past recovery?"

I could not bear this tantalizing mockery; and if I had not been afraid of exciting the malice of that fiendish nature, there must have been an explosion at this moment. I managed, however, to control myself, and spoke to him calmly, but with a resolution in my voice which admitted of no mis-construction. "Now, listen to me, my friend," I said, "and understand distinctly what I am going to say. You have extraordinary talents for sarcasm, but I must ask you not to practice them upon me. I don't like to be questioned and criticised in this way. I dare say you don't intend anything beyond an idle joke; but I don't like being made the subject of jokes. I covet no favor from you but to be spared your gibes—and that is not much for you to grant."

"The hardest thing in the world to grant!" he answered. "To be spared my gibes! What is to become of us, if I'm not to have my gibes? You might as well ask me to look you straight in the face and not to see you. Nonsense! you mustn't impose such a penance upon me."

"But why do you jest with me in this way? Do you think I am a fit object for burlesque and buffoonery?"

"Burlesque and buffoonery?" he returned, twitching his mouth as if he were stung to the quick; "I do not burlesque you, and I am not a buffoon."

"Then drop this strange humor of yours, and try to be serious with me."

"Do you desire me to be serious with you?"

"Most assuredly I do. I don't understand any thing else."

"Then it is a bond between us henceforth," he cried, in a tone of deep earnestness. "From this hour I jest with you no more."

As he spoke he glanced at me darkly under his eyebrows, and turned into the house. I was rather taken by surprise at this new manifestation of his versatile genius, and followed him mechanically, utterly forgetful of the wise resolution with which I had set out.

We went into the drawing-room. Astræa was surrounded by a group of girls, some kneeling, others dispersed about her, while she was directing their employment on a piece of tapestry on a large frame. The *tableau* was striking, and I thought Astræa never looked so well. Her fine figure was thrown into a graceful attitude, the head slightly averted, and one hand pointing to the tracery, while the other was raised in the air, suspending some threads of the embroidery. The faces that formed a circle round her were looking up, beaming with pleasure, and presented an animated picture. Here was Astræa in a new aspect. I felt the injustice her flippant critics had committed in unsexing her, and depriving her of her domestic attributes.

Our entrance disturbed the group, and, springing up, they took to flight like a flock of birds.

"You see, Astræa," said the dwarf, in a sharp voice, meant to convey a sneer through a compliment, "you are not allowed to be useful in this world. You are invaded at all your weak points: the force of your attraction will not suffer you to enjoy even your needle in private."

"A truce, sir, to this folly!" exclaimed Astræa, turning from him and advancing to meet me.

The dwarf twirled painfully on his chair, as if the scorn had taken full effect upon him. We had both struck him in the same place. Had we premeditated a plan of operations for wounding his vanity we could not have acted more completely in concert.

"I hope," said I, desiring to change the subject, "you have recovered our merriment of last night?"

"Merriment?" interposed Mephistophiles; "Good! *Your* merriment! You and Astræa were like dull citizens yawning over a comedy, which we were fools enough to act for you. When next we play in that fashion may we have a livelier audience."

"The reproach, I am afraid, is just," I observed, looking at Astræa. But she was not disposed to give the vantage ground to Mephistophiles.

"I hope next time you may have an audience more to your liking," she observed; "tastes differ, you know, in these matters."

"Yes, that's quite true," returned the dwarf,

dryly; "but *your* tastes, it seems agree wonderfully."

Thus Astræa and I were coupled and cast together by the mime, who evidently took a vindictive delight in committing us to embarrassments of that kind. To have attempted to extricate ourselves would probably have only drawn fresh imputations upon us; so we let it pass.

Every body has observed what important events sometimes take their spring in trifles. The destiny of a life is not unfrequently determined by an accident. I felt that there was something due to Astræa for the freedom to which she was exposed on my account. Yet it was an exceedingly awkward subject to touch upon. The very consciousness of this awkwardness produced or suggested other feelings that involved me in fresh difficulties. I felt that I ought to apologize for having brought this sort of observation upon her; but I also felt that explanations on such subjects are dangerous, and that it is safer to leave them unnoticed. The impulse, however, to say something was irresistible; and what I did say was not well calculated to help me out of the dilemma.

"I feel," said I, quite aware at the moment I spoke that it would have been just as well to have left my feelings out of the question—"I feel that I ought to apologize to you for bringing discredit on your taste. The whole fault of the dullness lies with me."

"Not at all," she replied; "I am perfectly willing to take my share of it. Be assured that the highest compliment is often to be extracted from some people's sarcasms."

This was a "palpable hit," and I apprehended that it would rouse the dwarf to a fierce rejoinder. But he had left the room, and we were alone.

There was a pause; and Astræa, who had more courage under the embarrassment than I could command, was the first to speak.

"They mistake me," she said slowly; "it has been my misfortune all my life to be misunderstood. Perhaps the error is in myself. Possibly my own nature is at cross-purposes, marring and frustrating all that I really mean to do and say. I try to adapt myself to other people, but always fail. Even my motives are misinterpreted, and I can not make myself intelligible. It must be some original willfulness of my nature, that makes me seem too proud to the proud, and too condescending to the humble; but certain it is that both equally mistake me."

"I do not mistake you, Astræa," I cried, startled by the humility of her confession.

"I feel you do not," she answered.

"They say you are scornful and unapproachable—not so! You are as timid at heart as the fawn trembling in its retreat at the sound of the hunter's horn. But you hold them, with whom you can not mingle, by the bond of fear. You compel them to treat you with deference, from the apprehension that they might other-

wise become familiar. They translate your high intelligence into haughtiness; and because they can not reach to your height, they believe you to be proud and despotic."

"I know not how that may be," she returned; "but I will acknowledge that my feelings must be touched before the mere woman's nature is awakened. They who do not know me think—"

"That you are insensible to that touch," said I, supplying the unfinished sentence; "they libel you, Astræa! Achilles had only one vulnerable spot, but that was fatal. Protected in all else, you are defenseless on one point, and when that is struck your whole nature is subjugated. Do I describe you truly? When the woman is awakened, the insensibility and fortitude in which you are shut up will melt away—your power will be reduced to helplessness: absorbing devotion, unbounded tenderness, which are yearning for their release, will flow out; the conqueror will become the enslaved, living, not for victories which you despise, but for a servitude which will bring your repressed enthusiasm into action. For this you would sacrifice the world—pride, place, applause, disciples, flattery!"

"Not a very agreeable picture—but, I am afraid, a faithful one."

"Strong feelings and energy of character are not always best for our happiness," I went on; "you expected too much; you found the world cold and selfish, and your heart closed upon it. This was the action of a temperament eager and easily chilled; and it was natural enough that people who could not move your sympathies should think that your heart was dead or callous. Yet there it was, watching for the being who was one day to call up its idolatry—for it is not love that will constitute your happiness, Astræa—it must be idolatry. It is that for which you live—to relinquish yourself for another. All is darkness and probation with you till she who now inspires so much worship to which she is indifferent, shall herself become the worshiper. It is the instinct of your nature, the secret of the enigma, which makes you seem exactly the opposite of what you are."

I might have run on I know not to what excess, for I felt my eloquence kindling and rising to an extravagant height, when I perceived Astræa change color and avert her eyes.

"Have I offended you, Astræa?" I inquired.

"Offended me?" she answered; "no, you have done me a service. You have shown me the error of my life—the folly and delusion of hoping for a destiny different from that of the ordinary lot."

"Why do you call it a delusion? You will yet find that haven of rest toward which your heart looks so tremulously. The bird whose instinct carries it over the wild seas from continent to continent sometimes droops its jaded wings and sinks, but it makes land at last."

"No, no; it was a dream. There is no reality in such foolish notions."

"Come," said I, with increasing earnestness, "you must not speak against your convictions. You do not think it a dream—you rely confidently on the hope that the time will come—"

"The thought is madness," interrupted Astræa, quickly; "no—no—no—there is no such hope for me. Do not misconceive me. You have read my nature as clearly as if the volume of my whole life to its inmost thoughts were laid open before you. But the dream is over. It might have been the pride and glory of my soul to have waited upon some high Intelligence—to have followed its progress, cheered it patiently in secret to exertion, encouraged its ambition, and lain in the shadow of its triumphs. It is over. That may never be!"

Her voice shook, although she looked calmly at me as she spoke, trying to conceal her emotion. Her hand accidentally lay in mine. There was a danger in it which I would not see.

"And you have not found the Intelligence for which you sought?" I demanded, in a voice that conveyed more than it expressed in words.

"Yes," she replied slowly, "I have found Intelligence—original, hard, athletic; but wanting in the sympathy that alone wins the heart of woman."

"Astræa," I replied, "your imagination has pictured an ideal which I fear you will never find realized."

"I have found it!" she cried, betrayed into a transport of feeling; then, checking herself, she added, "and I have lost it. Would to God I had never found it!"

Her head drooped—it touched my shoulder; my arm pressed her waist—I was ignorant of it; a haze swam before my eyes. Tumultuous sensations beat audibly at my heart. Astræa, the haughty beauty—the intellectual, proud Astræa—where was her dominant power—her lofty self-possession now? Subdued, bowed down by emotion, the strength of her will seemed to pass from her to me, reversing our positions, and placing in my hands the ascendancy she had so lately wielded. The air seemed to palpitate with these new and agitating feelings. I made an effort to control myself and speak, but could only pronounce her name

"Astræa!"

There were a hundred questions in the word; but she was silent, and in her silence a hundred answers.

"Not here, Astræa," I cried; "we shall be more free to speak elsewhere—away from those vacant eyes through which no hearts find utterance for us. One word, and I will be still—one word—"

She trembled violently, and pressed my hand convulsively, as if she desired that I should not ask that word. But it was no longer possible to restrain it.

That word was spoken.

A shudder passed over her, and as she bent her head I felt a gush of tears upon my hand. At that moment a muffled step was on the stairs, and I had scarcely time to disengage

myself when our imp half opened the door, and looked in with a leer of ribaldry and suspicion that chilled me to the core.

(*To be continued.*)

WILLIAM PENN'S CONVERSION TO QUAKERISM.*

PENN did not remain long in London. His father, anxious to keep him apart from his old Puritan friends—and to sustain the habit of devotion to his temporal interests into which he seemed gradually falling, sent him again into Ireland. He had no suspicion that the enemy of his peace lay in ambush at the very gates of his stronghold. But the youth had not resided more than a few months at Shangarry Castle before one of those incidents occurred which destroy in a day the most elaborate attempts to stifle the instincts of nature. When the admiral in England was pluming himself on the triumphs of his worldly prudence, his son, on occasion of one of his frequent visits to Cork, heard by accident that Thomas Loe, his old Oxford acquaintance, was in the city and intended to preach that night. He thought of his boyish enthusiasm at college, and wondered how the preacher's eloquence would stand the censures of his riper judgment. Curiosity prompted him to stay and listen. The fervid orator took for his text the passage—"There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world." The topic was peculiarly adapted to his own situation. Possessed by strong religious instincts, but at the same time docile and affectionate—he had hitherto oscillated between two duties—duty to God and duty to his father. The case was one in which the strongest minds might waver for a time. On the one side—his filial affection, the example of his brilliant friends, the worldly ambition never quite a stranger to the soul of man—all pleaded powerfully in favor of his father's views. On the other there was only the low whisperings of his own heart. But the still voice would not be silenced. Often as he had escaped from thought into business, gay society, or the smaller vanities of the parade and mess-room—the moment of repose again brought back the old emotions. The crisis had come at last. Under Thomas Loe's influence they were restored to a permanent sway. From that night he was a Quaker in his heart.

He now began to attend the meetings of this despised and persecuted sect, and soon learned to feel the bitter martyrdom to which he had given up all his future hopes. In no part of these islands were the Quakers of that time treated as men and as brethren—and least of any where in Ireland. Confounded by ignorant and zealous magistrates with those sterner Puritans who had lately ruled the land with a rod of iron, and had now fallen into the position of a vanquished and prostrate party—they were held up to ridicule in polite society, and pilloried

by the vulgar in the market-place. On the 3d of September (1667), a meeting of these harmless people was being held in Cork when a company of soldiers broke in upon them, made the whole congregation prisoners and carried them before the mayor on a charge of riot and tumultuous assembling. Seeing William Penn, the lord of Shangarry Castle and an intimate friend of the viceroy, among the prisoners, the worthy magistrate wished to set him at liberty on simply giving his word to keep the peace, but not knowing that he had violated any law he refused to enter into terms, and was sent to jail with the rest. From the prison he wrote to his friend the Earl of Ossory—Lord President of Munster—giving an account of his arrest and detention. An order was of course sent to the mayor for his immediate discharge; but the incident had made known to all the gossips of Dublin the fact that the young courtier and soldier had turned Quaker.

His friends at the vice-regal court were greatly distressed at this untoward event. The earl wrote off to the admiral to inform him of his son's danger, stating the bare facts just as they had come to his knowledge. The family were thunderstruck. The father especially was seriously annoyed; he thought the boy's conduct not only mad but what was far worse in that libertine age—ridiculous. The world was beginning to laugh at him and his family:—he could bear it no longer. He wrote in peremptory terms, calling him to London. William obeyed without a word of expostulation. At the first interview between father and son nothing was said on the subject which both had so much at heart. The admiral scrutinized the youth with searching eyes—and as he observed no change in his costume, nor in his manner any of that formal stiffness which he thought the only distinction of the abhorred sect, he felt re-assured. His son was still dressed like a gentleman; he wore lace and ruffles, plume and rapier; the graceful curls of the cavalier still fell in natural clusters about his neck and shoulders: he began to hope that his noble correspondent had erred in his friendly haste. But a few days served to dissipate this illusion. He was first struck with the circumstance that his son omitted to uncover in the presence of his elders and superiors; and with somewhat of indignation and impatience in his tone demanded an interview and an explanation.

William frankly owned that he was now a Quaker. The admiral laughed at the idea, and treating it as a passing fancy, tried to reason him out of it. But he mistook his strength. The boy was the better theologian and the more thorough master of all the weapons of controversy. He then fell back on his own leading motives. A Quaker! Why, the Quakers abjured worldly titles: and he expected to be made a peer! Had the boy turned Independent, Anabaptist—any thing but Quaker, he might have reconciled it to his conscience. But he had made himself one of a sect remarkable only for

* From a new life of Penn, by Hepworth Dixon, in the press of Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia.

absurdities which would close on him every door in courtly circles. Then there was that question of the hat. Was he to believe that his own son would refuse to uncover in his presence? The thing was quite rebellious and unnatural. And to crown all—how would he behave himself at court? Would he wear his hat in the royal presence? William paused. He asked an hour to consider his answer—and withdrew to his own chamber.

This enraged the admiral more than ever. What! a son of his could hesitate at such a question! Why, this was a question of breeding—not of conscience. Every child uncovered to his father—every subject to his sovereign. Could any man with the feelings and the education of a gentleman doubt? And this boy—for whom he had worked so hard—had won such interest—had opened such a brilliant prospect—that he, with his practical and cultivated mind, should throw away his golden opportunities for a mere whimsy! He felt that his patience was sorely tried.

After a time spent in solitude and prayer, the young man returned to his father with the result of his meditation—a refusal.

The indignant admiral turned him out of doors.

THE BIRTH OF CRIME—A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

HE was scarce past his childhood, and yet, at a glance, I perceived that he had commenced life's warfare for himself; that necessity had, with a stern, unbending brow, pointed out to him the way he was to take, and taught him, young as he was, that his fate must be to battle for himself on the path of life. His very humble and tattered dress, the sorrowful expression which had settled on his pallid yet interesting features, told their own story, and I involuntarily sighed while observing him. "Want alone," I mentally exclaimed, "has hitherto been his companion; light hearts, gamboling playmates of his own years, exuberance of the young spirit, which gives buoyancy to the foot, throws sunshine on the heart, and 'neath whose spell all things seem beautiful—he, poor boy! has never known. He knows naught of the green fields and flowers, of murmuring brooks and leafy trees, amidst whose branches sweet music dwells: in some pent-up, crowded alley is his home, and his young mind hath been awake in confines close, amidst scenes of toil and misery."

The gentle and dejected expression of his countenance first attracted my attention, and, unobserved by him, I watched his movements as he slowly advanced down the crowded street toward the spot where I stood. Occasionally he paused, and after looking up and down the busy thoroughfare, apparently awaiting or looking for some expected object to come in sight, he resumed his saunter, keeping close to the wall, so as to avoid intercepting the way of the numbers who were hurrying past him. The

more I saw of the boy, the more was my interest in him increased, and my desire to know what object had brought him thither. So young, could his design be criminal? had he been initiated into the craft of pocket-picking? did he thus linger amidst the bustle of the crowded pathway to mark where he could successfully seize the spoil? I looked at him more earnestly as he approached me still nearer, and I felt that in the bare suspicion I had done him an injustice.

While I was thus speculating on his character, he paused within a few paces of me, and gazed earnestly down the street, where something appeared to be exciting his attention. Following the direction of his earnest look, I perceived at a little distance a gentleman on horseback slowly advancing, while looking inquiringly at the houses he was passing, as though in search of one of them in particular. He had arrived within a few yards of the place where I stood, when he halted, and dismounted: in an instant the boy I have spoken of was at his side, and touching the ragged apology for a cap which he wore, evidently tendered his services to hold the horse. The horseman cast a hasty glance at the little fellow, and was apparently about to resign the reins into his hands, when the door of the house before which he was standing opened, and a servant advanced to address him. I indistinctly caught the words "from home" and "to-morrow," when the functionary retired to the house; the horseman remounted, and cantered down the street, leaving the boy disappointedly and wistfully gazing after him.

Yes, I saw the gleam which had irradiated the little fellow's face vanish; and fancied I heard a sigh, which his young breast heaved forth as he turned away dejectedly from the spot. Thus unsuccessful, I saw him next, from some of the passers-by, ask charity; but so timidly, that I saw he feared the repulse of harsh words, which, as I watched him, in some instances met his solicitations; while others passed him without the slightest notice. Apparently very tired, he now seated himself on a door-step, still looking eagerly about him, as though anxious for another opportunity to present itself, when he might, with success, offer his services. While he was thus employed, an open carriage came rattling up the street, and, pulling up, a lady alighted at the house immediately opposite to where the young street-wanderer sat. I watched the play of his features as his gaze rested upon two little fellows of apparently his own age who were in the carriage, and who, in spite of an elderly-looking nurse's efforts to restrain them, were gamboling with each other rather boisterously. In the true spirit of boyish glee and mischief, they were endeavoring with parasols to push off the hat of the footman; who, seemingly, as much amused as themselves, while standing by the carriage awaiting the lady's return, was giving them opportunities to accomplish their object.

Yes, right joyous were they; and with their costly dresses, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, presented a striking contrast to the little fellow, who, in rags and wretchedness, from the doorstep, was earnestly observing them. I would have given much to have known his thoughts in those moments; to have read, like the pages of a book, the feelings of his heart, while watching them in their gambols. There was no envy in the expression of his countenance; but, by the fixedness of his gaze, I judged that the sight of the carriage and its young occupants, at that juncture, had given birth to a train of thoughts and ideas as new as they were, perhaps, saddening. Did he think that fate had dealt hardly with him? Did he in his cogitations become bewildered in a labyrinth of thought, in endeavoring to account for the why of their being so differently situated? or, did fancy in his young brain raise some strange speculation on the world and the designs of Him who made it?

After a short time had elapsed, the door of the house opened, and the lady came forth; she entered the carriage, the footman mounted behind, away they rattled down the street, and were soon out of sight. I turned to look at the boy; he seemed to have fallen into a reverie, sitting motionless, while his gaze rested on the part of the street where the carriage had disappeared.

When I again observed him, he had left his seat, and was rapidly crossing the street, to meet a female who, attired somewhat above the common garb, was advancing on the opposite side, and bearing in her arms a rather bulky parcel, which she appeared inconveniently to carry. As I had seen him salute the horseman, the street-wanderer, in addressing her, touched his cap, and evidently tendered his services to carry the parcel. The woman paused for a moment to look at the applicant, when, either deeming him too diminutive for the burden, or actuated by a spirit of economy, with some brief but decisive remark she turned from him, and resumed her walk. At the same moment a boor of a porter, rather than diverge from his path, knocked roughly against the boy, who was standing on the pavement, and sent him staggering against the wall, continuing his heavy tread onward, without as much as turning his head to see whether or not the little fellow had fallen.

Thus twice had I seen the cup held to his lips and dashed away; twice had I seen him strong in hope, and twice in disappointment deep. Where now, boy, is thy energy? where thy spirit, thy resolution? Methinks thou needst them now. Alas! thou art but a child; and at thy age the green fields, where birds are blithely singing, or the jocund playground with young kindred spirits, where sport hath its daring and its perseverance too, were more fitting place to bring forth such exalted qualities than the crowded street—where want, perhaps, spurs thee to attempt; where fortune frowns upon

thee, and seems hope to whisper only to deceive! Courage thou hast no more. Energy, it has left thee; else wouldst thou not so dejectedly hang thy head, and creep along the street as though thou wert upon forbidden ground, or trespassing in sharing the light of the fading day and the breath of heaven with those who are heedlessly hurrying past thee.

After his last unsuccessful application, I next saw the dispirited little fellow turn down a small, little-frequented street, and, with the intention of meeting and speaking to him, I made a short *détour*, soon gaining the opposite end of the street which I had seen him enter. The buildings consisted entirely of warehouses, which were all closed for the night; and knowing that he could scarcely have entered one of them, I was not a little surprised to find the street apparently deserted. Advancing a few paces, however, the mystery was soon solved. Nestling in the corner of a warehouse doorway, with his head resting on his little hand, my eyes fell upon the wanderer I was in search of. Absorbed in his grief, I approached him unseen, unheard. Ah! need I say that he was weeping bitterly?

Reader, the boy had a home; I saw it; a cellar, whose bare walls and brick-uncovered floor bespoke it the abode of poverty and misery. He was not an orphan; for on a heap of rags, which served her for a bed, I saw an emaciated figure which he called his mother; a brother and a sister, too, were there, younger than my guide, and in their tattered, dirty garments scarcely distinguishable from the bed of rags on which they were huddled beside the dying woman. He was not an orphan; the young street-wanderer had a father. Him, too, I saw; a rude, blear-eyed drunkard, whose countenance it was fearful to look upon; for there might be seen that the worst passions of our common nature had with him obtained a perilous ascendancy—a brute, whose intellect, perhaps never bright, had become more brutal under the influence of the fire-spirit, to which he bore conspicuous marks of being a groveling soul-and-body slave. To me he appeared like the demon Ruin midst the wreck around. On him, now that the wife could work no more, were they dependent. Need I say that there were days when they scarce tasted food, when the young wanderer had been unsuccessful in the streets? and when hungry, tired, and dejected, he gave current to his grief, as when I found him in the midst of his heart-breaking sorrow?

Yes, my first surmise was painfully correct. He had, indeed, commenced life's warfare for himself; young as he was, it was his fate to battle his way on the path of life, and not a soul to advise and guard him against the demon Crime, whose favorite haunts are the footsteps of the ignorant and needy.

Reader, how many of the victims of crime who fill our prisons, were their histories known, would prove to have commenced life like this boy! Not always, then, let us un pitying behold

the criminal, who, in his early manhood or the prime of life, is banished from his country, or suffers the dread penalty of death, without reflecting how much those who brought him into the world were concerned with so melancholy an issue—without reflecting that, like the little fellow of whom these pages tell, he may have had a father little better than the brute of the field, and in his childish years have been turned out to get his bread—a wanderer in the streets.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s. MORE.

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

CHELSEA, June 18.

ON asking Mr. Gunnel to what use I s^d put this fayr *libellus*, he did suggest my making it a kinde of family register, wherein to note y^e more important of our domestick passages, whether of joy or grieve—my father's journies and absences—the visits of learned men, their notable sayings, etc. "You are smart at the pen, Mistress Margaret," he was pleased to say; "and I woulde humblie advise your journalling in y^e same fearless manner in the which you framed that letter which soe well pleased the Bishop of Exeter, that he sent you a Portugal piece. 'Twill be well to write it in English, which 'tis expedient for you not altogether to neglect, even for the more honourable Latin."

Methinks I am close upon womanhood. . . . "Humbly advise," quotha! to me, that hath so oft humbly sued for his pardon, and sometimes in vayne!

'Tis well to make trial of Gonellus his "humble" advice: albeit, our daylie course is so methodicall, that 'twill afford scant subject for y^e pen—*Vitam continet una dies*.

. . . As I traced y^e last word, methoughte I heard y^e well-known tones of Erasmus his pleasant voyce; and, looking forth of my lattice, did indeede beholde the deare little man coming up from y^e river side with my father, who, because of y^e heat, had given his cloak to a tall stripling behind him to bear. I flew up stairs, to advertise mother, who was half in and half out of her gogram gown, and who stayed me to clasp her owches; so that, by y^e time I had followed her down stairs, we founde 'em already in y^e hall.

So soon as I had kissed their hands, and obtained their blessings, the tall lad stept forth, and who s^d he but William Roper, returned from my father's errand over-seas! He hath grown hugelie, and looks mannish; but his manners are worsened insteade of bettered by forayn travell; for, insteade of his old franknesse, he hung upon hand till father bade him come forward; and then, as he went his rounds, kissing one after another, stopt short when he came to me, twice made as though he would have saluted me, and then held back, making me looke so stupid, that I c^d have boxed his ears for his

payns. 'Speciallie as father burst out a-laughing, and cried, "The third time's lucky!"

After supper, we took deare Erasmus entirely over y^e house, in a kind of family procession, e'en from the buttery and scalding-house to our own deare Academia, with its cool green curtain flapping in y^e evening breeze, and blowing aside, as though on purpose to give a glimpse of y^e cleare-shining Thames! Erasmus noted and admired the stone jar, placed by Mercy Giggs on y^e table, full of blue and yellow irises, scarlet tiger-lilies, dog-roses, honeysuckles, moonwort, and herb-trinity; and alsoe our various desks, each in its own little retirement,—mine own, in speciall, so pleasantly situate! He protested, with everie semblance of sincerity, he had never seene so pretty an academy. I should think not, indeede! Bess, Daisy, and I, are of opinion, that there is not likelie to be such another in y^e world. He glanced, too, at y^e books on our desks; Bessy's being Livy; Daisy's, Sallust; and mine, St. Augustine, with father's marks where I was to read, and where desist. He tolde Erasmus, laying his hand fondly on my head, "Here is one who knows what is implied in the word Trust." Dear father, well I may! He added, "There was no law against laughing in his academia, for that his girls knew how to be merry and wise."

From the house to the new building, the chapel and gallery, and thence to visit all the dumbe kinde, from the great horned owls to Cecy's pet dormice. Erasmus was amused at some of their names, and doubted whether Dun Scotus and the venerable Bede would have thought themselves complimented in being made name-fathers to a couple of owls; though he admitted that Argus and Juno were goode cognomens for peacocks. Will Roper hath brought mother a pretty little forayn animal called a marmot, but she sayd she had noe time for such-like playthings, and bade him give it to his little wife. Methinks, I being neare sixteen and he close upon twenty, we are too old for those childish names now, nor am I much flattered at a present not intended for me; however, I shall be kind to the little creature, and, perhaps, grow fond of it, as 'tis both harmlesse and diverting.

To return, howbeit, to Erasmus; Cecy, who had hold of his gown, and had already, through his familiar kindnesse and her own childish heedlessness, somewhat transgressed bounds, began now in her mirth to fabricate a dialogue, she pretended to have overheard, between Argus and Juno as they stoode pearcht on a stone parapet. Erasmus was entertayned with her garrulitie for a while, but at length gentle checkt her, with "Love y^e truth, little mayd, love y^e truth, or, if thou liest, let it be with a circumstance," a qualification which made mother stare and father laugh.

Sayth Erasmus, "There is no harm in a fabella, apologus, or parabola, so long as its character be distinctlie recognised for such, but contrariwise, much goode; and y^e same hath

been sanctioned, not only by y^e wiser heads of Greece and Rome, but by our deare Lord himself. Therefore, Cecilie, whom I love exceedingly, be not abasht, child, at my reproof, for thy dialogue between the two peacocks was innocent no less than ingenious, till thou wouldst have insisted that they, in sooth, sayd something like what thou didst invent. Therein thou didst violence to y^e truth, which St. Paul hath typified by a girdle, to be worn next the heart, and that not only confineth within due limits but addeth strength. So now be friends; wert thou more than eleven and I no priest, thou shouldst be my little wife, and darn my hose, and make me sweet marchpane, such as thou and I love. But, oh! this pretty Chelsea! What daisies! what buttercups! what joviall swarms of gnats! The country all about is as nice and flat as Rotterdam."

Anon, we sit down to rest and talk in the pavillion.

Sayth Erasmus to my father, "I marvel you have never entered into the king's service in some publick capacitie, wherein your learning and knowledge, bothe of men and things, would not onlie serve your own interest, but that of your friends and y^e publick."

Father smiled and made answer, "I am better and happier as I am. As for my friends, I already do for them alle I can, soe as they can hardlie consider me in their debt; and, for myself, y^e yielding to theire solicitations that I w^d putt myself forward for the benefit of the world in generall, w^d be like printing a book at request of friends, that y^e publick may be charmed with what, in fact, it values at a doit. The cardinall offered me a pension, as retaining fee to the king a little while back, but I tolde him I did not care to be a mathematical point, to have position without magnitude."

Erasmus laught and sayd, "I woulde not have you y^e slave of anie king; howbeit, you mighte assist him and be useful to him."

"The change of the word," sayth father, "does not alter the matter; I shoulde be a slave, as completely as if I had a collar rounde my neck."

"But would not increased usefulness," says Erasmus, "make you happier?"

"Happier?" says father, somewhat heating; "how can that be compassed in a way so abhorrent to my genius? At present, I live as I will, to which very few courtiers can pretend. Half-a-dozen blue-coated serving-men answer my turn in the house, garden, field, and on the river: I have a few strong horses for work, none for show, plenty of plain food for a healthy family, and enough, with a hearty welcome, for a score of guests that are not dainty. The lengthe of my wife's train infringeth not the statute; and, for myself, I soe hate bravery, that my motto is, 'Of those whom you see in scarlet, not one is happy.' I have a regular profession, which supports my house, and enables me to promote peace and justice; I have leisure to chat with my wife, and sport with my chil-

dren; I have hours for devotion, and hours for philosophie and y^e liberall arts, which are absolutelie medicinall to me, as antidotes to y^e sharpe but contracted habitts of mind engendered by y^e law. If there be anie thing in a court life which can compensate for y^e losse of anie of these blessings, deare Desiderius, pray tell me what it is, for I confesse I know not."

"You are a comicall genius," says Erasmus.

"As for you," retorted father, "you are at your olde trick of arguing on y^e wrong side, as you did y^e firste time we mett. Nay, don't we know you can declaime backward and forward on the same argument, as you did on y^e Venetian war?"

Erasmus smiled quietlie, and sayd, "What coulde I do? The pope changed his holy mind." Whereat father smiled too.

"What nonsense you learned men sometimes talk!" pursues father. "I—wanted at court, quotha! Fancy a dozen starving men with one roasted pig betweene them;—do you think they would be really glad to see a thirteenth come up, with an eye to a small piece of y^e crackling? No; believe me, there is none that courtiers are more sincerelie respectfull to than the man who avows he hath no intention of attempting to go shares; and e'en him they care mighty little about, for they love none with true tendernessee save themselves."

"We shall see you at court yet," says Erasmus.

Sayth father, "Then I will tell you in what guise. With a fool-cap and bells. Pish! I won't aggravate you, churchman as you are, by alluding to the blessings I have which you have not; and I trow there is as much danger in taking you for serious when you are onlie playful and ironical as if you were Plato himself."

Sayth Erasmus, after some minutes' silence, "I know full well that you holde Plato, in manie instances, to be sporting when I accept him in very deed and truth. *Speculating* he often was; as a brighte, pure flame must needs be struggling up, and, if it findeth no direct vent, come forth of y^e oven's mouth. He was like a man shut into a vault, running hither and thither, with his poor, flickering taper, agonizing to get forth, and holding himself in readinesse to make a spring forward the moment a door s^d open. But it never did. 'Not manie wise are called.' He had clomb a hill in y^e darke, and stoode calling to his companions below, 'Come on, come on! this way lies y^e east; I am advised we shall see the sun rise anon.' But they never did. What a Christian he would have made! Ah! he is one now. He and Socrates—the veil long removed from their eyes—are sitting at Jesus' feet. Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis!"

Bessie and I exchanged glances at this so strange ejaculation; but y^e subjeckt was of such interest, that we listened with deep attention to what followed.

Sayth father, "Whether Socrates were what Plato painted him in his dialogues, is with me

a great matter of doubt; but it is not of moment. When so many contemporaries could distinguish *y^e* fancifulle from *y^e* detitious, Plato's object could never have been to deceive. There is something higher in art than gross imitation. He who attempteth it is always the least successful; and his failure hath the odium of a discovered lie; whereas, to give an avowed lie a fabulose narrative a consistence within itself which permitts *y^e* reader to be, for *y^e* time, voluntarily deceived, is as artful as it is allowable. Were I to construct a tale, I would, as you sayd to Cecy, lie with a circumstance, but should consider it no compliment to have my unicorns and hippogriffs taken for live animals. Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, magis tamen amica veritas. Now, Plato had a much higher aim than to give a very pattern of Socrates his snub nose. He wanted a peg to hang his thoughts upon—"

"A peg? A statue of Phidias," interrupts Erasmus.

"A statue by Phidias, to clothe in *y^e* most beautiful drapery," sayth father; "no matter that *y^e* drapery was his own, he wanted to show it to the best advantage, and to *y^e* honour rather than prejudice of the statue. And, having clothed *y^e* same, he got a spark of Prometheus his fire, and made the aforesayd statue walk and talk to the glory of gods and men, and sate himself quietly down in a corner. By the way, Desiderius, why shouldst thou not submit thy subtiltie to the rules of a colloquy? Set Eckius and Martin Luther by the ears! Ha! man, what sport! Heavens! if I were to compound a tale or a dialogue, what crotches and quips of mine own would I not putt into my puppets' mouths! and then have out my laugh behind my vizard, as when we used to act burlesques before Cardinall Morton. What rare sporte we had, one Christmas, with a mummery we called the 'Triall of Feasting!' Dinner and Supper were brought up before my Lord Chief Justice, charged with murder. Their accomplices were Plum-pudding, Mince-pye, Surfeit, Drunkenness, and suchlike. Being condemned to hang by *y^e* neck, I, who was Supper, stufte out with I cannot tell you how manie pillows, began to call lustilie for a confessor; and, on his stepping forth, commenct a list of all *y^e* fitts, convulsions, spasms, payns in *y^e* head, and so forth, I had inflicted on this one and t'other. 'Alas! good father,' says I, 'King John layd his death at my door; indeede, there's scarce a royall or noble house that hath not a charge agaynst me; and I'm sorelie afayd' (giving a poke at a fat priest that sate at my lord cardinall's elbow) 'I shall have the death of *that* holv man to answer for.'"

Erasmus laughed, and sayd, "Did I ever tell you of the retort of Willibald Pirkheimer. A monk, hearing him praise me somewhat lavishly to another, could not avoid expressing by his looks great disgust and dissatisfaction; and, on being askt whence they arose, confest he c^d not, with patience, hear *y^e* commendation of a man

soe notoriously fond of eating fowls. 'Does he steal them?' says Pirkheimer. 'Surely no,' says *y^e* monk. 'Why, then,' quoth Willibald, 'I know of a fox who is ten times the greater rogue; for, look you, he helps himself to many a fat hen from my roost without ever offering to pay me. But tell me now, dear father, is it then a sin to eat fowls?' 'Most assuredlie it is,' says the monk, 'if you indulge in them to gluttony.' 'Ah! if, if!' quoth Pirkheimer. 'It stands stiff, as the Lacedemonians told Philip of Macedon; and 'tis not by eating bread alone, my dear father, you have acquired that huge paunch of yours. I fancy, if all the fat fowls that have gone into it could raise their voices and cackle at once, they would make noise enow to drown *y^e* drums and trumpets of an army.' Well may Luther say," continued Erasmus, laughing, "that their fasting is easier to them than our eating to us; seeing that every man Jack of them hath to his evening meal two quarts of beer, a quart of wine, and as manie as he can eat of spice cakes, the better to relish his drink. While I—'tis true my stomach is Lutheran, but my heart is Catholic; that's as heaven made me, and I'll be judged by you alle, whether I am not as thin as a weasel."

'Twas now growing dusk, and Cecy's tame hares were just beginning to be on *y^e* alert, skipping across our path, as we returned towards the house, jumping over one another, and raying 'emselves on their hind legs to sollicit our notice. Erasmus was amused at their gambols, and at our making them beg for vine-ten drills; and father told him there was hardly a member of *y^e* household who had not a dumb pet of some sort. "I encourage the taste in them," he sayd, "not onlie because it fosters humanitie and affords harmless recreation, but because it promotes habits of forethought and regularitie. No child or servant of mine hath liberty to adopt a pet which he is too lazy or nice to attend to himself. A little management may enable even a young gentlewoman to do this, without soyling her hands; and to neglect giving them proper food at proper times entayls a disgrace of which everie one of 'em w^d be ashamed. But, hark! there is the vesper-bell."

As we passed under a pear-tree, Erasmus told us, with much drollerie, of a piece of boyish mischief of his—the theft of some pears off a particular tree, the fruit of which the superior of his convent had meant to reserve to himself. One morning, Erasmus had climbed the tree, and was feasting to his great content, when he was aware of the superior approaching to catch him in *y^e* fact; soe, quicklie slid down to the ground, and made off in *y^e* opposite direction, limping as he went. The malice of this act consisted in its being the counterfeit of the gait of a poor lame lay brother, who was, in fact, smartlie punished for Erasmus his misdeede. Our friend mentioned this with a kinde of remorse, and observed to my father, "Men laugh at the

sins of young people and little children, as if they were little sins; albeit, the robbery of an apple or cherry-orchard is as much a breaking of the eighth commandment as the stealing of a leg of mutton from a butcher's stall, and oft-times with far less excuse. Our Church tells us, indeede, of venial sins, such as the theft of an apple or a pin; but, I think" (looking hard at Cecilie and Jack), "even the youngest among us could tell how much sin and sorrow was brought into the world by stealing an apple."

At bedtime, Bess and I did agree in wishing that alle learned men were as apt to unite pleasure with profit in theire talk as Erasmus. There be some that can write, after y^e fashion of Paul, and others preach like unto Apollos; but this, methinketh, is scattering seed by the wayside, like the great Sower.

'Tis singular, the love that Jack and Cecy have for one another; it resembleth that of twins. Jack is not forward at his booke; on y^e other hand, he hath a resolution of character which Cecy altogether wants. Last night, when Erasmus spake of children's sins, I observed her squeeze Jack's hand with alle her mighte. I know what she was thinking of. Having bothe beene forbidden to approach a favorite part of y^e river bank which had given way from too much use, one or y^e other of em transgressed, as was proven by y^e smalle footprints in y^e mud, as well as by a nosegay of flowers, that grow not, save by the river; to wit, purple loosestrife, cream-and-codlins, scorpion-grass, water plantain, and the like. Neither of them would confesse, and Jack was, therefore, sentenced to be whipt. As he walked off with Mr. Drew, I observed Cecy turn soe pale, that I whispered father I was certayn she was guilty. He made answer, "Never mind, we cannot beat a girl, and 'twill answer y^e same purpose; in flogging him we flog both." Jack bore the first stripe or two, I suppose, well enow, but at lengthe we hearde him cry out, on which Cecy coulede not forbear to do y^e same, and then stopt bothe her ears. I expected everie moment to hear her say, "Father, 'twas I;" but no, she had not courage for that; onlie, when Jack came forthe all smirked with tears, she put her arm aboute his neck, and they walked off together into the nuttury. Since that hour, she hath beene more devoted to him than ever, if possible; and he, boy-like, finds satisfaction in making her his little slave. But the beauty lay in my father's improvement of y^e circumstance. Taking Cecy on his knee that evening (for she was not ostensible in disgrace), he beganne to talk of atonement and mediation for sin, and who it was that bare our sins for us on the tree. 'Tis thus he turns y^e daylie accidents of our quiet lives into lessons of deepe import, not pedanticallie delivered, ex cathedra, but welling forthe from a full and fresh mind.

This morn I had risen before dawn, being minded to meditate on sundrie matters before Bess was up and doing, she being given to much

talk during her dressing, and made my way to y^e pavillion, where, methought, I s^d be quiet enow; but beholde! father and Erasmus were there before me, in fluent and earnest discourse. I w^d have withdrawne, but father, without interrupting his sentence, puts his arm rounde me and draweth me to him, soe there I sit, my head on 's shoulder, and mine eyes on Erasmus his face.

From much they spake, and other much I guessed, they had beene conversing y^e present state of y^e Church, and how much it needed renovation.

Erasmus sayd, y^e vices of y^e Clergy and ignorance of y^e vulgar had now come to a poynt, at the which, a remedie must be founde, or y^e whole fabric w^d falle to pieces.

—Sayd, the revival of learning seemed appointed by heaven for some greate purpose, 'twas difficulte to say how greate.

—Spake of y^e new art of printing, and its possible consequents.

—Of y^e active and fertile minds at present turning up new ground and ferreting out old abuses.

—Of the abuse of monachism, and of y^e evil lives of conventualls. In special, of y^e fanaticism and hypocrisie of y^e Dominicans.

Considered y^e evils of y^e times such, as that societie must shortlie, by a vigorous effort, shake 'em off.

Wondered at y^e patience of the laitie for soe manie generations, but thoughte 'em now waking from theire sleepe. The people had of late beganne to know theire physickall power, and to chafe at y^e weighte of theire yoke.

Thoughte the doctrine of indulgences altogether bad and false.

Father sayd, that y^e graduallie increast severitie of Church discipline concerning minor offences had become such as to render indulgences y^e needfulle remedie for burdens too heavie to be borne.—Condemned a Draconic code, that visitted even sins of discipline with y^e extream penaltie.—Quoted how ill such excessive severitie answered in our owne land, with regard to y^e civill law; twenty thieves oft hanging together on y^e same gibbet, yet robberie noe whit abated.

Othermuch to same purport, y^e which, if alle set downe, woulde too soone fill my libellus. At length, unwillinglie brake off, when the bell rang us to matins.

At breakfaste, William and Rupert were earnest with my father to let 'em row him to Westminster, which he was disinclined to, as he was for more speede, and had promised Erasmus an earlie caste to Lambeth; howbeit, he consented that they s^d pull us up to Putney in y^e evening, and William s^d have y^e stroke-oar. Erasmus sayd, he must thank y^e archbishop for his present of a horse; "tho' I'm full faine," he observed, "to believe it a changeling. He is idle and gluttonish, as thin as a wasp, and as ugly as sin. Such a horse, and such a rider!"

In the evening, Will and Rupert made 'em selves spruce enow, with nosegays and ribbons

and we tooke water bravelie—John Harris in y^e stern, playing the recorder. We had the six-oared barge; and when Rupert Allington was tired of pulling, Mr. Clement tooke his oar; and when *he* wearied, John Harris gave over playing y^e pipe; but William and Mr. Gunnel never flagged.

Erasmus was full of his visitt to y^e archbishop, who, as usuall, I think, had given him some money.

"We sate down two hundred to table," sayth he; "there was fish, flesh, and fowl; but Wareham onlie played with his knife, and drank noe wine. He was very cheerfulle and accessible; he knows not what pride is; and yet, of how much mighte he be proude! What genius! what erudition! what kindnesse and modesty! From Wareham, who ever departed in sorrow?"

Landing at Fulham, we had a brave ramble thro' y^e meadows. Erasmus noting y^e poor children a gathering y^e dandelion and milk-thistle for the herb-market, was avised to speak of forayn herbes and their uses, bothe for food and medicine.

"For me," says father "there is manie a plant I entertayn in my garden and paddock which y^e fastidious woulde cast forthe. I like to teache my children y^e uses of common things—to know, for instance, y^e uses of y^e flowers and weeds that grow in our fields and hedges. Manie a poor knave's pottage woulde be improved, if he were skilled in y^e properties of y^e burdock and purple orchis, lady's-smock, brooklime, and old man's pepper. The roots of wild succory and water arrow-head mighte agreeable change his Lenten diet; and glasswort afford him a pickle for his mouthfulle of saltmeat. Then, there are cresses and wood-sorrel to his breakfast, and salep for his hot evening mess. For his medicine, there is herb-twopence, that will cure a hundred ills; camomile, to lull a raging tooth; and the juice of buttercup to cleare his head by sneezing. Vervain cureth ague; and crowfoot affords y^e leaste painfulle of blisters. St. Anthony's turnip is an emetic; goosegrass sweetens the blood; woodruffe is good for the liver; and bind-weed hath nigh as much virtue as y^e forayn scammony. Pimpernel promoteth laughter; and poppy sleepe: thyme giveth pleasant dreams; and an ashen branch drives evil spirits from y^e pillow. As for rosemarie, I lett it run alle over my garden walls, not onlie because my bees love it, but because 'tis the herb sacred to remembrance, and, therefore, to friendship, whence a sprig of it hath a dumb language that maketh y^e chosen emblem at our funeral wakes, and in our buriall grounds. Howbeit, I am a schoolboy prating in presence of his master, for here is John Clement at my elbow, who is the best botanist and herbalist of us all."

—Returning home, y^e youths being warmed with rowing, and in high spiritts, did entertayn themselves and us with manie jests and playings upon words, some of 'em forced enow, yet proyocative of laughing. Afterwards, Mr.

Gunnel proposed enigmas and curious questions. Among others, he woulde know which of y^e famous women of Greece or Rome we maidens w^d resemble. Bess was for Cornelia, Daisy for Clelia, but I for Damo, daughter of Pythagoras, which William Roper deemed stupid enow, and thoughte I mighte have found as good a daughter, that had not died a maid. Sayth Erasmus, with his sweet, inexpressible smile, "Now I will tell you, lads and lassies, what manner of man I w^d be, if I were not Erasmus. I woulde step-back some few years of my life, and be half-way 'twixt thirty and forty; I woulde be pious and profounde enow for y^e church, albeit noe churchman; I woulde have a blythe, stirring, English wife, and half-a-dozen merrie girls and boys, an English homestead, neither hall nor farm, but betweene both; but neare enow to y^e citie for convenience, but away from its noise. I woulde have a profession, that gave me some hours daylie of regular businesse, that s^d let men know my parts; and court me into publick station, for which my taste made me rather withdrawe. I woulde have such a private independence, as s^d enable me to give and lend, rather than beg and borrow. I woulde encourage mirth without buffoonerie, ease without negligence; my habitt and table shoulde be simple, and for my looks I woulde be neither tall nor short, fat nor lean, rubicund nor sallow, but of a fayr skin with blue eyes, brownish beard, and a countenance engaging and attractive, soe that alle of my companie coulde not choose but love me."

"Why, then, you woulde be father himselfe," cried Cecy, clasping his arm in bothe her hands with a kind of rapture, and, indeede, y^e portraiture was soe like, we coulde not but smile at y^e resemblance.

Arrived at y^e landing, father protested he was wearie with his ramble, and, his foot slipping, he wrenched his ankle, and sate for an instante on a barrow, the which one of y^e men had left with his garden tools, and before he c^d rise or cry out, William, laughing, rolled him up to y^e house-door; which, considering father's weight, was much for a stripling to doe. Father sayd the same, and, laying his hand on Will's shoulder with kindnesse, cried, "Bless thee, my boy, but I woulde not have thee overstrayned, like Biton and Clitobus."

(To be continued.)

SKETCH OF A MISER.

JOHN OVERS was a miser, living in the old days when popery flourished, and friars abounded in England. Some of his vices and eccentricities have been chronicled in a little tract of great rarity, entitled "The True History of the Life and Death of John Overs, and of his Daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs to be built." But in giving the particulars of his life, we do not vouch for their authenticity: the tract resembles too strongly a chap book to bear the marks of honest truth; yet the anecdotes are amusing, and the tradition

of the miser's pretty daughter reads somewhat romantic.

John Overs was a Southwark ferryman, and he obtained, by paying an annual sum to the city authorities, a monopoly in the trade of conveying passengers across the river. He soon grew rich, and became the master of numerous servants and apprentices. From his first increase of wealth, he put his money out to use on such profitable terms, that he rapidly amassed a fortune almost equal to that of the first nobleman in the land; yet, notwithstanding this speedy accumulation of wealth, in his habits, housekeeping, and expenses, he bore the appearance of the most abject poverty, and was so eager after gain, that even in his old age, and when his body had become weak by unnecessary deprivations, he would labor incessantly, and allow himself no rest or repose. This most miserly wretch, it is said, had a daughter, remarkable both for her piety and beauty; the old man, in spite of his parsimonious habits, retained some affection for his child, and bestowed upon her a somewhat liberal education.

Mary Overs had no sympathy with the avarice and selfishness of her parent: she grew up endowed with amiability, and with a true maiden's heart to love. As she approached womanhood, her dazzling charms attracted numerous suitors; but the miser refused all matrimonial offers, and even declined to negotiate the matter on any terms, although some of wealth and rank were willing to wed with the ferryman's daughter. Mary was kept a close prisoner, and forbidden to bestow her smiles upon any of her admirers, nor were any allowed to speak with her; but love and nature will conquer bolts and bars, as well as fear; and one of her suitors took the opportunity, while the miser was busy picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well; another was granted and arranged, which pleased still better; and a third ended in a mutual plighting of their troths. During all these transactions at home, the silly old ferryman was still busy with his avocation, not dreaming but that things were as secure on land as they were on water.

John Overs was of a disposition so wretched and miserly, that he even begrudged his servants their necessary food. He used to buy black puddings, which were then sold in London at a penny a yard; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There, you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarcely allow a neighbor to obtain a light from his candle, lest he should in some way impoverish him by taking some of its light. He used to go to market to search for bargains: he bought the siftings of the coarsest meal, looked out eagerly for marrow-bones that could be purchased for a trifle, and scrupled not to convert them into soup if they were mouldy. He bought the stalest bread, and he used to cut it into slices, "that, taking the air, it might become the harder to be eaten." Sometimes he would buy meat so tainted, that even his dog

would refuse it; upon which occasions, he used to say that it was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then eat it himself. He needed no cats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left the house, as nothing was cast aside from which they could obtain a picking.

It is said that this sordid old man resorted one day to a most singular stratagem, for the purpose of saving a day's provision in his establishment. He counterfeited illness, and pretended to die; he compelled his daughter to assist in the deception, much against her inclination. Overs imagined that, like good Catholics, his servants would not be so unnatural as to partake of food while his body was above ground, but would lament his loss, and observe a rigid fast; when the day was over, he intended to feign a sudden recovery. He was laid out as dead, and wrapt in a sheet; a candle was placed at his head, in accordance with the popish custom of the age. His apprentices were informed of their master's death; but, instead of manifesting grief, they gave vent to the most unbounded joy; hoping, at last, to be released from their hard and penurious servitude. They hastened to satisfy themselves of the truth of this joyful news, and seeing him laid out as dead, could not even restrain their feelings in the presence of death, but actually danced and skipped around the corpse; tears or lamentations they had none; and as to fasting, an empty belly admits of no delay. In the ebullition of their joy, one ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the bread; another ran for the cheese, and brought it forth in triumph; and the third drew a flagon of ale. They all sat down in high glee, congratulating and rejoicing among themselves, at having been so unexpectedly released from their bonds of servitude. Hard as it was, the bread rapidly disappeared; they indulged in huge slices of cheese, even ventured to cast aside the parings, and to take copious draughts of the miser's ale. The old man lay all this time struck with horror at this awful prodigality, and enraged at their mutinous disrespect: flesh and blood—at least, the flesh and blood of a miser—could endure it no longer; and starting up he caught hold of the funeral taper, determined to chastise them for their waste. One of them seeing the old man struggling in the sheet, and thinking it was the devil or a ghost, and becoming alarmed, caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains! "Thus," says the tradition, "he who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned it in earnest; and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime cause of his own death." The daughter's lover, hearing of the death of old Overs, hastened up to London with all possible speed; but riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just as he was entering the city, and broke his neck. This, with her father's death, had such an effect on the spirits of Mary Overs, that she was almost frantic, and being troubled with a numerous train of suitors, she resolved to

retire into a nunnery, and to devote the whole of her wealth, which was enormous, to purposes of charity and religion. She laid the foundation of "a famous church, which at her own charge was finished, and by her dedicated to the Virgin Mary." This, tradition says, was the origin of St. Mary Overs, Southwark, a name which it received in memory of its beautiful, but unfortunate foundress.

On an old sepulchre, in St. Saviour's church, may be seen to this day, reclining in no very easy posture, the figure of a poor, emaciated-looking being; which rumor has declared to be the figure of John Overs, the ferryman. There is not much to warrant the conclusion, except, perhaps, the similarity which the mind might discover in the stone effigy and the aspect with which, in idea, we instinctively endow all such objects of penury. The figure looks thin enough for a man who lived on the pickings of stale bones, and musty bread, it must be allowed; and the countenance certainly looks miserly enough for any miser; but then the marble tablet above merely tells the passer by that the body of one William Emerson lyeth there, "who departed out of this life," one day in June, in the year 1575.

The curious little tract from which we have gleaned many of the above particulars, gives a very different account of the miser's burying-place. On account, it is said, of his usury, extortion, and the general sordidness of his life, he had been excommunicated, and refused Christian burial; but the daughter, by large sums of money, endeavored to bribe the friars of Bermondsey Abbey to get him buried. As my lord abbot happened to be away from home, the holy brothers took the money, and buried him within the cloister. The abbot on his return seeing a new grave, inquired who, in his absence, had been buried there; and on being informed, he ordered it to be immediately disinterred, and be laid on the back of an ass; then muttering some benediction, or, perhaps, an anathema, he turned the beast from the abbey gates. "The ass went with a solemn pace, unguided by any, through Kent Street, till it came to St. Thomas-a-Watering, which was then the common execution place; and then shook him off, just under the gallows, where a grave was instantly made, and, without any ceremony, he was tumbled in, and covered with earth."

While we abhor the abuse, and think it well to guard others by hideous examples of its folly and vice, we can appreciate and participate in its general use. We look upon it as a solemn duty in men, whether regarded as citizens or fathers of families, to practice a prudent economy; and the man who is frugal without being avaricious—who is parsimonious without being sordid—we regard as fulfilling one of his greatest social duties. If economy is a virtue, wastefulness is a sin; and yet how many weekly glory in being thought extravagant! Ruined spend-thrifts will boast of their meanless prodigality and their wasteful dissipation, as if in their

past liberal selfishness they could claim some forbearance for their present disrepute, or some compassion for the misfortunes into which their own heedlessness has thrown them. The learned, too, will disdain all knowledge of the dull routine of economy, and proclaim their ignorance of the affairs of life, as if the confession endowed them with a virtue; but perfection is not the privilege of any order of men, and many who ought to have been the monitors of mankind, whose talents have made their names immortal, embittered their lives, and impaired the vigor of their intellects by their thoughtless and wanton extravagance.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN the winter of the year 1792, Paris was agitated to the very core, by the most important public question which had yet arisen during the course of the Revolution. The people had hitherto been completely triumphant in their attack on established things. They had overturned the throne, and sent its supporters by thousands to the scaffold or to exile. They had subverted the ancient constitution; and, though no new form of government had yet been arranged, all power lay for the time in the hands of their leaders, of one or another denomination of republicans. The Jacobins, ultimately the dominant faction, had not yet obtained full sway, but had to contend for supremacy in the convention (or senate) of the nation, with the Girondists, a section numbering in its ranks many of the most able and more moderate republicans of France. Daily and bitterly did these two parties struggle at this time against one another—Robespierre, Danton, and Marat being the virtual chiefs, whether acting in unison or otherwise, of the Jacobins or violent republicans; while Vergniaud, Guadet, Louvet, Salle, Pétion, and others, headed the Girondists or moderates. Matters stood thus before the commencement of the trial of Louis XVI., the question already alluded to as exceeding in importance and interest any to which the Revolution had yet given birth. On the results of the process hung the life of the king; and men speculated as to the issue with anxiety, mingled with fear and wonderment. Doubts existed as to what might be that issue—doubts excited chiefly by the condition of parties just described. On the whole, the chances seemed in favor of the king before the commencement of his trial, seeing that the Girondists had then a decided ascendancy over their rivals in the convention, and that many of them had strong leanings to the side of mercy. But the unfortunate Louis XVI., whose very mildness made him the scape-goat for the errors of his predecessors, stood in mortal peril in the best view of the case. So felt his friends throughout France, and they were yet numerous, though constrained to look on in silence, and bury their feelings in their own bosoms.

One evening, in the winter mentioned, before the trial of the king had opened, the convention

broke up after a stormy sitting, and its members separated for their clubs or their homes, to intrigue or to recreate, as they felt inclined. The Girondist leaders, Vergniaud, Guadet, Fonfrene, and others, might then have been seen, as they left the place of sitting, to surround a young man who was speaking loudly and vehemently. His theme was Robespierre; and bitter were the recriminations which he poured on that too famous individual. Vergniaud and the rest attempted to check the outbursts of wrath, but, at the same time, with peals of laughter at their young colleague's angry violence.

"Come home with me, my good Barbaroux," said Vergniaud; "we shall hear you more comfortably before a good fire. It is piercingly cold, and I promise you, that, if the vines of Medoc have to sustain such a season, we need not expect to drink Bordeaux at a reasonable price for fifteen years to come."

"Fifteen years!" said Guadet, in a melancholy voice; "and do you then count upon living for another fifteen years, Vergniaud?"

"Why not?" was the answer; "am I a king that I should fear the anger of the Republic?"

At this moment, a little Savoyard, with his stool at his back, threw himself almost betwixt the legs of Vergniaud, and, holding out a letter, exclaimed, "Which of you, citizens, is the representative Barbaroux?"

"Here," said Vergniaud, taking the letter from the lad, and handing it to his companion, the irritated young deputy above mentioned, "here is a billet for you, Barbaroux. I should guess that it comes from some ex-marchioness, who wishes to know if the judges of the king are formed like other men, or if you have got horns on your head, and a cloven foot."

Barbaroux, at this time little more than twenty-seven years of age, was one of the most handsome, as well as beautiful men of his time. Madame Roland, in one phrase, has given us a singular idea of his personal attractions. "He had," she says, "the head of Antinous upon the frame of a Hercules." The young representative of Marseilles (for such was his station) took the note of the Savoyard, and, advancing to a lamp, opened it, and read therein the following words:

"Citizen, if you fear not to accede to an invitation which can not be signed, repair this evening, at nine o'clock, to the street St. Honore, where you will find a coach standing in front of the house, No. 56. Enter the vehicle without fear, and it will conduct you among old friends."

Turning to his companions, after reading this mystic note, Barbaroux observed, "You are right, Vergniaud; it is a communication from an ex-marchioness."

"Ah! I thought so," replied the other; "and will you accept the invitation?"

"I know not," was the careless response.

Barbaroux was young, and, without being exactly weary of the agitated public life which

he habitually led, felt any circumstance calculated to take him out of it for a time as a piece of good fortune not to be contemned. He deceived Vergniaud, therefore, when he affected to treat the matter of the billet lightly. In fact, it seized upon his thoughts exclusively; and he not only spoke no more of Robespierre to his friends, but quitted them upon some slight pretext soon afterward. He then returned directly to his own home; and, when there, delivered himself up to conjectures respecting the mysterious epistle which he had received. Barbaroux was young, be it again observed, and of a temperament not indisposed to gallantry, though the softer concerns of life had been all but banished from his thoughts more lately. However, the anonymous billet, which came, he felt asured, from a female, directed his reflections into a train once not so unfamiliar to them, and the more so as it spoke of his meeting "old friends." With impatience, therefore, he watched the movements of his time-piece, as it indicated the gradual approach of the hour of appointment. The Marseillaise representative felt no personal alarm respecting the coming adventure. He had never been an advocate of bloodshed in his public character, and knew of none likely to entertain against him sentiments of hostility, or to project snares for his life. No; he confidently assumed the object of the unknown correspondent to be friendly.

Enough, however, about the anticipations of Barbaroux. The hour of nine came, and he hastily left his own residence, to proceed to the Rue St. Honore. There, opposite to No. 56, he found a coach in waiting. Without a word, he opened the door, leaped inside, and shut himself up with his own hands. In a moment the coachman lashed his horses, and Barbaroux felt himself whirled along for an hour with such rapidity, as, together with the obscurity of the evening, to prevent him completely from discerning the route taken. At length the vehicle stopped abruptly, in a petty street, and before a house of sufficiently mediocre appearance. The gate opened instantly, and the driver, descending from his seat, silently showed Barbaroux into the house, after which the door was closed behind. The young man now found himself in a passage of some length, as was shown by a distant light. That light speedily increased, and the visitor perceived a young girl approaching him with a lamp in her hand—one of those old iron lamps in which the oil floats openly, and which have the wick at one of the sides. Barbaroux was instantly reminded of the fisher-cots of Marseilles—his own well-known Marseilles—where such articles are used constantly by the fishing community. Casting his eyes attentively on the girl, he saw more to remind him of the same ancient sea-port—her cap, colored kerchief, and dress generally, being such as its young women always wore. Her face, too, was not a strange one. Moreover the odor of tar, or that smell peculiar to well-used cordage and sails, struck forcibly on his senses, and

strengthened the same associative recollections. Astonished already, Barbaroux felt still more so, when a once familiar voice addressed him in accents strongly provincial, or Marseillaise.

"Charles," said the girl with the lamp, "you have made us wait. You promised this morning to be earlier here."

"I promised!" cried Barbaroux, with amazement, heightened by a sort of impression that he was speaking to a person who ought at the moment to be at two hundred leagues' distance.

"Yes! promised," continued the girl; "but no doubt, you have been at the office, or have forgotten yourself with the curate of La Major, who makes you study such beautiful plants. Never mind; come with me. Melanie is with her uncle Jean, and I, as I tell you, have been waiting for you more than an hour. Come, then!"

Barbaroux scarcely comprehended what was said to him. He found all his senses deceiving him at once, as it were, sight, hearing, and smell; and his imagination transported from the present to the past, had some difficulty in overcoming the first shock of stupefied surprise. Thereafter, he felt a kind of wish to yield himself up voluntarily to what seemed a sweet illusion. He followed the young girl as desired, but soon found new causes for astonishment. Before him appeared the old screw-stair of a well-known fisher dwelling, with the narrow landing-place, chalky walls, and plastered chimney, with its tint of yellow, to him most familiar of old. He even noted on the plaster an acanthus leaf, where such a thing had been once rudely charcoaled by his own hand. In the chimney grate, he beheld an enormous log, the Christmas log, sparkling above the red embers; and he then called to mind that the day was the 24th of December, and the evening Christmas Eve.

"Ah! you see," said the young girl, rousing him by her voice, "we are going to hold the Christmas feast. Come, Charles, enter, and sit down opposite to uncle Jean, and by the side of Melanie. I will take my place on your other hand."

As the girl spoke, she had opened the door of an inner apartment, and led forward Barbaroux. The latter did indeed see before him uncle Jean; he clasped in his own the hands of Melanie. He beheld all that he had been once wont to see, in short, in the home of uncle Jean, the old seaman of Marseilles. The same veteran weather-glass hung on the wall; the compass was there, too, pointing still, as it pointed of yore. On the table Barbaroux observed the green glasses of Provence; the bottles were the peculiar bottles of uncle Jean; and, amid others, he saw the yellow seals marking the prized Cyprus wine of the ancient mariner of Marseilles. Brown dishes were there of the pottery of Saint Jacques—articles to Paris unknown. Edibles lay upon them, too, such as Marseilles draws from sunny Afric: almonds

and dates, with figs and raisins, alone, or compounded into cakes, after the mode of southern France. All these things confounded the young member of convention. Had he made in a few hours a journey of eight days? Had he retrograded in the way of existence? Had he dreamt of a busy life of three years, since the time when, under the shade of the church of St. Laurent of Marseilles, he had courted the fair niece of uncle Jean, amid scenes and sights such as now surrounded him? The deputy of Marseilles, the popular conventionist, closed his eyes in doubt. Dreamed he at that moment or had he dreamed for years?

Barbaroux was no weak-minded man, and yet it is not too much to say, that he felt positive difficulty in determining what he saw to be unreal, or, at most but an illusory revival of a former reality; and this difficulty he felt, even though he had in his pocket, and touched with his fingers, a note from Madame Roland, received in the convention on that very afternoon. On the other hand, the two Provençal girls were assuredly by his side; and, at the sight of Melanie, upsprung anew that fresh young love which politics had stifled in his heart in its very bud. Was not uncle Jean there, moreover, with his robust form and open features, his kindly smile, and his strong Marseillaise accents? If all was a delusion, as the reason of Barbaroux ever and anon told him, and if a purposed delusion, as seemed more than likely, what could that purpose be? Had uncle Jean and Melanie thus mysteriously encompassed him with souvenirs of former and happy hours, to rekindle the love from which politics had detached him, and to lead him yet into that union once all but arranged? Such might possibly be the case, and the thought tended to check the questions which rose naturally to the young man's lip. He could not, would not, bring a blush to the cheek of Melanie, by asking her explanations so delicate. These would be voluntarily given, doubtless, in due time. Besides, to speak the truth, he felt so happy to be again by her side, as to shrink from the idea of breaking the spell, and was contented to yield himself up to the soft intoxication of the moment. He spoke of Marseilles, as if he was actually there, and as if he had no thought save of its passing interests and affairs. On these matters, uncle Jean and the two girls conversed with him freely, never leaving it to be supposed for an instant, however, that they were at all conscious of being elsewhere, or that Barbaroux had ever been absent from their sides. Only now and then did Barbaroux catch the glance of Melanie, fixed on him with an unusual expression, made up of mingled tenderness and thoughtful anxiety. His observation, however, made her instantly recur to the same manner displayed by her sister and uncle, who treated him as if they had seen him but a few hours previously. The deputy, after being enlivened by the little supper and the good wine, even smiled internally to see the extent to which they carried this caution, though it mystified him the

more. The window of the chamber in which they sat at their singular Christmas feast, opened suddenly of its own accord.

"Shut that window, Melanie," said uncle Jean; "the air of the sea is unwholesome by night." The window was closed accordingly; but Barbaroux fancied that he had actually heard through it the roll of the waves, and felt on his cheek the freshness of the ocean breeze.

At length the hour of midnight sounded—the hour at which, once only in the year, the priest ascends the high altar to say mass—the hour of the Saviour's birth.

"It is midnight," cried the two girls; let us proceed to mass."

As they spoke, the girls rose from table, and, in doing so, overturned, by accident or intention, the two candles by which the room was lighted. Barbaroux found himself a second time in the dark; but speedily his arms were seized by the girls, one on each side, and he was noiselessly led down into the dark passage by which he had entered. Barbaroux had often stolen an embrace from Melanie in such circumstances as the present, and he here found himself repaid by a voluntary one from herself. For a moment her arm lingered around him, and was then withdrawn in silence. The door was then opened for him, and, in another second of time, he stood alone in the street, with the coach in waiting which had brought him thither. Confusedly and mechanically he entered the vehicle, and was ere long set down in the Rue St. Honore, at liberty to regain his own home.

Deeply as he was impressed by this remarkable incident, Barbaroux did not think it necessary to disclose the particulars to Vergniaud and his other political companions; but he made a confidant of Madame Roland.

"It is plain," said he, concludingly to that lady, "that the whole was a purposed plan of deception or illusion. It is the story of Aline put in action for my especial benefit, but surely without end, without sufficing grounds. Wherefore employ such chicanery with a man like me? It would have been better to have addressed me frankly, and so have reminded me of the past, than to have resorted to a scheme which, though impressive at the time, can only move me now to a smile. Yes, madame, I would say—that the issue might possibly have been more agreeable to their wishes, had they dealt with me less mysteriously. But what inducement can have made uncle Jean go in with such a step, really puzzles me. He is a man who dies of ennui when out of sight of the sea for a day. Besides, though he did love me once, I believe that he at heart hates the convention, with all belonging to it, and favors the Bourbons."

"Even if the intention," replied Madame Roland, "was only to recall your old love to your recollection, Barbaroux, there is something pretty in the idea. It is as if your Melanie, in

putting her home, her friends, and herself, before you in their perfect reality, had said—'This is all I can offer—all save my love.' But there is something more under it than all this, Barbaroux," pursued the lady, after reflecting gravely for some time. "They gave you no verbal explanation, you say; but did they leave you no clew otherwise? Did you wear your present dress yesterday?"

"I did, madame."

"Have you examined its pockets?"

"No," said Barbaroux, "but I shall do so immediately."

The young member of convention accordingly put his hands into his pockets, and was not slow to discover there, as Madame Roland had acutely conjectured, a complete solution of his whole enigma. He found a paper bearing his address, in which an offer was made to him of the hand of the woman he (once, at least, had) loved, with a dowry of five hundred thousand francs, and the prospect of enjoying anew all the pleasures of his happy youth, provided that he supported the Appeal to the People on behalf of Louis XVI.—provided, in short, that he lent his influence to save the life, at all events, of the king. That such an appeal would have saved Louis from the scaffold, all men at the time believed. The Jacobins obviously thought so, since they obstinately denied him any such chance of escape.

It is probable that the monetary clause in this proposal would alone have prevented its entertainment by the young deputy for Marseilles. Be this as it may, the romantic scheme which the friendship of uncle Jean, and the love of Melanie, had led them to enter upon, at the instance, doubtless of the other friends of Louis, for inducing Barbaroux to befriend the king, and for wiling himself from the dangerous vortex of political turmoil, ended in nothing. Within a few weeks—nay, a few days afterward—began that life-and-death struggle between the Girondists and Jacobins, which only terminated with the total fall of the former party, and the condemnation to the scaffold of all its leaders. To the honor of Barbaroux, be it told that, without a bribe, he supported the Appeal to the People, and had he had the power would have saved the ill-fated king from the extreme and bloody penalty of the guillotine. But the infuriate councils of Robespierre and Marat prevailed; and Barbaroux, with five companions, fled for safety to the Gironde, that southern portion of France, of which Bordeaux is the capital, and whence they had derived their party name. They found there, however, no safety; they were hunted down like wild beasts by the dominant faction, and every man of them was taken and beheaded, or otherwise perished miserably, with the exception of Louvet, who subsequently recorded their perils and their sufferings. Barbaroux, the young, gay, handsome and brave Barbaroux, died on the scaffold, while Petion met the death of a wild beast in the fields—starved while in life, and mangled by wolves when no

more. Well had it been for Barbaroux, had he yielded timeously to the loving call of Melanie; made so romantically and mysteriously. It was not so destined to be.*

"JUDGE NOT!"

MANY years since, two pupils of the University at Warsaw were passing through the street in which stands the column of King Sigismund, round whose pedestal may generally be seen seated a number of women selling fruit, cakes, and a variety of eatables, to the passers-by. The young men paused to look at a figure whose oddity attracted their attention. This was a man apparently between fifty and sixty years of age; his coat, once black, was worn threadbare; his broad hat overshadowed a thin wrinkled face; his form was greatly emaciated, yet he walked with a firm and rapid step. He stopped at one of the stalls beneath the column, purchased a halfpenny worth of bread, ate part of it, put the remainder into his pocket, and pursued his way toward the palace of General Zaionczek, lieutenant of the kingdom, who, in the absence of the czar, Alexander, exercised royal authority in Poland.

"Do you know that man?" asked one student of the other.

"I do not; but judging by his lugubrious costume, and no less mournful countenance, I should guess him to be an undertaker."

"Wrong, my friend; he is Stanislas Staszic."

"Staszic!" exclaimed the student, looking after the man, who was then entering the palace. "How can a mean, wretched-looking man, who stops in the middle of the street to buy a morsel of bread, be rich and powerful?"

"Yet, so it is," replied his companion. "Under this unpromising exterior is hidden one of our most influential ministers, and one of the most illustrious *savans* of Europe."

The man whose appearance contrasted so strongly with his social position, who was as powerful as he seemed insignificant, as rich as he appeared poor, owed all his fortune to himself—to his labors, and to his genius.

Of low extraction—he left Poland, while young, in order to acquire learning. He passed some years in the Universities of Leipsic and Göttingen, continued his studies in the College of France, under Brisson and D'Aubanton; gained the friendship of Buffon; visited the Alps and the Apennines; and, finally, returned to his native land, stored with rich and varied learning.

He was speedily invited by a nobleman to take charge of the education of his son. Afterward, the government wished to profit by his talents; and Staszic, from grade to grade, was raised to the highest posts and the greatest

dignities. His economical habits made him rich. Five hundred serfs cultivated his lands, and he possessed large sums of money placed at interest. When did any man ever rise very far above the rank in which he was born, without presenting a mark for envy and detraction to aim their arrows against? Mediocrity always avenges itself by calumny; and so Staszic found it, for the good folks of Warsaw were quite ready to attribute all his actions to sinister motives.

A group of idlers had paused close to where the students were standing. All looked at the minister, and every one had something to say against him.

"Who would ever think," cried a noble, whose gray mustaches and old-fashioned costume recalled the era of King Sigismund, "that *he* could be a minister of state? Formerly, when a Palatin traversed the capital, a troop of horsemen both preceded and followed him. Soldiers dispersed the crowds that pressed to look at him. But what respect can be felt for an old miser, who has not the heart to afford himself a coach, and who eats a piece of bread in the streets, just as a beggar would do?"

"His heart," said a priest, "is as hard as the iron chest in which he keeps his gold; a poor man might die of hunger at his door, before he would give him alms."

"He has worn the same coat for the last ten years," remarked another.

"He sits on the ground for fear of wearing out his chairs," chimed in a saucy-looking lad, and every one joined in a mocking laugh.

A young pupil of one of the public schools had listened in indignant silence to these speeches, which cut him to the heart; and at length, unable to restrain himself, he turned toward the priest and said:

"A man distinguished for his generosity ought to be spoken of with more respect. What does it signify to us how he dresses, or what he eats, if he makes a noble use of his fortune?"

"And pray what use *does* he make of it?"

"The Academy of Sciences wanted a place for a library, and had not funds to hire one. Who bestowed on them a magnificent palace? Was it not Staszic!"

"Oh! yes, because he is as greedy of praise as of gold."

"Poland esteems, as her chief glory, the man who discovered the laws of the sidereal movement. Who was it that raised to him a monument worthy of his renown—calling the chisel of Canova to honor the memory of Copernicus?"

"It was Staszic," replied the priest, "and so all Europe honors for it the generous senator. But, my young friend, it is not the light of the noon-day sun that ought to illumine Christian charity. If you want really to know a man, watch the daily course of his private life. This ostentatious miser, in the books which he publishes groans over the lot of the peasantry, and in his vast domains he employs five hundred

* This little story is drawn from the French. The Revolutionary era was so fertile in romantic incidents, springing at once from the theatrical character of the people, and the extraordinary excitement of the period, that the adventure of Barbaroux is quite within the range of probability. One vote did at last condemn Louis XVI.

miserable serfs. Go some morning to his house—there you will find a poor woman beseeching with tears a cold proud man who repulses her. That man is Staszic—that woman his sister. Ought not the haughty giver of palaces, the builder of pompous statues, rather to employ himself in protecting his oppressed serfs, and relieving his destitute relative?"

The young man began to reply, but no one would listen to him. Sad and dejected at hearing one who had been to him a true and generous friend, so spoken of, he went to his humble lodging.

Next morning he repaired at an early hour to the dwelling of his benefactor. There he met a woman weeping, and lamenting the inhumanity of her brother.

This confirmation of what the priest had said, inspired the young man with a fixed determination. It was Staszic who had placed him at college, and supplied him with the means of continuing there. Now, he would reject his gifts—he would not accept benefits from a man who could look unmoved at his own sister's tears.

The learned minister, seeing his favorite pupil enter, did not desist from his occupation, but, continuing to write, said to him:

"Well, Adolphe, what can I do for you to-day? If you want books, take them out of my library; or instruments—order them, and send me the bill. Speak to me freely, and tell me if you want any thing."

"On the contrary, sir, I come to thank you for your past kindness, and to say that I must in future decline receiving your gifts."

"You are, then, become rich?"

"I am as poor as ever."

"And your college?"

"I must leave it."

"Impossible!" cried Staszic, standing up, and fixing his penetrating eyes on his visitor. "You are the most promising of all our pupils—it must not be!"

In vain the young student tried to conceal the motive of his conduct; Staszic insisted on knowing it.

"You wish," said Adolphe, "to heap favors on me, at the expense of your suffering family."

The powerful minister could not conceal his emotion. His eyes filled with tears, and he pressed the young man's hand warmly, as he said:

"Dear boy, always take heed to this counsel—'JUDGE NOTHING BEFORE THE TIME.' Ere the end of life arrives, the purest virtue may be soiled by vice, and the bitterest calumny proved to be unfounded. My conduct is, in truth, an enigma, which I can not now solve—it is the secret of my life."

Seeing the young man still hesitate, he added:

"Keep an account of the money I give you, consider it as a loan; and when some day, through labor and study, you find yourself rich, pay the debt by educating a poor, deserving student. As to me, wait for my death, before you judge my life."

During fifty years Stanislas Staszic allowed malice to blacken his actions. He knew the time would come when all Poland would do him justice.

On the 20th of January, 1826, thirty thousand mourning Poles flocked around his bier, and sought to touch the pall, as though it were some holy, precious relic.

The Russian army could not comprehend the reason of the homage thus paid by the people of Warsaw to this illustrious man. His last testament fully explained the reason of his apparent avarice. His vast estates were divided into five hundred portions, each to become the property of a free peasant—his former serf. A school, on an admirable plan and very extended scale, was to be established for the instruction of the peasants' children in different trades. A reserved fund was provided for the succor of the sick and aged. A small yearly tax, to be paid by the liberated serfs, was destined for purchasing, by degrees, the freedom of their neighbors, condemned, as they had been, to hard and thankless toil.

After having thus provided for his peasants, Staszic bequeathed six hundred thousand florins for founding a model hospital; and he left a considerable sum toward educating poor and studious youths. As for his sister, she inherited only the same allowance which he had given her, yearly, during his life; for she was a person of careless, extravagant habits, who dissipated foolishly all the money she received.

A strange fate was that of Stanislas Staszic. A martyr to calumny during his life, after death his memory was blessed and revered by the multitudes whom he had made happy.

A MATHEMATICAL HERMIT.

DURING the earlier half of the last century, there lived in one of the villages on the outskirts of the moor on which a singular pile of rocks on the Cornish moors called the Cheese-Wring stands, a stone-cutter named Daniel Gumb. This man was noted among his companions for his taciturn, eccentric character, and for his attachment to mathematical studies. Such leisure time as he had at his command he regularly devoted to pondering over some of the problems of Euclid; he was always drawing mysterious complications of angles, triangles, and parallelograms, on pieces of slate, and on the blank leaves of such few books as he possessed. But he made very slow progress in his studies. Poverty and hard work increased with the increase of his family. At last he was obliged to give up his mathematics altogether. He labored early and labored late; he hacked and hewed at the hard material out of which he was doomed to cut a livelihood with unremitting diligence; but want still kept up with him, toil as he might to outstrip it, in the career of life. In short, times went on so ill with Daniel, that in despair of ever finding them better he took a sudden resolution of altering his manner of living, and retreating from

the difficulties that he could not overcome. He went to the hill on which the Cheese-Wring stands, and looked about among the rocks until he found some that had accidentally formed themselves into a sort of rude cavern. He widened this recess; he propped up a great wide slab, that made its roof; at one end where it seemed likely to sink without some additional support; he cut out in a rock that rose above this, what he called his bed-room—a mere longitudinal slit in the stone, the length and breadth of his body, into which he could roll himself sideways when he wanted to enter it. After he had completed this last piece of work, he scratched the date of the year of his extraordinary labors (1735) on the rock; and then, he went and fetched his wife and family away from their cottage, and lodged them in the cavity he had made—never to return during his life-time, to the dwellings of men!

Here he lived and here he worked, when he could get work. He paid no rent now: he wanted no furniture; he struggled no longer to appear to the world as his equals appeared; he required no more money than would procure for his family and himself the barest necessities of life; he suffered no interruptions from his fellow-workmen, who thought him a madman, and kept out of his way; and—most precious privilege of his new position—he could at last shorten his hours of labor, and lengthen his hours of study, with impunity. Having no temptations to spend money, no hard demands of an inexorable landlord to answer, whether he was able or not, he could now work with his brains as well as his hands, he could toil at his problems upon the tops of rocks, under the open sky, amid the silence of the great moor; he could scratch his lines and angles on thousands of stone tablets freely offered around him. The great ambition of his life was greatly achieved.

Henceforth, nothing moved him, nothing depressed him. The storms of winter rushed over his unsheltered dwelling, but failed to dislodge him. He taught his family to brave solitude and cold in the cavern among the rocks, as he braved them. In the cell that he had scooped out for his wife (the roof of which has now fallen in) some of his children died, and others were born. They point out the rock where he used to sit on calm summer evenings, absorbed over his tattered copy of Euclid. A geometrical “puzzle,” traced by his hand, still appears on the stone. When he died, what became of his family, no one can tell. Nothing more is known of him than that he never quitted the wild place of his exile; that he continued to the day of his death to live contentedly with his wife and children, amid a civilized nation, and during a civilized age, under such a shelter as would hardly serve the first savage tribes of the most savage country—to live, starving out poverty and want on a barren wild; defying both to follow him among the desert rocks—to live, forsaking all things, enduring all things for the love of Knowledge, which he could still nobly

follow through trials and extremities, without encouragement of fame or profit, without vantage ground of station or wealth, for its own dear sake. Beyond this, nothing but conjecture is left. The cell, the bed-place, the lines traced on the rocks, the inscription of the year in which he hewed his habitation out of them, are all the memorials that remain of a man, whose strange and striking story might worthily adorn the pages of a tragic yet glorious history which is still unwritten—the history of the martyrs of knowledge in humble life!

A PRISON ANECDOTE.

IN the year 1834, a widow lady of good fortune (whom we shall call Mrs. Newton), resided with her daughter in one of the suburbs nearest to the metropolis. They lived in fashionable style, and kept an ample establishment of servants.

A very pretty young girl, nineteen years of age, resided in this family in the capacity of lady's-maid. She was tolerably educated, spoke with grammatical correctness, and was distinguished by a remarkably gentle and fascinating address.

At that time Miss Newton was engaged to be married to one Captain Jennings, R.N.; and Miss Newton (as many young ladies in the like circumstances have done before), employed her leisure in embroidering cambric, making it up into handkerchiefs, and sending them and other little presents of that description, to Captain Jennings. Unhappily, but very naturally, she made Charlotte Mortlock, her maid, the bearer of these tender communications. The captain occupied lodgings suited to a gentleman of station, and thither Charlotte Mortlock frequently repaired at the bidding of her young mistress, and generally waited (as lovers are generally impatient) to take back the captain's answers.

A strange sort of regard, or attachment (it is confidently believed to have been guiltless) sprung up between the captain and the maid; and the captain, who would seem to have deserved Miss Newton's confidence as little as her maid did, gave as presents to Charlotte, some of the embroidered offerings of Miss Newton.

It happened that a sudden appointment to the command of a ship of war, took Captain Jennings on a transatlantic voyage. He had not been very long gone, when the following discovery threw the family of the Newtons into a state of intense agitation.

In search of some missing article in the absence of her maid, Miss Newton betook herself to that young woman's room, and, quite unsuspectingly, opened a trunk which was left unlocked. There she found, to her horror, a number of the handkerchiefs she had embroidered for her lover. The possibility of the real truth never flashed across her mind; the dishonesty of Charlotte seemed to be the only solution of the incident. “Doubtless,” she reasoned, “the parcels had been opened on their way to Captain Jennings, and their contents stolen.”

On the return of Charlotte Mortlock, she was

charged with the robbery. What availed the assertion that she had received the handkerchiefs from the captain himself? It was no defense, and certainly was not calculated to soften the anger of her mistress. A policeman was summoned, the unhappy girl was charged with felony, underwent examination, was committed for trial, and, destitute of witnesses, or of any probable defense, was ultimately *convicted*. The judge (now deceased) who tried the case, was unsparingly denounced by many philanthropic ladies, for the admiration he had expressed for the weeping girl, and especially for his announcement to the jury, in passing sentence of one year's imprisonment with hard labor, "that he would *not* transport her, since the country could not afford to loose such beauty." It was doubtless, not a very judicial remark; but an innocent girl was, at all events, saved from a sentence that might have killed her.

Consigned to the County House of Correction, Charlotte Mortlock observed the best possible conduct—was modest, humble, submissive, and industrious—and soon gained the good-will of all her supervisors. To the governor she always asserted her innocence, and told, with great simplicity, the tale of her fatal possession of those dangerous gifts.

She had been in prison a few months, when the governor received a visit from a certain old baronet, who with ill-disguised reluctance, and in the blunt phraseology which was peculiar to him, proceeded to say, that "A girl named Charlotte Mortlock had quite bewitched his friend Captain Jennings, who was beyond the Atlantic; and that a letter he produced would show the singular frame of mind in which the captain was, about that girl."

Assuredly, the letter teemed with expressions of anguish, remorse, and horror at the suffering and apparent ruin of "a dear innocent girl," the victim of his senseless and heartless imprudence. However, the baronet seemed to be any thing but touched by his friend's rhapsodies. He talked much of "human nature," and of "the weakness of a man when a pretty girl was in the case;" but, in order to satisfy his friend's mind, asked to see her, that he might write some account of her appearance and condition. Accordingly, he *did* see her, in the governor's presence. After a few inappropriate questions, he cut the interview short, and went away, manifestly disposed to account his gallant friend a fool for his excitement.

The incident was not lost upon the governor, who listened with increased faith to the poor girl's protestations. In a few months more he received a stronger confirmation of them. Apparently unsatisfied with the baronet's services, Captain Jennings wrote to another friend of his, a public functionary, formerly a captain in the renowned Light Division; and that officer placed in the governor's hands a letter from the captain, expressing unbounded grief for the dreadful fate of an innocent young woman. "He could not rest night or day; she haunted his imagina-

tion, and yet he was distant, and powerless to serve her." His second messenger was touched with pity, and consulted the governor as to the proper steps to pursue. However, under the unhappy circumstances of the case, Captain Jennings being so far away, no formal document being at hand, and the period of the poor girl's release being then almost come, it was deemed unadvisable to take any step. Charlotte Mortlock fulfilled the judgment of the law.

She had been carefully observed, her occupation had been of a womanly character; she had never incurred a reproof, much less a punishment, in the prison; and her health had been well sustained. She, consequently, quitted her sad abode in a condition suitable for active exertion. Such assistance as could be extended to her, on her departure, was afforded, and so she was launched into the wide world of London.

She soon found herself penniless. Happily, she did not linger in want, pawn her clothes (which were good), and gradually descend to the extreme privation which has assailed so many similarly circumstanced. She resolved to *act*, and again went to the prison gates. Well attired, but deeply veiled, so as to defy recognition, she inquired for the governor. The gate porter announced that "a lady" desired to speak to him. The stranger was shown in, the veil was uplifted, and, to the governor's astonishment, there stood Charlotte Mortlock! Her hair was neatly and becomingly arranged about her face; her dress was quiet and pretty; and altogether she looked so young, so lovely, and, at the same time, so modest and innocent, that the governor, perforce, almost excused the inconstancy (albeit attended with such fatal consequences) of Captain Jennings.

With many tears she acknowledged her grateful obligations for the considerate and humane treatment she had received in prison. She disclosed her poverty, and her utter friendlessness; expressed her horror of the temptations to which she was exposed; and implored the governor's counsel and assistance. Without a moment's hesitation, she was advised to go at once to a lady of station, whose extensive charities and zealous services, rendered to the outcasts of society at that time, were most remarkable. She cheerfully acquiesced. She found the good lady at home, related her history, met with sympathy and active aid, and, after remaining for a time, by her benevolent recommendation, in a charitable establishment, was recommended to a wealthy family, to whom every particular of her history was confided. In this service she acquitted herself with perfect trustfulness and fidelity, and won the warmest regard. The incident which had led to her unmerited imprisonment, broke off the engagement between Captain Jennings and Miss Newton; but whether the former had ever an opportunity of indemnifying the poor girl for the suffering she had undergone, the narrator has never been able to learn. This is, in every particular, a true case of prison experience.

THE PILCHARD FISHERY ON THE COAST OF CORNWALL.*

IF it so happened that a stranger in Cornwall went out to take his first walk along the cliffs toward the south of the country, in the month of August, that stranger could not advance far in any direction without witnessing what would strike him as a very singular and alarming phenomenon. He would see a man standing on the extreme edge of a precipice, just over the sea, gesticulating in a very remarkable manner, with a bush in his hand, waving it to the right and the left, brandishing it over his head, sweeping it past his feet; in short, apparently acting the part of a maniac of the most dangerous description. It would add considerably to the startling effect of this sight on the stranger aforesaid, if he were told, while beholding it, that the insane individual before him was paid for flourishing the bush at the rate of a guinea a week. And if he, thereupon, advanced a little to obtain a nearer view of the madman, and then observed on the sea below (as he certainly might) a well-manned boat, turning carefully to right and left exactly as the bush turned right and left, his mystification would probably be complete, and his ideas on the sanity of the inhabitants of the neighborhood would at least be perplexed with grievous doubt.

But a few words of explanation would soon make him alter his opinion. He would then learn that the man with the bush was an important agent in the Pilchard Fishery of Cornwall; that he had just discovered a shoal of pilchards swimming toward the land; and that the men in the boat were guided by his gesticulations alone, in securing the fish on which they and all their countrymen on the coast depend for a livelihood.

To begin, however, with the pilchards themselves, as forming one of the staple commercial commodities of Cornwall. They may be, perhaps, best described as bearing a very close resemblance to the herring, but as being rather smaller in size and having larger scales. Where they come from before they visit the Cornish coast—where those that escape the fishermen go to when they quit it, is unknown; or, at best, only vaguely conjectured. All that is certain about them is, that they are met with, swimming past the Scilly Isles, as early as July (when they are caught with a drift-net). They then advance inland in August, during which month the principal, or "in-shore," fishing begins, visit different parts of the coast until October or November, and after that disappear until the next year. They may be sometimes caught off the southwest part of Devonshire, and are occasionally to be met with near the southernmost coast of Ireland; but beyond these two points they are never seen on any other portion of the shores of Great Britain, either

before they approach Cornwall, or after they have left it.

The first sight from the cliffs of a shoal of pilchards advancing toward the land, is not a little interesting. They produce on the sea the appearance of the shadow of a dark cloud. This shadow comes on, and on, until you can see the fish leaping and playing on the surface by hundreds at a time, all huddled close together, and all approaching so near to the shore that they can be always caught in some fifty or sixty feet of water. Indeed, on certain occasions, when the shoals are of considerable magnitude, the fish behind have been known to force the fish before, literally up to the beach, so that they could be taken in buckets, or even in the hand with the greatest ease. It is said that they are thus impelled to approach the land by precisely the same necessity which impels the fishermen to catch them as they appear—the necessity of getting food.

With the discovery of the first shoal, the active duties of the "look-out" on the cliffs begin. Each fishing-village places one or more of these men on the watch all round the coast. They are called "huers," a word said to be derived from the old French verb *huer*, to call out, to give an alarm. On the vigilance and skill of the "huer" much depends. He is, therefore, not only paid his guinea a week while he is on the watch, but receives, besides, a perquisite in the shape of a percentage on the produce of all the fish taken under his auspices. He is placed at his post, where he can command an uninterrupted view of the sea, some days before the pilchards are expected to appear; and, at the same time, boats, nets, and men are all ready for action at a moment's notice.

The principal boat used is at least fifteen tons in burden, and carries a large net called the "seine," which measures a hundred and ninety fathoms in length, and costs a hundred and seventy pounds—sometimes more. It is simply one long strip, from eleven to thirteen fathoms in breadth, composed of very small meshes, and furnished, all along its length, with lead at one side and corks at the other. The men who cast this net are called the "shooters," and receive eleven shillings and sixpence a week, and a perquisite of one basket of fish each out of every haul.

As soon as the "huer" discerns the first appearance of a shoal, he waves his bush. The signal is conveyed to the beach immediately by men and boys watching near him. The "seine" boat (accompanied by another small boat, to assist in casting the net) is rowed out where he can see it. Then there is a pause, a hush of great expectation on all sides. Meanwhile, the devoted pilchards press on—a compact mass of thousands on thousands of fish, swimming to meet their doom. All eyes are fixed on the "huer;" he stands watchful and still, until the shoal is thoroughly embayed, in water which he knows to be within the depth of the "seine"

* From "Rambles beyond Railways," an interesting work by W. WILKIE COLLINS, just published in London.

net. Then, as the fish begin to pause in their progress, and gradually crowd closer and closer together, he gives the signal; the boats come up, and the "seine" net is cast, or, in the technical phrase, "shot" overboard.

The grand object is now to inclose the entire shoal. The leads sink one end of the net perpendicularly to the ground—the corks buoy up the other to the surface of the water. When it has been taken all round the fish, the two extremities are made fast, and the shoal is then imprisoned within an oblong barrier of network surrounding it on all sides. The great art is to let as few of the pilchards escape as possible, while this process is being completed. Whenever the "huer" observes from above that they are startled, and are separating at any particular point, to that point he waves his bush, thither the boat is steered, and there the net is "shot" at once. In whatever direction the fish attempt to get out to sea again, they are thus immediately met and thwarted with extraordinary readiness and skill. This labor completed, the silence of intense expectation that has hitherto prevailed among the spectators on the cliff, is broken. There is a great shout of joy on all sides—the shoal is secured!

The "seine" is now regarded as a great reservoir of fish. It may remain in the water a week or more. To secure it against being moved from its position in case a gale should come on, it is warped by two or three ropes to points of land in the cliff, and is, at the same time, contracted in circuit, by its opposite ends being brought together, and fastened tight over a length of several feet. While these operations are in course of performance, another boat, another set of men, and another net (different in form from the "seine") are approaching the scene of action.

This new net is called the "tuck;" it is smaller than the "seine," inside which it is now to be let down for the purpose of bringing the fish closely collected to the surface. The men who manage this net are termed "regular seiners." They receive ten shillings a week, and the same perquisite as the "shooters." Their boat is first of all rowed inside the seine-net, and laid close to the seine-boat, which remains stationary outside, and to the bows of which one rope at one end of the "tuck-net" is fastened. The "tuck" boat then slowly makes the inner circuit of the "seine," the smaller net being dropped overboard as she goes, and attached at intervals to the larger. To prevent the fish from getting between the two nets during this operation, they are frightened into the middle of the inclosure by beating the water, at proper places, with oars, and heavy stones fastened to ropes. When the "tuck" net has at length traveled round the whole circle of the "seine," and is securely fastened to the "seine" boat, at the end as it was at the beginning, every thing is ready for the great event of the day—the hauling of the fish to the surface.

Now, the scene on shore and sea rises to a

prodigious pitch of excitement. The merchants, to whom the boats and nets belong, and by whom the men are employed, join the "huer" on the cliff; all their friends follow them; boys shout, dogs bark madly; every little boat in the place puts off crammed with idle spectators; old men and women hobble down to the beach to wait for the news. The noise, the bustle, the agitation, increases every moment. Soon the shrill cheering of the boys is joined by the deep voices of the "seiners." There they stand, six or eight stalwart, sunburnt fellows, ranged in a row in the "seine" boat, hauling with all their might at the "tuck" net, and roaring the regular nautical "Yo-heave-ho!" in chorus! Higher and higher rises the net, louder and louder shout the boys and the idlers. The merchant forgets his dignity, and joins them; the "huer," so calm and collected hitherto, loses his self-possession and waves his cap triumphantly—even you and I, reader, uninitiated spectators though we are, catch the infection, and cheer away with the rest, as if our bread depended on the event of the next few minutes. "Hooray! hooray! Yo-hoy, hoy, hoy! Pull away, boys! Up she comes! Here they are! Here they are!" The water boils and eddies; the "tuck" net rises to the surface, and one teeming, convulsed mass of shining, glancing, silvery scales; one compact crowd of thousands of fish, each one of which is madly endeavoring to escape, appears in an instant!

The noise before, was as nothing compared with the noise now. Boats as large as barges are pulled up in hot haste all round the net; baskets are produced by dozens: the fish are dipped up in them, and shot out, like coals out of a sack, into the boats. Ere long, the men are up to their ankles in pilchards; they jump upon the rowing benches and work on, until the boats are filled with fish as full as they can hold, and the gunwales are within two or three inches of the water. Even yet, the shoal is not exhausted; the "tuck" net must be let down again and left ready for a fresh haul, while the boats are slowly propelled to the shore, where we must join them without delay.

As soon as the fish are brought to land, one set of men, bearing capacious wooden shovels, jump in among them; and another set bring large handbarrows close to the side of the boat, into which the pilchards are thrown with amazing rapidity. This operation proceeds without ceasing for a moment. As soon as one barrow is ready to be carried to the salting-house, another is waiting to be filled. When this labor is performed by night—which is often the case—the scene becomes doubly picturesque. The men with the shovels, standing up to their knees in pilchards, working energetically; the crowd stretching down from the salting-house, across the beach, and hemming in the boat all around; the uninterrupted succession of men hurrying backward and forward with their barrows, through a narrow way, kept clear for them in the throng: the glare of the lanterns

giving light to the workmen, and throwing red flashes on the fish as they fly incessantly from the shovels over the side of the boat, all combine together to produce such a series of striking contrasts, such a moving picture of bustle and animation, as no attentive spectator can ever forget.

Having watched the progress of affairs on the shore, we next proceed to the salting-house, a quadrangular structure of granite, well roofed-in all round the sides, but open to the sky in the middle. Here, we must prepare ourselves to be bewildered by incessant confusion and noise; for here are assembled all the women and girls in the district, piling up the pilchards on layers of salt, at three-pence an hour; to which remuneration, a glass of brandy and a piece of bread and cheese are hospitably added at every sixth hour, by way of refreshment. It is a service of some little hazard to enter this place at all. There are men rushing out with empty barrows, and men rushing in with full barrows, in almost perpetual succession. However, while we are waiting for an opportunity to slip through the doorway, we may amuse ourselves by watching a very curious ceremony which is constantly in course of performance outside it.

As the filled barrows are going into the salting-house, we observe a little urchin running by the side of them, and hitting their edges with a long cane, in a constant succession of smart strokes, until they are fairly carried through the gate, when he quickly returns to perform the same office for the next series that arrive. The object of this apparently unaccountable proceeding is soon practically illustrated by a group of children, hovering about the entrance of the salting-house, who every now and then dash resolutely up to the barrows, and endeavor to seize on as many fish as they can take away at one snatch. It is understood to be their privilege to keep as many pilchards as they can get in this way by their dexterity, in spite of a liberal allowance of strokes aimed at their hands; and their adroitness richly deserves its reward. Vainly does the boy officially intrusted with the administration of the cane, strike the sides of the barrow with malignant smartness and perseverance—fish are snatched away with lightning rapidity and pickpocket neatness of hand. The hardest rap over the knuckles fails to daunt the sturdy little assailants. Howling with pain, they dash up to the next barrow that passes them, with unimpaired resolution; and often collect their ten or a dozen fish apiece, in an hour or two. No description can do justice to the "Jack-in-office" importance of the boy with the cane, as he flourishes it about ferociously in the full enjoyment of his vested right to castigate his companions as often as he can. As an instance of the early development of the tyrannic tendencies of human nature, it is, in a philosophical point of view, quite *unique*.

But now, while we have a chance, while the doorway is accidentally clear for a few moments, let us enter the salting-house, and approach the noisiest and most amusing of all the scenes

which the pilchard fishery presents. First of all, we pass a great heap of fish lying in one recess inside the door, and an equally great heap of coarse, brownish salt lying in another. Then, we advance further, get out of the way of every body, behind a pillar; and see a whole congregation of the fair sex screaming, talking, and—to their honor be it spoken—working at the same time, round a compact mass of pilchards which their nimble hands have already built up to a height of three feet, a breadth of more than four, and a length of twenty. Here we have every variety of the "female type" displayed before us, ranged round an odoriferous heap of salted fish. Here, we see crones of sixty and girls of sixteen; the ugly and the lean, the comely and the plump; the sour-tempered and the sweet—all squabbling, singing, jesting, lamenting, and shrieking at the very top of their very shrill voices for "more fish," and "more salt;" both of which are brought from the stores, in small buckets, by a long train of children running backward and forward with unceasing activity and in inextricable confusion. But, universal as the uproar is, the work never flags; the hands move as fast as the tongues; there may be no silence and no discipline, but there is also no idleness and no delay. Never was three-pence an hour more joyously or more fairly earned than it is here!

The labor is thus performed. After the stone floor has been swept clean, a thin layer of salt is spread on it, and covered with pilchards laid partly edgewise, and close together. Then another layer of salt, smoothed fine with the palm of the hand, is laid over the pilchards; and then more pilchards are placed upon that; and so on until the heap rises to four feet, or more. Nothing can exceed the ease, quickness, and regularity with which this is done. Each woman works on her own small area, without reference to her neighbor; a bucketful of salt and a bucketful of fish being shot out in two little piles under her hands, for her own especial use. All proceed in their labor, however, with such equal diligence and equal skill, that no irregularities appear in the various layers when they are finished—they run as straight and smooth from one end to the other, as if they were constructed by machinery. The heap, when completed, looks like a long, solid, neatly-made mass of dirty salt; nothing being now seen of the pilchards but the extreme tips of their noses or tails, just peeping out in rows, up the sides of the pile.

The fish will remain thus in salt, or, as the technical expression is, "in bulk," for five or six weeks. During this period, a quantity of oil, salt, and water drips from them into wells cut in the centre of the stone floor on which they are placed. After the oil has been collected and clarified, it will sell for enough to pay off the whole expense of the wages, food, and drink given to the "seiners"—perhaps, for some other incidental charges besides. The salt and water left behind, and offal of all sorts

found with it, furnish a valuable manure. Nothing in the pilchard itself, or in connection with the pilchard, runs to waste—the precious little fish is a treasure in every part of him.

After the pilchards have been taken out of “bulk,” they are washed clean in salt water, and packed in hogsheads, which are then sent for exportation to some large sea-port—Penzance, for instance—in coast traders. The fish reserved for use in Cornwall, are generally cured by those who purchase them. The export trade is confined to the shores of the Mediterranean—Italy and Spain providing the two great foreign markets for pilchards. The home consumption, as regards Great Britain, is nothing, or next to nothing. Some variation takes place in the prices realized by the foreign trade—their average, wholesale, is stated to about fifty shillings per hogshead.

Some idea of the almost incalculable multitude of pilchards caught on the shores of Cornwall, may be formed from the following data. At the small fishing cove of Trereen, 600 hogsheads were taken in little more than one week, during August 1850. Allowing 2400 fish only to each hogshead—3000 would be the highest calculation—we have a result of 1,440,000 pilchards, caught by the inhabitants of one little village alone, on the Cornish coast, at the commencement of the season’s fishing!

At considerable sea-port towns, where there is an unusually large supply of men, boats, and nets, such figures as those quoted above, are far below the mark. At St. Ives, for example, 1000 hogsheads were taken in the first three seine nets cast into the water. The number of hogsheads exported annually, averages 22,000. This year, 27,000 have been secured for the foreign markets. Incredible as these numbers may appear to some readers, they may nevertheless be relied on; for they are derived from trustworthy sources—partly from local returns furnished to me—partly from the very men who filled the baskets from the boat-side, and who afterward verified their calculations by frequent visits to the salting-houses.

Such is the pilchard fishery of Cornwall—a small unit, indeed, in the vast aggregate of England’s internal sources of wealth: but yet, neither unimportant nor uninteresting, if it be regarded as giving active employment to a hardy and honest race who would starve without it, as impartially extending the advantages of commerce to one of the remotest corners of our island, and—more than all—as displaying a wise and beautiful provision of Nature, by which the rich tribute of the great deep is most generously lavished on the land which most needs a compensation for its own sterility.

[From Dickens’s Household Words.]

LUCY CAWTHORNE.—A TALE BY A
BACHELOR CLERK.

THE office of clerk of the Carvers’ Company has been filled by members of my family for one hundred years past. My great-grandfather
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was elected in the year 1749. After him, came his younger brother; and, when he died, my grandfather was chosen by nine votes out of twelve; after that, all opposition vanished: our dynasty was established. When my grandfather died, my father went through the ceremony of calling upon the members of the Court of Assistants, and soliciting their votes; and, afterward, the formality of a show of hands being passed, he was declared, as every one knew he would be who was aware of the existence of the Carvers’ Company, the successor of his father. The transition from him to myself was so easy as to be hardly felt. When I threw aside my yellow breeches, and came out of the “Blue-Coat School,” with some knowledge of Greek, and very small skill in penmanship, I was at once transplanted to a stool at my father’s desk; which stood railed off, in a corner of the great hall, under the stained-glass window. The master and twelve senior liverymen, who formed what is called the Court of Assistants, saw me there when they met together; and one patted me on the head, and prophesied great things of me, while I sat, very red in the face, wondering who had been talking to him about me. Another, who had himself worn the girdle and blue-petticoats, some half a century previously, examined my classical knowledge; and, finding himself somewhat at fault, remarked that he was not fresh from school, like me. At length, my father and I attended their meetings alternately; and, as he became old and infirm, the duties devolved entirely upon me. When he died, therefore, there was no change. The twelve liverymen held up twelve of their four-and-twenty hands, and my election was recorded on the minutes.

Carvers’ Hall was a place not very easy to find out, for any but the warder and twelve liverymen: but, as few people else ever had occasion to find it out, that was not of much consequence. The portion of the city in which it stood had escaped the fire of London, which took a turn at a short distance, owing, perhaps, to a change in the wind, and left the hall and some adjacent courts untouched. In order to arrive there, it was necessary, first, to pass through a narrow passage running up from Thames-street; then, along a paved yard, by the railing of a church; and, lastly, down an impassable court, at the bottom of which stood the antique gateway of Carvers’ Hall. Over the door-way was a curious carving of the Resurrection, in oak, which must have cost some ancient member of the Worshipful Guild considerable time and trouble. There were represented graves opening, and bald-headed old men forcing up the lids of their family-vaults—some looking happy, and some with their features distorted by despair. Out of others, whole families, mother, father, and several children, had just issued, and were standing hand-in-hand. Some, again, were struggling, half-buried in the ground; while others, already extricated, were assisting their kinsmen in their efforts to dis-

inter themselves. The scene was made a section, in order to give the spectator a view of an immense host of cherubim above, sitting upon a massy pile of cloud; through which—the middle point of the picture—the summoning angel was throwing himself down, with a trumpet in his hand; which, according to the relative scale of the work, must have been several leagues, at least, in length. Having passed under this gate-way, you entered a small square yard, paved with black and white stones, placed diamond-wise; and facing you was the hall itself, up three stone-steps, and with a wooden portico.

This solitary building, silent and retired, though in the heart of a crowded city, has been my home for nearly sixty years. I have become assimilated to the place by long usage. I am myself silent, retired, and tenacious of old habits; though I do not think this is my natural disposition. But why do I talk of natural disposition? Are we not all moulded and made what we are by time and outward influences? However, when I was at school I was a cheerful boy, though the monastic life of Christ's Hospital is not calculated to improve the spirits. It was only on entering my father's office that I began to be subdued to the formal being which I have since become. The portraits of my predecessors hang in the hall; they are exactly alike, both in features and in dress, except that the first two wore hair-powder. It was my father's pride that he clung to the style of dress which was prevalent when he was a young man, which he considered to be, in every way, superior to all modern inventions. I was only released from the absurd dress of the blue-coat boy to be put into garments equally provocative of remarks from impertinent boys. The family costume is, *imprimis*, a pair of knee-breeches with buckles; then a blue coat with metal buttons; and a large white cravat, spread out over the whole chest, and ornamented in the middle with a cornelian brooch. The same brooch appears in every one of the portraits. I have worn this dress all my life, with the exception of a short period, when I changed it to return to it shortly again.

If happiness consists in having many friends, I ought to have been a happy man. Old carvers, neighbors, pensioners of the company, every one down to the housekeeper, and Tom Lawton, my only clerk, spoke kindly of me. Theirs was no lip-service. I knew they liked me in their hearts. The world, too, had gone smoothly with me. I knew nothing of the struggles for bread, the hardships and wrongs which other men endure. They appeared to me even fabulous when I read them. The means of getting my living were put into my hands. The company seemed almost grateful to my father for bringing me up to the office. My income was two hundred pounds per annum, as well as the house to live in, and coals and candles, which was more than I needed for my support, though I always found means of disposing of the sur-

plus, and never saved any thing. I was not, however, a happy man. I had always the feeling of a spirit subdued to a life to which it was not suited. I do not say that in another sphere I should have led a boisterous life. My mind was, perhaps, more prone to reflection than to action, although I felt that if I had been more in the world, if I had known more of life and change, I should have been a happier man. But from my earliest days the vanity of life, and the virtue of keeping aloof from temptation, were instilled into me. "A rolling stone gathers no moss," was the first proverb which I heard from my father's mouth. These principles, implanted early, took deep root, though, perhaps, in an unfavorable soil. Living also under the same roof with my father, I felt alarmed at every whispering of my own inclinations which was opposed to his wishes, and strove to subdue them, as if I were struggling with the evil portion of my nature. Thus, in course of time, I became what I am; not a misanthrope, thank God, but a timid and somewhat melancholy man. We had no mirth-making in our household, except at Christmas-time, when we feasted in good earnest. My father loved at that time to display a rough hospitality. We had generally two or three nights of merry-making, at which were both young and old people—all carvers, or the children of carvers—and after his death I continued the custom. Often, as I sat with my happy friends about me, some sweet young woman would give me a sly hit upon my obdurate determination to die an old bachelor; little thinking that her heedless words could give me pain, though they cut me deeply, and set me looking at the fire with a thoughtful face. I might have married, perhaps, if I had found a partner; my income was not large, but many men run the risk of a family with less means to support one than I had; but, somehow, I found myself at forty-five years of age unmarried, slim, and prim—the very type of an old bachelor. It was not from indifference, for I was by nature sensitive and affectionate. For women I had a kind of reverence. I pictured them to myself all that is noble and good: yet, in their presence, I only looked upon them timidly, speaking little, but thinking of them, perhaps, long afterward when they were gone.

One result of my reputation for gravity was a number of executorships which had been imposed upon me by deceased friends. Any one would have thought that there was a conspiracy abroad to overwhelm me with proofs of confidence. My stock of mourning rings is considerable. The expression, "Nineteen guineas for his trouble," had to me an old familiar sound with it. At length I was obliged to hint to any old carver who waxed sickly, that my duties in that way were already as much as I could fulfill. There was, however, an old grocer of my acquaintance, named Cawthorne, who would make me executor of his will, in spite of my remonstrances, relieving my scruples by

assuring me that he had named another friend for my colleague, who, it was understood, was to undertake, if we survived him, the greater part of his duties, including the guardianship of his daughter Lucy. We did survive him; and the other executor entered upon his office, seldom troubling me except when absolutely necessary. Thus he went on for some years. The daughter had become a fine young woman of nineteen, with blue eyes and fair hair, rippled like the sunlight upon waters touched by a light wind. I saw her often in the house when he was taken ill, and thought her very beautiful. I fancied, sometimes, how she would look robed in pure white, and holding in her hand an olive branch, as I had seen some angels carved in stone. I have met her ascending the stairs with a candle in her hand, the light striking upward, like a glory on her face, and she seemed to me not to mount from step to step, but slowly to ascend without a movement of the feet. My feeling with regard to her almost amounted to a superstitious awe; for I seldom spoke many words to her, and I think, at first, she thought me harsh and cold. At length her guardian died, and although I had known from the first that in that event his duty would devolve upon me, the fact seemed to take me by surprise. I could hardly believe that henceforth, for some time, she would look to me as her sole protector. However, in a short time, the affairs of my deceased colleague were set in order, and she came to reside with me in the old Hall.

She soon forgot her first antipathy, and we became good friends together. I took her over the old place, and showed her the library and the paintings, and every thing there that was quaint and curious. We had a garden at the back of the Hall, in which she sat at work on fine days. It was not large, but it was nevertheless a garden, and in the midst of London. It was planted with shrubs, and contained two or three large trees, as well as a rustic seat upon a grass-plot; though the grass was not very thriving, on account of the trees shutting out the sun and air. However, sitting here, the back of the Hall had a picturesque look, half covered with the great leaves of a fig-tree nailed against the wall, and with its worn stone steps guarded on each side by an aloe in a green tub. This was her favorite place. She worked or read there in the morning, and in the afternoon she taught two little nieces of the housekeeper to read and write. Sometimes, in the evening, I got an old book from the library, and read to her, and made her laugh at its quaintness. I remember one translation of a Spanish novel in folio, printed in the seventeenth century, which amused her very much. The translation occupied one half of the book, and the prefaces the other. There was the Translator's "Apology for his labor;" "A declaration for the better understanding of the book;" an address "To the learned Reader;" another "To the discreet and courteous Reader;" and

another "To the vulgar Reader," with some others; and, finally, the Spanish novel itself was ushered in by a number of verses in English and Latin, laudatory of the book and the translator, by celebrated men of the period.

On Sunday we sat at church, in the same pew, and often I forgot my own devotions in listening to the earnest tones with which she said the prayers. I thought that she, of all that congregation, was best fitted to speak those words of Christian love. I was vexed to hear an old overseer of the parish, whom I knew to be a bad and worldly man, in the next pew, repeating the same words in a drawling tone; and I could almost have requested him to say them to himself.

Thus, ours was not a very cheerful way of life for a young maiden; but she seemed always happy and contented. For myself, although I was sorry for the death of my co-executor, I blessed the day when she came into the house; and I grieved that I had objected to become her guardian from the first, that she might have grown up from childhood with me, and learnt to look up to me as a father. Living with her daily, and noting all her thoughts and actions, sometimes even when she did not suspect that I observed her, I saw her purer than the purest of my own ideals. My feeling was almost an idolatry. If I had, at forty-five years of age, still any thoughts of marrying, I renounced them for her sake, and resolved to devote all my care to her, until such time as she should find a husband worthy of her.

By an ancient bequest to the Company, we distributed, on the day before Christmas-day, to twenty-four poor people, a loaf of bread, a small log of wood, or bavin, as we call it, and the sum of two shillings and ten-pence to each person. The recipients were all old, decrepit men and women. There was an ancient regulation, still unrepealed, that they should all attend on the following court-day, at noon precisely, to "return thanks for the same;" though that performance of mechanical gratitude had been allowed to fall into disuse by a more philosophical generation. The first Christmas after Lucy came there, she begged me to let her distribute these gifts, and I consented. I stood at my little desk at the end of the hall, with my face resting upon my hands, watching her, and listening to her talking to the old people. Next to the pleasure of hearing her speak to little children, I delighted to hear her talk with the very aged folks. There was something in the contrast of the two extremes of life—the young and beautiful maiden, and the bent and wrinkled old people—that pleased me. She heard all their oft-repeated complaints, their dreary accounts of their agues and rheumatics, and consoled them as well as she could; and, with some of the very old, she took their brown and sinewy hands in hers, and led them down the steps. I did not know what ailed me that day. I stood dreaming and musing, till I seemed to have lost that instinctive dexterity

with which we perform the simple operations of our daily life. Some accounts lay before me which I was anxious to cast, but several times I essayed, and seemed incapable of doing so. As the simple words of our daily language, which issue from our lips simultaneously with the thought, become vague and indistinct if we muse upon their origin, and repeat them several times to ourselves; so by dwelling long upon the idea of the work before me, it seemed to have become confused, and difficult to realize. I handed them over to my clerk, Tom Lawton, who sat opposite to me.

Poor Tom Lawton! I thought I saw him looking anxiously at me, several times, when I raised my eyes. No being upon earth ever loved me more than he. It is true, I had done him some acts of kindness, but I had often done as much for others, who had forgotten it since; whereas his gratitude became a real affection for me, which never failed to show itself each day that he was with me. He was a fine young man, and a great favorite with the housekeeper, who said "she liked him because he was so good to his mother, just as she thought her poor son would have been if he had lived." Tom was fond of reading, and sometimes wrote verses, of which he made copies for his friends in a neat hand. He was a shrewd fellow in some things, but in others he was as simple as a child. His temper was the sweetest in the world—the children knew that. No diving into his coat-pocket ever ruffled him; no amount of pulling his hair could ever induce him to cry out.

Tom was to spend his Christmas Eve with us, and to make "toast and ale," as was our custom; so, when the gifts were all distributed, he left me, and ran home to dress himself smartly for the occasion. I stood at my desk, still musing, till the evening closed upon the short and wintry afternoon. Lucy came and called me, saying the tea was on the table.

"We thought you were fallen asleep," said she. "Mr. Lawton is come."

We sat round a large fire in the old wainscoted sitting-room, while Lucy made the tea—and would have made the toast, too; but Tom said he would sooner burn his eyes out than suffer her to do so. The housekeeper came up, and afterward came an old carver and his daughter. We sat till after midnight. The old carver told some anecdotes of people whom my father knew; and Tom told a ghost story, which kept them all in breathless terror, till it turned out, at last, to be a dream. But I was restless, and spoke little. Once, indeed, I answered the old carver sharply. He had patted Lucy on the head, and said he supposed she would be soon getting married, and leaving us old people. I could not endure the thought of her leaving us; though I knew that she would do so, probably, one day. She had never looked to me more interesting than she did that evening. A little child, worn out with playing, had fallen asleep, with its head upon her lap; and, as

she was speaking to us, her hand was entangled in its hair. I gazed at her, and caught up every word she spoke; and when she stopped, my restlessness returned. I strove in vain to take part in their mirth. I wanted to be alone.

When I sat that night in my little bedroom, I was thinking still of Lucy. I heard her voice still sounding in my ear; and, when I shut my eyes, I pictured her still before me, with her dear kind face, and her little golden locket hung upon her neck. I fell asleep and dreamed of her. I woke, and waited for the daylight, thinking of her still. So we passed all the Christmas holidays. Sometimes it was a happy feeling which possessed me; and sometimes I almost wished that I had never seen her. I was always restless and anxious; I knew not for what. I became a different man to that which I had been before I knew her.

When, at last, I concealed from myself no longer that I loved her fondly, deeply—deeper, I believe, than ever man has loved—I became alarmed. I knew what people would say, if it came to be known. She had some property, and I had nothing; but what was worse, I was forty-five years of age, and she was only twenty. I was, moreover, her guardian; and she had been consigned to my care by her dying father, in confidence, that if she came under my protection, I would act toward her as he himself would have acted, if he had lived, not dreaming that I should encourage other thoughts than those of a protector and a friend. I knew that I should have been jealous, angry, with any one who evinced a liking for her; and yet I asked myself whether it was right that I should discourage any man who might make her happy; who, perhaps, would love her nearly as much as I did, and be more suited for her, by reason of his youth and habits; not like mine, sedate and monkish. Even if I eventually gained her affections, would not the world say that I had exerted the undue influence of my authority over her; or that I had kept her shut up from society; so that, in her ignorance of life, she mistook a feeling of respect for a stronger sentiment? And, again, if all these things were set aside, was it not wrong that I should take a young and beautiful girl and shut her up in that old place forever—checking the natural gayety of youth, and bringing her by slow degrees to my old ways? I saw the selfishness of all my thoughts, and resolved to strive to banish them forever.

But they would not leave me. Each day I saw something in her that increased my passion. I watched her as she went from room to room. I walked stealthily about the place, in the hope of seeing her somewhere unobserved, and hearing her speak, and stealing away again before she saw me. I walked on tiptoe once, and saw her through the open door, thoughtful—looking at the candle—with her work untouched beside her. I fancied to myself what thoughts possessed her: perhaps the memory of a friend, no longer of this world, had touched her suddenly,

and made her mute and still; or, perhaps, the thought of some one dearer. The idea ran through me like a subtle poison, and I shuddered. I thought she started. I believe it was a fancy; but I stole away hurriedly, on tiptoe, and never looked behind me till I reached my corner in the Hall.

Every one remarked a change in me. Lucy looked at me anxiously sometimes, and asked me if I was not ill. Tom Lawton grieved to see me so dejected, till he became himself as grave as an old man. I sat opposite to Lucy sometimes, with a book in my hand. I had ceased to read aloud; and she seeing that I took no pleasure in it, did not press me to do so. I looked at the pages, without a thought of their contents, simply to avoid her looks. I thought, at last, that she grew vexed with my neglect. One night I suddenly threw down my book, and looking at her boldly and intently, to observe the expression of her features, I said,

"I have been thinking, Lucy, that you grow weary of my dull ways. You do not love me now, as you did some months ago."

"Oh, yes!" she replied, "indeed I do. I do not know what makes you talk like this, unless I have offended you in something. But I see it now," she said. "I must have said something that has given you pain; though it was never in my thought to do so. And this is why you treat me coldly, day by day, and never let me know what I have done."

She came over to me, and took my hand in hers; and, with tears in her eyes, begged me to tell her what it was.

"I know," she said, "I have no friend more kind and good than you. My father died before I knew how great a friend I had in him; but, had he lived, I never could have loved him more than I love you."

"Well, well, Lucy," said I, "I did not mean to hurt you. I know not why I reproached you. I am not well; and when I feel thus, I know not what I say."

"Kiss me, then," said she, "and tell me you are not angry with me; and do not think now, that I am tired of living here with you. I will do every thing to make you happy. I will not ask you to read. I will put away my work and read to you in future. I have seen you silent, looking unhappy, and have said nothing—thinking that was best, as I did not know what it was that made you so; and you have thought, perhaps, that I was vexed with you, and wished to show it by a sullen air. But now I will strive to make you cheerful. I will read and sing to you, and we will play at draughts, sometimes, as we used to do. Indeed, I like this old place, and all that live in it, and never was so happy in my life as I have been since I came here."

I placed my hand upon her head, and kissed her on the forehead, saying nothing.

"You are trembling," she exclaimed; "this is not merely illness. You have some sorrow on your mind that haunts you. Tell me what

it is that ails you; perhaps I may be able to console you. I have not so much experience as you; but sometimes a young mind can advise the oldest and the most experienced. Perhaps, too, you magnify your trouble by brooding over it; you think upon it, till your mind is clouded, and you can not see the remedy, which I, looking at it for the first time, might see directly. Besides," she said, seeing me hesitate, "if you do not tell me, I shall always be unhappy—imagining a hundred evils, each, perhaps, more serious than the truth."

"No, Lucy," said I, "I am unwell; I have felt thus for some time, and to-night I feel worse. I must go to bed; I shall be better after a night's rest."

I lighted a candle, and, bidding her good night, left her and stole up to bed—afraid to stay longer, lest I should be tempted to reveal my secret. Oh, how could I endure the thought of her kind words, more painful to me than the coldest scorn! She had said she loved me as a father. In the midst of all her kindness, she had spoken of my age and my experience. Did I, then, look so old as that? Yes, I knew that it was not my years which made me old; it was my staid manners, my grave and thoughtful face, which made me look an old man, even in my prime. Bitterly I complained of my father, who had shut me out from the knowledge of all that makes life beautiful; who had biased me to a belief that such a life as his was best, by hiding from me all comparison; till now, when I perceived my error, it was too late to repair it. I surveyed my antiquated garments with disgust; my huge cravat; the very hair of my head, by long training, become old-fashioned beyond all reclaiming. My whole appearance was that of a man who had slept for half a century, except that I was without a speck or soil. I believe they would have admitted me to a masquerade in such a dress, without a single alteration, and think that I had hired it for the occasion. But a new hope sprang up within me. I would change my way of life—I would try to be more cheerful; I would wear more modern clothes, and endeavor, at least, not to make myself look older than I was.

I have known nothing like the peace of mind which these thoughts brought me, for many days. I wondered that what was so obvious had not occurred to me before. I had gone about dreaming in my absent way, brooding unprofitably over my troubles, instead of devising something practical and useful. But I would act differently—I would not despair. Five-and-forty years was, after all, no great age. I recalled to my mind many instances of men marrying long after that time with women younger than themselves, and living afterward very happily. I remembered one of our wardens who married at sixty a young and very beautiful woman, and every one saw how happy they were, and how she loved her husband for years, till a rascal, by slow and artful steps,

won over her affections, and she ran away with him. But Lucy would not do that; I knew too well the goodness of her nature to have any fear of such a result. Then I thought how kind I would be to her—studying every way that could amuse and please a youthful mind; till she, seeing how all my life was devoted to her, would come to love me in the end. I planned out minutely our way of life. I would invite more friends to visit us, and we would go out and visit others. We would play at our old game of draughts together in the winter evenings, and sometimes I would take her to the theatre. In the summer we would go into the country—lingering all day long in quiet, shady places, and returning about dusk. Sweet thoughts, that held my mind until I slept, and lingered, breeding pleasant dreams.

The next day I visited my tailor, who took my orders with evident astonishment. My clothes were brought home in a few days, and I threw off my knee-breeches, as I thought, forever. I felt a little uneasy in my new attire—my legs had been so long used to feel cool and unrestrained, that the trowsers were irksome. However, I supposed I should soon become accustomed to them; and they really made me look some years younger. What would my father have said if he had visited the earth that day and seen me? My hair, however, was less manageable—in vain I parted it on the right side, and brushed it sideways, instead of backward, as I had hitherto done. For five-and-forty years it had been brushed in one direction, and it seemed as if nothing but five-and-forty years' daily brushing in the other, could ever reverse it. I descended from my room, trying to look unconscious of any thing unusual in my appearance. It was court-day: the Warden and Assistants stared at me, and would have laughed, no doubt, if most of them had not left off laughing for many years. Some of them, however, coughed; and one addressed to me some simple questions, evidently intended to test my sanity. I felt a little vexed; for I thought it was no concern of theirs, if I chose to adopt some alterations in my dress. However, I said nothing, but went quietly through my duties. Tom Lawton was there. It should have been a joyful day for him; for they increased his salary at that court. But he looked at me compassionately, and evidently thought, like the rest, that I was going mad. I was, however, amply consoled—for Lucy was pleased to see the change in my dress and manners. I laughed and chatted with her, and she read to me, and sang, as she had promised. Thus I went on for some time; when something of my old restlessness came back. I saw how little she suspected that I loved her more than as a friend; and fearing still to let her know the truth, I felt that I might go on thus for years to little purpose. So, by degrees, I returned to my former sadness, and became again reserved and thoughtful.

One night, I descended from my little room into the garden, and walked about with my

hat in my hand, for I felt feverish and excited. Night after night, my sleep had been broken and disturbed by dreams, that glided from my memory when I woke, but left a feeling of despondency that followed me throughout the day. Sometimes, I thought, myself, that my reason was deserting me. We were very busy at that time, and Tom Lawton and I were to have worked together all the evening, but I had left him; utterly unable to fix my attention upon what I set before me. I paced to and fro several times, when passing by the window where I had left him at work, I heard him speaking with some one. A word, which I fancied having caught, made me curious, and I mounted upon a stone ledge and listened; for the sliding pane of glass which served to ventilate the Hall had been pushed back, and I could hear distinctly when I applied my ear to the aperture. The light being inside, I could not be seen, although I could see his desk. The lamp was shaded, and the window was of stained glass, so that I did not see very clearly. But I had a quick vision for such a scene as that before me.

That form standing beside Tom Lawton, with its hand in his, was Lucy's! The blood rushed to my head. A thousand little lights were dancing before my eyes. I felt myself falling, but I made an effort, and clutched the window-sill and listened. It was Lucy's voice that I heard first.

"Hush!" she said, "I heard a noise; there is some one coming. Good-night! Good-night!"

"No, no," said Tom, "it is the wind beating the dead leaves against the window."

They seemed to listen for a moment, and then he spoke again,

"Oh, Miss Lucy, do not run away before we have talked together a little. I see you now so seldom, and when I do there are others present, and I can not speak to you of what is always uppermost in my thoughts. I think of you all day, and at night I long for the next morning, to be in the same house with you, in the hope of seeing you before I go; though I am continually disappointed. I think I am unfortunate in all but one thing, though that consoles me for the rest—I think you love me a little, Lucy."

"Yes, Tom, I do; a great deal. I have told you so many times, and I am not ashamed to repeat it. I would not hide it from any one, if you did not tell me to do so. But why do you tease yourself with fancies, and think yourself unfortunate? I do not know why we should not tell him all about it. He is the kindest being in the world, and I know he would not thwart me in any thing that could procure my happiness; and then, again, you are a favorite of his, and I am sure he would be delighted to think that we loved each other."

"No, no, Lucy; you must not say a word about it. What would he think of me, with nothing in the world but my small salary, en-

couraging such thoughts toward you, who are rich; and going on like this—laying snares, as he would say, for months, to gain your affections, and never saying a word about it; bringing, too, disgrace upon him, as your guardian, that he had suffered a poor clerk in his office to find opportunities of speaking to you alone, and at last persuading you to promise to become his wife one day?"

"All this you have told me many a time; but indeed this need not be an obstacle. I wish that I had not sixpence in the world. My money is become a misfortune to us, instead of a blessing, as it should be. I wish I might give it away, or renounce it altogether. I am sure we should be as well without it, one day; and if we had to wait a long time, we should still be able to see one another openly, and not have to watch for secret opportunities, as if we were doing wrong. You do not know, Tom, how unhappy the thought of all this makes me. I never had a secret before, that I feared to tell before the whole world; and now I sit, night after night, with him from whom I should conceal nothing, and feel that I am deceiving him. Every time he looks at me, I fancy that he knows all about it, and thinks me an artful girl, and waits to see how long I shall play my part before him. Many times I have been tempted to tell him all, in spite of your injunction, and beg him not to be angry with me because I had not dared to tell him before. I would have taken all blame upon myself, and said that I had loved you secretly before you had ever spoken to me about it—any thing I would have said rather than feel myself deceitful, as I do!"

"Lucy!" exclaimed Tom, in a broken voice, "you must not—you must not, indeed, ever give way to such an impulse. I know not what might come of it, if he knew. It would ruin us—perhaps, be the cause of our being separated forever—make him hate us both, and never pardon me, at least, while he lives. Oh, Lucy! I have not told you all. Something yet more serious remains behind."

"Tell me—what is this, Tom?—you alarm me!"

"Come here then, and bring your ear closer. No; I will not tell you. Do not ask me again. It is, perhaps, only a fancy, which has come into my head because I am anxious about you, and imagine all kinds of misfortunes that might arise to make us wretched. But, oh! if I am right, we are, indeed, unfortunate. No misfortune that could befall us could be equal to this."

Lucy's eyes were filled with tears. "I do not like to go back into the parlor," she said, "lest he should be there, and ask me why I have been crying. He was in his room, upstairs, I think, just now, and he may have come down, and I am sure I could not stand before him as I am. You have, indeed, made me miserable. Oh! Tom, Tom, do tell me what this is?"

"I *can not* tell you," he replied, "it would not be right to breathe a word about it till I have surer ground for my suspicion. Let me dry your eyes, and now go back into the parlor, or your absence will be observed."

Twice he bade her "good-night" before she left him, and each time I saw him put his arms about her, and kiss her; then he called after her,

"Lucy!"

She turned back, and ran up to him.

"I hardly know why I called you back. Only, I may not see you again for some time, and it may be many, many days, before I can speak to you alone."

"Well?"

I trembled for what he was about to say, and in my anxiety to catch his words, I put my ear closer, and, in so doing, struck the door of the ventilator.

"Hark! I thought I heard something moving. Go, go!" said Tom. "Good-night! Good-night!" And she glided across the hall, and was gone in a moment.

In the eagerness with which I had listened to their conversation, I had not had time to feel the terrible blow which I had received. It was only when the voices ceased, that I felt how all my hopes had been shattered in a moment. I relaxed my hold; and, alighting on the ground, walked again to and fro—but more hurriedly than before. I had never dreamed of this: Tom Lawton!

I sat down upon the garden-seat, and wept and sobbed like a child—the first time for many years. I could not help feeling angry with them both. "Oh!" thought I, "Tom Lawton, you were right in thinking that I should never pardon you for this. You have taken away the one hope of my life. I shall hate you while I live. Lucy, also, I blame; but my anger is chiefly with you. In order to shield you, she would have told me, poor child, that she only was to blame; but I know better. You have laid snares for her, and inveigled her; your heart told you that you had, when you put the words into my mouth."

I walked about and sat down again several times. I groaned aloud, for my heart was swelled almost to bursting. So I continued for some time fiercely denouncing my rival to myself; but that night, upon my bed, when I was worn out with my passion, a better feeling came upon me. I grew more calm and resigned to my misfortune. I saw how useless—nay, how wrong, would be all persecution; and I felt that it was natural that the young should love the young before the old. So, with a sorrowful and humbled spirit, I resolved to encourage them and bring about their union. God knows how much the resolution cost me; but it brought with it a certain peace of mind—a consciousness of doing rightly—which sustained me in my purpose. I would not delay a day, lest my resolution should waver. In the morning I walked into the parlor, and bidding Tom Law-

ton folk w me, stood there before him and Lucy. Tom looked pale as if he dreaded my anger.

"I expect," said I, "a direct answer to what I am going to ask you. Have you not given your faith to one another?"

Tom turned paler still; but Lucy answered before he could say a word, and confessing all, said she took the blame upon herself; but Tom interrupted her, exclaiming that he only was to blame.

"There is no blame attached to either," said I, "except for a little concealment, for which I pardon you."

Thus far I had done the duty which I had set before me; but I did not feel it to be completed till they were married.

About three months after I gave my permission, and the day was fixed. I saw them the happiest creatures upon earth. They never knew my secret. That Tom had suspected it, and that it was to that he referred when he was speaking to Lucy in the hall, I had never doubted; though the readiness with which I had befriended them had deceived him. He had taken a small house, and every thing was ready. But, on the day before their wedding, my heart failed me. I knew then that I had never ceased to love her, and I could not endure the thought of her marriage. I felt that I must go away until the day was past; so I gave out that I had suddenly received a summons to go into the country, and that it was my wish that the marriage should not be delayed on that account. That night I went away, not caring whither.

I know what were my thoughts in those two days that I was absent. When I returned, the Hall was silent—Lucy was gone; and I was again alone in the old place.

I remain there.

HOW TO BE IDOLIZED.

THE hyperbole of being "idolized" was never, perhaps, made a literal truth in so striking a manner as is shown in the following story; for which we are indebted to a French author.

In 1818, the good ship "Dido" left the Mauritius, on her voyage to Sumatra. She had a cargo of French manufactures on board, which her captain was to barter for coffee and spice with the nabobs of the Sunda Isles. After a few days' sail, the vessel was becalmed; and both passengers and crew were put on short allowance of provisions and water.

Preserved meats, fruits, chocolate, fine flour, and live-stock, were all exhausted, with the exception of one solitary patriarchal cock, who, perched on the main-yard, was mourning his devastated harem, like Mourad Bey after the battle of the Pyramids.

The ship's cook, Neptune, a Madagascar negro, received orders, one morning, to prepare this bird for dinner; and, once more, the hungry denizens of the state-cabin snuffed up the delicious odor of roast fowl. The captain took a nap, in order to cheat his appetite until din-

ner-time; and the chief mate hovered like a guardian-angel round the caboose, watching lest any audacious spoiler should lay violent hands on the precious dainty.

Suddenly, a cry of terror and despair issued from the cook's cabin, and Neptune himself rushed out, the picture of affright, with both his hands twisted, convulsively, in the sooty wool that covered his head. What was the matter? Alas! in an ill-starred hour the cook had slumbered at his post, and the fowl was burnt to a cinder.

A fit of rage, exasperated by hunger and a tropical sun, is a fearful thing. The mate, uttering a dreadful imprecation, seized a large knife, and rushed at Neptune. At that moment, one of the passengers, named Louis Bergaz, interposed to ward off the blow. The negro was saved, but his preserver received the point of the steel in his wrist, and his blood flowed freely. With much difficulty the other passengers succeeded in preventing him, in his turn, from attacking the mate; but, at length, peace was restored, the aggressor having apologized for his violence. As to poor Neptune, he fell on his knees, and kissed and embraced the feet of his protector.

In a day or two the breeze sprang up, and the "Dido" speedily reached Sumatra. Four years afterward, it happened, one day, that Louis Bergaz was dining at the public table of an English boarding-house at Batavia. Among the guests were two learned men who had been sent out by the British Government to inspect the countries lying near the equator. During dinner, the name of Bergaz happening to be pronounced distinctly by one of his acquaintances at the opposite side of the table, the oldest of the *savans* looked up from his plate, and asked, quickly,

"Who owns the name of Bergaz?"

"I do."

"Curious enough," said the *savant*, "you bear the same name as a god of Madagascar."

"Have they a god called Bergaz?" asked Louis, smilingly.

"Yes. And if you like, after dinner, I will show you an article on the subject, which I published in an English scientific journal."

Louis thanked him; and afterward read as follows:

"The population of Madagascar consists of a mixture of Africans, Arabs, and the aboriginal inhabitants. These latter occupy the kingdom of the Anas, and are governed by a queen. The Malagasys differ widely from the Ethiopian race, both in their physical and moral characteristics. They are hospitable and humane, but extremely warlike, because a successful foray furnishes them with slaves. It is a mistake to believe that the Malagasys worship the devil, and that they have at Teintingua a tree consecrated to the Evil One. They have but one temple, dedicated to the god Bergaz (*beer*, source, or well, in the Chaldean, and *gaz*, light, in the Malagasy tongue.) To this divinity they are ardent-

ly devoted, and at stated periods offer him the sacrifice of a cock, as the ancient Greeks did to Æsculapius. So true it is that the languages and superstitions of all lands and ages are linked together by mysterious bonds, which neither time nor distance can destroy."

Louis Bergaz thought the latter philosophical reflection very striking.

"You can scarcely imagine," said his companion, "how important these remote analogies, traced out by us with so much labor and fatigue, are to the advancement of science!"

Bergaz bowed, and was silent.

The cares of a busy commercial life soon caused him to forget both the philosopher and his own idol namesake.

After the lapse of about two years, Bergaz set out to purchase ebony at Cape St. Maria, in Madagascar; but a violent tempest forced the vessel to stop at Simpaï on the Avas coast. While the crew were busy refitting the ship, Bergaz started off to explore the interior of the country. There are no carnivorous wild beasts in Madagascar; but, there is abundance of game to tempt the sportsman: and Louis, with his gun on his shoulder, followed the chase of partridges, quails, and pheasants, for several miles, until he reached the border of a thick bamboo jungle.

There, he saw a number of the natives prostrate before the entrance of a large hut. They were singing, with one accord, a monotonous sort of hymn, whose burden was the word "Bergaz!" so distinctly pronounced, that Louis immediately recollected the account given him by the philosopher in Batavia.

Impelled by very natural curiosity, he stepped forward, and peeped into the temple. No attempt had been made to ornament its four walls, built of bamboo, cemented with clay; but, in the centre of the floor stood, on a pedestal, the statue of the god Bergaz, and Louis was greatly struck with his appearance.

The idol, although far from being a finished work of art, was yet far superior in form and workmanship to the ordinary divinities of savage nations. The figure represented a man, dressed in European costume, with a wide straw hat on his head, and a striped muslin cravat round his neck. He was standing in the attitude of one who is intercepting a blow, and his right hand was stained with blood. There was even an attempt, Louis Bergaz thought, to imitate his own features; and the god had thick black whiskers meeting under his chin, precisely such as Louis had worn in 1818. The dress, too, resembled his own; and the cravat, marked in the corner, L. B., was one which he had given Neptune the cook. In a few minutes, a procession of natives entered the temple; they kindled a fire in a sort of chafing-dish; and, placing on it a dead cock, burnt the sacrifice before their god, amid loud acclamation. Bergaz, unluckily, was not able to preserve his gravity during this pious ceremonial. He burst into a fit of laughter, and was instantly seized by the offended worshippers.

With shouts of rage they were about to sacrifice him to their outraged deity, when a noise of cymbals announced the approach of the chief of the tribe. The high priest met him at the door, and announced the sacrilegious conduct of the stranger. The incensed chieftain seized a Malayan crease, and ran to take vengeance on the offender. Bergaz turned and looked at him; each uttered a cry of surprise; the next moment, the chief was embracing the feet of Louis.

"Neptune, old fellow! what is all this?" asked Bergaz pointing to the figure, "Bergaz is my god!" cried the negro, striking his breast. Then, to the unbounded astonishment of all present, the European and the chief walked off lovingly together toward the palace of the latter.

On their way thither, Neptune related his history to his friend. The powerful Radamas, sovereign of Madagascar, had concluded a treaty of peace with his enemy René. The wife of the latter, being a woman of genius, was named queen of the Anas, by an edict of Radama; and this lady was the sister of Neptune, ex-cook of the Dido.

No sooner was she seated on the throne than she released her brother from his menial situation, and gave him absolute authority over the small province of Simpaï.

Neptune's first act was an endeavor to manifest his gratitude, after the strange fashion of his people, to his protector Bergaz; and we may fancy how cordial was the reception, how warm and affectionate the welcome, bestowed on the living benefactor, whose wooden semblance he and his people worshiped as a god. The grateful negro loaded him with presents, and sent his most skillful workmen to assist in repairing the ship. Probably, to this day, the god Bergaz may still be worshiped in Simpaï; and the Æsculapian cock may still excite the wonder, and fill the note-books of traveling philosophers.

THE CHILD COMMODORE.

AFTER a long continental ramble, I was glad to have the prospect of getting home again; but an embargo was laid upon me at Boulogne. It blew great guns from the opposite side of the Channel. The genius of Albion was not just then in the mood for receiving visits, or welcoming the return of absentees; and so the steam-packet lay fretting in the harbor, and rubbing her sides peevishly against the pier; while her intending passengers were distributed among the hotels and boarding-houses, venting their discontent on the good things of the table d'hôte, and mounting every now and then to the garret to throw a scowling look to windward.

For my part I had been tossed about the world too long, and bumped too hard against its rocks and snags, to think much of a little compulsory tranquillity. On the second day I rather liked it. It was amusing to watch the characters of my companions stealing out from beneath the vail of conventionalism; and it was better than amusing to become actually acquainted with one or two of them, as if we were indeed

men and women, and not the mere automata of society. Taking them in the mass, however, a good deal of the distinction observable among them depended on the mere circumstance of age. We old gentlemen sat coolly sipping our wine after dinner, rarely alluding in conversation to our present dilemma; while the green hands, after a whirl round the billiard-table, drank their glass of brandy-and-water with vehemence, and passed a unanimous vote of censure on the captain for his breach of faith and unsailor-like timidity.

"This is pleasant!" said I, smiling at one of these outbreaks, which occurred late at night—"one always meets something out of the way in traveling."

"I never do," replied the gentleman I had addressed; "I find the human character every where the same. You may witness the same kind of absurdity among raw lads like these every day at home; and it is only your own imagination that flings upon it here a different color. I wish I *could* see something strange!"

"Perhaps, my dear sir," said I blandly, "you never look? For my part I never fail to meet with something strange, if I have only the opportunity of examining. Come, let us go out into the street, and I shall undertake to prove it. Let us peep under the first veil or the first slouched hat we meet, and I pledge myself that, on due inquiry, we shall light upon a tale as odd or as wild as fancy ever framed. A bottle of wine upon it?"

"Done!"

"Done, then: but hold, what's that?"

"Le paquebot va partir à minuit!"

"Hurra!" cried the young men. "The storm is not down a single breath, and it is pitch dark! The captain's a trump after all!"

Then there were hurrying steps, and slamming doors, and flitting lights through the whole house; then hasty reckonings, and jingling coins, and bows, and shrugs, and fights with the sleeves of greatcoats; and finally, stiff moving figures mummied in broadcloth; and grim faces, half-visible between the cravat and cap; and slender forms, bonneted, yet shapeless, clinging to stout arms, as we all floated out into the night.

"The Diet is deserted," said my friend, "pro loco et tempore."

"Only the venue changed to shipboard," gasped I against the wind. "Remember the first man, woman, or child that attracts our attention on deck!" And so we parted, losing one another, and ourselves lost in the unsteady crowd.

The vessel had cleared the harbor before I met with my friend in the darkness and confusion of the midnight deck; and when we were thrown together, it was with such emphasis that we both came down. We fell, however, upon a bundle of something comparatively soft—something that stirred and winced at the contact—something that gave a low cry in three several cadences, as if it had three voices. It gave us,

in fact, some confused idea of a mass of heads, legs, arms, and other appurtenances of the human body; but the whole was shrouded in a sort of woolly covering, the nature of which the darkness of the night and the rolling of the ship rendered it impossible to ascertain. I thought to myself for a moment that this was just the thing for my boasted demonstration; but no philosophy could keep the deck under such circumstances; and when my friend and I had gathered ourselves up, we made the best of our way—and it was no easy task—to the cabin, and crept into our berths. As I lay there in comparative coziness, my thoughts reverted to that bundle of life, composed in all probability of deck passengers, exposed to the cold night-wind and the drenching spray; but I soon fell asleep, my sympathy merging as my faculties became more dim in a grateful sense of personal comfort.

As the morning advanced, the wind moderated, testifying to the weather-wisdom of our captain; and my friend and I getting up betimes, met once more upon the deck. The bundle of life was still there, just without the sacred line which deck and steerage passengers must not cross; and we saw that it was composed of human figures, huddled together without distinction, under coarse and tattered cloaks.

"These persons," said I dictatorially, pointing to them with my cane, "have a story, and a strange one; and by-and-by we shall get at it."

"The common story of the poor," replied my friend: "a story of hardship, perhaps of hunger: but why don't they wake up?"

This question seemed to have occurred to some of the other passengers, and all looked with a sort of languid curiosity, as they passed, at the breathing bundle of rags. After a time, some motion was observed beneath the tattered cloaks, and at length a head emerged from their folds; a head that might have been either a woman's or a little girl's, so old it was in expression, and so young in size and softness. It *was* a little girl's, as was proved by the shoulders that followed—thin, slight, childish; but so intelligent was the look she cast around, so full of care and anxiety, that she seemed to have the burden of a whole family on her back. After ascertaining by that look, as it seemed, what her present position was, and bestowing a slight, sweeping glance upon the bystanders, the ship, and the gloomy sky, she withdrew her thoughts from these extraneous matters, and with a gentle hand, and some whispered words, extracted from his bed of rags a small, pale, little boy. The boy woke up in a sort of fright, but the moment his eyes rested on his sister's face—for she *was* his sister, that was clear—he was calm and satisfied. No smiles were exchanged, such as might have befitted their age; no remark on the novel circumstances of their situation. The boy looked at nothing but the girl; and the girl smoothed his hair with her fingers, arranged his threadbare dress, and breathing on his hands, polished them with her

sleeve. This girl, though bearing the marks of premature age, could not in reality have been more than eleven, and the boy was probably four years younger.

A larger figure was still invisible, except in the indefinite outline of the cloak, and my friend and I indulged in some whispered speculations as to what it might turn out.

"The elder sister doubtless," said he, with one of his cold smiles; "a pretty and disconsolate young woman, the heroine of your intended romance, and the winner of my bottle of wine!"

"Have patience," said I, "have patience;" but I had not much myself. I wished the young woman would awake, and I earnestly hoped—I confess the fact—that she might prove to be as pretty as I was sure she was disconsolate. You may suppose, therefore, that it was with some anxiety I at length saw the cloak stir, and with some surprise I beheld emerge from it one of the most ordinary and commonplace of all the daughters of Eve. She was obviously the mother of the two children, but although endowed with all her natural faculties, quite as helpless and dependent as the little boy. She held out her hand to the little girl, who kissed it affectionately in the dutiful morning fashion of Fatherland; and then dropping with that action the manner of the child, resumed, as if from habit, the authority and duties of the parent. She arranged her mother's hair and dress as she had done those of her brother, dictated to her the place and posture in which she was to sit, and passed a full half hour—I can not now tell how—in quiet but incessant activity.

Time passed on; the other passengers had all breakfasted; but no one had seen the solitary family eat. Two or three of us remarked the circumstance to each other, and suggested the propriety of our doing something. But what to do was the question, for although poor, they were obviously not beggars. I at length ventured to offer a biscuit to the little boy. He looked at it, and then at his sister, but did not stir. The proceeding, apparently, was contrary to their notions of etiquette; and I presented the biscuit to the mother "for her little son." She took it mechanically—indifferently—as if it was a thing she had no concern in, and handed it to the girl. The little girl bowed gravely, muttered some words in German, apparently of thanks, and dividing the biscuit among them, in three unequal portions, of which she kept the smallest to herself, they all began to eat with some eagerness.

"Hunger!" said my friend—"I told you: nothing else."

"We shall see;" but I could not think of my theory just then. The family, it appeared, were starving; they had undertaken the little voyage without preparation of any kind in food, extra clothing, or money; and under such circumstances, they sat calmly, quietly, without uttering a single complaint. In a few minutes

a more substantial breakfast was before them; and it was amusing to see the coolness with which the little girl-commodore accepted the providential windfall, as if it had been something she expected, although ignorant of the quarter whence it should come, and the business-like gravity with which she proceeded to arrange it on their joint laps, and distribute the shares. Nothing escaped her; her sharp look was on every detail; if a fold of her mother's cloak was out of order, she stopped her till she had set it right; and when her brother coughed as he swallowed some tea, she raised his face, and patted him on the back. I admired that little creature with her wan face, and quick eyes, and thin fragile shoulders; but she had no attention to bestow on any one but the family committed to her charge.

"This is comical," said my friend: "I wonder what they are. But they have done breakfast: see how carefully the little girl puts away the fragments! Let us now ask them for what you call their 'story,' and get them to relate the romantic circumstances which have induced them to emigrate to London, to join some of their relatives in the business of selling matches or grinding organs!"

We first tried the mother, but she, in addition to being of a singularly taciturn, indifferent disposition, spoke nothing but German. The little boy answered only with a negative or affirmative. The commodore of the party, however, knew some words of French, and some of English, and we were able to understand what she told us with no more difficulty than arose from the oddity of the circumstances. The following is the dialogue that took place between us, with her polyglott part translated into common English.

"Where are you from, my little lass?"

"Is it me, sir? Oh, I am from New York."

"From New York! What were you doing there?"

"Keeping my father's room, sir: he is a journeyman."

"And what brings you to Europe?"

"My father sent me to bring over mother."

"Sent you."

"Yes, sir; and because my brother could not be left in the room all day when my father was out at work, I took him with me."

"What! and you two little children crossed the ocean to fetch your mother?"

"Oh, that is nothing: the ship brought us—we did not come. It was worse when we landed in London; for there were so many people there, and so many houses, it was just as if we had to find our way, without a ship, through the waves of the sea."

"And what were you to do in London?"

"I was to go to a countryman of ours, who would find me a passage to France. But nobody we met in the street knew him, and nobody could understand what place it was I asked for; and if we had not met a little German boy with an organ, I do not know what we

should have done. But somebody always comes in time—God sends him. Father told us that.”

“And the little German boy took you to your countryman?”

“Yes, and more than that! He bought some bread with a penny as we went along, and we all sat down on a step and ate it.” Here my friend suddenly used his handkerchief, and coughed vigorously; but the young girl went on without minding the interruption.

“Our countryman gave us a whole handful of copper money, and a paper to the captain of the ship. It was late before we got there, and we were so tired that I could hardly get my brother along. But the captain was so good as to let us sleep on the deck.”

“Your mother was in Germany. How did you get to her?”

“Oh, we walked—but not always. Sometimes we got a cast in a wagon; and when we were very hungry, and would not lay out our money, we were always sure to get something given us to eat.”

“Then you *had* money.”

“Oh yes, to be sure!” and the little girl gave a cunning twinkle of her eye. “We could not get mother away, you know, without money—could we, mother?” patting her on the back like one fondling a child.

Such was the story of the little commodore—a story which was listened to not only by my friend and myself, but by at least a score of other persons, some of whom will no doubt be pleased to see it here reproduced.* A collection was made for the travelers, whose boasted funds had been exhausted at Boulogne; but what became of them afterward I never knew. When we reached London, I saw them walk up the landing-place—wholly unencumbered with baggage, poor things!—the mother and the little boy clinging on either side to the commodore; and so, like the shadowy figures in the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” “they passed on their way, and I saw them no more.”

For my own part, my theory had gone much further than I had thought of carrying it. My friend himself was not more surprised than I by the story of the little girl; and, like the Witch of Endor, when her pretended incantations were answered by the actual apparition of the prophet, I was stupefied by my own success.

HABITS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE LONDON COSTERMONGERS.†

I FIND it impossible to separate these two headings; for the habits of the costermonger are not domestic. His busy life is passed in the markets or the streets, and as his leisure is devoted to the beer-shop, the dancing-room, or the theatre, we must look for his habits to his demeanor at those places. Home has few attractions to a man whose life is a street-life. Even those who are influenced by family ties

and affections, prefer to “home”—indeed that word is rarely mentioned among them—the conversation, warmth, and merriment of the beer-shop, where they can take their ease among their “mates.” Excitement or amusement are indispensable to uneducated men. Of beer-shops resorted to by costermongers, and principally supported by them, it is computed that there are 400 in London.

Those who meet first in the beer-shop talk over the state of trade and of the markets, while the later comers enter at once into what may be styled the serious business of the evening—amusement.

Business topics are discussed in a most peculiar style. One man takes the pipe from his mouth and says, “Bill made a doogheno* hit this morning.” “Jem,” says another, to a man just entering, “you’ll stand a top o’ reeb?”† “On,”‡ answers Jem, “I’ve had a trosseno tol,§ and have been doing dab.”|| If any strangers are present, the conversation is still further clothed in slang, so as to be unintelligible even to the partially initiated. The evident puzzlement of any listener is of course gratifying to the costermonger’s vanity for he feels that he possesses a knowledge peculiarly his own.

Among the in-door amusements of the costermonger is card-playing, at which many of them are adepts. The usual games are all-fours, all-fives, cribbage, and put. Whist is known to a few, but is never played, being considered dull and slow. Of short whist they have not heard: “But,” said one, whom I questioned on the subject, “if it’s come into fashion, it’ll soon be among us.” The play is usually for beer, but the game is rendered exciting by bets both among the players and the lookers-on. “I’ll back Jem for a yanepatine,” says one. “Jack for a gen,” cries another. A penny is the lowest sum laid, and five shillings generally the highest, but a shilling is not often exceeded. “We play fair among ourselves,” said a costermonger to me—“ay, fairer than the aristocrats—but we’ll take in any body else.” Where it is known that the landlord will not supply cards, “a sporting coster” carries a pack or two with him. The cards played with have rarely been stamped; they are generally dirty, and sometimes almost illegible, from long handling and spilled beer. Some men will sit patiently for hours at these games, and they watch the dealing round of the dingy cards intently, and without the attempt—common among politer gamesters—to appear indifferent, though they bear their losses well. In a full room of card-players, the groups are all shrouded in tobacco-smoke, and from them are heard constant sounds—according to the games they are engaged in—of “I’m low, and Ped’s high.” “Tip and me’s game.” “Fifteen four and a flush of five.” I may remark it is curious that costermongers, who can neither read nor write,

* The writer is in earnest; this is a true story.—Ed.

† From MAYHEW’S “London Labor and the London Poor,” now publishing by Harper and Brothers.

* First rate.
§ Bad luck.

† Pot of beer.
|| Badly.

‡ No.

and who have no knowledge of the multiplication table, are skillful in all the intricacies and calculations of cribbage. There is not much quarreling over the cards, unless strangers play with them, and then the costermongers all take part one with another, fairly or unfairly.

It has been said that there is a close resemblance between many of the characteristics of a very high class, socially, and a very low class. Those who remember the disclosures on a trial a few years back, as to how men of rank and wealth passed their leisure in card-playing—many of their lives being one continued leisure—can judge how far the analogy holds when the card-passion of the costermongers is described.

“Shove-halfpenny” is another game played by them; so is “Three-up.” Three halfpennies are thrown up, and when they fall all “heads” or all “tails,” it is a mark; and the man who gets the greatest number of marks out of a given amount—three, or five, or more—wins. “Three-up” is played fairly among the costermongers; but is most frequently resorted to when strangers are present to “make a pitch,”—which is, in plain words, to cheat any stranger who is rash enough to bet upon them. “This is the way, sir,” said an adept to me; “bless you, I can make them fall as I please. If I’m playing with Jo, and a stranger bets with Jo, why, of course I make Jo win.” This adept illustrated his skill to me by throwing up three halfpennies, and, five times out of six they fell upon the floor, whether he threw them nearly to the ceiling or merely to his shoulder, all heads or all tails. The halfpence were the proper current coins—indeed, they were my own; and the result is gained by a peculiar position of the coins on the fingers, and a peculiar jerk in the throwing. There was an amusing manifestation of the pride of art in the way in which my obliging informant displayed his skill.

“Skittles” is another favorite amusement, and the costermongers class themselves among the best players in London. The game is always for beer, but betting goes on.

A fondness for “sparring” and “boxing” lingers among the rude members of some classes of the working-men, such as the tanners. With the great majority of the costermongers this fondness is still as dominant as it was among the “higher classes,” when boxers were the pets of princes and nobles. The sparring among the costers is not for money, but for beer and “a lark”—a convenient word covering much mischief. Two out of every ten landlords, whose houses are patronized by these lovers of “the art of self-defense,” supply gloves. Some charge 2d. a night for their use; others only 1d. The sparring seldom continues long, sometimes not above a quarter of an hour; for the costermongers, though excited for a while, weary of sports in which they can not personally participate, and in the beer-shops only two spar at a time, though fifty or sixty may be present. The

shortness of the duration of this pastime may be one reason why it seldom leads to quarreling. The stake is usually a “top of reeb,” and the winner is the man who gives the first “noser;” a bloody nose however is required to show that the blow was veritably a noser. The costermongers boast of their skill in pugilism as well as at skittles. “We are all handy with our fists,” said one man, “and are matches, ay, and more than matches, for any body but regular boxers. We’ve stuck to the ring, too, and gone reg’lar to the fights, more than any other men.”

“Twopenny-hops” are much resorted to by the costermongers, men and women, boys and girls. At these dances decorum is sometimes, but not often, violated. “The women,” I was told by one man, “doesn’t show their necks as I’ve seen the ladies do in them there pictures of high life in the shop-winders, or on the stage. Their Sunday gowns, which is their dancing gowns, ain’t made that way.” At these “hops” the clog-hornpipe is often danced, and sometimes a collection is made to insure the performance of a first-rate professor of that dance; sometimes, and more frequently, it is volunteered gratuitously. The other dances are jigs, “flash jigs”—hornpipes in fetters—a dance rendered popular by the success of the acted “Jack Sheppard”—polkas, and country-dances, the last-mentioned being generally demanded by the women. Waltzes are as yet unknown to them. Sometimes they do the “pipe-dance.” For this a number of tobacco-pipes, about a dozen, are laid close together on the floor, and the dancer places the toe of his boot between the different pipes, keeping time with the music. Two of the pipes are arranged as a cross, and the toe has to be inserted between each of the angles, without breaking them. The numbers present at these “hops” vary from 30 to 100 of both sexes, their ages being from 14 to 45, and the female sex being slightly predominant as to the proportion of those in attendance. At these “hops” there is nothing of the leisurely style of dancing—half a glide and half a skip—but vigorous, laborious capering. The hours are from half-past eight to twelve, sometimes to one or two in the morning, and never later than two, as the costermongers are early risers. There is sometimes a good deal of drinking; some of the young girls being often pressed to drink, and frequently yielding to the temptation. From £1 to £7 is spent in drink at a hop; the youngest men or lads present spend the most, especially in that act of costermonger politeness—“treating the gals.” The music is always a fiddle, sometimes with the addition of a harp and a corneopean. The band is provided by the costermongers, to whom the assembly is confined; but during the present and the last year, when the costers’ earnings have been less than the average, the landlord has provided the harp, whenever that instrument has added to the charms of the fiddle.

The other amusements of this class of the

community are the theatre and the penny concert, and their visits are almost entirely confined to the galleries of the theatres on the Surrey-side—the Surrey, the Victoria, the Bower Saloon, and (but less frequently) Astley's. Three times a week is an average attendance at theatres and dances by the more prosperous costermongers. The most intelligent man I met with among them gave me the following account. He classes himself with the many, but his tastes are really those of an educated man: "Love and murder suits us best, sir; but within these few years I think there's a great deal more liking for deep tragedies among us. They set men a-thinking; but then we all consider them too long. Of *Hamlet* we can make neither end nor side; and nine out of ten of us—ay, far more than that—would like it to be confined to the ghost scenes, and the funeral, and the killing off at the last. *Macbeth* would be better liked, if it was only the witches and the fighting. The high words in a tragedy we call jaw-breakers, and say we can't tumble to that barrikin. We always stay to the last, because we've paid for it all, or very few costers would see a tragedy out if any money was returned to those leaving after two or three acts. We are fond of music. Nigger music was very much liked among us, but it's stale now. Flash songs are liked, and sailors' songs, and patriotic songs. Most costers—indeed, I can't call to mind an exception—listen very quietly to songs that they don't in the least understand. We have among us translations of the patriotic French songs. 'Mourir pour la patrie' is very popular, and so is the 'Marseillaise.' A song to take hold of us must have a good chorus." "They like something, sir, that is worth hearing," said one of my informants, "such as the 'Soldier's Dream,' 'The Dream of Napoleon,' or 'I 'ad a dream—an 'appy dream.'"

The songs in ridicule of Marshal Haynau, and in laudation of Barclay and Perkins's draymen, were and are very popular among the costers; but none are more popular than Paul Jones—"A noble commander, Paul Jones was his name." Among them the chorus of "Britons never shall be slaves," is often rendered "Britons always shall be slaves." The most popular of all songs with the class, however, is "Duck-legged Dick," of which I give the first verse.

"Duck-legged Dick had a donkey,
And his lush loved much for to swill,
One day he got rather lumpy,
And got sent seven days to the mill.
His donkey was taken to the green-yard,
A fate which he never deserved.
Oh! it was such a regular mean yard,
That alas! the poor moke got starved.
Oh! bad luck can't be prevented,
Fortune she smiles or she frowns,
He's best off that's contented,
To mix, sirs, the ups and the downs."

Their sports are enjoyed the more, if they are dangerous and require both courage and dexterity to succeed in them. They prefer, if crossing a bridge, to climb over the parapet, and walk along on the stone coping. When a house is

building, rows of coster lads will climb up the long ladders, leaning against the unslated roof, and then slide down again, each one resting on the other's shoulders. A peep-show with a battle scene is sure of its coster audience, and a favorite pastime is fighting with cheap theatrical swords. They are, however, true to each other, and should a coster, who is the hero of his court, fall ill and go to a hospital, the whole of the inhabitants of his quarter will visit him on the Sunday, and take him presents of various articles so that "he may live well."

Among the men, rat-killing is a favorite sport. They will enter an old stable, fasten the door and then turn out the rats. Or they will find out some unfrequented yard, and at night-time build up a pit with apple-case boards, and lighting up their lamps, enjoy the sport. Nearly every coster is fond of dogs. Some fancy them greatly, and are proud of making them fight. If when out working, they see a handsome stray, whether he is a "toy" or "sporting" dog, they whip him up—many of the class not being *very* particular whether the animals are stray or not.

Their dog-fights are both cruel and frequent. It is not uncommon to see a lad walking with the trembling legs of a dog shivering under a bloody handkerchief, that covers the bitten and wounded body of an animal that has been figuring at some "match." These fights take place on the sly—the tap-room or back-yard of a beer-shop being generally chosen for the purpose. A few men are let into the secret, and they attend to bet upon the battle, the police being carefully kept from the spot.

Pigeons are "fancied" to a large extent, and are kept in lath cages on the roofs of the houses. The lads look upon a visit to the Red-house, Battersea, where the pigeon-shooting takes place, as a great treat. They stand without the boarding that incloses the ground, and watch for the wounded pigeons to fall, when a violent scramble takes place among them, each bird being valued at 3d. or 4d. So popular has this sport become, that some boys take dogs with them trained to retrieve the birds, and two Lambeth costers attend regularly after their morning's work with their guns, to shoot those that escape the "shots" within.

A good pugilist is looked up to with great admiration by the costers, and fighting is considered to be a necessary part of a boy's education. Among them cowardice in any shape is despised as being degrading and loathsome; indeed the man who would avoid a fight, is scouted by the whole of the court he lives in. Hence it is important for a lad and even a girl to know how to "work their fists well"—as expert boxing is called among them. If a coster man or woman is struck they are obliged to fight. When a quarrel takes place between two boys, a ring is formed, and the men urge them on to have it out, for they hold that it is a wrong thing to stop a battle, as it causes bad blood for life; whereas, if the lads fight it out

they shake hands and forget all about it. Every body practices fighting, and the man who has the largest and hardest muscle is spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. It is often said in admiration of such a man that "he could muzzle half a dozen bobbies before breakfast."

To serve out a policeman is the bravest act by which a costermonger can distinguish himself. Some lads have been imprisoned upward of a dozen times for this offense; and are consequently looked upon by their companions as martyrs. When they leave prison for such an act, a subscription is often got up for their benefit. In their continual warfare with the force, they resemble many savage nations, from the cunning and treachery they use. The lads endeavor to take the unsuspecting "crusher" by surprise, and often crouch at the entrance of a court till a policeman passes, when a stone or a brick is hurled at him, and the youngster immediately disappears. Their love of revenge too is extreme—their hatred being in no way mitigated by time; they will wait for months, following a policeman who has offended or wronged them, anxiously looking out for an opportunity of paying back the injury. One boy, I was told, vowed vengeance against a member of the force, and for six months never allowed the man to escape his notice. At length, one night, he saw the policeman in a row outside a public-house, and running into the crowd kicked him savagely, shouting at the same time: "Now, you b— I've got you at last." When the boy heard that his persecutor was injured for life, his joy was very great, and he declared the twelvemonth's imprisonment he was sentenced to for the offense to be "dirt cheap." The whole of the court where the lad resided sympathized with the boy, and vowed to a man, that had he escaped, they would have subscribed a pad or two of dry herrings, to send him into the country until the affair had blown over, for he had shown himself a "plucky one."

It is called "plucky" to bear pain without complaining. To flinch from expected suffering is scorned, and he who does so is sneered at and told to wear a gown, as being more fit to be a woman. To show a disregard for pain, a lad, when without money, will say to his pal, "Give us a penny, and you may have a punch at my nose." They also delight in tattooing their chests and arms with anchors, and figures of different kinds. During the whole of this painful operation, the boy will not flinch, but laugh and joke with his admiring companions, as if perfectly at ease.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

"Miss not the occasion; by the forelock take
That subtle power—the never-halting time—
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime!"

WE have just closed a volume of "Wordsworth's Poems," and the motto we have quoted, and the sonnet following it, recalled certain memories which have proved suggestive

of our present subject. Five minutes too late! What an awful meaning is conveyed by the last two words of that brief sentence to the children of time, over whom circumstances and death have such fearful power! They conjure before our mental vision a spectral array of consequences from which we shrink: ghosts of vain hopes, of disappointed expectations, of love closed in death, move in ghastly procession, and but for certain recollections of a more enlivening nature—for sometimes comedy blends even with the deepest tragedy in this kaleidoscope world of ours!—we should erase our title, and choose another theme. Let it not alarm the reader, however, by the apparent threat it holds out of a homily upon the evils of procrastination. We mean to bestow no such tediousness upon his worship, deeming that the "golden-lipped" saint himself would prove powerless to exorcise that most pertinacious of demons when he has once taken possession of any human soul. No; we intend simply to give a few instances of the singular, fatal, or ludicrous effects which the loss or delay of five minutes has caused, leaving Wordsworth's motto to point the moral of our gossiping.

The first, and one of the most painful of these our "modern instances," was very recently related to us by the son of him whose fortunes were changed, and finally his fate sealed, by the unheeded flitting of those few sands of time, and whose family are still sufferers from this apparent trifle. The momentous five minutes to which we allude were a portion of one of the most glorious periods that ever dial or hour-glass marked—that in which the Trafalgar victory was won, and Nelson lost. Among the gallant fleet which on that day roused the echoes of the hills of Spain, was a certain cutter commanded by a young lieutenant, who, possessing no naval interest, hoped for advancement only from his own gallantry and good conduct; and little doubt was there that either would prove lacking in his case. Memories of the fair wife and dear babe whose fortunes were, in the expressive language of the East, "bound up in the bundle of his life," awoke every energy of his nature, and gave (for him) a double and inspiring meaning to that celebrated signal, the simple majesty of which still thrills the heart of all who owe homage to the name of our country—"England expects every man to do his duty." When the fight began, our young lieutenant did his duty gallantly; the "angel opportunity" was lacking for any very memorable achievement, but in that scene of unrivaled valor and exertion, the eye of the great commander marked the conduct of the gallant little cutter, and he noticed it to "Hardy." Had he lived, the fortune of the young officer would have been assured; but the life which then "set in bloody glory" bore with it the hopes of many a brave mariner "into the dim oblivion!"

It is well known that the fleet which achieved this victory had, during the succeeding night and day, to contend with the fury of the ele-

ments; many ships dismasted in the battle, all shattered, and in numerous cases without an anchor to let go. It was while the storm was still raging that Lord Collingwood made a signal to the — cutter to send a boat for the dispatches which were to be conveyed to England. The office intended for her commander was a favor, as the harbinger of such intelligence was certain of promotion; but, alas! our young lieutenant, engrossed by the present scene, and excited by the recent march of events, was not heeding the signal of the *Euryalus*, and it had been flying five minutes before it was reported to him. Then he hurried to obey the mandate—too late! Another had seen the summons, and preceded him, deeming that the state of the cutter must be the cause of her commander's delay. As her boat came alongside the *Euryalus*, that of his successful rival—if I may so style him—pushed off, and the officers exchanged greetings. Poor Y—— at that moment bade farewell to the flood-tide of his fortunes! The admiral accepted his excuses, and regretted that he had not arrived in time, giving him the only charge remaining in his power to bestow—duplicates of the dispatches—and with these he took his homeward course: but the lost five minutes had wrecked his hopes. His predecessor arrived safely, received promotion, and is now, or was very recently, an admiral, while the hero of our story obtained only a sword in commemoration of his bravery; and at the close of the war, was thrown aside, with many a gallant comrade, to waste the remainder of his life in oblivion and neglect. The disappointment of his hopes affected him deeply; the more so as his family increased, and his means of supporting and providing for them were small. What profound regret darkened the vision of Trafalgar when it recurred to the old officer's memory! He was sometimes heard to say, with a playful mockery of his own ill-fortune, "that he had grown prematurely bald from the number of young men who had *walked over his head*;" but there was a pathos in the very jest. By a marvelous coincidence, his life was closed, as its prospects had been blighted, by the fatal five minutes too late. He was engaged to dine with an old brother-officer—one who hated to be kept waiting for his dinner—and by some accident, it was five minutes after the appointed time when he left his house to proceed to his Amphitryon's. In his anxiety to redeem the lost time, he hurried up the hill he was compelled to ascend at a pace little befitting his age and infirmities—for he suffered from a complaint of the heart—reached the dining-room "again five minutes too late," as he remarked himself, in allusion to the unseen signal, was taken ill from the exertion, carried home, and died. "The tide" of life as well as of fortune had for him "passed the flood!"

The colors of this kaleidoscope vision are of the darkest and saddest; let us shake the instrument and vary the combinations, and lo an Indian bungalow rises before us seated on a

mountain height; and many busy forms are moving near and about it, for the lady who dwells there is about to join a party of friends traveling to the island presidency below. Her husband's regiment has been recently hurried to the seat of war, and she can no longer dwell upon the wide and pleasant plains of the Deccan; moreover, the monsoon is ended, and the hot winds of the season are beginning to penetrate the screens. And now the ayah hastens her lady's preparations, by the information that the party of travelers are waiting in their palanquins without; but the "Ma'am Sahib" is a confirmed procrastinator, and so much has been left till this last moment unprepared and undone, that she can not obey the summons. The climate is not favorable to patience; besides, there is a "tide" to be caught at the next *bunder*, and it, proverbially, will wait for no one; therefore, with some few apologies, the party moved on, expressing their assurance that Mrs. T—— would soon overtake them. She was of the same opinion, and bore their desertion very philosophically, insisting even on not detaining a gentleman of the group, who would fain have waited her leisure. As she entered her palanquin, she observed to her ayah—the only servant who accompanied her—that she had been, "after all, only five minutes too late." The "God's image carved in ebony," as Fuller calls the dark sisterhood of our race, showed her ivory teeth good-humoredly in assent, and retired to take possession of her own conveyance, in which she was ordered to follow closely that of her mistress, deeming the loss of time of as little moment as the lady did. The hamals then began their labors, and the first portion of the descent was achieved pleasantly and safely. Seated in her coffin-like carriage, Mrs. T—— looked forth on a scene of almost unrivaled beauty, every turn of the mountain pathway varying its character and increasing its loveliness. Revived by the recent heavy rains, the trees and herbage wore a green as vivid as if they were never scorched by the burning kisses of an Eastern sun; gay wild-flowers peeped out from the long grass of the jungle; and tiny waterfalls danced and sported down the mountains' sides to their own liquid music: the tramp of the bearers, the monotonous chant into which they occasionally broke, even the shrill cry of the green parrot, had all a charm for the fair lady traveler; and she forgot the "five minutes too late" which had separated her from her companions, and the fact that there was still no appearance of rejoining them. The latter recollection had, however, occurred to her bearers, and gradually, though their burden marked it not, they slackened their pace, and held low conference among themselves. The ayah's palanquin was far behind, the travelers who preceded them far before; the road was solitary, the jungle deep and secret as the grave; the lady known to be rich in jewels, if not in gold and rupees.

Evening was closing in: day fades rapidly in the East, and the brief twilight is as solemn as it is soft and short. The hamals' steps fell slower and slower; and at last a vague fear awoke in the lady's mind, to which the gradually deepening gloom added force. She was imaginative, and she fancied the pretty water-jets grew larger, and foamed, and took a spectral form, like the mischievous uncle of "Undine," and that the dark figures of the relay of hamals, running by the side of the palanquin, grew taller, and more fiendish-looking: she began to "see their visage" less "in their mind" than in its natural color and swart ugliness, and bitterly repented having been five minutes too late. A regret, alas! *too late* also; for suddenly her palanquin was set upon the ground, and eight shadowy forms gathered round the door, with glittering eyes and looks from which she shrank, while one in brief phrase desired her to give him her jewel-case and her money. The request was not instantly granted. The Scots-woman was courageous, and represented to her false guides that they could neither rob nor injure a woman of her race with impunity. In answer, one fellow pointed to the deep jungle, and made an expressive sign at the back of his own throat. She saw that it would be vain to refuse, and delivered the small box she had with her, and her money. They received it silently; and sitting down in her sight, coolly examined and divided their spoil. Then came a fearful pause. They looked toward the palanquin; they were evidently consulting as to what they should do with her. Never could she afterward forget the feeling with which her gaze encountered those terrible black eyes! the agony of suspense was more than she could bear; and as they rose simultaneously, she buried her face in her hands, and in a short, almost wordless prayer, commended her soul to her Creator. At the same instant a frightful roar, echoed by a thrilling scream, or rather yell, burst on her ear. She looked up, and beheld her foes scattered on all sides, pursued by a tiger, to whose remorseless thirst one had evidently fallen a prey, for faint from the distance came a cry of mortal agony. She was saved! The five minutes they had loitered over their spoil had, through the mercy of a good Providence, made crime too late to be consummated. She sat there alone, wonderfully preserved, but still in an awful situation for a female, since night was gathering round her, and the lair of the wild beast so near! Her heart beat audibly, when suddenly the stillness was broken by a familiar and blessed sound: "Auld Lang-syne," played on her native bagpipes, stole on the silence of the evening, and, relieved from a weight of terror—from the fear of death itself—she shed large heavy tears as the clear music approached her. A Highland regiment was on its night march back to the Presidency, and either its approach had been perceived by the robbers who had escaped the tiger, and thus prevented their return to their victim, or their superstitious ter-

ror at the jungle tyrant had kept them from the spot. In a few minutes some of the Highland officers were beside the palanquin, listening indignantly to the lady's story, and offering her every assistance in their power. She was a good horsewoman, and the adjutant resigned his steed to her. Her jewels and money, found scattered on the road, were collected and given in charge to a Highlander, and she was escorted in safety by the gallant 7-th to the bunders, from whence she could embark for Bombay. If any thing could cure procrastination, the effects of such a "five minutes too late" might be expected to perform it; but, as we have said, we have no faith in even so severe a remedy, and we doubt if pretty Mrs. T—— has ever put her bonnet on the quicker since her adventure on the Kandallah Ghauts.

And now, looking back into our very early childhood, we can see a neat, quiet-looking old lady, on whose fate our ominous title had as important a result. She was the widow of a merchant-ship captain, who had left her a comfortable independence, and the care of a boy nephew—his only sister's son—a fine lad destined for the sea. The pair lived in an old-fashioned house in one of the old, narrow, dull, but respectable streets of Portsea, and were introduced to our notice by the necessity of applying to Mrs. Martin, or, as she called herself, Mrs. Marting, for the character of a servant. Inquiries touching the damsel's capabilities had been made by letter, but the reply was by no means as clear as could be desired; for the old lady was a very "queen of the dictionary," and played so despotically with words, and the letters which form them, that the only part of her reply at all intelligible to my mother was a kindly-expressed hope that "Susan Olding would shoot her!" We supposed she meant *suit*; but to make assurance doubly sure, mamma called on her, and took us children with her. It was about Christmas-time, and we remember distinctly how nice and *cosy* we thought the quaint-looking old parlor into which we were ushered. The fireplace was formed of Dutch tiles, commemorative of a whole Bible biography: a large closet, with glass doors, exhibited to our childish peeping a quantity of valuable old china. There was a harpsichord—the only one we ever saw—open in the room. Round the walls hung pieces of embroidery framed, the subjects being taken from the "Faerie Queen;" and above each shone the glittering leaves and scarlet berries of a holly sprig. A bright fire blazed on the hearth; and by the side of it, in an imposing-looking arm-chair, sat the mistress of the dwelling knitting—a pretty woman even in advancing years, with a kind, happy expression of countenance, that one would have felt grieved to see overshadowed by a care.

From that time we became acquaintances of good Mrs. Martin. She met us in our walks; sometimes took us into her house to give us a piece of seed-cake and a glass of home-made wine; and finally, invited us occasionally to drink tea

with her. We enjoyed those evenings exceedingly; she was so kind, and good-natured, and so ready to enter into all our games, in which we had also a blithe comrade in the young man her nephew, who had just returned from sea. He would play with us till we were tired, and then seating us round the blazing fire, would entertain us, Othello-like, with his adventures, and those of his messmates, till we held our breath to listen. A very fine seaman-like youth was Harry Darling the midshipman, and very proud his aunt was of him. In truth she had good cause to rejoice in her affection for him, as the incident we have to relate will prove. When Harry first went to sea, his adopted mother felt, as she expressed it, "very *dissolute*" (desolate!) in her deserted house, and sought refuge from her anxious thoughts by frequenting oftener the tea-tables of her neighbors, among whom her cheerful temper, to say nothing of her comfortable income and hospitality, made her very popular. At the house of one of the most intimate of her gossips, the worthy widow was in the habit of meeting, and of being partner at whist, with a tall gentleman wearing a mustache, and distinguished by the title of "Count." Now, if Mrs. Martin had a weakness, it was her love for "great people," as she phrased it; many of whose privileges were the especial objects of her envy, especially the mournful one of a funeral exhibition of heraldic honors. She always regretted that she had not been able to hang out "a hatchet" for her poor dear departed Marting. Now, as she never dreamed, dear guileless old body, of any one assuming a dignity not justly appertaining to them, and had no conception of the exact standard of national rank, a foreign count with a mustache like a Life Guardsman was as imposing a personage in her estimation as an ancient English "Thane," and she treated his countship with all possible respect and attention, considering it a high honor when he favored her neat dwelling with a visit, and drank tea out of her best china. She always called him "my lord," and "your lordship," and sympathized deeply in the cruel reverses to which the Revolution had subjected him, never wearying of hearing descriptions of his "chateau," and of his hotel in Paris, though it long continued a mystery to her how a nobleman with such a fortune could have liked to keep a *hotel*, a difficulty she had at last solved by ascribing it to foreign manners. But the count became daily more intimate at her house, telling her long stories over the winter fire, or while partaking of the meal she called, in compliment to him, her "petty soupey," and gradually the usual consequences of such story-telling ensued. The unfortunate noble proposed to Mrs. Martin, and, quite flattered and dazzled by the honor, the widow consented to become Madame la Comtesse. His lady-love's assent once obtained, the Frenchman was eager for the immediate celebration of their nuptials; but Mrs. Martin insisted on waiting till her dear Harry came home from sea, his ship being daily expected. The

bridegroom shrugged an unwilling assent, and consoled himself by dining occasionally, as well as drinking tea, with his lady-love.

At length the battery and guard-ship guns of Portsmouth greeted the expected frigate, and the next day Harry Darling embraced his aunt, and learned from her with much surprise, and a little vexation, that she was about to marry "a member of the French House of Lords!" The boy had already seen enough of the world to take a very different view of the proposed exaltation, and to have serious fears for his kinswoman's happiness in a union with one whom he, at first sight, pronounced an adventurer; but on hinting his suspicions to her, the good lady for the first time grew angry with him, ascribing his observations to a selfish regard for his own interest, and Harry finding remonstrance vain, was fain to yield a sad consent to be present at the ceremony in a week's time.

The wedding-day arrived. The ceremony was to be performed at a little village church at some distance, and the carriages destined to convey the bridal party were ordered at an early hour. The bride, handsomely attired, and the bridegroom in the dignity of an entire new suit, were waiting, attended by their friends, in the parlor we have described, for the appearance of Harry, who had been unable to get leave till the eventful morning, but had promised to be there in time. There is nothing more calculated to throw a gloom over persons assembled for some festive or momentous occasion, than the having to wait for an expected guest. The gossips assembled in Mrs. Martin's room had met with gay smiles and pleasant congratulations, but as minute after minute stole away, and no Harry Darling appeared, the conversation sank into silence, and the company looked grave and tired. The count became impatient, and urged his betrothed not to delay longer, as circumstances might have occurred to prevent "Monsieur Darling" from leaving his ship; but the widow was not to be persuaded. She loved Harry with all the warmth of her affectionate nature. She had never known him break his promise; if he did not come, he must, "she was sure, be ill, or he might even have fallen overboard, and could the count think her such an inhuman monster as to go to be married while the dear child's fate was doubtful?" The gentleman internally wished "the dear child" at the bottom of Spithead, but he dared not dispute the will of his despotic widow, and they waited another quarter of an hour, when, to the joy of all, the missing Harry sprang across the threshold, releasing the "wedding guests" from their thralldom to a nameless kind of discomfort, and his aunt from her nervous fears.

With all speed the party then drove off, and proceeded at a brisk pace to the village church; but even as the tall spire rose in sight above the leafy elms, the clock struck the hour of noon. The bridal party exchanged looks: after twelve, it is not possible to be married in En

gland without a special license. But the bride's attendant suggested that as it could not be more than five minutes after the time, the rector might be induced to overlook the rule, and they alighted and entered the church. Only the sexton was visible, in the act of closing the doors. He told them that the Rev. Mr. Bunbury, after waiting for them till noon, had just ridden off to attend a clerical meeting at some distance; but that even had he been at home, it would have been quite impossible for him to have performed the ceremony after the appointed hour. They were therefore compelled to return unmarried, and Harry received a gentle chiding from his aunt for the confusion he had occasioned, which, however, he asserted was not his fault, but that of the first lieutenant, who had detained him. To atone in some measure for the disappointment to her friends, Mrs. Martin invited them all to dine with her at six, and to accompany her on a similar expedition on the morrow. The invitation was accepted, and the count forgot his disappointment over a plate of turtle-soup, and indulged in delightful anticipations of the next morning which was to render him

“Monarch of all he surveyed.”

Alas, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip! A five minutes too late is no such trifling matter. It was even while wit and champagne were at their height, that a knock at the street door disturbed the jovial company, and was followed by the announcement of “a lady who wished to speak to Monsieur de Fierville.” Mrs. Martin, eager to please the man she delighted to honor, bade the servant usher the lady in, and a scene of confusion followed which may rather be imagined than described. It was no less a personage than the Madame de Fierville herself—the true and living wife of the deceitful lover—who had at length, as she informed them, been able to dispose advantageously of her business as a *modiste*, and had followed her husband to England, trusting she should find him established, according to his intention, as a hairdresser in the good town of Portsea. On reaching his lodgings, however—for she had, after some difficulty, succeeded in tracing him—she learned from the mistress of the house that he had taken to himself the title of his former master—he had been valet to Count F——, and an English wife, and she had come to the home of the latter to exact justice or revenge.” “The count” was no match for his vehement and enraged wife, and could not deny the authenticity of the testimonials of the truth of her statement, which she produced. He was hurried, at rather uncivil speed, from the house by the enraged Harry Darling, and was followed thence by the angry and garrulous Frenchwoman; while Mrs. Martin had a gentle hysteric—nothing could greatly disturb the equanimity of her temper—and sinking on her nephew's shoulder, murmured in broken sobs her thanks to Providence, and, under Providence, to him, “that from being five minutes too late she had

escaped being made an accomplice in the crime of *burglary*!”

We must turn from Mrs. Marting—her love passages and her blunders—to an incident in which the words of our motto were most pathetically and fatally exemplified—

“A moment's putting off has made
Mischance as heavy as a crime.”

The actors, or rather sufferers, of the story were a twin brother and sister, orphans, and dependent on the bounty of a near kinswoman, who, being of the Romish persuasion, had educated the girl in the doctrines of her own faith, although, in compliance with the dying wish of her widowed sister, the boy was suffered to retain that of his country and his father. But this difference of creeds proved the cause of no diminution of affection between the children, whose love for each other equaled or surpassed those loves which Scripture and poetry have made immortal. They were ever to be seen hand-in-hand; the one had no pleasure the other did not partake; their playthings, books, thoughts, joys, and infantine sorrows were shared invariably; and as the boy was educated at home, they were never separated till John had attained his seventeenth year, when his aunt's interest procured him a cadetship, and he was obliged to leave Mary in order to join his regiment in India. It was a terrible separation in those days, when the subjected elements “yoked to man's iron car” had not, as in the present day, nearly fulfilled the modest wish of Dryden's lovers, and

“Annihilated time and space!”

The twins were heartbroken at the idea of parting; but John consoled his sister by the promise of sending for her as soon as he had an Indian home to offer her; and Mary pleaded “that it might be soon, no matter how humble that home might be!” And he assented to all her wishes, and pledged his word never to miss an opportunity of writing to her.

Letters from the East were then few and far between; and when received, brought in their very date a painful reminder of the time that had elapsed since the beloved hand had traced them, and a fear of all that might have chanced since their old news was written. But they were the chief comfort of Mary Murray—

“When seas between them broad had rolled,”

and for days after the arrival of one, her step would fall more lightly, and her voice take a happier tone. After the departure of her nephew, Mrs. Jermyn removed with her niece to France. Her means were straitened, and she could live more economically on the Continent; and there, after the lapse of some few years, she died, leaving Mary Murray all her little property, and advising her to join her brother in India as soon as she conveniently could, but to remain as boarder in a convent till arrangements to that effect could be made. The poor girl obeyed the wishes of her last and only friend, and became for a time the inmate of a cloister; but her thoughts and wishes all tended to the

East, and she longed for the arrival of her brother's next letter—the answer to that in which she had made him aware of her loss, and of her wish to go to him. The mail arrived; there was no letter for *her*, but it brought news of an engagement in which John Murray's regiment had fought bravely and suffered much. His name was not in the list of killed or wounded, but he was reported "missing," probably a prisoner to the enemy, or drowned in the river, on the banks of which the contest had taken place. The grief of her, who had no other tie of love in the world may be imagined; it could scarcely be described. Nevertheless she was young, and the young are generally sanguine. Almost without her being conscious of it, she still cherished a hope that he might be restored to her; but months rolled on, and brought no tidings. Then it was that, sick at heart, and weary even of the hope that was so constantly disappointed, her thoughts turned to the cloister as a refuge from her lonely sorrow. She had no object of interest beyond the walls; the nuns were kind and good; the duties of the convent such as she loved to fulfill. She took the white veil, and at the end of the year's novitiate, the black. The service of final dedication had begun, when a stranger arrived at the convent gate, and requested to see Miss Murray on business of importance. He was desired by the portress to wait till the ceremony, which had commenced about five minutes previously, was ended; and ignorant of the name of the nun who was making her profession, he of course consented to the request. In about an hour's time, a young figure, robed in black, and veiled, stood at the grate to ask his business with her. He uttered an exclamation of alarm and consternation when he perceived Miss Murray in the dress of a nun. Then recovering himself he informed her, as cautiously as his surprise permitted, that he had come from her brother, who had been made prisoner, and was now restored to his regiment, after having endured much, and met with a number of adventures, of which a letter he then offered her would give her a full account. It ought, he acknowledged, to have been delivered a day or two earlier, but he had been much engaged since his arrival in Paris, and had forgotten it till that morning, when, ashamed and sorry for his neglect, he had proceeded at an early hour to the convent. Mary Murray heard him with a pale cheek and quivering lip, and as she took the letter from his hand, murmured, "You came five minutes too late, sir! and to that lost time my brother's happiness and mine have been sacrificed. I am a nun now—as dead to him as if the grave had closed above me!" The young messenger was overwhelmed with regret as vain as it was agonizing. Miss Murray kindly endeavored to console him, but on herself the blow fell heavily. She was never seen to smile from that day; and in less than a year after, the nuns of St. Agnes followed their young sister to the grave. Most fitly might the

beautiful epitaph in the church of Santa Croce have been graven beneath the holy sign her tomb stone bore:

"Ne la plaignez pas! Si vous saviez
Combien de peines ce tombeau l'a épargné!"

The brother grieved deeply for a while, but the stream of the world bore him onward, and its waters are the true Lethe for ordinary and even extraordinary sorrow. He married, and years afterward returned to England with his wife and family; and then the memory of his sister Mary returned vividly and painfully to his mind, and, as a warning to his children, he told them the story of her enduring affection, and of *the fatal five minutes too late!*"

VISIT TO A COPPER-MINE.*

WE left the Land's End, feeling that our homeward journey had now begun from that point; and, walking northward, about five miles along the coast, arrived at Botallack, which contains the most extraordinary copper-mine in Cornwall. Having heard that there was some disinclination in Cornwall to allow strangers to go down the mines, we had provided ourselves, through the kindness of a friend, with a proper letter of introduction, in case of emergency. We were told to go to the counting-house to present our credentials; and on our road thither, beheld the buildings and machinery of the mine, literally stretching down the precipitous face of the cliff, from the land at the top, to the sea at the bottom.

This sight was striking and extraordinary. Here, we beheld a scaffolding perched on a rock that rose out of the waves—there, a steam-pump was at work raising gallons of water from the mine every minute, on a mere ledge of land, half-way down the steep-cliff side. Chains, pipes, conduits, protruded in all directions from the precipice; rotten-looking wooden platforms, running over deep chasms, supported great beams of timber and heavy coils of cable; crazy little boarded-houses were built, where gulls' nests might have been found in other places. There did not appear to be a foot of level space anywhere, for any part of the works of the mine to stand upon; and yet, there they were, fulfilling all the purposes for which they had been constructed, as safely and completely on rocks in the sea, and down precipices on the land, as if they had been cautiously founded on the tracts of smooth, solid ground above!

The counting-house was built on a projection of earth about midway between the top of the cliff and the sea. When we got there, the agent, to whom our letter was addressed, was absent; but his place was supplied by two miners, who came out to receive us; and to one of them we mentioned our recommendation, and modestly hinted a wish to go down the mine forthwith.

But our new friend was not a person who did any thing in a hurry. He was a grave, courteous, and rather melancholy man, of great stat-

* From "Rambles beyond Railways," by W. WILKIE COLLINS.

ure and strength. He looked on us with a benevolent, paternal expression, and appeared to think that we were nothing like strong enough, or cautious enough, to be trusted down the mine. "Did we know," he urged, "that it was dangerous work?" "Yes; but we didn't mind danger!" "Perhaps we were not aware that we should perspire profusely, and be dead-tired getting up and down the ladders?" "Very likely; but we didn't mind that, either!" "Surely we shouldn't like to strip, and put on miners' clothes?" "Yes, we should, of all things!" and, pulling off coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, on the spot, we stood half-undressed already, just as the big miner was proposing another objection, which, under existing circumstances, he good-naturedly changed into a speech of acquiescence. "Very well, gentlemen," said he, taking up two suits of miners' clothes; "I see you are determined to go down; and so you shall! You'll be wet through with the heat and the work before you come up again; so just put on these things, and keep your own clothes dry."

The clothing consisted of a flannel shirt, flannel drawers, canvas trowsers, and a canvas jacket—all stained of a tawny copper color; but all quite clean. A white night-cap and a round hat, composed of some iron-hard substance, well calculated to protect the head from any loose stones that might fall on it, completed the equipment; to which, three tallow-candles were afterward added—two to hang at the button-hole, one to carry in the hand.

My friend was dressed first. He had got a suit which fitted him tolerably, and which, as far as appearances went, made a regular miner of him at once. Far different was my case.

The same mysterious dispensation of fate, which always awards tall wives to short men, decreed that a suit of the big miner's should be reserved for me. He stood six feet two inches—I stand five feet six inches. I put on his flannel shirt—it fell down to my toes, like a bed-gown; his drawers—and they flowed in Turkish luxuriance over my feet. At his trowsers I helplessly stopped short, lost in the voluminous recesses of each leg. The big miner, like a good Samaritan as he was, came to my assistance. He put the pocket-button through the waist button-hole, to keep the trowsers up, in the first instance; then, he "hauled taut" the braces (as sailors say), until my waistband was under my armpits; and then he pronounced that I and my trowsers fitted each other in great perfection. The cuffs of the jacket were next turned up to my elbows—the white nightcap was dragged over my ears—the round hat was jammed down over my eyes. When I add to all this, that I am so near-sighted as to be obliged to wear spectacles, and that I finished my toilet by putting my spectacles on (knowing that I should see little or nothing without them), nobody, I think, will be astonished to hear that my companion seized his sketch-book, and caricatured me on the spot; and that the grave miner, polite as he was, shook with in-

ternal laughter, as I took up my tallow-candles and reported myself ready for a descent into the mine.

We left the counting-house, and ascended the face of the cliff. Then, walked a short distance along the edge, descended a little again, and stopped at a wooden platform built across a deep gully. Here, the miner pulled up a trap-door, and disclosed a perpendicular ladder leading down to a black hole, like the opening of a chimney. "This is the shaft; I will go down first, to catch you, in case you tumble; follow me, and hold tight!" Saying this, our friend squeezed himself through the trap-door, and we went after him as we had been bidden.

The black hole, when we entered it, proved to be not quite so dark as it had appeared from above. Rays of light occasionally penetrated it through chinks in the outer rock. But, by the time we had got some little way further down, these rays began to fade. Then, just as we seemed to be lowering ourselves into total darkness, we were desired to stand on a narrow landing-place opposite the ladder, and wait there while the miner went below for a light. He soon reascended to us, bringing not only the light he had promised, but a large lump of damp clay with it. Having lighted our candles, he stuck them against the front of our hats with the clay, in order, as he said, to leave both our hands free to us to use as we liked. Thus strangely accoutred, like Solomon Eagles in the Great Plague, with flame on our heads, we resumed the descent of the shaft; and now, at last, began to penetrate beneath the surface of the earth in good earnest.

The process of getting down the ladders was not very pleasant. They were all quite perpendicular, the rounds were placed at irregular distances, were many of them much worn away, and were slippery with water and copper-ooze. Add to this, the narrowness of the shaft, the dripping-wet rock shutting you in, as it were, all round your back and sides against the ladder—the fathomless-looking darkness beneath—the light flaring immediately above you, as if your head was on fire—the voice of the miner below, rumbling away in dull echoes lower and lower into the bowels of the earth—the consciousness that if the rounds of the ladder broke, you might fall down a thousand feet or so of narrow tunnel in a moment—imagine all this, and you may easily realize what are the first impressions produced by a descent into a Cornish mine.

By the time we had got down seventy fathoms, or four hundred and twenty feet of ladders, we stopped at another landing-place, just broad enough to afford standing-room for us three. Here, the miner, pointing to an opening yawning horizontally in the rock at one side of us, said that this was the first gallery from the surface; that we had done with the ladders for the present; and that a little climbing and crawling were now to begin.

Our path was a strange one, as we advanced

through the rift. Rough stones of all sizes, holes here, and eminences there, impeded us at every yard. Sometimes, we could walk on in a stooping position—sometimes, we were obliged to crawl on our hands and knees. Occasionally, greater difficulties than these presented themselves. Certain parts of the gallery dipped into black, ugly-looking pits, crossed by thin planks, over which we walked dizzily, a little bewildered by the violent contrast between the flaring light that we carried above us, and the pitch-darkness beneath and before us. One of these places terminated in a sudden rising in the rock, hollowed away below, but surmounted by a narrow, projecting wooden platform, to which it was necessary to climb by cross-beams arranged at wide distances. My companion ascended to this awkward elevation without hesitating; but I came to an "awful pause" before it. Fettered as I was by my Brobdignag jacket and trowsers, I felt a humiliating consciousness that any extraordinary gymnastic exertion was altogether out of my power.

Our friend, the miner, saw my difficulty, and extricated me from it at once, with a promptitude and skill which deserves record. Descending half way by the beams, he clutched with one hand that hinder part of my too voluminous nether garments, which presented the broadest superficies of canvas to his grasp (I hope the delicate reader appreciates the ingenious cleanliness of my periphrasis, when I mention in detail so coarse a subject as trowsers!). Having grappled me thus, he lifted me up in an instant, as easily as a small parcel; then carried me horizontally along the loose boards, like a refractory little boy borne off by the usher to the master's birch; or, considering the candle burning on my hat, and the necessity of elevating my position by as lofty a comparison as I can make—like a flying Mercury with a star on his head; and finally deposited me safely upon my legs, again, on the firm rock pathway beyond. "You are but a light and a little man, my son!" says this excellent fellow, snuffing my candle for me before we go on; "only let me lift you about as I like, and you shan't come to any harm while I am with you!"

Speaking thus, the miner leads us forward again. After we have walked a little further in a crouching position, he calls a halt, makes a seat for us by sticking a piece of old board between the rocky walls of the gallery, and then proceeds to explain the exact subterranean position which we actually occupy.

We are now four hundred yards out, *under the bottom of the sea*; and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us men are at work, and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Botallack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea!

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with flame burning on our heads, and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes!

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is *felt* on the ear as well as *heard* by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike any thing that is heard on the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

At last, the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation: so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor—all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air, and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no such catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the caverns below.

Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the dark ceiling of the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible crannies in the rock. On stormy days it spirts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain, untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is

part, and a great part, of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea; and which has been so far worked away here, that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and the gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pick-ax on any part of it.

This information is rather startling when communicated at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet under ground. We should decidedly have preferred to receive it in the counting-house! It makes us pause for an instant, to the miner's infinite amusement, in the very act of knocking away about an inch of ore from the rock, as a memento of Botallack. Having, however, ventured, on reflection, to assume the responsibility of weakening our defense against the sea by the length and breadth of an inch, we secure our piece of copper, and next proceed to discuss the propriety of descending two hundred and forty feet more of ladders, for the sake of visiting that part of the mine where the men are at work.

Two or three causes concur to make us doubt the wisdom of going lower. There is a hot, moist, sickly vapor floating about us, which becomes more oppressive every moment; we are already perspiring at every pore, as we were told we should, and our hands, faces, jackets, and trowsers, are all more or less covered with a mixture of mud, tallow, and iron-drippings, which we can feel and smell much more accurately than is exactly desirable. We ask the miner what there is to see lower down. He replies, nothing but men breaking ore with pick-axes; the galleries of the mine are alike, however deep they may go: when you have seen one, you have seen all.

The answer decides us—we determine to get back to the surface.

We returned along the gallery, just as we had advanced, with the same large allowance of scrambling, creeping, and stumbling on our way. I was charitably carried along and down the platform over the pit by my trowsers, as before: our order of procession only changed when we gained the ladders again. Then, our friend the miner went last instead of first, upon the same principle of being ready to catch us if we fell, which led him to precede us on our descent. Except that one of the rounds cracked under his weight as we went up, we ascended without casualties of any kind. As we neared the mouth of the shaft, the daylight atmosphere looked dazzlingly white, after the darkness in which we had been groping so long; and when we once more stood out on the cliff, we felt a cold, health-giving purity in the sea-breeze, and, at the same time, a sense of recovered freedom in the power that we now enjoyed of running, jumping, and stretching our limbs in perfect security and with full space for action, which it was almost a new sensation to experience. Habit teaches us to think little of the light and air that we live and breathe in, or, at most, to view

them only as the ordinary conditions of our being. To find out that they are more than this, that they are a luxury as well as a necessity of life, go down into a mine, and compare what you *can* exist in there, with what you *do* exist in, on upper earth!

On re-entering the counting-house, we were greeted by the welcome appearance of two large tubs of water, with soap and flannel placed invitingly by their sides. Copious ablutions and clean clothes, are potent restorers of muscular energy. These, and a half hour of repose, enabled us to resume our knapsacks as briskly as ever, and walk on fifteen miles to the town of St. Ives—our resting-place for the night.

Serious accidents are rare in the mines of Cornwall. From the horrors of such explosions as take place in coal-mines, they are by their nature entirely free. The casualties that oftenest occur are serious falls, generally produced by the carelessness of inexperienced, or foolhardy people. Of these, and of extraordinary escapes from death with which they are associated, many anecdotes are told in mining districts, which would appear to the reader exaggerated, or positively untrue, if I related them on mere hearsay evidence. There was, however, one instance of a fall down the shaft of a mine, unattended with fatal consequences, which occurred while I was in Cornwall; and which I may safely adduce, for I can state some of the facts connected with the affair, as an eye-witness. I attended an examination of the sufferer by a medical man, and heard the story of the accident from the parents of the patient.

On the 7th of August last, a boy fourteen years of age, the son of a miner, slipped into the shaft of Boscaswell Down Mine, in the neighborhood of Penzance. He fell to the depth of thirteen fathoms, or seventy-eight feet. Fifty-eight feet down, he struck his left side against a board placed across the shaft, snapped it in two, and then falling twenty feet more, pitched on his head. He was of course taken up insensible; the doctor was sent for; and, on examining him, found, to his amazement, that there was actually a chance of the boy's recovery after his tremendous fall!

Not a bone in his body was broken. He was bruised and scratched all over, and there were three cuts—none of them serious—on his head. The board stretched across the shaft, twenty feet from the bottom, had saved him from being dashed to pieces; but had inflicted, at the same time, where his left side had struck it, the only injury that appeared dangerous to the medical man—a large, hard lump that could be felt under the bruised skin. The boy showed no symptoms of fever; his pulse, day after day, was found never varying from eighty-two to the minute; his appetite was voracious; and the internal functions of his body only required a little ordinary medicine to keep them properly at work. In short, nothing was to be dreaded but the chance of the formation of an abscess in his left side, between the hip and ribs. He

had been under medical care exactly one week, when I accompanied the doctor on a visit to him.

The cottage where he lived with his parents, though small, was neat and comfortable. We found him lying in bed, awake. He looked sleepy and lethargic; but his skin was moist and cool; his face displayed neither paleness, nor injury of any kind. He had just eaten a good dinner of rabbit-pie; and was anxious to be allowed to sit up in a chair, and amuse himself by looking out of the window. His left side was first examined. A great circular bruise discolored the skin, over the whole space between the hip and ribs; but on touching it, the doctor discovered that the lump beneath had considerably decreased in size, and was much less hard than it had felt during previous visits. Next, we looked at his back and arms—they were scratched and bruised all over; but nowhere seriously. Lastly, the dressings were taken off his head, and three cuts were disclosed, which even a non-medical eye could easily perceive to be of no great importance. Such were all the results of a fall of seventy-eight feet!

The boy's father reiterated to me the account of the accident, just as I had already heard it from the doctor. How it happened, he said, could only be guessed, for his son had completely forgotten all the circumstances immediately preceding the fall; neither could he communicate any of the sensations which must have attended it. Most probably, he had been sitting dangling his legs idly over the mouth of the shaft, and had so slipped in. But, however the accident really happened, there the sufferer was before us—less seriously hurt than many a lad who has trodden on a piece of orange peel as he was walking along the street.

We left him (humanly speaking) certain of recovery, now that the dangerous lump in his side had begun to decrease. I have since heard from his medical attendant, that in two months from the date of the accident, he was at work again as usual in the mine; at that very part of it too, where his fall had taken place!

It was not the least interesting part of my visit to the cottage where he lay ill, to observe the anxious affection displayed toward him by both his parents. His mother left her work in the kitchen to hold him in her arms, while the old dressings were being taken off and the new ones applied—sighing bitterly, poor creature, every time he winced or cried out under the pain of the operation. The father put several questions to the doctor, which were always perfectly to the point; and did the honors of his little abode to his stranger visitor, with a natural politeness and a simple cordiality of manner which showed that he really meant the welcome that he spoke. Nor was he any exception to the rest of his brother-workmen with whom I met. As a body of men, they are industrious and intelligent; sober and orderly; neither soured by hard work, nor easily depressed by harder privations. No description of personal experi-

ences in the Cornish mines can be fairly concluded, without a collateral testimony to the merits of the Cornish miners—a testimony which I am happy to accord here; and to which my readers would cheerfully add their voices, if they ever felt inclined to test its impartiality by their own experience.

* SATURDAY IN A LONDON MARKET.*

ON a Saturday—the coster's business day—it is computed that as many as 2000 donkey-barrows, and upward of 3000 women with shallows and head-baskets visit this market during the forenoon. About six o'clock in the morning is the best time for viewing the wonderful restlessness of the place, for then not only is the "Garden" itself all bustle and activity, but the buyers and sellers stream to and from it in all directions, filling every street in the vicinity. From Long Acre to the Strand on the one side, and from Bow-street to Bedford-street on the other, the ground has been seized upon by the market-goers. As you glance down any one of the neighboring streets, the long rows of carts and donkey-barrows seem interminable in the distance. They are of all kinds, from the greengrocer's taxed cart to the coster's barrow—from the showy excursion-van to the rude square donkey-cart and bricklayer's truck. In every street they are ranged down the middle and by the curb-stones. Along each approach to the market, too, nothing is to be seen, on all sides, but vegetables; the pavement is covered with heaps of them waiting to be carted; the flagstones are stained green with the leaves trodden under foot; sieves and sacks full of apples and potatoes, and bundles of broccoli and rhubarb, are left unwatched upon almost every door-step; the steps of Covent Garden Theatre are covered with fruit and vegetables; the road is blocked up with mountains of cabbages and turnips; and men and women push past with their arms bowed out by the cauliflowers under them, or the red tips of carrots pointing from their crammed aprons, or else their faces are red with the weight of the loaded head-basket.

The donkey-barrows, from their number and singularity, force you to stop and notice them. Every kind of ingenuity has been exercised to construct harness for the costers' steeds; where a buckle is wanting, tape or string make the fastening secure; traces are made of rope and old chain, and an old sack or cotton handkerchief is folded up as a saddle-pad. Some few of the barrows make a magnificent exception, and are gay with bright brass; while one of the donkeys may be seen dressed in a suit of old plated carriage-harness, decorated with coronets in all directions. At some one of the coster conveyances stands the proprietor, arranging his goods, the dozing animal starting up from its sleep each time a heavy basket is hoisted on the tray. Others, with their green and white and red load neatly arranged, are ready for

* FROM MAYHEW'S "London Labor and the London Poor," in the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

starting, but the coster is finishing his breakfast at the coffee-stall. On one barrow there may occasionally be seen a solitary sieve of apples, with the horse of some neighboring cart helping himself to the pippins while the owner is away. The men that take charge of the trucks, while the costers visit the market, walk about, with their arms full of whips and sticks. At one corner a donkey has slipped down, and lies on the stones covered with the cabbages and apples that have fallen from the cart.

The market itself presents a beautiful scene. In the clear morning air of an autumn day the whole of the vast square is distinctly seen from one end to the other. The sky is red and golden with the newly-risen sun, and the rays falling on the fresh and vivid colors of the fruit and vegetables, brighten up the picture as with a coat of varnish. There is no shouting, as at other markets, but a low murmuring hum is heard, like the sound of the sea at a distance, and through each entrance to the market the crowd sweeps by. Under the dark Piazza little bright dots of gas-lights are seen burning in the shops; and in the paved square the people pass and cross each other in all directions, hampers clash together, and excepting the carters from the country, every one is on the move. Sometimes a huge column of baskets is seen in the air, and walks away in a marvelously steady manner, or a monster railway van, laden with sieves of fruit, and with the driver perched up on his high seat, jolts heavily over the stones. Cabbages are piled up into stacks, as it were. Carts are heaped high with turnips, and bunches of carrots, like huge red fingers, are seen in all directions. Flower-girls, with large bundles of violets under their arms, run past, leaving a trail of perfume behind them. Wagons, with their shafts sticking up in the air, are ranged before the salesmen's shops, the high green load railed in with hurdles, and every here and there bunches of turnips are seen flying in the air over the heads of the people. Groups of apple-women, with straw pads on their crushed bonnets, and coarse shawls crossing their bosoms, sit on their porter's knots, chatting in Irish, and smoking short pipes; every passer-by is hailed with the cry of "Want a baskit, yer honor?" The porter, trembling under the piled-up hamper, trots along the street, with his teeth clenched, and shirt wet with the weight, and staggering at every step he takes.

Inside, the market is all bustle and confusion. The people walk along with their eyes fixed on the goods, and frowning with thought. Men in all costumes, from the coster in his corduroy suit to the greengrocer in his blue apron, sweep past. A countryman, in an old straw hat and dusty boots, occasionally draws down the anger of a woman for walking about with his hands in the pockets of his smock-frock, and is asked, "if that is the way to behave on a market-day?" Even the granite pillars can not stop the crowd, for it separates and rushes past them, like the tide by a bridge pier. At every turn

there is a fresh odor to sniff at; either the bitter aromatic perfume of the herbalists' shops breaks upon you, or the scent of oranges, then of apples, and then of onions, is caught for an instant as you move along. The broccoli tied up in square packets, the white heads tinged slightly red, as it were, with the sunshine—the sieves of crimson love-apples, polished like china—the bundles of white glossy leeks, their roots dangling like fringe; the celery, with its pinky stalks and bright green tops, the dark purple pickling-cabbages, the scarlet carrots, the white knobs of turnips, the bright yellow balls of oranges, and the rich brown coats of the chestnuts—attract the eye on every side. Then there are the apple-merchants, with their fruit of all colors, from the pale yellow green to the bright crimson, and the baskets ranged in rows on the pavement before the little shops. Round these the customers stand examining the stock, then whispering together over their bargain, and counting their money. "Give you four shillings for this here lot, master," says a coster, speaking for his three companions. "Four-and-six is my price," answers the salesman. "Say four, and it's a bargain," continues the man. "I said my price," returns the dealer; "go and look round, and see if you can get 'em cheaper; if not, come back. I only wants what's fair." The men, taking the salesman's advice, move on. The walnut-merchant, with a group of women before his shop, peeling the fruit, their fingers stained deep brown, is busy with the Irish purchasers. The onion stores, too, are surrounded by Hibernians, feeling and pressing the gold-colored roots, whose dry skins crackle as they are handled. Cases of lemons in their white paper jackets, and blue grapes, just seen above the sawdust, are ranged about, and in some places the ground is slippery as ice from the refuse leaves and walnut-husks scattered over the pavement.

Against the railings of St. Paul's Church are hung baskets and slippers for sale, and near the public-house is a party of countrymen preparing their bunches of pretty colored grass—brown and glittering, as if it had been bronzed. Between the spikes of the railing are piled up square cakes of green turf for larks; and at the pump, boys, who probably have passed the previous night in the baskets about the market, are washing, and the water dripping from their hair that hangs in points over the face. The curb-stone is blocked up by a crowd of admiring lads, gathered round the bird-catcher's green stand, and gazing at the larks beating their breasts against their cages. The owner, whose boots are red with the soil of the brick-field, shouts, as he looks carelessly around, "A cock linnet for tuppence," and then hits at the youths who are poking through the bars at the fluttering birds.

Under the Piazza the costers purchase their flowers (in pots), which they exchange in the streets for old clothes. Here is ranged a small garden of flower-pots, the musk and mignonnette smelling sweetly, and the scarlet geraniums,

with a perfect glow of colored air about the flowers, standing out in rich contrast with the dark green leaves of the evergreens behind them. "There's myrtles, and larels, and boxes," says one of the men selling them, "and there's a harbora witus, and lauristiners, and that bushy shrub with pink spots is heath." Men and women, selling different articles, walk about under the cover of the colonnade. One has seed-cake, another small-tooth and other combs, others old caps or pig's feet, and one hawker of knives, razors, and short hatchets, may occasionally be seen driving a bargain with a countryman, who stands passing his thumb over the blade to test its keenness. Between the pillars are the coffee-stalls, with their large tin cans and piles of bread and butter, and protected from the wind by paper screens and sheets thrown over clothes-horses; inside these little parlors, as it were, sit the coffee-drinkers on chairs and benches, some with a bunch of cabbages on their laps, blowing the steam from their saucers, others, with their mouths full, munching away at their slices, as if not a moment could be lost. One or two porters are there besides, seated on their baskets, breakfasting with their knots on their heads.

As you walk away from this busy scene, you meet in every street barrows and costers hurrying home. The pump in the market is now surrounded by a cluster of chattering wenches quarreling over whose turn it is to water their drooping violets, and on the steps of Covent Garden Theatre are seated the shoeless girls, tying up the halfpenny and penny bundles.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

IN a work recently published in London, entitled "Lights and Shades of Military Life," M. de VIGNY, the author, gives incidents from his own experience which place in a striking light some of the unutterable horrors of war.

In his first march, with his ambition glowing as brightly as his maiden sword, and his hopes yet fresh as his untarnished epaulets, he falls in with an old *chef de bataillon*. He was a man of about fifty, with mustaches, tall and stout, his back curved, after the manner of old military officers who have carried the knapsack. His features were hard but benevolent, such as you often meet with in the army, indicating, at the same time, the natural goodness of the heart of the man, and the callousness induced by long use to scenes of blood and carnage. This old soldier of the Empire is marching along beside a little cart, drawn by a sorry mule, in which sits a woman—a maniac—whose story he tells with a soldier's frankness, as a part of his own history. The old man had been a sailor in his youth, and at the time of the Directory was captain of a merchantman. From that situation he was promoted, aristocracy being at a discount, to command the Marat, a brig of war, and one of his first duties was to sail with two political prisoners, a young Frenchman and his wife. He supposed that he was

to land them at Cayenne, to which place other exiles had previously been dispatched in other vessels; but he carried sealed orders from the Directory, which were not to be opened till the vessel reached the Equator. On the passage, the captain and his young passengers became greatly attached to each other, so much so that he wished to leave the service, and, with what fortune he had, share and alleviate their fate. In their youth and innocence, and earnest love for each other, the young unfortunates had twined themselves about the rough heart of the sailor, and he regarded them as his children. But there was the ominous letter, bearing the red seals of the Directory, which was to decide their fate—and the time arrived for it to be opened. The seals were broken, and what was the captain's horror to find that it contained an order for him to have the young husband shot, and then to return with the wife to France. After he had read the paper, he rubbed his eyes, thinking that they must have deceived him. He could not trust his senses. His limbs trembled beneath him. He could not trust himself to go near the fair young Laura, who looked so happy, with tidings that would blight her existence. What was he to do? He never seems to have thought of leaving the order unexecuted; the iron of unreasoning obedience had seared his soul too deeply for that. The horrid task, revolt at it as he might, was a *duty*, because he had been *ordered* to do it. He communicated the order to his victim, who heard his fate with a stoicism worthy of an old Roman. His only thought was for his poor young wife, so fair, and fond, and gentle. He said, with a voice as mild as usual, "I ask no favor, captain. I should never forgive myself if I were to cause you to violate your duty. I should merely like to say a few words to Laura, and I beg you to protect her, in case she should survive me, which I do not think she will." It is arranged between the victim of slavish obedience, and the victim of the cruelty of the Reign of Terror, that poor Laura should know nothing of what was to be her husband's fate. She is put into a boat at night and rowed from the ship, while the tragedy is being acted out; but she sees the flash of the muskets, her heart tells her too plainly what has happened, and her reason fails under the shock. "At the moment of firing, she clasped her hand to her head, as if a ball had struck her brow, and sat down in the boat without fainting, without shrieking, without speaking, and returned to the brig with the crew when they pleased and how they pleased." The old captain spoke to her but she did not understand him. She was mute, rubbing her pale forehead, and trembling as though she were afraid of every body, and thus she remained an idiot for life. The captain returned to France with his charge, got himself removed into the land forces, for the sea—into which he had cast innocent blood—was unbearable to him; and had continued to watch over the poor imbecile as a father over his child.

M. de Vigny saw the poor woman; he says, "I saw two blue eyes of extraordinary size, admirable in point of form, starting from a long, pale, emaciated face, inundated by perfectly straight fair hair. I saw, in truth, nothing but those two eyes, which were all that was left of that poor woman, for the rest of her was dead. Her forehead was red, her cheeks hollow and white, and bluish on the cheek bones. She was crouched among the straw, so that one could just see her two knees rising above it, and on them she was playing all alone at dominoes. She looked at us for a moment, trembled a long time, smiled at me a little, and began to play again. It seemed to me that she was trying to make out how her right hand beat her left." It was the wreck of love and beauty, torn by the blind slave obedience, at the bidding of vengeance and hate. M. de Vigny was a young and thoughtless soldier; but young and thoughtless as he was, the phantom glory must have beamed brightly indeed, to prevent him from seeing the gloomy darkness of such a shade of military life as this, and keep him from shaking the fetters of blind obedience from intellect and mercy. He never saw the old *chef* and his charge again; but he heard of them. In speaking to a brother officer one day of the sad story, his companion in arms replied, "Ah, my dear fellow, I knew that poor devil well. A brave man he was too; he was taken off by a cannon-ball at Waterloo. He had, in fact, left along with the baggage a sort of crazy girl, whom we took to the hospitable of Amiens on our way to the army of the Loire, and who died there and raving at the end of three days."

If in this story we recognize the goodness, the true nobility of heart of this old soldier, we can not fail to see in all its hideousness, the horrors and evils of a system which deadens intellect, paralyzes virtue, and dims the light of mercy—the system of slavish obedience, crushing out all individuality, and making the good and the bad alike its subservient instruments.

As a pendant to the above we take a few extracts from the story of Captain Renaud, once a page to Napoleon, of whom Byron truly says:

"With might unquestioned—power to save—
Thine only gift hath been the grave,
To those that worship'd thee."

And so poor Renaud found. He had the misfortune to fall under the displeasure of the Emperor, and was sent from the army to serve on board that abortive flat-bottomed-boat armada, which threatened a descent upon the shores of England. Here he was taken prisoner, and, after a long captivity, being exchanged, hastened to Paris to throw himself at the feet of the conqueror. The reception was a strange one. It took place at the Opera, and we quote a description of it. "He (Napoleon) placed his left hand upon his left eye to see better, according to his custom; I perceived that he had recognized me. He turned about sharply, took no notice of any thing but the

stage, and presently retired. I was already in waiting for him. He walked fast along the corridor, and, from his thick legs, squeezed into white silk stockings, and his bloated figure in his green dress, I should scarcely have known him again. He stopped short before me, and speaking to the colonel, who presented me, instead of addressing himself direct to me, 'Why,' said he, 'have I never seen any thing of him?' Still a lieutenant?"

"He has been a prisoner ever since 1804."

"Why did he not make his escape?"

"I was on parole!" said I, in an undertone.

"I don't like prisoners!—the fellows ought to get killed," said he, turning his back upon me.

"We remained motionless in file, and when the whole of his suite had passed: 'My dear fellow,' said the colonel, 'don't you see plainly that you are a fool? You have lost your promotion, and nobody thinks the better of you for it.'"

Poor obedience, blind, slavish, unreasoning; its reward was often to be spurned. "Fool" indeed; a great many people will be inclined to re-echo the colonel's epithet, not because Renaud had been a prisoner—not because he was not killed, or did not escape, but because this same habit of obedience had so thoroughly taken the true man out of him, that he did not cut the epaulets from his shoulders, and leave glory to find some other fool. But he was a soldier, and a soldier's first duty was obedience. He went to his regiment, and from his after-life we extract another "shade" of the horrors of war. Captain Renaud narrates how he surprised a detachment of Russians at their post. It was a glorious achievement of course—a parallel to any of the atrocities of the North American Indians. "I came up slowly, and I could not, I must confess, get the better of a certain emotion which I had never felt at the moment of other encounters. It was shame for attacking men who were asleep; I saw them wrapped in their cloaks, lighted by a close lantern, and my heart throbbed violently. But all at once, at the moment of acting, I feared that it was a weakness very like that of cowards; I was afraid that I had for once felt fear, and taking my sword, which had been concealed under my arm, I briskly entered first, setting the example to my grenadiers. I made a motion to them which they comprehended; they fell first upon the guns, then upon the men, like wolves upon a flock of sheep. Oh, it was a dismal, a horrible butchery. The bayonet pierced, the butt-end smashed, the knee stifled, the hand strangled. All cries were extinguished, almost before they were uttered, beneath the feet of our soldiers; and not a head was raised without receiving the mortal blow. On entering, I had struck at random a terrible stroke at something black, which I had run through and through. An old officer, a tall stout man, whose head was covered with white hair, sprung upon his feet like a phantom, made a violent lunge at my face with

a sword, and instantly dropped dead pierced by the bayonets! On my part, I fell beside him, stunned by the blow, which had struck me between the eyes, and I heard beneath me the tender and dying voice of a boy, saying, 'papa!' I then comprehended what I had done, and I looked at my work with frantic eagerness. I saw one of those officers of fourteen, so numerous in the Russian armies, which invaded us at that period, and who were dragged away to this awful school. His long curling hair fell upon his bosom, as fair, as silken as that of a woman, and his head was bowed, as though he had but fallen asleep a second time. His rosy lips, expanded like those of a new-born infant, seemed to be yet moist with the nurse's milk; and his large blue eyes, half open, had a beauty of form that was fond and feminine. I lifted him upon one arm, and his cheek fell against mine, dripping with blood, as though he were burying his face in his mother's bosom to warm it again. He seemed to shrink from me, and crouch close to the ground, in order to get away from his murderer. Filial affection, and the confidence and repose of a delicious sleep pervaded his lifeless face, and he seemed to say to me, 'Let us sleep in peace!'

"At this moment, the colonel entered, followed close by his column, whose step and arms I heard.

"'Bravo, my dear fellow,' said he, 'you've done that job cleverly; but you are wounded!'

"'Look there,' said I; 'what difference is there between me and a murderer?'

"'Eh! *Sacre dieu!* comrade, what would you have? 'Tis our trade!'

Great God! what a trade for men to give themselves up to, for considerations of all kinds, from peerages and pensions down to a shilling a day. Legalized murder as a profession for the poor foster-children of passive obedience, who, when they trust themselves to think, sometimes find themselves—and upon their own showing, too—little better than murderers. Poor Captain Renaud, however, continued in the service still. So thoroughly was the man smothered in the soldier, that neglect, contempt, contumely, and the sensations of a homicide were not sufficient to induce him to break his fetters. After Napoleon's fall, he remained a soldier of the Bourbons, and there was a sort of poetical justice in his death; for in the sanguinary revolution of 1830 a *gamin de Paris*, a boy scarcely able to hold a horse-pistol, shot the veteran of the Empire.

M. de Vigny closes his portion of the "Lights and Shades" by setting up an idol for soldiers to worship, and which is to sustain them under all their sufferings. The profession of arms has lost the attribute of apparent usefulness which once belonged to it. The star of glory is setting below the horizon of peace; and warriors, knowing themselves at once hated and feared—feeling themselves out of place in the era which is beginning—degraded from heroes into policemen—are to lean upon Honor for support; but

we think, that in the midst of obloquy, privation, and neglect, that sentiment will prove but a broken staff, incapable of bearing such a load of misery and wrong.

THE FACTORY BOY.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IN the middle of a dark night, Joel, a boy of nine years old, heard his name called by a voice which, through his sleep, seemed miles away. Joel had been tired enough when he went to bed, and yet he had not gone to sleep for some time; his heart beat so at the idea of his mother being very ill. He well remembered his father's death, and his mother's illness now revived some feelings which he had almost forgotten. His bed was merely some clothes spread on the floor, and covered with a rug; but he did not mind that; and he could have gone to sleep at once but for the fear that had come over him. When he did sleep, his sleep was sound; so that his mother's feeble voice calling him seemed like a call from miles away.

In a minute Joel was up and wide awake.

"Light the candle," he could just hear the voice say.

He lighted the candle, and his beating heart seemed to stop when he saw his mother's face. He seemed hardly to know whether it was his mother or no.

"Shall I call—?"

"Call nobody, my dear. Come here."

He laid his cheek to hers.

"Mother, you are dying," he murmured.

"Yes, love, I am dying. It is no use calling any one. These little ones, Joel."

"I will take care of them, mother."

"You, my child! How should that be?"

"Why not?" said the boy, raising himself, and standing at his best height. "Look at me, mother. I can work. I promise you—"

His mother could not lift her hand, but she moved a finger in a way which checked him.

"Promise nothing that may be too hard afterward," she said.

"I promise to try then," he said; "that little sister shall live at home, and never go to the workhouse." He spoke cheerfully, though the candle-light glittered in the two streams of tears on his cheeks. "We can go on living here; and we shall be so—"

It would not do. The sense of their coming desolation rushed over him in a way too terrible to be borne. He hid his face beside her, murmuring, "O mother! mother!"

His mother found strength to move her hand now. She stroked his head with a trembling touch, which he seemed to feel as long as he lived. She could not say much more. She told him she had no fear for any of them. They would be taken care of. She advised him not to waken the little ones, who were sound asleep on the other side of her, and begged him to lie down himself till daylight, and try to sleep, when she should be gone.

This was the last thing she said. The candle

was very low ; but before it went out, she was gone. Joel had always done what his mother wished ; but he could not obey her in the last thing she had said. He lighted another candle when the first went out ; and sat thinking, till the gray dawn began to show through the window.

When he called the neighbors, they were astonished at his quietness. He had taken up the children, and dressed them, and made the room tidy, and lighted the fire, before he told any body what had happened. And when he opened the door, his little sister was in his arms. She was two years old, and could walk, of course ; but she liked being in Joel's arms. Poor Willy was the most confounded. He stood with his pinafore at his mouth, staring at the bed, and wondering that his mother lay so still.

If the neighbors were astonished at Joel that morning, they might be more so at some things they saw afterward ; but they were not. Every thing seemed done so naturally ; and the boy evidently considered what he had to do so much a matter of course, that less sensation was excited than about many smaller things.

After the funeral was over, Joel tied up all his mother's clothes. He carried the bundle on one arm, and his sister on the other. He would not have liked to take money for what he had seen his mother wear ; but he changed them away for new and strong clothes for the child. He did not seem to want any help. He went to the factory the next morning, as usual, after washing and dressing the children, and getting a breakfast of bread and milk with them. There was no fire ; and he put every knife, and other dangerous thing on a high shelf, and gave them some trifles to play with, and promised to come and play with them at dinner-time. And he did play. He played heartily with the little one, and as if he enjoyed it, every day at the noon hour. Many a merry laugh the neighbors heard from that room when the three children were together ; and the laugh was often Joel's.

How he learned to manage, and especially to cook, nobody knew ; and he could himself have told little more than that he wanted to see how people did it, and looked accordingly, at every opportunity. He certainly fed the children well ; and himself too. He knew that every thing depended on his strength being kept up. His sister sat on his knee to be fed till she could feed herself. He was sorry to give it up ; but he said she must learn to behave. So he smoothed her hair, and washed her face before dinner, and showed her how to fold her hands while he said grace. He took as much pains to train her to good manners at table as if he had been a governess, teaching a little lady. While she remained a "baby," he slept in the middle of the bed, between the two, that she might have room, and not be disturbed ; and when she ceased to be a baby, he silently made new arrangements. He denied himself a hat, which he much wanted, in order to buy a consider-

able quantity of coarse dark calico, which, with his own hands, he made into a curtain, and slung up across a part of the room ; thus shutting off about a third of it. Here he contrived to make up a little bed for his sister ; and he was not satisfied till she had a basin and jug, and piece of soap of her own. Here nobody but himself was to intrude upon her without leave ; and, indeed, he always made her understand that he came only to take care of her. It was not only that Willy was not to see her undressed. A neighbor or two, now and then lifted the latch without knocking. One of these one day, heard something from behind the curtain, which made her call her husband silently to listen ; and they always afterward treated Joel as if he were a man, and one whom they looked up to. He was teaching the child her little prayer. The earnest, sweet, devout tones by the boy, and the innocent, cheerful imitation of the little one, were beautiful to hear, the listeners said.

Though so well taken care of, she was not to be pampered ; there would have been no kindness in that. Very early, indeed, she was taught, in a merry sort of way, to put things in their places, and to sweep the floor, and to wash up the crockery. She was a handy little thing, well trained and docile. One reward that Joel had for his management was, that she was early fit to go to chapel. This was a great point ; as he, choosing to send Willy regularly, could not go till he could take the little girl with him. She was never known to be restless ; and Joel was quite proud of her.

Willy was not neglected for the little girl's sake. In those days, children went earlier to the factory, and worked longer than they do now, and, by the time the sister was five years old, Willy became a factory boy ; and his pay put the little girl to school. When she, at seven, went to the factory, too, Joel's life was altogether an easier one. He always had maintained them all, from the day of his mother's death. The times must have been good—work constant, and wages steady—or he could not have done it. Now, when all three were earning, he put his sister to a sewing-school for two evenings in the week, and the Saturday afternoons ; and he and Willy attended an evening-school, as they found they could afford it. He always escorted the little girl wherever she had to go : into the factory, and home again—to the school door, and home again—and to the Sunday-school ; yet he was himself remarkably punctual at work and at worship. He was a humble, earnest, docile pupil himself, at the Sunday-school—quite unconscious that he was more advanced than other boys in the sublime science and practice of duty. He felt that every body was very kind to him ; but he was unaware that others felt it an honor to be kind to him.

I linger on these years, when he was a fine growing lad, in a state of high content. I linger, unwilling to proceed. But the end must come ; and it is soon told. He was sixteen, I

think, when he was asked to become a teacher in the Sunday-school, while not wholly ceasing to be a scholar. He tried, and made a capital teacher, and he won the hearts of the children while trying to open their minds. By this he became more widely known than before.

One day in the next year a tremendous clatter and crash was heard in the factory where Joel worked. A dead silence succeeded, and then several called out that it was only an iron bar that had fallen down. This was true: but the iron bar had fallen on Joel's head, and he was taken up dead!

Such a funeral as his is rarely seen. There is something that strikes on all hearts in the spectacle of a soldier's funeral—the drum, the march of comrades, and the belt and cap laid on the coffin. But there was something more solemn and more moving than all such observances in the funeral of this young soldier, who had so bravely filled his place in the conflict of life. There was the tread of comrades here, for the longest street was filled from end to end. For relics, there were his brother and sister; and for a solemn dirge, the uncontrollable groans of a heart-stricken multitude.

FIDGETY PEOPLE.

THERE are people whom one occasionally meets with in the world, who are in a state of perpetual fidget and pucker. Every thing goes wrong with them. They are always in trouble. Now, it is the weather, which is too hot; or at another time, too cold. The dust blows into their eyes, or there is "that horrid rain," or "that broiling sun," or "that Scotch mist." They are as ill to please about the weather as a farmer; it is never to their liking, and never will be. They "never saw such a summer," "not a day's fine weather," and they go back to antiquity for comfort—"it was not so in our younger days."

Fidgety people are rarely well. They have generally "a headache," or "spasms," or "nerves," or something of that sort; they can not be comfortable in their way, without trouble. Most of their friends are ill; this one has the gout "*so bad*;" another has the rheumatics; a third is threatened with consumption; and there is scarcely a family of their acquaintance whose children have not got measles, hooping-cough, scarlet fever, or some other of the thousand ills which infantine flesh is heir to. They are curiously solicitous about the health of every body; this one is exhorted "not to drink too much cold water," another "not to sit in the draught," a third is advised to "wear flannels;" and they have great doctors at their fingers' ends whom they can quote in their support. They have read Buchan and Culpepper, and fed their fidgets upon their descriptions of diseases of all sorts. They offer to furnish recipes for pills, draughts, and liniments; and if you would believe them, your life depends on taking their advice gratis forthwith.

To sit at meals with such people is enough to

give one the dyspepsia. The chimney has been smoking, and the soot has got into the soup; the fish is over-done, and the mutton is under-done; the potatoes have had the disease, the sauce is not of the right sort, the jelly is candied, the pastry is fusty, the grapes are sour. Every thing is wrong. The cook must be disposed of; Betty stands talking too long at the back-gate. The poultry-woman must be changed, the potato-man discarded. There will be a clean sweep. But things are never otherwise. The fidgety person remains unchanged, and goes fidgeting along to the end of the chapter; changing servants, and spoiling them by unnecessary complainings and contradictions, until they become quite reckless of ever giving satisfaction.

The fidgety person has been reading the newspaper, and is in a ferment about "that murder!" Every body is treated to its details. Or somebody's house has been broken into, and a constant fidget is kept up for a time about "thieves!" If a cat's whisper is heard in the night, "there is a thief in the house;" if an umbrella is missing, "a thief has been in the lobby;" if a towel can not be found, "a thief must have stolen it off the hedge." You are counseled to be careful of your pockets when you stir abroad. The outer doors are furnished with latches, new bolts and bars are provided for outhouses, bells are hung behind the shutters, and all other possible expedients are devised to keep out the imaginary "thief."

"Oh! there is a smell of fire!" Forthwith the house is traversed, down-stairs and up-stairs, and a voice at length comes from the kitchen, "It's only Bobby been burning a stick." You are told forthwith of a thousand accidents, deaths, and burnings, that have come from burning sticks! Bobby is petrified and horror-stricken, and is haunted by the terror of conflagrations. If Bobby gets a penny from a visitor, he is counseled "not to buy gunpowder" with it, though he has a secret longing for crackers. Maids are cautioned to "be careful about the clothes-horse," and their ears are often startled with a cry from above-stairs of "Betty, there is surely something singeing!"

The fidgety person "can not bear" the wind whistling through the key-hole, nor the smell of washing, nor the sweep's cry of "svee-eep, svee-eep," nor the beating of carpets, nor thick ink, nor a mewling cat, nor new boots, nor a cold in the head, nor callers for rates and subscriptions. All these little things are magnified into miseries, and if you like to listen, you may sit for hours and hear the fidgety person wax eloquent about them, drawing a melancholy pleasure from the recital.

The fidgety person sits upon thorns, and loves to perch his or her auditor on the same raw material. Not only so, but you are dragged over thorns, until you feel thoroughly unskinned. Your ears are bored, and your teeth are set on edge. Your head aches, and your withers are wrung. You are made to shake hands with

misery, and almost long for some real sorrow as a relief.

The fidgety person makes a point of getting out of humor upon any occasion, whether about private or public affairs. If subjects for misery do not offer within doors, they abound without. Something that has been done in the next street excites their ire, or something done a thousand miles off, or even something that was done a thousand years ago. Time and place matter nothing to the fidgety. They overleap all obstacles in getting at their subject. They *must* be in hot water. If one question is set at rest, they start another; and they wear themselves to the bone in settling the affairs of every body, which are never settled; they

"Are made desperate by a too quick sense
Of constant infelicity."

Their feverish existence refuses rest, and they fret themselves to death about matters with which they have often no earthly concern. They are spendthrifts in sympathy, which in them has degenerated into an exquisite tendency to pain. They are launched on a sea of trouble, the shores of which are perpetually extending. They are self-stretched on a rack, the wheels of which are ever going round.

The fundamental maxim of the fidgety is—whatever is, is wrong. They will not allow themselves to be happy, nor any body else. They always assume themselves to be the *most* aggrieved persons extant. Their grumbling is incessant, and they operate as a social poison wherever they go. Their vanity and self-conceit are usually accompanied by selfishness in a very aggravated form, which only seems to make their fidgets the more intolerable. You will generally observe that they are idle persons; indeed, as a general rule, it may be said, that the fidgety class want healthy occupations. In nine cases out of ten, employment in some active pursuit, in which they could not have time to think about themselves, would operate as a cure.

But, we must make an allowance. Fidgets are often caused by the state of the stomach, and a fit of bad temper may not unfrequently be traced to an attack of indigestion. One of the most fidgety members of the House of Commons is a martyr to dyspepsia, and it is understood that some of his most petulant and bitter diatribes have been uttered while laboring under more than usually severe attacks of this disease. He has "pitched into" some "honorable gentleman" when he should have taken blue pill. And so it is with many a man, in domestic and social life, whom we blame for his snappish and disagreeable temper, but whose stomach is the real organ at fault. Indeed, the stomach is the moral no less than the physical barometer of most men; and we can very often judge of tempers, conditions, and sympathies, pretty accurately, according to its state. Let us, therefore, be charitable to the fidgety, whose stomachs, rather than their hearts, may be at fault; and let us counsel them to mend them, by healthy

and temperate modes of living, and by plenty of wholesome occupation and exercise.

ANECDOTES OF SERPENTS.

WE need not go to the Valley of Diamonds with Sinbad to find enormous serpents. The companions of other sailors have been swallowed up by those monstrous reptiles, as was too-clearly proved to the crew of the Malay proa, who anchored for the night close to the island of Celebes. One of the party went on shore to look for betel-nut, and, on returning from his search, stretched his wearied limbs to rest on the beach, where he fell asleep, as his companions believed. They were roused in the middle of the night by his screams, and hurried on shore to his assistance; but they came too late. A monstrous snake had crushed him to death. All they could do was to wreak their vengeance on his destroyer, whose head they cut off, and bore it with the body of their ship-mate to their vessel. The marks of the teeth of the serpent, which was about thirty feet in length, were impressed on the dead man's right wrist, and the disfigured corpse showed that it had been crushed by constriction round the head, neck, breast, and thigh. When the snake's jaws were extended, they admitted a body the size of a man's head.

But to see the true boas in their native forests we must cross the Atlantic; and those who are not familiar with the story may have no objection to learn how Captain Stedman fared in an encounter with one twenty-two feet and some inches in length, during his residence in Surinam.

Captain Stedman was lying in his hammock, as his vessel floated down the river, when the sentinel told him that he had seen and challenged something black, moving in the brush-wood on the beach, which gave no answer. Up rose the captain, manned the canoe that accompanied his vessel, and rowed to the shore to ascertain what it was. One of his slaves cried out that it was no negro, but a great snake that the captain might shoot if he pleased. The captain, having no such inclination, ordered all hands to return on board. The slave, David, who had first challenged the snake, then begged leave to step forward and shoot it. This seems to have roused the captain, for he determined to kill it himself, and loaded with ball cartridge.

The master and slave then proceeded. David cut a path with a bill-hook, and behind him came a marine with three more loaded guns. They had not gone above twenty yards through mud and water, the negro looking every way with uncommon vivacity, when he suddenly called out, "Me see snakee!" and, sure enough there the reptile lay, coiled up under the fallen leaves and rubbish of the trees. So well covered was it, that some time elapsed before the captain could perceive its head, not above sixteen feet from him, moving its forked tongue, while its vividly-bright eyes appeared to emit sparks of fire. The captain now rested his piece upon a branch to

secure a surer aim, and fired. The ball missed the head, but went through the body, when the snake struck round with such astonishing force as to cut away all the underwood around it with the facility of a scythe mowing grass, and, flouncing with its tail, made the mud and dirt fly over their heads to a considerable distance. This commotion seems to have sent the party to the right about; for they took to their heels, and crawled into the canoe. David, however, entreated the captain to renew the charge, assuring him that the snake would be quiet in a few minutes, and that it was neither able nor inclined to pursue them, supporting his opinion by walking before the captain till the latter should be ready to fire.

They now found the snake a little removed from its former station, very quiet, with its head as before, lying out among the fallen leaves, rotten bark, and old moss. Stedman fired at it immediately, but with no better success than at first; and the enraged animal, being but slightly wounded by the second shot, sent up such a cloud of dust and dirt as the captain had never seen, except in a whirlwind; and away they all again retreated to their canoe. Tired of the exploit, Stedman gave orders to row toward the barge; but the persevering David still entreating that *he* might be permitted to kill the reptile, the captain determined to make a third and last attempt in his company; and they this time directed their fire with such effect that the snake was shot by one of them through the head.

The vanquished monster was then secured by a running-noose passed over its head, not without some difficulty, however; for, though it was mortally wounded, it continued to writhe and twist about so as to render a near approach dangerous. The serpent was dragged to the shore, and made fast to the canoe, in order that it might be towed to the vessel, and continued swimming like an eel till the party arrived on board, where it was finally determined that the snake should be again taken on shore, and there skinned for the sake of its oil. This was accordingly done; and David having climbed a tree with the end of a rope in his hand, let it down over a strong-forked bough, the other negroes hoisted away, and the serpent was suspended from the tree. Then, David quitting the tree, with a sharp knife between his teeth, clung fast upon the suspended snake, still twisting and twining, and proceeded to perform the same operation that Marsyas underwent, only that David commenced his work by ripping the subject up: he then stripped down the skin as he descended. Stedman acknowledges, that though he perceived that the snake was no longer able to do the operator any harm, he could not, without emotion, see a naked man, black and bloody, clinging with arms and legs round the slimy and yet living monster. The skin and above four gallons of clarified fat, or rather oil, were the spoils secured on this occasion; full as many gallons more seem to have

been wasted. The negroes cut the flesh into pieces, intending to feast on it; but the captain would not permit them to eat what he regarded as disgusting food, though they declared that it was exceedingly good and wholesome. The negroes were right, and the captain was wrong: the flesh of most serpents is very good and nourishing, to say nothing of the restorative qualities attributed to it.

One of the most curious accounts of the benefit derived by man from the serpent race, is related by Kircher (see *Mus. Worm.*), where it is stated that near the village of Sassa, about eight miles from the city of Bracciano, in Italy, there is a hole, or cavern, called *la Grotta dell Serpi*, which is large enough to contain two men, and is all perforated with small holes like a sieve. From these holes, in the beginning of spring, issue a prodigious number of small, different-colored serpents, of which every year produces a new brood, but which seem to have no poisonous quality. Such persons as are afflicted with scurvy, leprosy, palsy, gout, and other ills to which flesh is heir, were laid down naked in the cavern, and their bodies being subjected to a copious sweat from the heat of the subterraneous vapors, the young serpents were said to fasten themselves on every part, and extract by sucking every diseased or vitiated humor; so that after some repetitions of this treatment, the patients were restored to perfect health. Kircher, who visited this cave, found it warm, and answering, in every way, the description he had of it. He saw the holes, heard a murmuring, hissing noise in them, and, though he owns that he missed seeing the serpents, it not being the season of their creeping out, yet he saw great numbers of their exuvie, or sloughs, and an elm growing hard by laden with them. The discovery of this air Schlangenbad, was said to have been made by a leper going from Rome to some baths near this place, who, fortunately, losing his way, and being benighted, turned into this cave. Finding it very warm, and being very weary, he pulled off his clothes, and fell into such a deep sleep that he did not feel the serpents about him till they had wrought his cure.

Such instances of good-will toward man, combined with the periodical renovation of youthful appearance, by a change of the whole external skin, and the character of the serpent for wisdom, contributed, doubtless, to raise the form to a place among the deities.

Their aptitude for tameness was another quality which aided their elevation. The little girl mentioned by Maria Edgeworth, of blessed memory, took out her little porringer daily to share her breakfast with a friendly snake that came from its hiding-place to her call; and when the guest intruded beyond the due limits, she would give it a tap on the head with her spoon, and the admonition, "Eat on your own side, I say."

A lad whom I knew kept a common snake in London, which he had rendered so tame that it

was quite at ease with him, and very fond of its master. When taken out of its box, it would creep up his sleeve, come out at the top, wind itself caressingly about his neck and face, and when tired retire to sleep in his bosom.

Carver, in his travels, relates an instance of docility, which, if true, surpasses any story of the kind I ever heard.

"An Indian belonging to the Menomonie, having taken a rattlesnake, found means to tame it; and when he had done this treated it as a deity, calling it his great father, and carrying it with him in a box wherever he went. This he had done for several summers, when Mons. Pinnisance accidentally met with him at this carrying place, just as he was setting off for a winter's hunt. The French gentleman was surprised one day to see the Indian place the box which contained his god on the ground, and opening the door, give him his liberty; telling him, while he did it, to be sure and return by the time he himself should come back, which was to be in the month of May following. As this was but October, Monsieur told the Indian, whose simplicity astonished him, that he fancied he might wait long enough, when May arrived, for the arrival of his great father. The Indian was so confident of his creature's obedience, that he offered to lay the Frenchman a wager of two gallons of rum, that at the time appointed he would come and crawl into his box. This was agreed on, and the second week in May following fixed for the determination of the wager. At that period they both met there again, when the Indian set down his box, and called for his great father. The snake heard him not; and the time being now expired, he acknowledged that he had lost. However, without seeming to be discouraged, he offered to double the bet if his father came not within two days more. This was further agreed on; when, behold, on the second day, about one o'clock the snake arrived, and of his own accord crawled into the box, which was placed ready for him. The French gentleman vouched for the truth of this story, and from the accounts I have often received of the docility of those creatures, I see no reason to doubt its veracity."

THE WATCHER.—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

IN a dark room, in a ruined and wretched house, in one of the most filthy districts of a great city, a mother sat watching her sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, and occasionally pausing to look down at her babe or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close offensive air of the room it seemed to breathe painfully and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dissolution. But not less pale and wan was the mother, who sat there watching; her features wore that blanched, unearthly hue, and

that strange upward light was playing in her eyes, which spoke but too plainly that death was breathing on her. The room was lonely—very lonely—for there were no pictures to adorn its walls, scarcely any articles of common domestic use within it; it was bare, almost unfurnished, dismal, and cold. The mother was engaged in making shirts, and the price which she received for them averaged two-pence-half-penny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions, for twenty hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly at such labor. Well, the pale, care-worn, suffering mother continued to stitch, stitch, anxiously from hour to hour, leaving off now and then to take her dying baby in her arms and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and again resumed her work.

Thus many hours had passed in a silence broken only by the low moaning of the child, as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of long-continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast and kissed the cold dew from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal, she placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them, and placed an old broken kettle half filled with water upon them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil she gave her child some food; and she had scarcely begun to do this when a heavy and unsteady step was heard upon the threshold; her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room, and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's sake, treat me thus," said the mother of the child, and she sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears.

The man scowled upon her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low fiendish growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacancy of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask you for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I haven't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul.

"I spent my last penny to buy my child some food, I know not where to get another; you have never wanted a meal while I could work, and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone by mid-

night labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe, to waste it in drunkenness; oh, Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child."

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money and let me go," bawled the intoxicated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he sat upon the child's bed, he overturned the table and scattered the miserable meal upon the floor. The heart-broken wife rushed with her babe to the opposite end of the room, and cowered down in fear. "Do you hear, or do you want me to murder you?" and he rose from where he sat and reeled toward her; shrinking and shivering as she bent over her babe, she pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and when he stood above her, she looked up in his face in the agony of despair, and implored, in the mute utterance of her tear-worn eyes, for mercy. But he did not strike her, although she was indeed well used to that, but he put out his hand and taking from her bosom a locket, which had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing left her but her babe and death, staggered to the door, and, after looking back with a menacing and brutal expression of his savage features, left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat wailing like a dove whose nest has been bereft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief she looked upon her child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbing of its little heart becoming more and more feeble, from hour to hour, as the shadow of its life was waning.

And night came, and she laid her child down to rest, and again sat working and watching. She kissed it when its low cry startled her in the midnight silence, and hushed it again to sleep, for it wanted food and that she had not. The morning came, but it was still night to her, and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over her frail soul like the shadow of a great but silent misery. She hurried on in the delirium of extreme weakness that she might complete the wretched work she had, and get food for her famished child. Intense suffering, long watching, hunger, cold, and cruelty had blanched a cheek which had been more fair than snow, and had carved wrinkles, like those of age, upon a youthful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly shadow, not to her—as to those in comfort—terrible, but welcome. And thus from hour to hour, and from day to day, that mother labored for her lonely child, while he, whose heart should have beat with the devotion of love for her whom he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should have been ever ready to defend her, deeming nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, which could bring food and comfort to a woman's constant heart, came only to rob her of her last morsel, and to add

fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses.

One morning, after she had been toiling long in cold and hunger, she became too weak to labor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to kiss her babe and to ask a blessing on its head from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent down above its little shadowy form, her sorrows overwhelmed her, and she fell down beside her child and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her—with none to nourish her in her distress of heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that sweet peace which comes to the aching heart when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and better too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dying, and in the unconsciousness of temporary death, she knew it not.

She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness so dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, and the grim bitter realities become palpable once more; and as consciousness returned she was startled from her partial dream by the icy chill which fell upon her when she touched her child. She shrieked wildly, and fell upon her face in the maddening agony of despair, "my child, my child, oh, my child!" she cried, and tore her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, and turned round to look upon the babe, whose soul had passed into that better sleep from which there is no waking. She kissed its cold wasted form, and bathed its little marble face with her scalding tears.

"Oh, my child," she sobbed, "my poor child, murdered by its father's hand, the victim of his cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked and good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bosom, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone, the last link of my heart's affection is broken; Father of mercies, listen to the supplications of a childless mother!"

That step! and the blood goes back to her heart like an icy flood, and every pulse is withered, as with a bleak and desolating frost; she holds her breath, and with her dead child in her arms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, and in the silence of despair and terror asks her God to bless and protect her, and to soften his heart in such an awful moment as this. He came to the threshold of the room, and fell prostrate on the floor as he attempted to approach her; he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he lay muttering, in broken and inarticulate words, the most horrible oaths and imprecations. The mother spake not, for although, even then she could have prayed for him in her heart, and bless him with her tongue; ay, and still labor for him with her hands, if by such she could win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her; but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness, and of tears.

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again

demanding what money she had ; she gave him a few halfpence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed.

To know that he had gone to procure the poison on which he fed, with this last remnant of the midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother's arms ; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again, sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart's broken hope beside her ; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared for neither her nor it, and who would desecrate, by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been more dear to her than her own life ; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that she still lived to hear him curse her in the very place where death had so lately been ; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from which it would never more awake, and that her own terror made her speechless when she would have told him ; all this was a torrent of sorrow, before whose overbearing force her wintered heart gave way, and she sank down upon the floor, with her dead babe in her arms, senseless.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell, and wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds. Far away from her cold and solitary room, far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears ; far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clapped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sunbright waves upon a summer sea ; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening lie folded up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and star-lighted solitudes where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother's new-born soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubim were worshipping their God ; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls

upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud "my child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?" and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purpled blooms, and from the odorous sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply. And now a joyous troop of star-light seraphs sailed toward her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clapping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child whom she deemed was lost ; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit's home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth's grief is banished ? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirits of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother's spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness ; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest spirit, in the gush of its awakened affection for the child of her bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction. And the prayer went upward, and the angels sung.

The drunkard staggered to the wretched home, and reeling into the silent room gazed upon the wife and child. They spoke not, moved not ; he stooped to touch, but recoiled in horror, for both of them were dead. The mother, in her sweet dream, had glided into the blissful evening land, and he, the destroyer of a wife and child, now felt in all the piercing agony of sin and shame, the scorpion stings of conscience. He fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy ! His withering soul seemed struggling within him, and he gasped for breath. He had wandered into wicked paths, he had blighted a gentle heart by cruelty and neglect, he had wasted his own child's meal in drunkenness and villainy, while it lay on its mother's breast perishing for want of food. He felt all the terrors of remorse, and hell seemed gaping beneath him ! He arose and wept, and the first tear he shed was carried by invisible hands upward to that world of peace, as a sacrifice of penitence to the kneeling spirit of a mother. He wandered away in silence, and where he went were the falling tears which spoke, in accents eloquent and true, the silent utterance of a repentant heart.

PLATE GLASS—WHAT IT IS, AND HOW IT IS MADE.

TWO other gentlemen occupied the railway carriage, which, on a gusty day in December, was conveying us toward Gravesend, *via* Blackwall. One wore spectacles, by the aid of which he was perusing a small pocket edition of his favorite author. No sound escaped his lips; yet, his under-jaw and his disengaged hand moved with the solemn regularity of an orator emitting periods of tremendous euphony. Presently, his delight exploded in a loud shutting up of the book and an enthusiastic appeal to us in favor of the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

"What, for example, can be finer, gentlemen, than his account of the origin of glass-making; in which, being a drysalter, I take a particular interest. Let me read the passage to you!"

"But the noise of the train—"

"Sir, I can drown that."

The tone in which the Johnsonian "Sir" was let off, left no doubt of it. Though a small man, the reader was what his favorite writer would have denominated a Stentor, and what the modern school would call a Stunner. When he re-opened the book and began to read, the words smote the ear as if they had been shot out of the mouth of a cannon. To give additional effect to the rounded periods of his author, he waved his arm in the air at each turn of a sentence, as if it had been a circular saw. "Who," he recited, "when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat, melted into a metalline form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind: which might extend the light of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and, what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succor old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate nature, and the beauty to behold herself. This passion for—"

"Blackwall, gents! Blackwall, ladies! Boat for Gravesend!" We should, unquestionably, have been favored with the rest of the ninth number of the "Rambler" (in which the foregoing passage occurs) but for these announcements.

"There is one thing, however," said the little man with the loud voice, as we walked from the platform to the pier, "which I can *not* understand. What does the illustrious essayist mean by the 'fortuitous liquefaction' of the sand and ashes. Was glass found out by accident?"

Luckily, a ray of school-day classics enlightened a corner of our memory, and we mentioned the well-known story, in Pliny, that some Phœnician merchants, carrying saltpetre to the mouth of the river Belus, went ashore; and, placing some lumps of the cargo under their kettles to cook food, the heat of the fire fused the nitre, which ran among the sand of the shore. The cooks finding this union to produce a translucent substance, discovered the art of making glass.

"That," said our other companion, holding his hat to prevent the wind from blowing it aboard the Gravesend steamer (which was not to start for ten minutes), "has been the stock tale of all writers on the subject, from Pliny down to Ure; but, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson has put it out of the power of future authors to repeat it. That indefatigable hunter of Egyptian tombs discovered minute representations of glass-blowing, painted on tombs of the time of Orsirtasin the First, some sixteen hundred years before the date of Pliny's story. Indeed, a glass bead, bearing the name of a king who lived fifteen hundred years before Christ, was found in another tomb by Captain Henvey, the specific gravity of which is precisely that of English crown-glass."

"You seem to know all about it!" exclaimed the loud-voiced man.

"Being a director of a plate-glass company I have made it my business to learn all that books could teach me on the subject."

"I should like to see glass made," said the vociferous admirer of Dr. Johnson, "especially plate-glass."

To this, the other replied, with ready politeness, "If your wish be very strong, and you have an hour to spare, I shall be happy to show you the works to which I am going—those of the Thames Plate Glass Company. They are close by."

"The fact is," was the reply, "Mrs. Bossle (I'm sorry to say Mrs. Bossle is an invalid) expects me down to Gravesend to tea; but an hour won't matter much."

"And you, sir?" said the civil gentleman, addressing me.

My desire was equally strong, and the next hour equally my own; for, as the friend, whom a negligent public had driven to emigration, was not to sail until the next morning, it did not much matter whether I took my last farewell of him at Gravesend early or late that evening.

Tracking our guide through dock gates, over narrow drawbridges, along quays; now, dodging the rigging of ships; now, tripping over cables, made "taut" to rings; now falling foul

of warping-posts (for it was getting dusk); one minute, leaping over deserted timber; the next, doubling stray casks; the next, winding among the strangest ruins of dismantled steamboats, for which a regular hospital seemed established in that region of mud and water; then, emerging into dirty lanes, and turning the corners of roofless houses; we finished an exciting game of Follow-my-Leader, at a pair of tall gates. One of these admitted us into the precincts of the southernmost of the six manufactories of plate glass existing in this country.

The first ingredient in making glass, to which we were introduced, was contained in a goodly row of barrels in full tap, marked with the esteemed brand of "Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co." It is the well-known fermented extract of malt and hops, which is, it seems, nearly as necessary to the production of good plate glass, as flint and soda. To liquefy the latter materials by means of fire is, in truth, dry work; and our *cicerone* explained, that seven pints per day, per man, of Messrs. Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Company's Entire, has been found, after years of thirsty experience, to be absolutely necessary to moisten human clay, hourly baked at the mouths of blazing furnaces. These furnaces emit a heat more intense than the most perspiring imagination can conceive, or the stanchest thermometer indicate. An attempt to ascertain the degree of heat was once made: a pyrometer (a thermometer of the superlative degree, or "fire-measurer"), was applied to the throat of a furnace—for every furnace has its mouth, its throat, and its flaming tongues; but the wretched instrument, after five minutes' scorching, made an expiring effort to mark *thirteen hundred degrees above boiling point*, cracked, was shattered into bits, and was finally swallowed up by the insatiable element whose proceedings it had presumptuously attempted to register.

Having, by this time, crossed a yard, we stood on the edge of a foul creek of the Thames, so horribly slimy, that a crocodile or an alligator, or any scaly monster of the Saurian period, seemed much more likely to be encountered in such a neighborhood than the beautiful substance that makes our modern rooms so glittering and bright; our streets so dazzling, and our windows at once so radiant and so strong.

"In order to understand our process thoroughly," said the obliging director of the seven acres of factory and the four hundred operatives we had come to see, "we must begin with the beginning. This," picking up from a heap a handful of the finest of fine sand—the glittering pounce, in fact, with which our forefathers spangled their writing—"is the basis of all glass. It is the whitest, most highly pulverized flint sand that can be procured. This comes from Lynn, on the coast of Norfolk. Its mixture with the other materials is a secret, even to us. We give the man who possesses it a handsome salary for exercising his mystery."

"A secret!" cried Mr. Bossle. "Every

body, I thought, knew—at least every body in the drysaltery line understands—what glass is made of. Why, I can repeat the recipe given by Dr. Ure, from memory: To every hundred parts of materials, there are of pure sand forty-three parts; soda twenty-five and a half (by-the-by, we have some capital carbonate coming forward *ex* Mary Anne, that we could let you have at a low figure); quick-lime, four; nitre, one and a half; broken glass, twenty-six. The doctor calculates, if I remember rightly, that of the whole, thirty parts of this compound run to waste in fusing so that seventy per cent. becomes, on an average, glass."

"That is all very true," was the answer; "but our glass is, we flatter ourselves, of a much better color, and stands annealing better, than that made from the ordinary admixture: from which, however, ours differs but little—only, I think, in the relative quantities. In that lies the secret."

Mr. Bossle expressed great anxiety to behold an individual who was possessed of a secret worth several hundreds a year, paid weekly. Romance invariably associates itself with mystery; and we are not quite sure from the awful way in which Mr. Bossle dropped his voice to a soft whisper, that he did not expect, on entering the chamber of pre-vitrified chemicals, to find an individual clothed like the hermit in "Rasselas," or mingling his "elements" with the wand of Hermes Trismegistus. He looked as if he could hardly believe his spectacles, when he saw a plain, respectable-looking, indifferent-tempered man, not a whit more awe-inspiring—or more dusty—than a miller on a market-day.

We do not insinuate that Mr. Bossle endeavored to "pluck out the heart of the mystery," though nothing seemed to escape the focus of his spectacles. But, although here lay, in separate heaps, the sand and soda and saltpetre and lime and *cullet*, or broken glass; while there, in a huge trough, those ingredients were mixed up (like "broken" in a confectioner's shop) ready to be pushed through a trap to fill the crucible or stomach of the furnace; yet, despite Mr. Bossle's sly investigations, and sonorous inquiries, he left the hall of "elements" as wise as he had entered.

Passing through a variety of places in which the trituration, purification, and cleaning of the materials were going on, we mounted to an upper story that reminded us of the yard in which the cunning captain of the Forty Thieves, when he was disguised as an Oil Merchant, stored his pretended merchandise. It was filled with rows and rows of great clay jars, something like barrels with their heads knocked out. Each had, instead of a hoop, an indented band round the middle, for the insertion of the iron gear by which they were, in due time, to be lifted into and out of the raging furnaces. There were two sizes; one about four feet deep, and three feet six inches in diameter, technically called "pots," and destined to receive the

materials for their first sweltering. The smaller vessels (*cuvettes*) were of the same shape, but only two feet six inches deep, and two feet in diameter. These were the crucibles in which the vitreous compound was to be fired a second time, ready for casting. These vessels are *built*—for that is really the process; and it requires a twelvemonth to build one, so gradually must it settle and harden, and so slowly must it be pieced together, or the furnace would immediately destroy it—of Stourbridge clay, which is the purest and least silicious yet discovered.

"We have now," said Mr. Bossle, wiping his spectacles, and gathering himself up for a loud Johnsonian period, "seen the raw materials ready to be submitted to the action of the fire, and we have also beheld the vessels in which the vitrification is to take place. Let us therefore witness the actual liquefaction."

In obedience to this grandiloquent wish, we were shown into the hall of furnaces.

It was a sight indeed. A lofty and enormous hall, with windows in the high walls open to the rainy night. Down the centre, a fearful row of roaring furnaces, white-hot: to look at which, even through the chinks in the iron screens before them, and masked, seemed to scorch and splinter the very breath within one. At right angles with this hall, another, an immense building in itself, with unearthly-looking instruments hanging on the walls, and strewn about, as if for some diabolical cookery. In dark corners, where the furnaces redly glimmered on them, from time to time, knots of swarthy muscular men, with nets drawn over their faces, or hanging from their hats: confusedly grouped, wildly dressed, scarcely heard to mutter amid the roaring of the fires, and mysteriously coming and going, like picturesque shadows, cast by the terrific glare. Such figures there must have been, once upon a time, in some such scene, ministering to the worship of fire, and feeding the altars of the cruel god with victims. Figures not dissimilar, alas! there have been, torturing and burning, even in our Saviour's name. But, happily those bitter days are gone. The senseless world is tortured for the good of man, and made to take new forms in his service. Upon the rack, we stretch the ores and metals of the earth, and not the image of the Creator of all. These fires and figures are the agents of civilization, and not of deadly persecution and black murder. Burn fires and welcome! making a light in England that shall not be quenched by all the monkish dreamers in the world!

We were aroused by a sensation like the sudden application of a hot mask to the countenance. As we instinctively placed a hand over our face to ascertain how much of the skin was peeling off, our cool informant announced that the furnace over against us had been opened to perform the *tréjetage*, or lading of the liquid *pot à feu* from the large pots into the smaller ones. "I must premise," he said, "that one-third of the raw materials, as put together by

our secret friend, are first thrown in; and when that is melted, one-third more; on that being fused, the last third is added. The mouth of the furnace is then closed, and an enormous heat kept up by the *tiseur* or stoker (all our terms are taken from the French), during sixteen hours. That time having now elapsed, in the case of the flaming pot before you, the furnace is opened. The man with the long ladle thrusts it, you perceive, into the pot, takes out a ladleful, and, by the assistance of two companions, throws the vitrified dough upon an iron anvil. The other two men turn it over and over, spread it upon the inverted flat-iron, and twitch out, with pliers, any speck or impurity; it is tossed again into the ladle, and thrown into a *cuvette* in another furnace. When the *cuvettes* are full, that furnace is stopped up to maintain a roaring heat for another eight hours; and, in the language of the men, 'the ceremony is performed.'"

At this moment, the noise burst forth from the middle of the enormous shed, of several beats of a gong: so loud, that they even drowned the thundering inquiries with which Mr. Bossle was teasing one of the "teasers." In an instant the men hastened to a focus, like giants in a Christmas pantomime about to perform some wonderful conjuration; and not a whisper was heard.

"Aha!" exclaimed the director, "they are going to cast. This way, gentlemen!"

The kitchen in which the Ogre threatened to cook Jack and his seven brothers could not have been half so formidable an apartment as the enormous cuisine into which we were led. One end was occupied with a row of awful ovens; in the midst, stood a stupendous iron table; and upon it lay a rolling-pin, so big, that it could only be likened to half-a-dozen garden-rollers joined together at their ends. Above, was an iron crane or gallows to lift the enormous messes of red-hot gruel, thick and slab, which were now to be brought from the furnaces.

"Stand clear!" A huge basin, white with heat, approaches, on a sort of iron hurley; at one end of which sits, triumphant, a salamander, in human form, to balance the Plutonian mass, as it approaches on its wheeled car—playing with it—a game of see-saw. It stops at the foot of the iron gallows. Mr. Bossle approaches to see what it is, and discovers it to be a *cuvette* filled with molten glass, glowing from the fiery furnace. What is that man doing with a glazed mask before his face? "Why, if you will believe me," exclaims Mr. Bossle, in the tones of a speaking-trumpet (we are at a prudent distance), "he is lading off the scum, as composedly as if it were turtle-soup!" Mr. Bossle grows bold, and ventures a little nearer. Rash man! His nose is assuredly scorched; he darts back, and takes off his spectacles, to ascertain how much of the frames are melted. The dreadful pot is lifted by the crane. It is poised immediately over the table; a workman tilts it; and out pours a cataract of

molten opal which spreads itself, deliberately, like infernal sweet-stuff, over the iron table; which is spilled and slopped about, in a crowd of men, and touches nobody. "And has touched nobody since last year, when one poor fellow got the large shoes he wore, filled with white-hot glass." Then the great rolling-pin begins to "roll it out."

But, those two men, narrowly inspecting every inch of the red hot sheet as the roller approaches it—is their skin salamandrine? are their eyes fire-proof?

"They are looking," we are told, "for any accidental impurity that may be still intruding in the vitrification, and, if they can tear it out with their long pincers before the roller has passed over it, they are rewarded. From the shape these specks assume in being torn away, they are called 'tears.'"

When the roller has passed over the table, it leaves a sheet of red-hot glass, measuring some twelve feet by seven.

This translucent confection is pushed upon a flat wooden platform on wheels—sparkling, as it touches the wood, like innumerable diamonds—and is then run rapidly to an oven, there to be baked or annealed. The bed or "sole" of this *carquèse* is heated to a temperature exactly equal to that of the glass; which is now so much cooled that you can stand within a yard or so of it without fear of scorching off your eye-lashes. The pot out of the furnace is cooled, too, out in the rain, and lies there, burst into a hundred pieces. It has been a good one: for it has withstood the fire seventy days.

So rapidly are all these casting operations performed, that, from the moment when Mr. Bossle thought his spectacles were melting off his nose, to the moment when the sheet of glass is shut up in the oven, about five minutes have elapsed. The operations are repeated, until the oven is full of glass-plates.

When eight plates are put into the *carquèse*, it is closed up hermetically; for the tiniest current of cold air would crack the glass. The fire is allowed to go out of its own accord, and the cooling takes place so gradually, that it is not completed until eight days are over. When drawn forth, the glass is that "rough plate" which we see let into the doors of railway stations, and forming half-transparent floors in manufactories. To make it completely transparent for windows and looking-glasses, elaborate processes of grinding and polishing are requisite. They are three in number: roughing down, smoothing, and polishing.

"I perceive," said Mr. Bossle, when he got to the roughing-down room, where steam machinery was violently agitating numerous plates of glass, one upon the other, "that the diamond-cut-diamond principle is adopted."

"Exactly; the under-plate is fastened to a table by plaster-of-paris, and the upper one—quite rough—is violently rubbed by machinery upon it, with water, sand, and other grinding-powders between. The top-plate is then fasten-

ed to a table, to rough down another first plate; for the under one is always the smoother."

Then comes the "smoothing." Emery, of graduated degrees of fineness, is used for that purpose. "Until within the last month or so, smoothing could only be done by human labor. The human hand alone was capable of the requisite tenacity, to rub the slippery surfaces over each other; nay, so fine a sense of touch was requisite, that even a man's hand had scarcely sensitiveness enough for the work; hence females were, and still are employed."

As our pains-taking informant spoke, he pushed open a door, and we beheld a sight that made Mr. Bossle wipe his spectacles, and ourselves imagine for a moment that a scene from an Oriental story-book was magically revealed to us; so elegant and graceful were the attitudes into which a bevy of some fifty females—many of them of fine forms and handsome features—were unceasingly throwing themselves. Now, with arms extended, they pushed the plates to one verge of the low tables, stretching their bodies as far as possible; then, drawing back, they stood erect, pulling the plate after them; then, in order to reach the opposite edge of the plane, they stretched themselves out again to an almost horizontal posture. The easy beauty of their movements, the glitter of the glass, the brilliancy of the gas-lights, the bright colors of most of the dresses, formed a *coup d'œil* which Mr. Bossle enjoyed a great deal more than Mrs. Bossle, had she been there, might have quite approved.

The fairy scene is soon, however, to disappear. Mr. Blake the ingenious manager of the works, has invented an artificial female hand, by means of which, in combination with peculiar machinery, glass smoothing can be done by steam. The last process is "polishing." This art is practiced in a spacious room glowing with red. Every corner of the busy interior is as rubicund as a Dutch dairy. The floor is red, the walls are red, the ceiling is red, the pillars are red. The machinery is very red. Red glass is attached, by red plaster of Paris, to red movable tables; red rubbers of red felt, heavily weighted with red leads, are driven rapidly over the red surface. Little red boys, redder than the reddest of Red Indians, are continually sprinkling on the reddened glass, the rouge (moistened crocus, peroxyde of iron), which converts the scene of their operations into the most gigantic of known Rubrics.

When polished, the glass is taken away to be "examined." A body of vigilant scrutineers place each sheet between their own eyes and a strong light: wherever a scratch or flaw appears, they make a mark with a piece of wax. If removable, these flaws are polished out by hand. The glass is then ready for the operation which enables "the beauty to behold herself." The spreading of the quicksilver at the back is, however, a separate process, accomplished elsewhere, and performed by a perfectly distinct body of workmen. It is a very simple art.

The manufacture of plate-glass adds another to the thousand and one instances of the advantages of unrestricted and unfettered trade. The great demand occasioned by the immediate fall in price consequent upon the New Tariff, produced this effect on the Thames Plate Glass Works. They now manufacture as much plate-glass per week as was turned out in the days of the Excise, in the same time, by all the works in the country put together. The Excise incubi clogged the operations of the workmen, and prevented every sort of improvement in the manufacture. They put their gauges into the "metal" (or mixed materials) before it was put into the pot. They overhauled the paste when it was taken out of the fire, and they applied their foot-rules to the sheets after the glass was annealed. The duty was collected during the various stages of manufacture half-a-dozen times, and amounted to three hundred per cent. No improvement was according to law, and the exciseman put his veto upon every attempt of the sort. In the old time, the mysterious mixer could not have exercised his secret vocation for the benefit of his employers, and the demand for glass was so small that Mr. Blake's admirable polishing machine would never have been invented. Nor could plate-glass ever have been used for transparent flooring, or for door panels, or for a hundred other purposes, to which it is now advantageously and ornamentally applied.

Thanking the courteous gentlemen who had shown us over the works, we left Mr. Bossle in close consultation with the manager. As, in crossing the yard, we heard the word "soda!" frequently thundered forth, we concluded that the Johnsonian drysalter was endeavoring to complete some transactions in that commodity, which he had previously opened with the director. But, it is not in our power to report decisively on this head, for our attention was directed to two concluding objects.

First, to a row of workmen—the same we had lately seen among the fires and liquid glass—good-humoredly sitting, with perfect composure, on a log of timber, out in the cold and wet, looking at the muddy creek, and drinking their beer, as if there were no such thing as temperature known. Secondly, and lastly, to the narrow passages or caves underneath the furnaces, into which the glowing cinders drop through gratings. These looked, when we descended into them, like a long Egyptian street on a dark night, with a fiery rain falling. In warm divergent chambers and crevices, the boys employed in the works love to hide and sleep, on cold nights. So slept DE FOE'S hero, COLONEL JACK, among the ashes of the glass-house where he worked.

And that, and the river together, made us think of ROBINSON CRUSOE the whole way home, and wonder what all the English boys who have been since his time, and who are yet to be, would have done without him and his desert Island.

"BIRTHS:—MRS. MEEK, OF A SON."—A PLEA FOR INFANTS.

MY name is Meek. I am, in fact, Mr. Meek. That son is mine and Mrs. Meek's. When I saw the announcement in the Times, I dropped the paper. I had put it in, myself, and paid for it, but it looked so noble that it overpowered me.

As soon as I could compose my feelings, I took the paper up to Mrs. Meek's bedside. "Maria Jane," said I (I allude to Mrs. Meek), "you are now a public character." We read the review of our child, several times, with feelings of the strongest emotion; and I sent the boy who cleans the boots and shoes, to the office, for fifteen copies. No reduction was made on taking that quantity.

It is scarcely necessary for me to say, that our child had been expected. In fact, it had been expected, with comparative confidence, for some months. Mrs. Meek's mother, who resides with us—of the name of Bigby—had made every preparation for its admission to our circle.

I hope and believe I am a quiet man. I will go further. I *know* I am a quiet man. My constitution is tremulous, my voice was never loud, and, in point of stature, I have been from infancy, small. I have the greatest respect for Maria Jane's mamma. She is a most remarkable woman. I honor Maria Jane's mamma. In my opinion she would storm a town, single-handed, with a hearth-broom, and carry it. I have never known her to yield any point whatever, to mortal man. She is calculated to terrify the stoutest heart.

Still—but I will not anticipate.

The first intimation I had, of any preparations being in progress, on the part of Maria Jane's mamma, was one afternoon, several months ago. I came home earlier than usual from the office, and, proceeding into the dining-room, found an obstruction behind the door, which prevented it from opening freely. It was an obstruction of a soft nature. On looking in, I found it to be a female.

The female in question stood in the corner behind the door, consuming sherry wine. From the nutty smell of that beverage pervading the apartment, I had no doubt she was consuming a second glassful. She wore a black bonnet of large dimensions, and was copious in figure. The expression of her countenance was severe and discontented. The words to which she gave utterance on seeing me, were these, "Oh, git along with you, sir, if *you* please; me and Mrs. Bigby don't want no male parties here!"

That female was Mrs. Prodigit.

I immediately withdrew, of course. I was rather hurt, but I made no remark. Whether it was that I showed a lowness of spirits after dinner, in consequence of feeling that I seemed to intrude, I can not say. But, Maria Jane's mamma said to me on her retiring for the night, in a low distinct voice, and with a look of reproach that completely subdued me,

"George Meek, Mrs. Prodigit is your wife's nurse!"

I bear no ill-will toward Mrs. Prodigit. Is it likely that I, writing this with tears in my eyes, should be capable of deliberate animosity toward a female, so essential to the welfare of Maria Jane? I am willing to admit that Fate may have been to blame, and not Mrs. Prodigit; but, it is undeniably true, that the latter female brought desolation and devastation into my lowly dwelling.

We were happy after her first appearance; we were sometimes exceedingly so. But, whenever the parlor door was opened, and "Mrs. Prodigit!" announced (and she was very often announced), misery ensued. I could not bear Mrs. Prodigit's look. I felt that I was far from wanted, and had no business to exist in Mrs. Prodigit's presence. Between Maria Jane's mamma, and Mrs. Prodigit, there was a dreadful, secret understanding—a dark mystery and conspiracy, pointing me out as a being to be shunned. I appeared to have done something that was evil. Whenever Mrs. Prodigit called, after dinner, I retired to my dressing-room—where the temperature is very low, indeed, in the wintry time of the year—and sat looking at my frosty breath as it rose before me, and at my rack of boots: a serviceable article of furniture, but never, in my opinion, an exhilarating object. The length of the councils that were held with Mrs. Prodigit, under these circumstances, I will not attempt to describe. I will merely remark, that Mrs. Prodigit always consumed sherry wine while the deliberations were in progress; that they always ended in Maria Jane's being in wretched spirits on the sofa; and that Maria Jane's mamma always received me, when I was recalled, with a look of desolate triumph that too plainly said, "*Now*, George Meek! You see my child, Maria Jane, a ruin, and I hope you are satisfied!"

I pass, generally, over the period that intervened between the day when Mrs. Prodigit entered her protest against male parties, and the ever-memorable midnight when I brought her to my unobtrusive home in a cab, with an extremely large box on the roof, and a bundle, a handbox, and a basket, between the driver's legs. I have no objection to Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby, who I never can forget is the parent of Maria Jane), taking entire possession of my unassuming establishment. In the recesses of my own breast, the thought may linger that a man in possession can not be so dreadful as a woman, and that woman Mrs. Prodigit: but, I ought to bear a good deal, and I hope I can, and do. Huffing and snubbing, prey upon my feelings; but I can bear them without complaint. They may tell in the long run; I may be hustled about, from post to pillar, beyond my strength; nevertheless, I wish to avoid giving rise to words in the family.

The voice of Nature, however, cries aloud in behalf of Augustus George, my infant son. It

is for him that I wish to utter a few plaintive household words. I am not at all angry; I am mild—but miserable.

I wish to know why, when my child, Augustus George, was expected in our circle, a provision of pins was made, as if the little stranger were a criminal who was to be put to the torture immediately on his arrival, instead of a holy babe? I wish to know why haste was made to stick those pins all over his innocent form, in every direction? I wish to be informed why light and air are excluded from Augustus George, like poisons? Why, I ask, is my unoffending infant so hedged into a basket-bedstead, with dimity and calico, with miniature sheets and blankets, that I can only hear him snuffle (and no wonder!) deep down under the pink hood of a little bathing-machine, and can never peruse even so much of his lineaments as his nose.

Was I expected to be the father of a French Roll, that the brushes of All Nations were laid in, to rasp Augustus George? Am I to be told that his sensitive skin was ever intended by Nature to have rashes brought out upon it, by the premature and incessant use of those formidable little instruments?

Is my son a Nutmeg, that he is to be grated on the stiff edges of sharp frills? Am I the parent of a Muslin boy, that his yielding surface is to be crimped and small-plaited? Or is my child composed of Paper or of Linen, that impressions of the finer getting-up art, practiced by the laundress, are to be printed off, all over his soft arms and legs, as I constantly observe them? The starch enters his soul; who can wonder that he cries?

Was Augustus George intended to have limbs, or to be born a Torso? I presume that limbs were the intention, as they are the usual practice. Then, why are my poor child's limbs fettered and tied up? Am I to be told that there is any analogy between Augustus George Meek, and Jack Sheppard.

Analyze Castor Oil at any Institution of Chemistry that may be agreed upon, and inform me what resemblance, in taste, it bears to that natural provision which it is at once the pride and duty of Maria Jane to administer to Augustus George! Yet, I charge Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with systematically forcing Castor Oil on my innocent son, from the first hour of his birth. When that medicine, in its efficient action, causes internal disturbance to Augustus George, I charge Mrs. Prodigit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) with insanely and inconsistently administering opium to allay the storm she has raised! What is the meaning of this?

If the days of Egyptian Mummies are past, how dare Mrs. Prodigit require, for the use of my son, an amount of flannel and linen that would carpet my humble roof? Do I wonder that she requires it? No! This morning, within an hour, I beheld this agonizing sight I beheld my son—Augustus George—in Mrs

Prodit's hands, and on Mrs. Prodit's knee, being dressed. He was at the moment, comparatively speaking, in a state of nature; having nothing on, but an extremely short shirt, remarkably disproportionate to the length of his usual outer garments. Trailing from Mrs. Prodit's lap, on the floor, was a long narrow roller or bandage—I should say, of several yards in extent. In this, I saw Mrs. Prodit tightly roll the body of my unoffending infant, turning him over and over, now presenting his unconscious face upward, now the back of his bald head, until the unnatural feat was accomplished, and the bandage secured by a pin, which I have every reason to believe entered the body of my only child. In this tourniquet, he passes the present phase of his existence. Can I know it, and smile!

I fear I have been betrayed into expressing myself warmly, but I feel deeply. Not for myself; for Augustus George. I dare not interfere. Will any one? Will any publication? Any doctor? Any parent? Any body? I do not complain that Mrs. Prodit (aided and abetted by Mrs. Bigby) entirely alienates Maria Jane's affections from me, and interposes an impassable barrier between us. I do not complain of being made of no account. I do not want to be of any account. But Augustus George is a production of Nature (I can not think otherwise) and I claim that he should be treated with some remote reference to Nature. In my opinion, Mrs. Prodit is, from first to last, a convention and a superstition. Are all the faculty afraid of Mrs. Prodit? If not, why don't they take her in hand and improve her?

P.S. Maria Jane's mamma boasts of her own knowledge of the subject, and says she brought up seven children besides Maria Jane. But how do I know that she might not have brought them up much better? Maria Jane herself is far from strong, and is subject to headaches, and nervous indigestion. Besides which, I learn from the statistical tables that one child in five dies within the first year of its life; and one child in three within the fifth. That don't look as if we could never improve in these particulars, I think!

P.P.S. Augustus George is in convulsions.

THE FARM-LABORER.—THE FATHER.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

WHEN George Banks was nearly thirty years of age, he married. He had always been nappy, except for one great drawback: and now he hoped to be happier than ever; and, indeed, he was. The drawback was that his father drank. Banks had been brought up to expect a little property which should make life easy to him; but, while still a youth, he gave up all thought of any property but such as he might earn. He saw every thing going to ruin at home; and he and his sister, finding that their father was irreclaimable, resolved to go out and

work for themselves, and for their mother while she lived. The sister went out to service, and Banks became a farm-laborer. Their father's pride was hurt at their sinking below the station they were born to; but they were obliged to disregard his anger when an honest maintenance was in question. There was a smaller drawback, by the way; Banks was rather deaf, and he thought the deafness increased a little; but it was not enough to stand in the way of his employment as a laborer; he could hear the sermon in church; and Betsy did not mind it, so he did not. He had a good master in old Mr. Wilkes, a large farmer in a southern county. Mr. Wilkes paid him 12s. a week all the year round, and £5 for the harvest month. For some years Banks laid by a good deal of money; so did Betsy, who was a housemaid at Mr. Wilkes's. When they became engaged, they had between them £50 laid by.

Banks took a cottage of three rooms, with nearly half a rood of garden-ground. They furnished their house really well, with substantial new furniture, and enough of it. In those days of high prices it made a great cut out of their money: but they agreed that they should never repent it. Banks had the privilege of a run on the common for his cow, and of as much peat as he chose to cut and carry for fuel. He had seen the consequences of intemperance in his father's case, and he was a water-drinker. He seldom touched even beer, except at harvest-time, when his wife brewed for him, that they might keep clear of the public-house.

During the whole of their lives to this day (and they are now old) they have never bought any thing whatever without having the money in their hands to pay for it. If they had not the money, they no more thought of having the article than if it had been at the North Pole. They paid £5 a year for their cottage, and the poor rate has always been from 15s. to 20s. a year. It was war-time when they married, in 1812; and the dread came across them now and then, of a recruiting party appearing, or of Banks being drawn for the militia; but they hoped that the deafness would save them from this misfortune. And the fear was not for long: in 1814, peace was proclaimed. It was a merry night—that when the great bonfire was lighted for the peace. Mrs. Banks could not go to see it, for she was in her second confinement at the time; but her husband came to her bedside and told her all about it. She had never seen him so gay. He was always cheerful and sweet-tempered; but he was of a grave cast of character, which the deafness had deepened into a constant thoughtfulness. This night, however, he was very talkative, telling her what good times were coming, now that Bonaparte was put down; how every man might stay at home at his proper business, and there would be fewer beggars and lower poor rates, and every thing would go well, with God's blessing on a nation at peace. The next year there was war again; but, almost as soon as it was known

that Bonaparte had reappeared, the news came of the battle of Waterloo, and there was an end of all apprehension of war.

In eleven years they had eleven children. There was both joy and sorrow with those children. For seven years, the eldest, little Polly, was nothing but joy to her parents. She was the prettiest little girl they had ever seen; and the neighbors thought so too. She was bright and merry, perfectly obedient, very clever, and so handy that she was a helpful little maid to her mother. When three infants died, one after another, her father found comfort in taking this child on his knees in the evenings, and getting her to prattle to him. Her clear little merry voice came easily to his ear, when he could not hear older people without difficulty. The next child, Tom, was a blessing in his way: he was a strong little fellow of six; and he went out with Banks to the field, and really did some useful work—frightening the birds, leading the horses, picking sticks, weeding, running errands, and so on. But the charm at home was little Polly. When Polly was seven, however, a sad accident happened. She was taking care of the little ones before the door, during her mother's confinement, and one of the boys struck her on the top of the head with a saucepan. She fell, and when she was taken up she looked so strangely that the doctor was consulted about her. After watching her for some weeks he said he feared there was some injury to the brain. Banks has had many troubles in life, but none has been sorer than that of seeing the change that came over this child. It was not the loss of her beauty that made his heart ache when he looked in her face: it was the staring, uneasy expression of countenance which made him turn his eyes away in pain of heart. She grew jealous and suspicious; and, though no mood of mind remained many minutes, this was a sad contrast with the open sweetness of temper that they were never more to see. She did as she was bid; she went on learning to cook and to sew, and she could clean the house; but she never remembered from one minute to another what she was to do, and was always asking questions about things that she had known all her life. Her uncle (her mother's brother), who was well off in the world, and had no children, took her home, saying that change and going to school would make all the difference in her. But she had no memory, and could learn nothing, while she lost the mechanical things she could do at home. So, after a patient trial of three years, her uncle brought her home, and took, in her stead, the bright little Susan, now four years old. Polly never got better. After a time, fits of languor came on occasionally, and her mother could not get her out of bed; and now she sometimes lies for many days together, as in a swoon, looking like one dying, but always reviving again, though declining on the whole; so that it is thought it can not now go on very long.

Tom never went to school. There was no

school within reach, while he was a very little boy, and when a new clergyman's lady came and set up one, Tom was thought rather too old to begin; and, besides, his father really could not spare his earnings. Old Mr. Wilkes was dead, and his son, succeeding to the farm, complained of bad times, and reduced his laborers' wages to 11s., and then 10s., and then 9s., while the poor-rate went on increasing. Tom can not read or write, and his father is very sorry for it. The boy always seemed, however, to have that sobriety of mind and good sense which education is thought necessary to give. The fact is, he has had no mean education in being the associate of his honorable-minded father. He grew up as grave as his father, thoughtful and considerate, while very clever. He is a prodigious worker, gets through more work than any other man in the neighborhood, and does it in a better manner. Earning in his best days only 9s. a week, and not being sure of that, he has never married, nor thought of marrying; and a great loss that is to some good woman.

The school being set up while Harry was a little fellow, he was sent to it, and he remained at it till he was twelve years old. It was well meant for him—well meant by the lady and by his parents; but the schoolmistress "was not equal to her business," as the family mildly say. Those years were almost entirely lost. Harry was remarkably clever, always earnest in what he was about, always steady and business-like, and eager to learn; yet he came away, after all those years, barely able to spell out a chapter in the Testament on Sundays, and scarcely able to sign his own name. He tried to use and improve his learning, putting in, where beans and peas were sown, slips of wood with banes and pase upon them, and holding a pen with all his force when he wanted to write his name; but he felt all along that he had better have been obtaining the knowledge which the earnest mind may gain in the open fields, unless he had been really well taught.

By this time there were few at home, and the home had become grave and somewhat sad. Six children had died in infancy—the oldest dying under three years old. Susan was at her uncle's, and not likely to come home again; for her aunt had become insane, and was subject to epilepsy to such a degree that she could not be left. Some people thought Susan's prospects very fine, for her uncle promised great things as to providing for her and leaving her property; but the story of her grandfather was a warning to her. Her uncle was falling into drinking habits, and this young girl, supposed to be so fortunate, often found herself with her aunt on one side in an epileptic fit, and her uncle on the other helplessly or violently drunk. He was an amiable man, and always, when remonstrated with, admitted his fault and promised amendment. It ended, however, in his being reduced in his old age to the point of screwing out of Susan her earnings at service, under the name

of debt, and finding a home with her old father. Instead of enjoying his money, she enjoys the comfort of having gloriously discharged her duty to him, and she seems to be quite content.

But of the small party at home. The sons did not live at home, but they were not far off. Their honest faces looked in pretty often, and they were so good that their father had a constant pride in them. It was little more than seeing them, for Banks was now so deaf that conversation was out of the question. He went to church every Sunday, as he had always done; but every body knew that he did not hear one word of the service. His wife, exhausted by care and grief for her children, was too feeble to be much of a companion to him; and many a long night now he was kept awake by rheumatism. Yet no one ever saw a cross look in either, or heard a complaining word. Their house was clean; their clothes were neat; and, somehow or other, they went on paying poor-rate. One of the daughters says, "We always live very comfortably;" and the sons were told that, if their employment failed, they were always to come to their father's for a dinner. Banks worked harder and with more intense-ness of mind at his garden, and they still continued to keep a pig; so they reckoned upon always having bacon and vegetables—summer vegetables, at least—upon the table. The youngest daughter lived at home, and earned a humble subsistence by stay-making and dress-making for the neighbors. She could read and write well enough to be a comfort if any letter came from a distance (an incident which, as we shall see, was hereafter to happen often), and to amuse her mother in illness with a book. Lizzy was not so clever as her brothers and Susan, but she was a good girl and a steady worker.

But soon the second Mr. Wilkes died rather suddenly. Banks's heart sank at the news. He had been attached to his employer, and valued by him, though his earnings had been so much reduced; and he had a misgiving that there would be a change for the worse under the young master. It was too true. The young master soon began to complain of want of money, and to turn off his laborers. He told Banks to his face that being now past sixty, and rheumatic at times, it was impossible that his work could be worth what it was, and he should have no more than six shillings a week henceforth. It was a terrible blow; but there was no help for it. A deaf old man had no chance of getting work in any new place; and the choice was simply between getting six shillings a week and being turned off. If his heart was ever weak within him, it must have been now. His savings were all gone years ago; there was no security that he would not be turned off any day. His children really could give him no effectual help; for the sons could not marry, and the daughters were not fully maintaining themselves. The workhouse

was an intolerable thought to one who had paid rates, as he had done ever since he married. It was a dark time now, the very darkest. Yet the grave man lost nothing of his outward composure and gentleness. They were not without friends. The clergyman had his eye upon them; and Mrs. Wilkes, the widow, sent for Mrs. Banks once a year to spend two or three days with her, and talk over old times; and she always sent her guest home with a new gown. The friendship of some, and the respect of all, were as hearty as ever.

Some comfort was near at hand: and out of one comfort grew several. Susan first found herself well placed; and soon after, and as a consequence, Harry, and then, and again as a consequence, Tom; and then, Lizzy. About this, more will be told hereafter. The next thing that befell was a piece of personal comfort to Banks himself. A deaf lady, at a distance, sent him an ear-trumpet—with little hope that it would be of use—so long, and so extremely deaf as he was. He took it to church, and heard the service for the first time for twenty years. Steady and composed as he usually was, he now cried for a whole day. After that he cheered up delightfully; but nothing could make him use his trumpet on week days. It was too precious for any day but Sundays. When the lady heard this, she sent him an old shabby one for every day use, and it makes a great difference in his everyday life.

Next, the good clergyman found himself able to do something that he had long and earnestly wished, to let out some allotments to laborers. Banks obtained one immediately; a quarter of an acre of good land, at a rent of ten shillings a year. The benefit of this is very great. He is still strong enough to cultivate it well; and, by his knowledge, as well as his industry, makes it admirably productive. In the midst of this little brightening of his prospects, there is one overshadowing fear which it sickens the heart to hear of; it happened that, by an accident which need not be detailed, the fact got into print that one of the sons at a distance had sent some money to his old father. The family were immediately in terror lest the employer should hear of it, and should turn off his old servant on the plea that he had other means of subsistence than his labor. It is not credible that such a thing should be done in the face of society. It is not credible that any one should desire to do such a thing. But that the fear should exist is mournful enough, and tells a significant tale; a tale too significant to need to be spoken out.

Banks is, as we have said a silent man. He does not pour out his heart in speech, as some of us do who have much less in our hearts than he. And there is surely no need. We want no prompting from him to feel that wrong must exist somewhere when a glorious integrity, a dignified virtue like his, has been allied with sinking fortunes through life, and has no prospect of repose but in the grave.

JANE ECCLES; OR, CONFESSIONS OF AN ATTORNEY.

THE criminal business of the office was, during the first three or four years of our partnership, entirely superintended by Mr. Flint; he being more *au fait*, from early practice, than myself in the art and mystery of prosecuting and defending felons, and I was thus happily relieved of duties which, in the days when George III. was king, were frequently very oppressive and revolting. The criminal practitioner dwelt in an atmosphere tainted alike with cruelty and crime, and pulsating alternately with merciless decrees of death, and the shrieks and wailings of sentenced guilt. And not always guilt! There exist many records of proofs, incontestable, but obtained too late, of innocence having been legally strangled on the gallows in other cases than that of Eliza Fenning. How could it be otherwise with a criminal code crowded in every line with penalties of death, nothing but—death? Juster, wiser times have dawned upon us, in which truer notions prevail of what man owes to man, even when sitting in judgment on transgressors; and this we owe, let us not forget, to the exertions of a band of men who, undeterred by the sneers of the reputedly wise and *practical* men of the world, and the taunts of “influential” newspapers, persisted in teaching that the rights of property could be more firmly cemented than by the shedding of blood—law, justice, personal security more effectually vindicated than by the gallows. Let me confess that I also was, for many years, among the mockers, and sincerely held such “theorists” and “dreamers” as Sir Samuel Romilly and his fellow-workers in utter contempt. Not so my partner Mr. Flint. Constantly in the presence of criminal judges and juries, he had less confidence in the unerring verity of their decisions than persons less familiar with them, or who see them only through the medium of newspapers. Nothing could exceed his distress of mind if, in cases in which he was prosecuting attorney, a convict died persisting in his innocence, or without a full confession of guilt. And to such a pitch did this morbidly-sensitive feeling at length arrive, that he all at once refused to undertake, or in any way meddle with, criminal prosecutions, and they were consequently turned over to our head clerk, with occasional assistance from me if there happened to be a press of business of the sort. Mr. Flint still, however, retained a monopoly of the *defenses*, except when, from some temporary cause or other, he happened to be otherwise engaged, when they fell to me. One of these I am about to relate, the result of which, whatever other impression it produced, thoroughly cured me—as it may the reader—of any propensity to sneer or laugh at criminal-law reformers and denouncers of the gallows.

One forenoon, during the absence of Mr. Flint in Wiltshire, a Mrs. Margaret Davies called at the office, in apparently great distress of mind.

This lady, I must premise, was an old, or at all events an elderly maiden, of some four-and-forty years of age—I have heard a very intimate female friend of hers say she would never see fifty again, but this was spite—and possessed of considerable house property in rather poor localities. She found abundant employment for energies which might otherwise have turned to cards and scandal, in collecting her weekly, monthly, and quarterly rents, and in promoting, or fancying she did, the religious and moral welfare of her tenants. Very barefaced, I well knew, were the impositions practiced upon her credulous good-nature in money matters, and I strongly suspected the spiritual and moral promises and performances of her motley tenantry exhibited as much discrepancy as those pertaining to rent. Still, deceived or cheated as she might be, good Mrs. Davies never wearied in what she conceived to be well-doing, and was ever ready to pour balm and oil into the wounds of the sufferer, however self-inflicted or deserved.

“What is the matter now?” I asked as soon as the good lady was seated, and had untied and loosened her bonnet, and thrown back her shawl, fast walking having heated her prodigiously. “Nothing worse than transportation is, I hope, likely to befall any of those interesting clients of yours?”

“You are a hard-hearted man, Mr. Sharp,” replied Mrs. Davies between a smile and a cry; “but being a lawyer, that is of course natural, and, as I am not here to consult you as a Christian, of no consequence.”

“Complimentary, Mrs. Davies; but pray go on.”

“You know Jane Eccles, one of my tenants in Bank Buildings: the embroidress who adopted her sister’s orphan child?”

“I remember her name. She obtained, if I recollect rightly, a balance of wages for her due to the child’s father, a mate, who died at sea. Well, what has befallen her?”

“A terrible accusation has been preferred against her,” rejoined Mrs. Davies; “but as for a moment believing it, that is quite out of the question. Jane Eccles,” continued the warm-hearted lady, at the same time extracting a crumpled newspaper from the miscellaneous contents of her reticule—“Jane Eccles works hard from morning till night, keeps herself to herself; her little nephew and her rooms are always as clean and nice as a new pin; she attends church regularly; and pays her rent punctually to the day. This disgraceful story, therefore,” she added, placing the journal in my hands, “*can not* be true.”

I glanced over the police news: “Uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged,” I exclaimed, “The devil!”

“There’s no occasion to be spurring that name out so loudly, Mr. Sharp,” said Mrs. Davies with some asperity, “especially in a lawyer’s office. People have been wrongfully accused before to-day, I suppose?”

I was intent on the report, and not answer-

ing, she continued, "I heard nothing of it till I read the shameful account in the paper half an hour ago. The poor slandered girl was, I daresay, afraid or ashamed to send for me."

"This appears to be a very bad case, Mrs. Davies," I said at length. "Three forged ten-pound notes changed in one day at different shops each time, under the pretense of purchasing articles of small amount, and another ten-pound note found in her pocket! All that has, I must say, a very ugly look."

"I don't care," exclaimed Mrs. Davies, quite fiercely, "if it looks as ugly as sin, or if the whole Bank of England was found in her pocket! I know Jane Eccles well: she nursed me last spring through the fever; and I would be upon my oath that the whole story, from beginning to end, is an invention of the devil, or something worse!"

"Jane Eccles," I persisted, "appears to have been unable or unwilling to give the slightest explanation as to how she became possessed of the spurious notes. Who is this brother of hers, 'of such highly-respectable appearance,' according to the report, who was permitted a private interview with her previous to the examination?"

"She has no brother that I have ever heard of," said Mrs. Davies. "It must be a mistake of the papers."

"That is not likely. You observed, of course, that she was fully committed—and no wonder!"

Mrs. Davies's faith in the young woman's integrity was not to be shaken by any evidence save that of her own bodily eyes, and I agreed to see Jane Eccles on the morrow, and make the best arrangements for the defense—at Mrs. Davies's charge—which the circumstances and the short time I should have for preparation—the Old Bailey session would be on in a few days—permitted. The matter so far settled, Mrs. Margaret hurried off to see what had become of little Henry, the prisoner's nephew.

I visited Jane Eccles the next day in Newgate. She was a well-grown young woman of about two or three-and-twenty—not exactly pretty, perhaps, but very well-looking. Her brown hair was plainly worn, without a cap, and the expression of her face was, I thought, one of sweetness and humility, contradicted in some degree by rather harsh lines about the mouth, denoting strong will and purpose. As a proof of the existence of this last characteristic, I may here mention that when her first overweening confidence had yielded to doubt, she, although dotingly-fond of her nephew, at this time about eight years of age, firmly refused to see him, "in order," she once said to me, and the thought brought a deadly pallor to her face—"in order that, should the worst befall, her memory might not be involuntarily connected in his mind with images of dungeons, and disgrace, and shame." Jane Eccles had received what is called in the country "a good schooling," and the books Mrs. Davies had lent her she had eagerly perused. She was, therefore,

to a certain extent, a cultivated person; and her speech and manners were mild, gentle, and, so to speak, religious. I generally found, when I visited her, a Bible or prayer-book in her hand. This, however, from my experience, comparatively slight though it was, did not much impress me in her favor—devotional sentiment, so easily, for a brief time, assumed, being, in nine such cases out of ten, a hypocritical deceit. Still she, upon the whole, made a decidedly favorable impression on me, and I no longer so much wondered at the bigotry of unbelief manifested by Mrs. Davies in behalf of her apparently amiable and grateful protégée.

But beyond the moral doubt thus suggested of the prisoner's guilt, my interviews with her utterly failed to extract any thing from her in rebutment of the charge upon which she was about to be arraigned. At first she persisted in asserting that the prosecution was based upon manifest error; that the impounded notes, instead of being forged, were genuine Bank-of-England paper. It was some time before I succeeded in convincing her that this hope, to which she so eagerly, desperately clung, was a fallacious one. I did so at last; and either, thought I, as I marked her varying color and faltering voice, "either you are a consummate actress, or else the victim of some frightful delusion or conspiracy."

"I will see you, if you please, to-morrow," she said, looking up from the chair upon which, with her head bowed and her face covered with her hands, she had been seated for several minutes in silence. "My thoughts are confused now, but to-morrow I shall be more composed; better able to decide if—to talk, I mean, of this unhappy business."

I thought it better to comply without remonstrance, and at once took my leave.

When I returned the next afternoon, the governor of the prison informed me that the brother of my client, James Eccles, quite a dashing gentleman, had had a long interview with her. He had left about two hours before, with the intention, he said, of calling upon me.

I was conducted to the room where my conferences with the prisoner usually took place. In a few minutes she appeared, much flushed and excited, it seemed to be alternately with trembling joy, and hope, and doubt, and nervous fear.

"Well," I said, "I trust you are now ready to give me your unreserved confidence, without which, be assured, that any reasonable hope of a successful issue from the peril in which you are involved is out of the question."

* The varying emotions I have noticed were clearly traceable as they swept over her tell-tale countenance during the minute or so that elapsed before she spoke.

"Tell me candidly, sir," she said at last, "whether, if I owned to you that the notes were given to me by a—a person, whom I can not, if I would, produce, to purchase various articles at different shops, and return him—the

person I mean—the change; and that I made oath this was done by me in all innocence of heart, as the God of heaven and earth truly knows it was, it would avail me?”

“Not in the least,” I replied, angry at such trifling. “How can you ask such a question? We must *find* the person who, you intimate, has deceived you, and placed your life in peril; and if that can be proved, hang him instead of you. I speak plainly, Miss Eccles,” I added, in a milder tone; “perhaps you may think unfeeling, but there is no further time for playing with this dangerous matter. To-morrow a true-bill will be found against you, and your trial may then come on immediately. If you are careless for yourself, you ought to have some thought for the sufferings of your excellent friend Mrs. Davies; for your nephew, soon, perhaps, to be left friendless and destitute.”

“Oh, spare me—spare me!” sobbed the unhappy young woman, sinking nervelessly into a seat. “Have pity upon me, wretched, bewildered as I am!” Tears relieved her; and, after a while, she said: “It is useless, sir, to prolong this interview. I could not, I solemnly assure you, if I would, tell you where to search for, or find the person of whom I spoke. And,” she added, while the lines about her mouth of which I have spoken grew distinct and rigid, “I would not, if I could. What, indeed, would it, as I have been told and believe, avail, but to cause the death of two deceived, innocent persons, instead of one? Besides,” she continued, trying to speak with firmness, and repress the shudder which crept over and shook her as with ague—“besides, whatever the verdict, the penalty will not, can not, I am sure, I know, be—be—”

I understood her plainly enough, although her resolution failed to sustain her through the sentence.

“Who is this brother, James Eccles he calls himself, whom you saw at the police-office, and who has twice been here, I understand—once to-day?”

A quick start revealed the emotion with which she heard the question, and her dilated eyes rested upon me for a moment with eager scrutiny. She speedily recovered her presence of mind, and, with her eyes again fixed on the floor, said, in a quivering voice: “My brother! Yes—as you say—my brother!”

“Mrs. Davies says you have no brother!” I sharply rejoined.

“Good Mrs. Davies,” she replied, in a tone scarcely above a whisper, and without raising her head, “does not know all our family.”

A subterfuge was, I was confident, concealed in these words; but after again and again urging her to confide in me, and finding warning and persuasion alike useless, I withdrew discomfited and angry; and withal as much concerned and grieved as baffled and indignant. On going out, I arranged with the governor that the “brother,” if he again made his appearance, should be detained *bongrè malgrè*, till my arrival. Our precaution was too late: he did

not reappear; and so little notice had any one taken of his person, that to advertise a description of him with a reward for his apprehension was hopeless.

A true bill was found, and two hours afterward Jane Eccles was placed in the dock. The trial did not last more than twenty minutes, at the end of which, an unhesitating verdict of guilty was returned, and she was duly sentenced to be hanged by the neck till she was dead. We had retained the ablest counsel practicing in the court, but, with no tangible defense, their efforts were merely thrown away. Upon being asked what she had to say why the sentence of the law should not be carried into effect, she repeated her previous statement—that the notes had been given her to change by a person in whom she reposed the utmost confidence; and that she had not the slightest thought of evil or fraud in what she did. That person, however, she repeated once more, could not be produced. Her assertions only excited a derisive smile; and all necessary forms having been gone through, she was removed from the bar.

The unhappy woman bore the ordeal through which she had just passed with much firmness. Once only, while sentence was being passed, her high-strung resolution appeared to falter and give way. I was watching her intently, and I observed that she suddenly directed a piercing look toward a distant part of the crowded court. In a moment her eye lightened, the expression of extreme horror which had momentarily darkened her countenance passed away, and her partial composure returned. I had instinctively, as it were, followed her glance, and thought I detected a tall man, enveloped in a cloak, engaged in dumb momentary communication with her. I jumped up from my seat, and hastened as quickly as I could through the thronged passages to the spot, and looked eagerly around, but the man, whosoever he might be, was gone.

The next act in this sad drama was the decision of the Privy Council upon the recorder’s report. It came. Several were reprieved, but among them was *not* Jane Eccles. She and nine others were to perish at eight o’clock on the following morning.

The anxiety and worry inseparable from this most unhappy affair, which from Mr. Flint’s protracted absence, I had exclusively to bear, fairly knocked me up, and on the evening of the day on which the decision of the council was received, I went to bed much earlier than usual, and really ill. Sleep I could not, and I was tossing restlessly about, vainly endeavoring to banish from my mind the gloomy and terrible images connected with the wretched girl and her swiftly-coming fate, when a quick tap sounded on the door, and a servant’s voice announced that one of the clerks had brought a letter which the superscription directed to be read without a moment’s delay. I sprang out of bed, snatched the letter, and eagerly ran it over. It was from the Newgate chaplain, a very worthy, humane gentleman, and stated

that, on hearing the result of the deliberations of the Privy Council, all the previous stoicism and fortitude exhibited by Jane Eccles had completely given way, and she had abandoned herself to the wildest terror and despair. As soon as she could speak coherently, she implored the governor with frantic earnestness to send for me. As this was not only quite useless in the opinion of that official, but against the rules, the prisoner's request was not complied with. The chaplain, however, thinking it might be as well that I should know of her desire to see me, had of his own accord sent me this note. He thought that possibly the sheriffs would permit me to have a brief interview with the condemned prisoner in the morning, if I arrived sufficiently early; and although it could avail nothing as regarded her fate in this world, still it might perhaps calm the frightful tumult of emotion by which she was at present tossed and shaken, and enable her to meet the inevitable hour with fortitude and resignation.

It was useless to return to bed after receiving such a communication, and I forthwith dressed myself, determined to sit up and read, if I could, till the hour at which I might hope to be admitted to the jail should strike. Slowly and heavily the dark night limped away, and as the first rays of the cold wintry dawn reached the earth, I sallied forth. A dense, brutal crowd were already assembled in front of the prison, and hundreds of well-dressed sight-seers occupied the opposite windows, morbidly eager for the rising of the curtain upon the mournful tragedy about to be enacted. I obtained admission without much difficulty, but, till the arrival of the sheriffs, no conference with the condemned prisoners could be possibly permitted. Those important functionaries happened on this morning to arrive unusually late, and I paced up and down the paved corridor in a fever of impatience and anxiety. They were at last announced, but before I could, in the hurry and confusion, obtain speech of either of them, the dismal bell tolled out, and I felt with a shudder that it was no longer possible to effect my object. "Perhaps it is better so," observed the reverend chaplain in a whisper. "She has been more composed for the last two or three hours, and is now, I trust, in a better frame of mind for death." I turned, sick at heart, to leave the place, and in my agitation missing the right way, came directly in view of the terrible procession. Jane Eccles saw me, and a terrific scream, followed by frantic heart-rending appeals to me to save her, burst with convulsive effort from her white quivering lips. Never will the horror of that moment pass from my remembrance. I staggered back, as if every spasmodic word struck me like a blow; and then, directed by one of the turnkeys, sped in an opposite direction as fast as my trembling limbs could carry me—the shrieks of the wretched victim, the tolling of the dreadful bell, and the obscene jeers and mocks of the foul crowd through which I had to force my way, evoking a confused tumult

of disgust and horror in my brain, which, if long continued, would have driven me mad. On reaching home, I was bled freely, and got to bed. This treatment, I have no doubt, prevented a violent access of fever; for, as it was, several days passed before I could be safely permitted to re-engage in business.

On revisiting the office, a fragment of a letter written by Jane Eccles a few hours previous to her death, and evidently addressed to Mrs. Davies, was placed by Mr. Flint, who had by this time returned, before me. The following is an exact copy of it, with the exception that the intervals which I have marked with dots, were filled with erasures and blots, and that every word seemed to have been traced by a hand smitten with palsy:

"From my Death-place, *Midnight*.

"DEAR MADAM—No, beloved friend, mother let me call you Oh, kind, gentle mother, I am to die to be killed in a few hours by cruel man!—I, so young, so unprepared for death, and yet guiltless! Oh, never doubt that I am guiltless of the offense for which they will have the heart to hang me Nobody, they say, can save me now; yet if I could see the lawyer I have been deceived, cruelly deceived, madam—buoyed up by lying hopes, till just now the thunder burst, and I—oh God! As they spoke, the fearful chapter in the Testament came bodily before me—the rending of the vail in twain, the terrible darkness, and the opened graves! I did not write for this, but my brain aches and dazzles It is too late—too late, they all tell me! Ah, if these dreadful laws were not so swift, I might yet—but no; *he* clearly proved to me how useless I must not think of that It is of my nephew, of your Henry, child of my affections. that I would speak. Oh, that I But hark!—they are coming The day has dawned to me the day of judgment!"

This incoherent scrawl only confirmed my previous suspicions, but it was useless to dwell further on the melancholy subject. The great ax had fallen, and whether justly or unjustly, would, I feared, as in many, very many other cases, never be clearly ascertained in this world. I was mistaken. Another case of "uttering forged Bank-of-England notes, knowing them to be forged," which came under our cognizance a few months afterward, revived the fading memory of Jane Eccles's early doom, and cleared up every obscurity connected with it.

The offender in this new case was a tall, dark-complexioned, handsome man, of about thirty years of age, of the name of Justin Arnold. His lady mother, whose real name I shall conceal under that of Barton, retained us for her son's defense, and from her and other sources we learned the following particulars:

Justin Arnold was the lady's son by a former marriage. Mrs. Barton, still a splendid woman, had, in second nuptials, espoused a very wealthy

person, and from time to time had covertly supplied Justin Arnold's extravagance. This, however, from the wild course the young man pursued, could not be for ever continued, and after many warnings, the supplies were stopped. Incapable of reformation, Justin Arnold, in order to obtain the means of dissipation, connected himself with a cleverly-organized band of swindlers and forgers, who so adroitly managed their nefarious business, that, till his capture, they had contrived to keep themselves clear of the law—the inferior tools and dupes having been alone caught in its fatal meshes. The defense, under these circumstances necessarily a difficult, almost impossible one, was undertaken by Mr. Flint, and conducted by him with his accustomed skill and energy.

I took a very slight interest in the matter, and heard very little concerning it till its judicial conclusion by the conviction of the offender, and his condemnation to death. The decision on the recorder's report was this time communicated to the authorities of Newgate on a Saturday, so that the batch ordered for execution, among whom was Justin Arnold, would not be hanged till the Monday morning. Rather late in the evening a note once more reached me from the chaplain of the prison. Justin Arnold wished to see me—*me*, not Mr. Flint. He had something of importance to communicate, he said, relative to a person in whom I had once felt great interest. It flashed across me that this Justin might be the "brother" of Jane Eccles, and I determined to see him. I immediately sought out one of the sheriffs, and obtained an order empowering me to see the prisoner on the afternoon of the morrow (Sunday.)

I found that the convict expressed great anxiety lest I should decline to see him. My hoped-for visit was the only matter which appeared to occupy the mind or excite the care of the mocking, desperate young man; even the early and shameful termination of his own life on the morrow he seemed to be utterly reckless of. Thus prepared, I was the less surprised at the scene which awaited me in the prisoner's cell, where I found him in angry altercation with the pale, affrighted chaplain.

I had never seen Justin Arnold before; this I was convinced of the instant I saw him; but he knew, and greeted me instantly by name. His swarthy, excited features were flushed and angry, and after briefly thanking me for complying with his wishes, he added in a violent, rapid tone, "This good man has been teasing me. He says, and truly, that I have defied God by my life; and now he wishes me to mock that inscrutable Being, on the eve of death, by words without sense, meaning, or truth!"

"No, no, no!" ejaculated the reverend gentleman. "I exhorted you to true repentance, to peace, charity, to—"

"True repentance, peace, charity!" broke in the prisoner with a scornful burst: "when my heart is full of rage, and bitterness, and despair! Give me *time* for this repentance which you

say is so needful—time to lure back long since banished hope, and peace, and faith! Poh!—you but flout me with words without meaning. I am unfit, you say, for the presence of men, but quite fit for that of God, before whom you are about to arrogantly cast me! Be it so: my deeds upon my head! It is at least not my fault that I am hurled to judgment before the Eternal Judge himself commanded my presence there!"

"He may be unworthy to live," murmured the scared chaplain, "but, oh, how utterly unfit to die!"

"That is true," rejoined Justin Arnold with undiminished vehemence. "Those, if you will, are words of truth and sense: go you and preach them to the makers and executioners of English law. In the mean time I would speak privately with this gentleman."

The reverend pastor, with a mute gesture of compassion, sorrow, and regret, was about to leave the cell, when he was stayed by the prisoner, who exclaimed, "Now I think of it, you had better, sir, remain. The statement I am about to make can not, for the sake of the victim's reputation, and for her friends' sake, have too many witnesses. You both remember Jane Eccles?" A broken exclamation from both of us answered him, and he quickly added—"Ah, you already guess the truth, I see. Well, I do not wonder you should start and turn pale. It *was* a cruel, shameless deed—a dastardly murder, if there was ever one. In as few words as possible, so you interrupt me not, I will relate *my* share in the atrocious business." He spoke rapidly, and once or twice during the brief recital the moistened eye and husky voice betrayed emotions which his pride would have concealed.

"Jane and I were born in Hertfordshire, within a short distance of each other. I knew her from a child. She was better off then, I worse than we subsequently became—she by her father's bankruptcy, I by my mo—, by Mrs. Barton's wealthy marriage. She was about nineteen, I twenty-four, when I left the country for London. That she loved me with all the fervor of a trusting woman I well knew; and I had, too, for some time known that she must be either honorably wooed or not at all. That with me was out of the question, and, as I told you, I came about that time to London. You can, I daresay, imagine the rest. We were—I and my friends I mean—at a loss for agents to dispose of our wares, and at the same time pressed for money. I met Jane Eccles by accident. Genteel, of graceful address and winning manners, she was just fitted for our purpose. I feigned reawakened love, proffered marriage, and a home across the Atlantic, as soon as certain trifling but troublesome affairs which momentarily harrassed me were arranged. She believed me. I got her to change a considerable number of notes under various pretexts, but that they were forged she had not and could not have the remotest suspicion. You know the catastrophe.

After her apprehension I visited this prison as her brother, and buoyed her up to the last with illusions of certain pardon and release, whatever the verdict, through the influence of my wealthy father-in-law, of our immediate union afterward, and tranquil American home. It is needless to say more. She trusted me, and I sacrificed her—less flagrant instances of a like nature occur every day. And now, gentlemen, I would fain be alone."

"Remorseless villain!" I could not exclaiming under my breath as he moved away.

He turned quickly back, and looking me in the face, without the slightest anger said, "An execrable villain if you like—not a remorseless one! Her death alone sits near, and troubles me to all else hardened conscience. And let me tell you, reverend sir," he continued, resuming his former bitterness as he addressed the chaplain—"let me tell you that it was not the solemn words of the judge the other day, but her pale, reproachful image, standing suddenly beside me in the dock, just as she looked when I passed my last deception on her, that caused the tremor and affright, complacently attributed by that grave functionary to his own sepulchral eloquence. After all, her death can not be exclusively laid to my charge. Those who tried her would not believe her story, and yet it was true as death. Had they not been so confident in their own unerring wisdom, they might have doomed her to some punishment short of the scaffold, and could now have retrieved their error. But I am weary, and would, I repeat, be alone. Farewell!" He threw himself on the rude pallet, and we silently withdrew.

A paper embodying Justin Arnold's declaration was forwarded to the secretary of state, and duly acknowledged, accompanied by an official expression of mild regret that it had not been in time to save the life of Jane Eccles. No further notice was taken of the matter, and the record of the young woman's judicial sacrifice still doubtless encumbers the archives of the Home Office, forming, with numerous others of like character, the dark, sanguine background upon which the achievements of the great and good men who have so successfully purged the old Draco code that now a faint vestige only of the old barbarism remains, stand out in bright relief and changeless lustre.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 543.)

BOOK IV.—INITIAL CHAPTER:—COMPRISING MR. CAXTON'S OPINIONS ON THE MATRIMONIAL STATE, SUPPORTED BY LEARNED AUTHORITIES.

"IT was no bad idea of yours, Pisistratus," said my father, graciously, "to depict the heightened affections and the serious intentions of Signior Riccabocca by a single stroke—*He left off his spectacles!* Good."

"Yet," quoth my uncle, "I think Shakspeare represents a lover as falling into slovenly habits,

neglecting his person, and suffering his nose to be ungartered, rather than paying that attention to his outer man which induces Signor Riccabocca to leave off his spectacles, and look as handsome as nature will permit him."

"There are different degrees and many phases of the passion," replied my father. "Shakspeare is speaking of an ill-treated, pining, woebegone lover, much aggrieved by the cruelty of his mistress—a lover who has found it of no avail to smarten himself up, and has fallen despondently into the opposite extreme. Whereas Signor Riccabocca has nothing to complain of in the barbarity of Miss Jemima."

"Indeed he has not!" cried Blanche, tossing her head—"forward creature!"

"Yes, my dear," said my mother, trying her best to look stately, "I am decidedly of opinion that, in that respect, Pisistratus has lowered the dignity of the sex. Not intentionally," added my mother, mildly, and afraid she had said something too bitter; "but it is very hard for a man to describe us women."

The Captain nodded approvingly; Mr. Squills smiled; my father quietly resumed the thread of his discourse.

"To continue," quoth he. "Riccabocca has no reason to despair of success in his suit, nor any object in moving his mistress to compassion. He may, therefore, very properly tie up his garters and leave off his spectacles. What do you say, Mr. Squills?—for, after all, since love-making can not fail to be a great constitutional derangement, the experience of a medical man must be the best to consult."

"Mr. Caxton," replied Squills, obviously flattered, "you are quite right: when a man makes love, the organs of self-esteem and desire of applause are greatly stimulated, and therefore, of course, he sets himself off to the best advantage. It is only, as you observe, when, like Shakspeare's lover, he has given up making love as a bad job, and has received that severe hit on the ganglions which the cruelty of a mistress inflicts, that he neglects his personal appearance: he neglects it, not because he is in love, but because his nervous system is depressed. That was the cause, if you remember, with poor Major Prim. He wore his wig all awry when Susan Smart jilted him; but I set it all right for him."

"By shaming Miss Smart into repentance, or getting him a new sweetheart?" asked my uncle.

"Pooh!" answered Squills, "by quinine and cold bathing."

"We may therefore grant," renewed my father, "that, as a general rule, the process of courtship tends to the spruceness, and even foppery, of the individual engaged in the experiment, as Voltaire has very prettily proved somewhere. Nay, the Mexicans, indeed, were of opinion that the lady, at least, ought to continue those cares of her person even after marriage. There is extant, in Sahagun's *History of New*

Spain, the advice of an Aztec or Mexican mother to her daughter, in which she says—"That your husband may not take you in dislike, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and let your garments be clean." It is true that the good lady adds—"Do it in moderation; since, if every day you are washing yourself and your clothes, the world will say that you are over-delicate; and particular people will call you—*TAPETZON TINEMAX-UCH!*" What those words precisely mean," added my father, modestly, "I can not say, since I never had the opportunity to acquire the ancient Aztec language—but something very opprobrious and horrible, no doubt."

"I daresay a philosopher like Signor Riccabocca," said my uncle, "was not himself very *Tapetzon tine*—what d'ye call it?—and a good, healthy, English wife, like that poor affectionate Jemima, was thrown away upon him."

"Roland, said my father, "you don't like foreigners: a respectable prejudice, and quite natural in a man who has been trying his best to hew them in pieces, and blow them up into splinters. But you don't like philosophers either—and for that dislike you have no equally good reason."

"I only implied that they were not much addicted to soap and water," said my uncle.

"A notable mistake. Many great philosophers have been very great beaux. Aristotle was a notorious fop. Buffon put on his best laced ruffles when he sat down to write, which implies that he washed his hands first. Pythagoras insists greatly on the holiness of frequent ablutions; and Horace—who, in his own way, was as good a philosopher as any the Romans produced—takes care to let us know what a neat, well-dressed, dapper little gentleman he was. But I don't think you ever read the 'Apology of Apuleius?'"

"Not I—what is it about?" asked the Captain.

"About a great many things. It is that Sage's vindication from several malignant charges—among others, and principally indeed, that of being much too refined and effeminate for a philosopher. Nothing can exceed the rhetorical skill with which he excuses himself for using—tooth-powder. 'Ought a philosopher,' he exclaims, 'to allow any thing unclean about him, especially in the mouth—the mouth, which is the vestibule of the soul, the gate of discourse, the portico of thought! Ah, but Æmilianus [the accuser of Apuleius] never opens his mouth but for slander and calumny—tooth-powder would indeed be unbecoming to him! Or, if he use any, it will not be my good Arabian tooth-powder, but charcoal and cinders. Ay, his teeth should be as foul as his language! And yet even the crocodile likes to have his teeth cleaned; insects get into them, and, horrible reptile though he be, he opens his jaws inoffensively to a faithful dentistical bird, who volunteers his beak for a toothpick.'"

My father was now warm in the subject he

had started, and soared miles away from Riccabocca and "My Novel." "And observe," he exclaimed—"observe with what gravity this eminent Platonist pleads guilty to the charge of having a mirror. 'Why, what,' he exclaims, 'more worthy of the regards of a human creature than his own image' (*nihil respectabilius homini quam formam suam!*) Is not that one of our children the most dear to us who is called 'the picture of his father?' But take what pains you will with a picture, it can never be so like you as the face in your mirror! Think it discreditable to look with proper attention on one's self in the glass! Did not Socrates recommend such attention to his disciples—did he not make a great moral agent of the speculum? The handsome, in admiring their beauty therein, were admonished that handsome is who handsome does; and the more the ugly stared at themselves, the more they became naturally anxious to hide the disgrace of their features in the loveliness of their merits. Was not Demosthenes always at his speculum? Did he not rehearse his causes before it as before a master in the art? He learned his eloquence from Plato, his dialectics from Eubulides; but as for his delivery—there, he came to the mirror!"

"Therefore," concluded Mr. Caxton, returning unexpectedly to the subject—"therefore it is no reason to suppose that Dr. Riccabocca is averse to cleanliness and decent care of the person, because he is a philosopher; and, all things considered, he never showed himself more a philosopher than when he left off his spectacles and looked his best."

"Well," said my mother, kindly, "I only hope it may turn out happily. But I should have been better pleased if Pisistratus had not made Dr. Riccabocca so reluctant a wooer."

"Very true," said the Captain; "the Italian does not shine as a lover. Throw a little more fire into him, Pisistratus—something gallant and chivalrous."

"Fire—gallantry—chivalry!" cried my father, who had taken Riccabocca under his special protection—"why, don't you see that the man is described as a philosopher?—and I should like to know when a philosopher ever plunged into matrimony without considerable misgivings and cold shivers. Indeed, it seems that—perhaps before he was a philosopher—Riccabocca *had* tried the experiment, and knew what it was. Why, even that plain-speaking, sensible, practical man, Metellus Numidicus, who was not even a philosopher, but only a Roman Censor, thus expressed himself in an exhortation to the People to perpetrate matrimony—"If, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all dispense with that subject of care (*câ molestiâ careremus*); but since nature has so managed it, that we can not live with women comfortably, nor without them at all, let us rather provide for the human race than our own temporary felicity."

Here the ladies set up a cry of such indigna-

tion, that both Roland and myself endeavored to appease their wrath by hasty assurances that we utterly repudiated that damnable doctrine of Metellus Numidicus.

My father, wholly unmoved, as soon as a sullen silence was established, recommenced—"Do not think, ladies," said he, "that you were without advocates at that day: there were many Romans gallant enough to blame the Censor for a mode of expressing himself which they held to be equally impolite and injudicious. 'Surely,' said they, with some plausibility, 'if Numidicus wished men to marry, he need not have referred so peremptorily to the disquietudes of the connection, and thus have made them more inclined to turn away from matrimony than given them a relish for it.' But against these critics one honest man (whose name of Titus Castricius should not be forgotten by posterity) maintained that Metellus Numidicus could not have spoken more properly; 'For remark,' said he, 'that Metellus was a censor, not a rhetorician. It becomes rhetoricians to adorn, and disguise, and make the best of things; but Metellus, *sanctus vir*—a holy and blameless man, grave and sincere to wit, and addressing the Roman people in the solemn capacity of Censor—was bound to speak the plain truth, especially as he was treating of a subject on which the observation of every day, and the experience of every life, could not leave the least doubt upon the mind of his audience.' Still Riccabocca, having decided to marry, has no doubt prepared himself to bear all the concomitant evils—as becomes a professed sage; and I own I admire the art with which Pistratus has drawn the precise woman likely to suit a philosopher."

Pistratus bows, and looks round complacently; but recoils from two very peevish and discontented faces feminine.

MR. CAXTON (completing his sentence.)—"Not only as regards mildness of temper and other household qualifications, but as regards the very *person* of the object of his choice. For you evidently remembered, Pistratus, the reply of Bias, when asked his opinion on marriage: *Ἦτοι καλὴν ἔξεις, ἢ αἰσχρὰν· καὶ εἰ καλὴν, ἔξεις κοινήν· εἰ δὲ αἰσχρὰν ἔξεις ποινήν.*"

Pistratus tries to look as if he had the opinion of Bias by heart, and nods acquiescingly.

MR. CAXTON.—"That is, my dears, 'The woman you would marry is either handsome or ugly; if handsome, she is *koiné*, viz., you don't have her to yourself; if ugly, she is *poiné*—that is, a fury.' But, as it is observed in Aulus Gellius (whence I borrow this citation), there is a wide interval between handsome and ugly. And thus Ennius, in his tragedy of *Menalippus*, uses an admirable expression to designate women of the proper degree of matrimonial comeliness, such as a philosopher would select. He calls this degree *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty, which is not liable to be either *koiné* or *poiné*. And Favorinus, who was a remarkably sensible man, and came from

Provence—the male inhabitants of which district have always valued themselves on their knowledge of love and ladies—calls this said *stata forma* the beauty of wives—the uxorial beauty. Ennius says that women of a *stata forma* are almost always safe and modest. Now Jemima, you observe, is described as possessing this *stata forma*; and it is the nicety of your observation in this respect, which I like the most in the whole of your description of a philosopher's matrimonial courtship, Pistratus, (excepting only the stroke of the spectacles) for it shows that you had properly considered the opinion of Bias, and mastered all the counter logic suggested in Book v. Chapter xi., of Aulus Gellius."

"For all that," said Blanche, half-archly, half-demurely, with a smile in the eye, and a pout of the lip, "I don't remember that Pistratus, in the days when he wished to be most complimentary, ever assured me that I had a *stata forma*—a rational, mediocre sort of beauty."

"And I think," observed my uncle, "that when he comes to his real heroine, whoever that may be, he will not trouble his head much about either Bias or Aulus Gellius."

CHAPTER II.

MATRIMONY is certainly a great change in life. One is astonished not to find a notable alteration in one's friend, even if he or she have been only wedded a week. In the instance of Dr. and Mrs. Riccabocca the change was peculiarly visible. To speak first of the lady, as in chivalry bound, Mrs. Riccabocca had entirely renounced that melancholy which had characterized Miss Jemima: she became even sprightly and gay, and looked all the better and prettier for the alteration. She did not scruple to confess honestly to Mrs. Dale, that she was now of opinion that the world was very far from approaching its end. But, in the mean while, she did not neglect the duty which the belief she had abandoned serves to inculcate—"She set her house in order." The cold and penurious elegance that had characterized the Casino disappeared like enchantment—that is, the elegance remained, but the cold and penury fled before the smile of woman. Like Puss-in-Boots after the nuptials of his master, Jackeymo only now caught minnows and sticklebacks for his own amusement. Jackeymo looked much plumper, and so did Riccabocca. In a word, the fair Jemima became an excellent wife. Riccabocca secretly thought her extravagant, but, like a wise man, declined to look at the house bills, and ate his joint in unreproachful silence.

Indeed, there was so much unaffected kindness in the nature of Mrs. Riccabocca—beneath the quiet of her manner there beat so genially the heart of the Hazeldeans—that she fairly justified the favorable anticipations of Mrs. Dale. And though the Doctor did not noisily boast of his felicity, nor, as some new married folks do, thrust it insultingly under the *nimis unctis nar-*

bus—the turned-up noses of your surly old married folks, nor force it gaudily and glaringly on the envious eyes of the single, you might still see that he was a more cheerful and light-hearted man than before. His smile was less ironical, his politeness less distant. He did not study Machiavelli so intensely—and he did not return to the spectacles; which last was an excellent sign. Moreover, the humanizing influence of the tidy English wife might be seen in the improvement of his outward or artificial man. His clothes seemed to fit him better; indeed, the clothes were new. Mrs. Dale no longer remarked that the buttons were off the wristbands, which was a great satisfaction to her. But the sage still remained faithful to the pipe, the cloak, and the red silk umbrella. Mrs. Riccabocca had (to her credit be it spoken) used all becoming and wife-like arts against these three remnants of the old bachelor Adam, but in vain. “*Anima mia*—soul of mine,” said the Doctor, tenderly, “I hold the cloak, the umbrella, and the pipe, as the sole relics that remain to me of my native country. Respect and spare them.”

Mrs. Riccabocca was touched, and had the good sense to perceive that man, let him be ever so much married, retains certain signs of his ancient independence—certain tokens of his old identity, which a wife, the most despotic, will do well to concede. She conceded the cloak, she submitted to the umbrella, she concealed her abhorrence of the pipe. After all, considering the natural villainy of our sex, she confessed to herself that she might have been worse off. But, through all the calm and cheerfulness of Riccabocca, a nervous perturbation was sufficiently perceptible; it commenced after the second week of marriage—it went on increasing, till one bright sunny afternoon, as he was standing on his terrace gazing down upon the road, at which Jackeymo was placed—lo, a stage-coach stopped! The Doctor made a bound, and put both hands to his heart as if he had been shot; he then leapt over the balustrade, and his wife from her window beheld him flying down the hill, with his long hair streaming in the wind, till the trees hid him from her sight.

“Ah,” thought she with a natural pang of conjugal jealousy, “henceforth I am only second in his home. He has gone to welcome his child!” And at that reflection Mrs. Riccabocca shed tears.

But so naturally amiable was she, that she hastened to curb her emotion, and efface as well as she could the trace of a stepmother’s grief. When this was done, and a silent, self-rebuking prayer murmured over, the good woman descended the stairs with alacrity, and, summoning up her best smiles, emerged on the terrace.

She was repaid; for scarcely had she come into the open air, when two little arms were thrown round her, and the sweetest voice that ever came from a child’s lips, sighed out in broken English, “Good mamma, love me a little.”

“Love you? with my whole heart!” cried the stepmother, with all a mother’s honest passion. And she clasped the child to her breast.

“God bless you, my wife!” said Riccabocca, in a husky tone.

“Please take this, too,” added Jackeymo, in Italian, as well as his sobs would let him—and broke off a great bough full of blossoms from his favorite orange-tree, and thrust it into his mistress’s hand. She had not the slightest notion what he meant by it!

CHAPTER III.

VIOLANTE was indeed a bewitching child—a child to whom I defy Mrs. Caudle herself (immortal Mrs. Caudle!) to have been a harsh stepmother.

Look at her now, as, released from those kindly arms, she stands, still clinging with one hand to her new mamma, and holding out the other to Riccabocca—with those large dark eyes swimming in happy tears. What a lovely smile!—what an ingenuous candid brow! She looks delicate—she evidently requires care—she wants the mother. And rare is the woman who would not love her the better for that! Still, what an innocent infantine bloom in those clear smooth cheeks!—and in that slight frame, what exquisite natural grace!

“And this, I suppose, is your nurse, darling?” said Mrs. Riccabocca, observing a dark foreign-looking woman, dressed very strangely—without cap or bonnet, but a great silver arrow stuck in her hair, and a flagree chain or necklace resting upon her kerchief.

“Ah, good Annetta,” said Violante in Italian. “Papa, she says she is to go back; but she is not to go back—is she?”

Riccabocca, who had scarcely before noticed the woman, started at that question—exchanged a rapid glance with Jackeymo—and then, muttering some inaudible excuse, approached the Nurse, and, beckoning her to follow him, went away into the grounds. He did not return for more than an hour, nor did the woman then accompany him home. He said briefly to his wife that the Nurse was obliged to return at once to Italy, and that she would stay in the village to catch the mail; that indeed she would be of no use in their establishment, as she could not speak a word of English; but that he was sadly afraid Violante would pine for her. And Violante did pine at first. But still, to a child it is so great a thing to find a parent—to be at home—that, tender and grateful as Violante was, she could not be inconsolable while her father was there to comfort.

For the first few days, Riccabocca scarcely permitted any one to be with his daughter but himself. He would not even leave her alone with his Jemima. They walked out together—sat together for hours in the Belvidere. Then by degrees he began to resign her more and more to Jemima’s care and tuition, especially in

English, of which language at present she spoke only a few sentences (previously, perhaps, learned by heart), so as to be clearly intelligible.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was one person in the establishment of Dr. Riccabocca, who was satisfied neither with the marriage of his master nor the arrival of Violante—and that was our friend Lenny Fairfield. Previous to the all-absorbing duties of courtship, the young peasant had secured a very large share of Riccabocca's attention. The sage had felt interest in the growth of this rude intelligence struggling up to light. But what with the wooing, and what with the wedding, Lenny Fairfield had sunk very much out of his artificial position as pupil, into his natural station of under-gardener. And on the arrival of Violante, he saw, with natural bitterness, that he was clean forgotten, not only by Riccabocca, but almost by Jackeymo. It was true that the master still lent him books, and the servant still gave him lectures on horticulture. But Riccabocca had no time nor inclination now to amuse himself with enlightening that tumult of conjecture which the books created. And if Jackeymo had been covetous of those mines of gold buried beneath the acres now fairly taken from the Squire (and good-naturedly added rent-free, as an aid to Jemima's dower), before the advent of the young lady whose future dowry the produce was to swell—now that she was actually under the eyes of the faithful servant, such a stimulus was given to his industry, that he could think of nothing else but the land, and the revolution he designed to effect in its natural English crops. The garden, save only the orange-trees, was abandoned entirely to Lenny, and additional laborers were called in for the field-work. Jackeymo had discovered that one part of the soil was suited to lavender, that another would grow chamomile. He had in his heart apportioned a beautiful field of rich loam to flax; but against the growth of flax the Squire set his face obstinately. That most lucrative, perhaps, of all crops, when soil and skill suit, had, it would appear, been formerly attempted in England much more commonly than it is now; since you will find few old leases which do not contain a clause prohibitory of flax, as an impoverishment of the land. And though Jackeymo learnedly endeavored to prove to the Squire that the flax itself contained particles which, if returned to the soil, repaid all that the crop took away, Mr. Hazeldean had his old-fashioned prejudices on the matter, which were insuperable. "My forefathers," quoth he, "did not put that clause in their leases without good cause; and as the Casino lands are entailed on Frank, I have no right to gratify your foreign whims at his expense."

To make up for the loss of the flax, Jackeymo resolved to convert a very nice bit of pasture into orchard ground, which he calculated would

bring in £10 net per acre by the time Miss Violante was marriageable. At this, the Squire pished a little; but as it was quite clear that the land would be all the more valuable hereafter for the fruit trees, he consented to permit the "grass land" to be thus partially broken up.

All these changes left poor Lenny Fairfield very much to himself—at a time when the new and strange devices which the initiation into book knowledge creates, made it most desirable that he should have the constant guidance of a superior mind.

One evening after his work, as Lenny was returning to his mother's cottage very sullen and very moody, he suddenly came in contact with Sprott the tinker.

CHAPTER V.

THE tinker was seated under a hedge, hammering away at an old kettle—with a little fire burning in front of him—and the donkey hard by, indulging in a placid doze. Mr. Sprott looked up as Lenny passed—nodded kindly, and said:

"Good evenin', Lenny: glad to hear you be so 'spectably sitivated with Mounseer."

"Ay," answered Lenny, with a leaven of rancor in his recollections, "You're not ashamed to speak to me now, that I am not in disgrace. But it was in disgrace, when it wasn't my fault, that the real gentleman was most kind to me."

"Ar—r, Lenny," said the Tinker, with a prolonged rattle in that said Ar—r, which was not without great significance. "But you sees the real gentleman who han't got his bread to get, can hafford to 'spise his cracter in the world. A poor tinker must be timbersome and nice in his 'sociations. But sit down here a bit, Lenny; I've summat to say to ye!"

"To me—"

"To ye. Give the neddy a shove out i' the vay, and sit down, I say."

Lenny rather reluctantly, and somewhat superciliously, accepted this invitation.

"I hears," said the Tinker in a voice made rather indistinct by a couple of nails which he had inserted between his teeth; "I hears as how you be unkimmon fond of reading. I ha' sum nice cheap books in my bag yonder—sum as low as a penny."

"I should like to see them," said Lenny, his eyes sparkling.

The Tinker rose, opened one of the panniers on the ass's back, took out a bag which he placed before Lenny, and told him to suit himself. The young peasant desired no better. He spread all the contents of the bag on the sward, and a motley collection of food for the mind was there—food and poison—*serpentes avibus*—good and evil. Here, Milton's Paradise Lost, there The Age of Reason—here Methodist tracts, there True Principles of Socialism—Treatises on Useful Knowledge by sound learning actuated by pure benevolence—Appeals to Operatives by the

shallowest reasoners, instigated by the same ambition that had moved Eratosthenes to the conflagration of a temple; works of fiction admirable as Robinson Crusoe, or innocent as the Old English Baron, beside coarse translations of such garbage as had rotted away the youth of France under Louis Quinze. This miscellany was an epitome, in short, of the mixed World of Books, of that vast City of the Press, with its palaces and hovels, its aqueducts and sewers—which opens all alike to the naked eye and the curious mind of him to whom you say, in the Tinker's careless phrase, "suit yourself."

But it is not the first impulse of a nature, healthful and still pure, to settle in the hovel and lose itself amid the sewers; and Lenny Fairfield turned innocently over the bad books, and selecting two or three of the best, brought them to the Tinker and asked the price.

"Why," said Mr. Sprott, putting on his spectacles, "you has taken the werry dearest: them 'ere be much cheaper, and more hinterestin'."

"But I don't fancy them," answered Lenny; "I don't understand what they are about, and this seems to tell one how the steam-engine is made, and has nice plates; and this is Robinson Crusoe, which Parson Dale once said he would give me—I'd rather buy it out of my own money."

"Well, please yourself," quoth the Tinker; "you shall have the books for four bob, and you can pay me next month."

"Four bobs—four shillings? it is a great sum," said Lenny, "but I will lay by, as you are kind enough to trust me; good evening, Mr. Sprott."

"Stay a bit," said the Tinker; "I'll just throw you these two little tracks into the bargaining; they be only a shilling a dozen, so 'tis but tuppence—and ven you has read *those*, vy, you'll be a reglar customer."

The Tinker tossed to Lenny Nos. 1 and 2 of Appeals to Operatives, and the peasant took them up gratefully.

The young knowledge-seeker went his way across the green fields, and under the still autumn foliage of the hedgerows. He looked first at one book, then at another; he did not know on which to settle.

The Tinker rose and made a fire with leaves and furze and sticks, some dry and some green.

Lenny has now opened No. 1 of the tracts: they are the shortest to read, and don't require so much effort of the mind as the explanation of the steam-engine.

The Tinker has now set on his grimy glue-pot, and the glue simmers.

CHAPTER VI.

As Violante became more familiar with her new home, and those around her became more familiar with Violante, she was remarked for a certain stateliness of manner and bearing, which,

had it been less evidently natural and inborn, would have seemed misplaced in the daughter of a forlorn exile, and would have been rare at so early an age among children of the loftiest pretensions. It was with the air of a little princess that she presented her tiny hand to a friendly pressure, or submitted her calm clear cheek to a presuming kiss. Yet withal she was so graceful, and her very stateliness was so pretty and captivating, that she was not the less loved for all her grand airs. And, indeed, she deserved to be loved; for though she was certainly prouder than Mr. Dale could approve of, her pride was devoid of egotism; and that is a pride by no means common. She had an intuitive forethought for others; you could see that she was capable of that grand woman-heroism, abnegation of self; and though she was an original child, and often grave and musing, with a tinge of melancholy, sweet, but deep in her character, still she was not above the happy genial merri-ment of childhood—only her silver laugh was more attuned, and her gestures more composed than those of children, habituated to many play-fellows, usually are. Mrs. Hazeldean liked her best when she was grave, and said "she would become a very sensible woman." Mrs. Dale liked her best when she was gay, and said, "she was born to make many a heart ache;" for which Mrs. Dale was properly reproved by the Parson. Mrs. Hazeldean gave her a little set of garden tools; Mrs. Dale a picture-book and a beautiful doll. For a long time the book and the doll had the preference. But Mrs. Hazeldean having observed to Riccabocca that the poor child looked pale, and ought to be a good deal in the open air, the wise father ingeniously pretended to Violante that Mrs. Riccabocca had taken a great fancy to the picture book, and that he should be very glad to have the doll, upon which Violante hastened to give them both away, and was never so happy as when mamma (as she called Mrs. Riccabocca) was admiring the picture-book, and Riccabocca with austere gravity dandled the doll. Then Riccabocca assured her that she could be of great use to him in the garden; and Violante instantly put into movement her spade, hoe, and wheelbarrow.

This last occupation brought her into immediate contact with Mr. Leonard Fairfield; and that personage one morning, to his great horror, found Miss Violante had nearly exterminated a whole celery-bed, which she had ignorantly conceived to be a crop of weeds.

Lenny was extremely angry. He snatched away the hoe, and said, angrily, "You must not do that, Miss. I'll tell your papa if you—"

Violante drew herself up, and never having been so spoken to before, at least since her arrival in England, there was something comic in the surprise of her large eyes, as well as something tragic in the dignity of her offended mien. "It is very naughty of you, Miss," continued Leonard, in a milder tone, for he was both soft-

ened by the eyes and awed by the mien, "and I trust you will not do it again."

"*Non capisco*" (I don't understand), murmured Violante, and the dark eyes filled with tears. At that moment up came Jackeymo; and Violante, pointing to Leonard, said, with an effort not to betray her emotion, "*Il fanciullo e molto grossolano*" (he is a very rude boy).

Jackeymo turned to Leonard with the look of an enraged tiger. "How you dare, scum of de earth that you are," cried he,* "how you dare make cry the signorina?" And his English not supplying familiar vituperatives sufficiently, he poured out upon Lenny such a profusion of Italian abuse, that the boy turned red and white in a breath with rage and perplexity.

Violante took instant compassion upon the rietim she had made, and, with true feminine caprice, now began to scold Jackeymo for his anger, and, finally approaching Leonard, laid her hand on his arm, and said with a kindness at once childlike and queenly, and in the prettiest imaginable mixture of imperfect English and soft Italian, to which I can not pretend to do justice, and shall therefore translate: "Don't mind him. I dare say it was all my fault, only I did not understand you: are not these things weeds?"

"No, my darling signorina," said Jackeymo, in Italian, looking ruefully at the celery-bed, "they are not weeds, and they sell very well at this time of the year. But still, if it amuses you to pluck them up, I should like to see who's to prevent it."

Lenny walked away. He had been called "the scum of the earth," by a foreigner, too! He had again been ill-treated for doing what he conceived his duty. He was again feeling the distinction between rich and poor, and he now fancied that that distinction involved deadly warfare, for he had read from beginning to end those two damnable tracts which the Tinker had presented to him. But in the midst of all the angry disturbance of his mind, he felt the soft touch of the infant's hand, the soothing influence of her conciliating words, and he was half ashamed that he had spoken so roughly to a child.

Still, not trusting himself to speak, he walked away, and sat down at a distance. "I don't see," thought he, "why there should be rich and poor, master and servant." Lenny, be it remembered, had not heard the Parson's Political Sermon.

An hour after, having composed himself, Lenny returned to his work. Jackeymo was no longer in the garden; he had gone to the fields; but Riccabocca was standing by the celery-bed, and holding the red silk umbrella over Violante as she sat on the ground, looking up at her fa-

ther with those eyes already so full of intelligence, and love, and soul.

"Lenny," said Riccabocca, "my young lady has been telling me that she has been very naughty, and Giacomo very unjust to you. Forgive them both."

Lenny's sullenness melted in an instant; the reminiscences of tracts Nos. 1 and 2,

"Like the baseless fabrics of a vision,
Left not a wreck behind."

He raised eyes, swimming with all his native goodness, toward the wise man, and dropped them gratefully on the face of the infant peacemaker. Then he turned away his head and fairly wept. The Parson was right: "O ye poor, have charity for the rich; O ye rich, respect the poor."

CHAPTER VII.

Now from that day the humble Lenny and the regal Violante became great friends. With what pride he taught her to distinguish between celery and weeds—and how proud too, was she when she learned that she was *useful*! There is not a greater pleasure you can give to children, especially female children, than to make them feel they are already of value in the world, and serviceable as well as protected. Weeks and months rolled away, and Lenny still read, not only the books lent him by the Doctor, but those he bought of Mr. Sprott. As for the bombs and shells against religion which the Tinker carried in his bag, Lenny was not induced to blow himself up with them. He had been reared from his cradle in simple love and reverence for the Divine Father, and the tender Saviour, whose life beyond all records of human goodness, whose death beyond all epics of mortal heroism, no being whose infancy has been taught to supplicate the Merciful and adore the Holy, yea, even though his later life may be entangled amidst the thorns of some desolate Pyrrhonism, can ever hear reviled and scoffed without a shock to the conscience and a revolt of the heart. As the deer recoils by instinct from the tiger, as the very look of the scorpion deters you from handling it, though you never saw a scorpion before, so the very first line in some ribald profanity on which the Tinker put his black finger, made Lenny's blood run cold. Safe, too, was the peasant boy from any temptation in works of a gross and licentious nature, not only because of the happy ignorance of his rural life, but because of a more enduring safeguard—genius! Genius, that, manly, robust, healthful as it be, is long before it lose its instinctive Dorian modesty; shame-faced, because so susceptible to glory—genius, that loves indeed to dream, but on the violet bank, not the dung-hill. Wherefore, even in the error of the senses, it seeks to escape from the sensual into worlds of fancy, subtle and refined. But apart from the passions, true genius is the most practical of all human gifts. Like the Apollo, whom the

* It need scarcely be observed, that Jackeymo, in his conversations with his master or Violante, or his conference with himself, employs his native language, which is therefore translated without the blunders that he is driven to commit when compelled to trust himself to the tongue of the country in which he is a sojourner.

Greek worshiped as its type, even Arcady is its exile, not its home. Soon weary of the dalliance of Tempé, its ascends to its mission—the Archer of the silver bow, the guide of the car of light. Speaking more plainly, genius is the enthusiasm for self-improvement; it ceases or sleeps the moment it desists from seeking some object which it believes of value, and by that object it insensibly connects its self-improvement with the positive advance of the world. At present Lenny's genius had no bias that was not to the Positive and Useful. It took the direction natural to his sphere, and the wants therein, viz., to the arts which we call mechanical. He wanted to know about steam-engines and Artesian wells; and to know about them it was necessary to know something of mechanics and hydrostatics; so he bought popular elementary works on those mystic sciences, and set all the powers of his mind at work on experiments.

Noble and generous spirits are ye, who with small care for fame, and little reward from pelf, have opened to the intellects of the poor the portals of wisdom! I honor and revere ye; only do not think ye have done all that is needful. Consider, I pray ye, whether so good a choice from the Tinker's bag would have been made by a boy whom religion had not scared from the Pestilent, and genius had not led to the Self-improving. And Lenny did not wholly escape from the mephitic portions of the motley elements from which his awakening mind drew its nurture. Think not it was all pure oxygen that the panting lip drew in. No; there were still those inflammatory tracts. Political I do not like to call them, for politics mean the art of government, and the tracts I speak of assailed all government which mankind has hitherto recognized. Sad rubbish, perhaps, were such tracts to you, O sound thinker, in your easy-chair! Or to you, practiced statesman, at your post on the Treasury Bench—to you, calm dignitary of a learned Church—or to you, my lord judge, who may often have sent from your bar to the dire Orcus of Norfolk's Isle the ghosts of men whom that rubbish, falling simultaneously on the bumps of acquisitiveness and combativeness, hath untimely slain. Sad rubbish to you! But seems it such rubbish to the poor man, to whom it promises a paradise on the easy terms of upsetting a world? For ye see, these "Appeals to Operatives" represent that same world-upsetting as the simplest thing imaginable—a sort of two-and-two-make-four proposition. The poor have only got to set their strong hands to the axle, and heave-a-hoy! and hurrah for the topsy-turvy! Then, just to put a little wholesome rage into the heave-a-hoy! it is so facile to accompany the eloquence of "Appeals" with a kind of stir-the-bile-up statistics—"Abuses of the Aristocracy"—"Jobs of the Priesthood"—"Expenses of Army kept up for Peere' younger sons"—"Wars contracted for the villainous purpose of raising the rents of the landowners"—all arithmetically dished

up, and seasoned with tales of every gentleman who has committed a misdeed, every clergyman who has dishonored his cloth; as if such instances were fair specimens of average gentlemen and ministers of religion! All this passionately advanced, (and observe, never answered, for that literature admits no controversialists, and the writer has it all his own way), may be rubbish; but it is out of such rubbish that operatives build barricades for attack, and legislators prisons for defense.

Our poor friend Lenny drew plenty of this stuff from the Tinker's bag. He thought it very clever and very eloquent; and he supposed the statistics were as true as mathematical demonstrations.

A famous knowledge-diffuser is looking over my shoulder, and tells me, "Increase education, and cheapen good books, and all this rubbish will disappear!" Sir, I don't believe a word of it. If you printed Ricardo and Adam Smith at a farthing a volume, I still believe they would be as little read by the operatives as they are nowadays by a very large proportion of highly-cultivated men. I still believe that while the press works, attacks on the rich, and propositions for heave-a-hoys, will always form a popular portion of the Literature of Labor. There's Lenny Fairfield reading a treatise on hydraulics, and constructing a model for a fountain into the bargain; but that does not prevent his acquiescence in any proposition for getting rid of a National Debt, which he certainly never agreed to pay, and which he is told makes sugar and tea so shamefully dear. No. I tell you what does a little counteract those eloquent incentives to break his own head against the strong walls of the Social System—it is, that he has two eyes in that head, which are not always employed in reading. And, having been told in print that masters are tyrants, parsons hypocrites or drones in the hive, and landowners vampires and blood-suckers, he looks out into the little world around him, and, first he is compelled to acknowledge that his master is not a tyrant (perhaps because he is a foreigner and a philosopher, and, for what I and Lenny know, a republican). But then Parson Dale, though High Church to the marrow, is neither hypocrite nor drone. He has a very good living, it is true—much better than he ought to have, according to the "political" opinions of those tracts; but Lenny is obliged to confess that, if Parson Dale were a penny the poorer, he would do a pennyworth's less good; and, comparing one parish with another, such as Rood Hall and Hazeldean, he is dimly aware that there is no greater CIVILIZER than a parson tolerably well off. Then, too, Squire Hazeldean, though as arrant a Tory as ever stood upon shoe-leather, is certainly not a vampire nor bloodsucker. He does not feed on the public; a great many of the public feed upon him: and, therefore, his practical experience a little staggers and perplexes Lenny Fairfield as to the gospel accuracy of his theoretical

dogmas. Masters, parsons, landowners! having, at the risk of all popularity, just given a *coup de patte* to certain sages extremely the fashion at present, I am not going to let you off without an admonitory flea in the ear. Don't suppose that any mere scribbling and typework will suffice to answer scribbling and typework set at work to demolish you—*write* down that rubbish you can't—*live* it down you may. If you are rich, like Squire Hazeldean, do good with your money; if you are poor, like Signor Riccabocca, do good with your kindness.

See! there is Lenny now receiving his week's wages; and though Lenny knows that he can get higher wages in the very next parish, his blue eyes are sparkling with gratitude, not at the chink of the money, but at the poor exile's friendly talk on things apart from all service; while Violante is descending the steps from the terrace, charged by her mother-in-law with a little basket of sago, and suchlike delicacies, for Mrs. Fairfield, who has been ailing the last few days.

Lenny will see the Tinker as he goes home, and he will buy a most Demosthenean "Appeal"—a tract of tracts, upon the "Propriety of Strikes," and the Avarice of Masters. But, somehow or other, I think a few words from Signor Riccabocca, that did not cost the Signor a farthing, and the sight of his mother's smile at the contents of the basket, which cost very little, will serve to neutralize the effects of that "Appeal," much more efficaciously than the best article a Brougham or a Mill could write on the subject.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPRING had come again; and one beautiful May-day, Leonard Fairfield sate beside the little fountain which he had now actually constructed in the garden. The butterflies were hovering over the belt of flowers which he had placed around his fountain, and the birds were singing overhead. Leonard Fairfield was resting from his day's work, to enjoy his abstemious dinner, beside the cool play of the sparkling waters, and, with the yet keener appetite of knowledge, he devoured his book as he munched his crusts.

A penny tract is the shoeing-horn of literature: it draws on a great many books, and some too tight to be very useful in walking. The penny tract quotes a celebrated writer, you long to read him; it props a startling assertion by a grave authority, you long to refer to it. During the nights of the past winter, Leonard's intelligence had made vast progress: he had taught himself more than the elements of mechanics, and put to practice the principles he had acquired, not only in the hydraulical achievement of the fountain, nor in the still more notable application of science, commenced on the stream in which Jackeymo had fished for minnows, and which Lenny had diverted to the purpose of irrigating two fields, but in various ingenious contrivances for the facilitation or abridgment of

labor, which had excited great wonder and praise in the neighborhood. On the other hand, those rabid little tracts, which dealt so summarily with the destinies of the human race, even when his growing reason, and the perusal of works more classical or more logical, had led him to perceive that they were illiterate, and to suspect that they jumped from premises to conclusions with a celerity very different from the careful ratiocination of mechanical science, had still, in the citations and references wherewith they abounded, lured him on to philosophers more specious and more perilous. Out of the Tinker's bag he had drawn a translation of Condorcet's *Progress of Man*, and another of Rousseau's *Social Contract*. These had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's was a joke—tracts so mild and mother-like in their language, that it required a much more practical experience than Lenny's to perceive that you would have to pass a river of blood before you had the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invited you to repose—tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffodillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pastoral ballet in which St. Simon pipes to the flock he shears; or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom, that

"The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,"

substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier's symmetrical phalanstère, or Mr. Owen's architectural parallelogram. It was with some such tract that Lenny was seasoning his crusts and his radishes, when Riccabocca, bending his long dark face over the student's shoulder, said abruptly—

"*Diavolo*, my friend! What on earth have you got there? Just let me look at it, will you?"

Leonard rose respectfully, and colored deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fouriers and St. Simons sit straddling and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge!

"All this is as old as the hills," quoth Riccabocca irreverently; "but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes!" and the sage pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. "Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions? No! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think?"

"Why, sir," said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, "I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable."

"Foolish boy, yes! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his, who believes in such visions as these?"

Leonard bit his lip.

"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes toward his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lysurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. They are the suggestions of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's *Eclogues* as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry—and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers

have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece, and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush, in its iron grasp, all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis. Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the ax hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his *Utopia*. Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the dreamers of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity, and order of a state, in which talent, and action and industry are a certain capital; why, Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers, had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labor, and thence affects, prejudicially, every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested; literature is neglected; people are too busy to read any thing save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided among a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pick-ax, it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have leveled a yard. *Cospetto!*" quoth the Doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and, stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.

CHAPTER IX

SHORTLY after this discourse of Riccabocca's, an incident occurred to Leonard that served to carry his mind into new directions. One evening, when his mother was out, he was at work on a new mechanical contrivance, and had the misfortune to break one of the instruments which he employed. Now it will be remembered that his father had been the Squire's head-carpenter; the widow had carefully hoarded the tools of his craft, which had belonged to her poor Mark; and though she occasionally lent them to Leonard, she would not give them up to his service. Among these, Leonard knew that he should find the one that he wanted; and being much interested in his contrivance, he could not wait till his mother's return. The tools, with other little relics of the lost, were kept in a large trunk in Mrs. Fairfield's sleeping room; the trunk was not locked, and Leonard went to it without ceremony or scruple. In rummaging for the instrument, his eye fell upon a bundle of MSS.; and he suddenly recollected that when he was a mere child, and before he much knew the difference between verse and prose, his mother had pointed to these MSS. and said, "One day or other, when you can read nicely, I'll let you look at these Lenny. My poor Mark wrote such verses—ah, he *was* a scollard!" Leonard, reasonably enough, thought that the time had now arrived when he was worthy the privilege of reading the paternal effusions, and he took forth the MSS. with a keen but melancholy interest. He recognized his father's handwriting, which he had often seen before in account-books and memoranda, and read eagerly some trifling poems, which did not show much genius, nor much mastery of language and rhythm—such poems, in short as a self-educated man, with poetic taste and feeling, rather than poetic inspiration or artistic culture, might compose with credit, but not for fame. But suddenly, as he turned over these "Occasional Pieces," Leonard came to others in a different handwriting—a woman's handwriting—small, and fine, and exquisitely formed. He had scarcely read six lines of these last, before his attention was irresistibly chained. They were of a different order of merit from poor Mark's; they bore the unmistakable stamp of genius. Like the poetry of women in general, they were devoted to personal feeling—they were not the mirror of a world, but reflections of a solitary heart. Yet this is the kind of poetry most pleasing to the young. And the verses in question had another attraction for Leonard: they seemed to express some struggle akin to his own—some complaint against the actual condition of the writer's life, some sweet melodious murmurs at fortune. For

the rest, they were characterized by a vein of sentiment so elevated that, if written by a man, it would have run into exaggeration; written by a woman, the romance was carried off by so many genuine revelations of sincere, deep, pathetic feeling, that it was always natural, though true to a nature from which you would not augur happiness.

Leonard was still absorbed in the perusal of these poems, when Mrs. Fairfield entered the room.

"What have you been about, Lenny? searching in my box?"

"I came to look for my father's bag of tools, mother, and I found these papers, which you said I might read some day."

"I doesn't wonder you did not hear me when I came in," said the widow sighing. "I used to sit still for the hour together, when my poor Mark read his poems to me. There was such a pretty one about the 'Peasant's Fireside,' Lenny—have you got hold of that?"

"Yes, dear mother; and I remarked the allusion to you: it brought tears to my eyes. But these verses are not my father's—whose are they? They seem a woman's hand."

Mrs. Fairfield looked—changed color—grew faint—and seated herself.

"Poor, poor Nora!" said she, faltering. "I did not know as they were there; Mark kep 'em; they got among his—"

LEONARD.—"Who was Nora?"

MRS. FAIRFIELD.—"Who?—child—who? Nora was—was my own—own sister."

LEONARD (in great amaze, contrasting his ideal of the writer of these musical lines, in that graceful hand, with his homely uneducated mother, who can neither read nor write).—"Your sister—is it possible? My aunt, then. How comes it you never spoke of her before? Oh! you should be so proud of her, mother."

MRS. FAIRFIELD (clasping her hands).—"We were proud of her, all of us—father, mother—all! She was so beautiful and so good, and not proud she! though she looked like the first lady in the land. Oh! Nora, Nora!"

LEONARD (after a pause).—"But she must have been highly educated?"

MRS. FAIRFIELD.—"'Deed she was!"

LEONARD.—"How was that?"

MRS. FAIRFIELD (rocking herself to and fro in her chair).—"Oh! my Lady was her godmother—Lady Lansmere I mean—and took a fancy to her when she was that high! and had her to stay at the Park, and wait on her ladyship; and then she put her to school, and Nora was so clever that nothing would do but she must go to London as a governess. But don't talk of it, boy! don't talk of it!"

LEONARD.—"Why not, mother? what has become of her? where is she?"

MRS. FAIRFIELD (bursting into a paroxysm of tears).—"In her grave—in her cold grave! Dead, dead!"

Leonard was inexpressibly grieved and shock

ed. It is the attribute of the poet to seem always living, always a friend. Leonard felt as if some one very dear had been suddenly torn from his heart. He tried to console his mother; but her emotion was contagious, and he wept with her.

"And how long has she been dead?" he asked at last, in mournful accents.

"Many's the long year, many; but," added Mrs. Fairfield, rising, and putting her tremulous hand on Leonard's shoulder, "you'll just never talk to me about her—I can't bear it—it breaks my heart. I can bear better to talk of Mark—come down stairs—come."

"May I not keep these verses, mother? Do let me."

"Well, well, those bits o' paper be all she left behind her—yes, keep them, but put back Mark's. Are *they* all here?—sure?" And the widow, though she could not read her husband's verses, looked jealously at the MSS. written in his irregular large scrawl, and, smoothing them carefully, replaced them in the trunk, and resettled over them some sprigs of lavender, which Leonard had unwittingly disturbed.

"But," said Leonard, as his eye again rested on the beautiful handwriting of his lost aunt—"but you call her Nora—I see she signs herself L."

"Leonora was her name. I said she was my Lady's god-child. We called her Nora for short—"

"Leonora—and I am Leonard—is that how I came by the name?"

"Yes, yes—do hold your tongue, boy," sobbed poor Mrs. Fairfield; and she could not be soothed nor coaxed into continuing or renewing a subject which was evidently associated with insupportable pain.

CHAPTER X.

IT is difficult to exaggerate the effect that this discovery produced on Leonard's train of thought. Some one belonging to his own humble race had, then, preceded him in his struggling flight toward the loftier regions of Intelligence and Desire. It was like the mariner amidst unknown seas, who finds carved upon some desert isle a familiar household name. And this creature of genius and of sorrow—whose existence he had only learned by her song, and whose death created, in the simple heart of her sister, so passionate a grief, after the lapse of so many years—supplied to the romance awaking in his young heart the ideal which it unconsciously sought. He was pleased to hear that she had been beautiful and good. He paused from his books to muse on her, and picture her image to his fancy. That there was some mystery in her fate was evident to him; and while that conviction deepened his interest, the mystery itself, by degrees, took a charm which he was not anxious to dispel. He resigned himself to Mrs. Fairfield's obstinate silence. He was contented to

rank the dead among those holy and ineffable images which we do not seek to unvail. Youth and Fancy have many secret hoards of idea which they do not desire to impart, even to those most in their confidence. I doubt the depth of feeling in any man who has not certain recesses in his soul into which none may enter.

Hitherto, as I have said, the talents of Leonard Fairfield had been more turned to things positive than to the ideal; to science and investigation of fact than to poetry, and that airier truth in which poetry has its element. He had read our greater poets, indeed, but without thought of imitating; and rather from the general curiosity to inspect all celebrated monuments of the human mind, than from that especial predilection for verse which is too common in childhood and youth to be any sure sign of a poet. But now these melodies, unknown to all the world beside, rang in his ear, mingled with his thoughts—set, as it were, his whole life to music. He read poetry with a different sentiment—it seemed to him that he had discovered its secret. And so reading, the passion seized him, and "the numbers came."

To many minds, at the commencement of our grave and earnest pilgrimage, I am Vandal enough to think that the indulgence of poetic taste and reverie does great and lasting harm; that it serves to enervate the character, give false ideas of life, impart the semblance of drudgery to the noble toils and duties of the active man. All poetry would not do this—not, for instance, the Classical, in its diviner masters—not the poetry of Homer, of Virgil, of Sophocles—not, perhaps, even that of the indolent Horace. But the poetry which youth usually loves and appreciates the best—the poetry of mere sentiment—does so in minds already over predisposed to the sentimental, and which require bracing to grow into healthful manhood.

On the other hand, even this latter kind of poetry, which is peculiarly modern, does suit many minds of another mould—minds which our modern life, with its hard positive forms, tends to produce. And as in certain climates plants and herbs, peculiarly adapted as antidotes to those diseases most prevalent in the atmosphere, are profusely sown, as it were, by the benignant providence of nature—so it may be that the softer and more romantic species of poetry, which comes forth in harsh, money-making, unromantic times, is intended as curatives and counter-poisons. The world is so much with us, nowadays, that we need have something that prates to us, albeit even in too fine an euphuism, of the moon and stars.

Certes, to Leonard Fairfield, at that period of his intellectual life, the softness of our Helicon descended as healing dews. In his turbulent and unsettled ambition, in his vague grapple with the giant forms of political truths, in his bias toward the application of science to immediate practical purposes, this lovely vision of the Muse came in the white robe of the Peacemaker;

and with upraised hand, pointing to serene skies, she opened to him fair glimpses of the Beautiful, which is given to Peasant as to Prince—showed to him that on the surface of earth there is something nobler than fortune—that he who can view the world as a poet is always at soul a king; while to practical purpose itself, that larger and more profound invention, which poetry stimulates, supplied the grand design and the subtle view—leading him beyond the mere ingenuity of the mechanic, and habituating him to regard the inert force of the matter at his command with the ambition of the Discoverer. But, above all, the discontent that was within him finding a vent, not in deliberate war upon this actual world, but through the purifying channels of song—in the vent itself it evaporated, it was lost. By accustoming ourselves to survey all things with the spirit that retains and reproduces them only in their lovelier or grander aspects, a vast philosophy of toleration for what we before gazed on with scorn or hate insensibly grows upon us. Leonard looked into his heart after the enchantress had breathed upon it; and through the mists of the fleeting and tender melancholy which betrayed where she had been, he beheld a new sun of delight and joy dawning over the landscape of human life.

Thus, though she was dead and gone from his actual knowledge, this mysterious kinswoman—"a voice and nothing more"—had spoken to him, soothed, elevated, cheered, attuned each discord into harmony; and, if now permitted from some serenest sphere to behold the life that her soul thus strangely influenced, verily, with yet holier joy, the saving and lovely spirit might have glided onward in the Eternal Progress.

We call the large majority of human lives obscure. Presumptuous that we are! How know we what lives a single thought retained from the dust of nameless graves may have lighted to renown?

CHAPTER XI.

It was about a year after Leonard's discovery of the family MSS. that Parson Dale borrowed the quietest pad mare in the Squire's stables, and set out on an equestrian excursion. He said that he was bound on business connected with his old parishoners of Lansmere; for, as it has been incidentally implied in a previous chapter, he had been connected with that borough town (and, I may here add, in the capacity of curate) before he had been inducted into the living of Hazeldean.

It was so rarely that the Parson stirred from home, that this journey to a town more than twenty miles off was regarded as a most daring adventure, both at the Hall and at the Parsonage. Mrs. Dale could not sleep the whole previous night with thinking of it; and though she had naturally one of her worst nervous headaches on the eventful morn, she yet suffered no

hands less thoughtful than her own to pack up the saddlebags which the Parson had borrowed along with the pad. Nay, so distrustful was she of the possibility of the good man's exerting the slightest common sense in her absence, that she kept him close at her side while she was engaged in that same operation of packing up—showing him the exact spot in which the clean shirt was put, and how nicely the old slippers were packed up in one of his own sermons. She implored him not to mistake the sandwiches for his shaving-soap, and made him observe how carefully she had provided against such confusion, by placing them as far apart from each other as the nature of saddlebags will admit. The poor Parson—who was really by no means an absent man, but as little likely to shave himself with sandwiches and lunch upon soap as the most common-place mortal may be—listened with conjugal patience, and thought that man never had such a wife before; nor was it without tears in his own eyes that he tore himself from the farewell embrace of his weeping Carry.

I confess, however, that it was with some apprehension that he set his foot in the stirrup, and trusted his person to the mercies of an unfamiliar animal. For whatever might be Mr. Dale's minor accomplishments as a man and parson, horsemanship was not his forte. Indeed, I doubt if he had taken the reins in his hand more than twice since he had been married.

The Squire's surly old groom, Mat, was in attendance with the pad; and, to the Parson's gentle inquiry whether Mat was quite sure that the pad was quite safe, replied laconically, "O, oi, give her her head."

"Give her her head!" repeated Mr. Dale, rather amazed, for he had not the slightest intention of taking away that part of the beast's frame, so essential to its vital economy—"Give her her head!"

"Oi, oi; and don't jerk her up like that, or she'll fall a doincing on her hind-legs."

The Parson instantly slackened the reins; and Mrs. Dale—who had tarried behind to control her tears—now running to the door for "more last words," he waved his hand with courageous amenity, and ambled forth into the lane.

Our equestrian was absorbed at first in studying the idiosyncrasies of the pad, and trying thereby to arrive at some notion of her general character: guessing, for instance, why she raised one ear and laid down the other; why she kept bearing so close to the left that she brushed his leg against the hedge; and why, when she arrived at a little side-gate in the fields, which led toward the home-farm, she came to a full stop, and fell to rubbing her nose against the rail—an occupation from which the Parson, finding all civil remonstrances in vain, at length diverted her by a timorous application of the whip.

This crisis on the road fairly passed, the pad seemed to comprehend that she had a journey

before her, and giving a petulant whisk of her tail, quickened her amble into a short trot, which soon brought the Parson into the high road, and nearly opposite the Casino.

Here, sitting on the gate which led to his abode, and shaded by his umbrella, he beheld Dr. Riccabocca.

The Italian lifted his eyes from the book he was reading, and stared hard at the Parson; and he—not venturing to withdraw his whole attention from the pad (who, indeed, set up both her ears at the apparition of Riccabocca, and evinced symptoms of that surprise and superstitious repugnance at unknown objects which goes by the name of “shying”), looked askance at Riccabocca.

“Don’t stir, please,” said the Parson, “or I fear you’ll alarm this creature; it seems a nervous, timid thing;—soho—gently—gently.”

And he fell to patting the mare with great action.

The pad thus encouraged, overcame her first natural astonishment at the sight of Riccabocca and the red umbrella; and having before been at the Casino on sundry occasions, and sagaciously preferring places within the range of experience to bournes neither cognate nor conjecturable, she moved gravely up toward the gate on which the Italian sate; and, after eying him a moment—as much as to say, “I wish you would get off”—came to a dead lock.

“Well,” said Riccabocca, “since your horse seems more disposed to be polite to me than yourself, Mr. Dale, I take the opportunity of your present involuntary pause to congratulate you on your elevation in life, and to breathe a friendly prayer that pride may not have a fall!”

“Tut,” said the Parson, affecting an easy air, though still contemplating the pad, who appeared to have fallen into a quiet doze, “It is true that I have not ridden much of late years, and the Squire’s horses are very high fed and spirited; but there is no more harm in them than their master when one once knows their ways.”

“Chi vâ piano, vâ sano,
E chi vâ sano vâ lontano,”

said Riccabocca, pointing to the saddle-bags. “You go slowly, therefore safely; and he who goes safely may go far. You seem prepared for a journey?”

“I am,” said the Parson; “and on a matter that concerns you a little.”

“Me!” exclaimed Riccabocca—“concerns me!”

“Yes, so far as the chance of depriving you of a servant whom you like and esteem affects you.”

“Oh,” said Riccabocca, “I understand: you have hinted to me very often that I or knowledge, or both together, have unfitted Leonard Fairfield for service.”

“I did not say that exactly; I said that you have fitted him for something higher than service. But do not repeat this to him. And I can not yet say more to you, for I am very

doubtful as to the success of my mission; and it will not do to unsettle poor Leonard until we are sure that we can improve his condition.”

“Of that you can never be sure,” quoth the wise man, shaking his head; “and I can’t say that I am unselfish enough not to bear you a grudge for seeking to decoy away from me an invaluable servant—faithful, steady, intelligent, and (added Riccabocca, warming as he approached the climacteric adjective)—exceedingly cheap! Nevertheless go, and Heaven speed you. I am not an Alexander, to stand between man and the sun.”

“You are a noble great-hearted creature, Signor Riccabocca, in spite of your cold-blooded proverbs and villainous books.” The Parson, as he said this, brought down the whip-hand with so indiscreet an enthusiasm on the pad’s shoulder, that the poor beast, startled out of her innocent doze, made a bolt forward, which nearly precipitated Riccabocca from his seat on the stile, and then turning round—as the Parson tugged desperately at the rein—caught the bit between her teeth, and set off at a canter. The Parson lost both his stirrups; and when he regained them (as the pad slackened her pace), and had time to breathe and look about him, Riccabocca and the Casino were both out of sight.

“Certainly,” quoth Parson Dale, as he resettled himself with great complacency, and a conscious triumph that he was still on the pad’s back—“certainly it is true ‘that the noblest conquest ever made by man was that of the horse:’ a fine creature it is—a very fine creature—and uncommonly difficult to sit on,—especially without stirrups.” Firmly in his stirrups the Parson planted his feet; and the heart within him was very proud.

CHAPTER XII.

LANSMERE was situated in the county adjoining that which contained the village of Hazeldean. Late at noon the Parson crossed the little stream which divided the two shires, and came to an inn, which was placed at an angle, where the great main road branched off into two directions—the one leading toward Lansmere, the other going more direct to London. At this inn the pad stopped, and put down both ears with the air of a pad who has made up her mind to bait. And the Parson himself, feeling very warm, and somewhat sore, said to the pad, benignly: “It is just—thou shalt have corn and water!”

Dismounting, therefore, and finding himself very stiff, as soon as he had reached *terra firma*, the Parson consigned the pad to the hostler, and walked into the sanded parlor of the inn, to repose himself on a very hard Windsor chair.

He had been alone rather more than half-an-hour, reading a county newspaper which smelt much of tobacco, and trying to keep off the flies that gathered round him in swarms, as if they

had never before seen a Parson, and were anxious to ascertain how the flesh of him tasted—when a stage-coach stopped at the inn. A traveler got out with his carpet-bag in his hand, and was shown into the sanded parlor.

The Parson rose politely, and made a bow.

The traveler touched his hat, without taking it off—looked at Mr. Dale from top to toe—then walked to the window, and whistled a lively, impatient tune, then strode toward the fireplace and rang the bell; then stared again at the Parson; and that gentleman having courteously laid down the newspaper, the traveler seized it, threw himself on a chair, flung one of his legs over the table, tossed the other up on the mantle-piece, and began reading the paper, while he tilted the chair on its hind-legs with so daring a disregard to the ordinary position of chairs and their occupants, that the shuddering Parson expected every moment to see him come down on the back of his skull.

Moved, therefore, to compassion, Mr. Dale said, mildly:

"Those chairs are very treacherous, sir; I'm afraid you'll be down."

"Eh," said the traveler, looking up much astonished. "Eh, down?—oh, you're satirical, sir!"

"Satirical, sir? upon my word, no!" exclaimed the Parson, earnestly.

"I think every free-born man has a right to sit as he pleases in his own house," resumed the traveler, with warmth; "and an inn is his own house, I guess, so long as he pays his score. Betty, my dear!"

For the chamber-maid had now replied to the bell.

"I han't Betty, sir; do you want she?"

"No, Sally—cold brandy-and-water—and a biscuit."

"I han't Sally, either," muttered the chamber-maid; but the traveler, turning round, showed so smart a neckcloth, and so comely a face, that she smiled, colored, and went her way.

The traveler now rose, and flung down the paper. He took out a penknife, and began paring his nails. Suddenly desisting from this elegant occupation, his eye caught sight of the Parson's shovel-hat, which lay on a chair in the corner.

"You're a clergyman, I reckon, sir," said the traveler, with a slight sneer.

Again Mr. Dale bowed—bowed in part deprecatingly—in part with dignity. It was a bow that said, "No offense, sir! but I *am* a clergyman, and I'm not ashamed of it!"

"Going far?" asked the traveler.

PARSON.—"Not very."

TRAVELER.—"In a chaise or fly? If so, and we are going the same way—halves!"

PARSON.—"Halves?"

TRAVELER.—"Yes, I'll pay half the damage—pikes inclusive."

PARSON.—"You are very good, sir: but" (*spoken with pride*), "I am on horseback."

TRAVELER.—"On horseback! Well, I should

not have guessed that! You don't look like it. Where did you say you were going?"

"I did *not* say where I was going, sir," said the Parson, drily, for he was much offended at that vague and ungrammatical remark, applicable to his horsemanship, that "he did not look like it!"

"Close!" said the traveler, laughing; "an old traveler, I reckon!"

The Parson made no reply; but he took up his shovel-hat, and, with a bow more majestic than the previous one, walked out to see if his pad had finished her corn.

The animal had indeed finished all the corn afforded to her, which was not much, and in a few minutes more Mr. Dale resumed his journey. He had performed about three miles, when the sound of wheels behind made him turn his head, and he perceived a chaise driven very fast, while out of the windows thereof dangled strangely a pair of human legs. The pad began to curvet as the post-horses rattled behind, and the Parson had only an indistinct vision of a human face supplanting these human legs. The traveler peered out at him as he whirled by—saw Mr. Dale tossed up and down on the saddle; and cried out: "How's the leather?"

"Leather!" soliloquized the Parson, as the pad recomposed herself. "What does he mean by that? Leather! a very vulgar man. But I got rid of him cleverly!"

Mr. Dale arrived without further adventure at Lansmere. He put up at the principal inn—refreshed himself by a general ablution—and sat down with good appetite to his beef-steak and pint of port.

The Parson was a better judge of the physiognomy of man than that of the horse; and after a satisfactory glance at the civil, smirking landlord, who removed the cover and set on the wine, he ventured on an attempt at conversation. "Is my lord at the park?"

Landlord, still more civilly than before: "No, sir; his lordship and my lady have gone to town to meet Lord L'Estrange."

"Lord L'Estrange! He is in England, then?"

"Why, so I heard," replied the landlord; "but we never see him here now. I remember him a very pretty young man. Every one was fond of him, and proud of him. But what pranks he did play when he was a lad! We hoped he would come in for our boro' some of these days, but he has taken to foren parts—more's the pity. I am a reg'lar Blue, sir, as I ought to be. The Blue candidate always does me the honor to come to the Lansmere Arms. 'Tis only the low party puts up with The Boar," added the landlord, with a look of ineffable disgust. "I hope you like the wine, sir?"

"Very good, and seems old."

"Bottled these eighteen years, sir. I had in the cask for the great election of Dashmore and Egerton. I have little left of it, and I never give it but to old friends like—for, I think, sir, though you be grown stout, and look more grand,

I may say that I've had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"That's true, I dare say, though I fear I was never a very good customer."

LANDLORD.—"Ah, it is Mr. Dale, then! I thought so when you came into the hall. I hope your lady is quite well, and the Squire, too; a fine pleasant-spoken gentleman; no fault of his if Mr. Egerton went wrong. Well, we have never seen him—I mean Mr. Egerton—since that time. I don't wonder he stays away; but my lord's son, who was brought up here—it an't nat'ral-like that he should turn his back on us!"

Mr. Dale made no reply, and the landlord was about to retire, when the Parson, pouring out another glass of the port, said: "There must be great changes in the parish. Is Mr. Morgan, the medical man, still here?"

"No, indeed; he took out his ploma after you left, and became a real doctor; and a pretty practice he had, too, when he took, all of a sudden, to some new-fangled way of physicking—I think they calls it homy-something—"

"Homœopathy?"

"That's it—something against all reason; and so he lost his practice here and went up to Lunnun. I have not heard of him since."

"Do the Avenels keep their old house?"

"Oh yes!—and are pretty well off, I hear say. John is always poorly; though he still goes now and then to the Odd Fellows, and takes his glass; but his wife comes and fetches him away before he can do himself any harm."

"Mrs. Avenel is the same as ever."

"She holds her head higher, I think," said the landlord, smiling. "She was always—not exactly proud like, but what I calls gumptious."

"I never heard that word before," said the Parson, laying down his knife and fork. "Bumptious, indeed, though I believe it is not in the dictionary, has crept into familiar parlance, especially among young folks at school and college."

"Bumptious is bumptious, and gumptious is gumptious," said the landlord, delighted to puzzle a Parson. "Now the town beadle is bumptious and Mrs. Avenel is gumptious."

"She is a very respectable woman," said Mr. Dale, somewhat rebukingly.

"In course, sir, all gumptious folks are; they value themselves on their respectability, and looks down on their neighbors."

PARSON (still philologically occupied). "Gumptions—gumptions. I think I remember the substantive at school—not that my master taught it to me. 'Gumption,' it means cleverness."

LANDLORD, (doggedly).—"There's gumption and gumptious! Gumption is knowing; but when I say sum un is gumptious, I mean—though that's more vulgar like—sum un who does not think small beer of hisself. You take me, sir?"

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"I think I do," said the Parson, half-smiling. "I believe the Avenels have only two of their children alive still—their daughter, who married Mark Fairfield, and a son who went off to America?"

"Ah, but he made his fortune there, and has come back."

"Indeed! I'm very glad to hear it. He has settled at Lansmere?"

"No, sir. I hear as he's bought a property a long way off. But he comes to see his parents pretty often—so John tells me—but I can't say that I ever see him. I fancy Dick doesn't like to be seen by folks who remember him playing in the kennel."

"Not unnatural," said the Parson indulgently; "but he visits his parents; he is a good son, at all events, then?"

"I've nothing to say against him. Dick was a wild chap before he took himself off. I never thought he would make his fortune; but the Avenels are a clever set. Do you remember poor Nora—the Rose of Lansmere, as they called her? Ah, no, I think she went up to Lunnun afore your time, sir."

"Humph!" said the Parson drily. "Well, I think you may take away now. It will be dark soon, and I'll just stroll out and look about me."

"There's a nice tart coming, sir."

"Thank you, I've dined."

The Parson put on his hat and sallied forth into the streets. He eyed the houses on either hand with that melancholy and wistful interest with which, in middle life, we revisit scenes familiar to us in youth—surprised to find either so little change or so much, and recalling, by fits and snatches, old associations and past emotions.

The long High-street which he threaded now began to change its bustling character, and slide, as it were gradually, into the high road of a suburb. On the left, the houses gave way to the moss-grown pales of Lansmere Park: to the right, though houses still remained, they were separated from each other by gardens, and took the pleasing appearance of villas—such villas as retired tradesmen or their widows, old maids, and half-pay officers, select for the evening of their days.

Mr. Dale looked at these villas with the deliberate attention of a man awakening his power of memory, and at last stopped before one, almost the last on the road, and which faced the broad patch of sward that lay before the lodge of Lansmere Park. An old pollard oak stood near it, and from the oak there came a low discordant sound; it was the hungry cry of young ravens, awaiting the belated return of the parent bird. Mr. Dale put his hand to his brow, paused a moment, and then, with a hurried step, passed through the little garden and knocked at the door. A light was burning in the parlor, and Mr. Dale's eye caught through the window a vague outline of three forms. There was an

evident bustle within at the sound of the knocks. One of the forms rose and disappeared. A very prim, neat, middle-aged maid-servant now appeared at the threshold, and austere inquired the visitor's business.

"I want to see Mr. or Mrs. Avenel. Say that I have come many miles to see them; and take in this card."

The maid-servant took the card, and half-closed the door. At least three minutes elapsed before she re-appeared.

"Missis says it's late, sir; but walk in."

The Parson accepted the not very gracious invitation, stepped across the little hall, and entered the parlor.

Old John Avenel, a mild-looking man, who seemed slightly paralytic, rose slowly from his arm-chair. Mrs. Avenel, in an awfully stiff, clean, and Calvinistical cap, and a gray dress, every fold of which bespoke respectability and staid repute—stood erect on the floor, and, fixing on the Parson a cold and cautious eye, said—

"You do the like of us great honor, Mr. Dale—take a chair! You call upon business?"

"Of which I have apprised you by letter, Mr. Avenel."

"My husband is very poorly."

"A poor creature!" said John feebly, and as if in compassion of himself. "I can't get about as I used to do. But it ben't near election time, be it, sir."

"No, John," said Mrs. Avenel, placing her husband's arm within her own. "You must lie down a bit, while I talk to the gentleman."

"I'm a real good blue," said poor John; "but I ain't quite the man I was;" and, leaning heavily on his wife, he left the room, turning round at the threshold, and saying, with great urbanity—"Any thing to oblige, sir?"

Mr. Dale was much touched. He had remembered John Avenel the comeliest, the most active, and the most cheerful man in Lansmere; great at glee club and cricket (though then stricken in years), greater in vestries; reputed greatest in elections

"Last scene of all," murmured the Parson; "and oh well, turning from the poet, may we cry with the disbelieving philosopher, 'Poor, poor humanity!'" *

In a few minutes Mrs. Avenel returned. She took a chair, at some distance from the Parson's, and, resting one hand on the elbow of the chair, while with the other she stiffly smoothed the stiff gown, she said—

"Now, sir."

That "Now, sir," had in its sound something sinister and warlike. This the shrewd Parson recognized, with his usual tact. He edged his chair nearer to Mrs. Avenel, and placing his hand on hers—

"Yes, now then, and as friend to friend."

(To be continued.)

VICTIMS OF SCIENCE.

THERE is a proverb which says, "Better is the enemy of well." Perhaps we may go further, and say, that "Well sometimes makes us regret bad."

You would have confessed the truth of this latter axiom if you had known, as I did, an excellent young man named Horace Castillet, who had been gifted by Providence with good health, powerful intellect, an amiable disposition, and many other perfections, accompanied by one single drawback. He had a distorted spine and crooked limbs, the consciousness of which defects prevented him from rushing into the gaiety and vain dissipation which so often ensnare youth. Forsaking the flowery paths of love and pleasure, he steadily pursued the rough, up-hill road of diligent, persevering study. He wrought with ardor, and already success crowned his efforts. Doubtless bitter regrets sometimes troubled his hours of solitary study, but he was amply consoled by the prospect of fortune and well-earned fame which lay before him. So he always appeared in society amiable and cheerful, enlivening the social circle with the sallies of his wit and genius. He used sometimes to say, laughing: "Fair ladies, mock me, but I will take my revenge by obliging them to admire!"

One day a surgeon of high repute met Horace, and said to him: "I can repair the wrong which nature has done you: profit by the late discoveries of science, and be, at the same time, a great and a handsome man." Horace consented. During some months he retired from society, and when he reappeared, his most intimate friends could scarcely recognize him. "Yes," said he, "it is I myself: this tall, straight, well-made man is your friend Horace Castillet. Behold the miracle which science has wrought! This metamorphosis has cost me cruel suffering. For months I lay stretched on a species of rack, and endured the tortures of a prisoner in the Inquisition. But I bore them all, and here I am, a new creature! Now, gay comrades, lead me whither you will; let me taste the pleasures of the world, without any longer having to fear its raillery!"

If the name of Horace Castillet is unspoken among those of great men—if it is now sunk in oblivion, shall we not blame for this the science which he so much lauded? Deeply did the ardent young man drink of this world's poisoned springs. Farewell to study, fame, and glory! Æsop, perhaps, might never have composed his Fables had orthopedia been invented in his time. Horace Castillet lost not only his talents, but a large legacy destined for him by an uncle, in order to make him amends for his natural defects. His uncle, seeing him no longer deformed in body and upright in mind, chose another heir. After having spent the best years of his life in idleness and dissipation, Horace is now poor, hopeless, and miserable. He said lately to one of his few remaining friends: "I was ignorant of the treasure I possessed. I have

* Mr. Dale probably here alludes to Lord Bolingbroke's ejaculation as he stood by the dying Pope; but his memory does not serve him with the exact words.

acted like the traveler who should throw away his property in order to walk more lightly across a plain!"

The surgeon had another deformed patient, a very clever working mechanic, whose talents made him rich and happy. When he was perfectly cured, and about to return to his workshop, the conscription seized him, finding him fit to serve the state. He was sent to Africa, and perished there in battle.

A gentleman who had the reputation of being an original thinker, could not speak without a painful stutter; a skillful operator restored to him the free use of his tongue, and the world, to its astonishment, discovered that he was little better than a fool! Hesitation had given a sort of originality to his discourse. He had time to reflect before he spoke. Stopping short in the middle of a sentence had occasionally a happy effect; and a half-spoken word seemed to imply far more than it expressed. But when the flow of his language was no longer restrained, he began to listen to his own commonplace declamation with a complacency which assuredly was not shared by his auditors.

One fine day a poor blind man was seated on the Pont-Royal in Paris, waiting for alms. The passers-by were bestowing their money liberally, when a handsome carriage stopped near the mendicant, and a celebrated oculist stepped out. He went up to the blind man, examined his eyeballs, and said—"Come with me; I will restore your sight." The beggar obeyed; the operation was successful; and the journals of the day were filled with praises of the doctor's skill and philanthropy. The ex-blind man subsisted for some time on a small sum of money which his benefactor had given him; and when it was spent, he returned to his former post on the Pont-Royal. Scarcely, however, had he resumed his usual appeal, when a policeman laid his hand on him, and ordered him to desist, on pain of being taken up.

"You mistake," said the mendicant, producing a paper; "here is my legal license to beg, granted by the magistrates."

"Stuff!" cried the official; "this license is for a blind man, and you seem to enjoy excellent sight." Our hero, in despair, ran to the oculist's house, intending to seek compensation for the doubtful benefit conferred on him; but the man of science had gone on a tour through Germany, and the aggrieved patient found himself compelled to adopt the hard alternative of *working* for his support, and abandoning the easy life of a professed beggar.

Some years since there appeared on the boards of a Parisian theatre an excellent and much-applauded comic actor named Samuel. Like many a wiser man before him, he fell deeply in love with a beautiful girl, and wrote to offer her his hand, heart, and his yearly salary of 8000 francs. A flat refusal was returned. Poor Samuel rivaled his comrade, the head tragedian of the company, in his dolorous expressions of

despair; but when, after a time, his excitement cooled down, he dispatched a friend, a trusty envoy, with a commission to try and soften the hard-hearted beauty. Alas, it was in vain!

"She does not like you," said the candid ambassador; "she says you are ugly; that your eyes frighten her; and, besides, she is about to be married to a young man whom she loves."

Fresh exclamations of despair from Samuel.

"Come," said his friend, after musing for a while, "if this marriage be, as I suspect, all a sham, you may have her yet."

"Explain yourself?"

"You know that, not to mince the matter, you have a frightful squint?"

"I know it."

"Science will remove that defect by an easy and almost painless operation." No sooner said than done. Samuel underwent the operation for strabismus, and it succeeded perfectly. His eyes were now straight and handsome; but the marriage, after all, was no sham—the lady became another's, and poor Samuel was forced to seek for consolation in the exercise of his profession. He was to appear in his best character: the curtain rose, and loud hissing saluted him.

"Samuel!" "Where is Samuel?" "We want Samuel!" was vociferated by pit and gallery.

When silence was partly restored, the actor advanced to the footlights and said—"Here I am, gentlemen: I am Samuel!"

"Out with the impostor!" was the cry, and such a tumult arose, that the unlucky actor was forced to fly from the stage. He had lost the grotesque expression, the comic mask, which used to set the house in a roar: he could no longer appear in his favorite characters. The operation for strabismus had changed his destiny: he was unfitted for tragedy, and was forced, after a time, to take the most insignificant parts, which barely afforded him a scanty subsistence. "Let *well* alone" is a wise admonition: "Let *bad* alone" may sometimes be a wiser.

ADDRESS TO GRAY HAIR.

THOU silvery braid, now banded o'er my brow,

Before thy monitory voice I bow;
Obedient to thy mandate, youth forget,
And strive thy word to hear without regret.
Why should regret attend that onward change,
Which tells that time is coming to its range—
Its border line, which God approves and seals,
As crown of glory to the man who feels
Content in ways of righteousness to dwell?
To such gray hair does not of weakness tell;
But rays of glory light its silv'ry tint,
And change its summons to a gentle hint
That time from all is fading fast away,
But that to some its end is lasting day;
And that the angels view its pure white band,
As seal of glory from their master's hand,
And closer draw, the near ripe fruit to shield,
Until to heaven its produce they can yield.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS adjourned, as required by the Constitution, on the fourth of March. The protracted character of the discussions of the session compelled final action upon nearly all the important bills at the very close of the session; and as a natural consequence many bills which have challenged a marked degree of attention, were not passed. The bill making appropriations for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors, which had passed the House, was sent into the Senate, but was not passed by that body. The bills making appropriations in aid of the American line of steamers,—that authorizing and aiding the establishment of a line of steamers to Liberia,—the bill providing for the payment of French spoiliations,—the one appropriating lands to aid in the establishment of Asylums for the insane, and a great number of other bills, of decided importance, but of less general interest than these, were lost. Sundry valuable bills, however, were duly acted upon and passed into laws. A joint resolution was adopted authorizing the President to grant the use of a ship attached to the American squadron in the Mediterranean for the use of Kossuth and his companions in coming to this country, after they shall have been liberated by the Turkish authorities. A very interesting letter from the Secretary of State to the American Minister at Constantinople, in regard to the Hungarian exiles, has just been published. Mr. WEBSTER refers to the fact, that under the convention between Austria and Turkey, the term of one year for which the exiles were to be confined within the limits of the Turkish empire, would soon expire: and the hope is confidently expressed that the Sublime Porte has not made, and will not make, any new stipulations for their detention. Mr. MARSH is instructed to address himself urgently, though respectfully, to the Turkish government upon this question, and to convince it that no improper interference with the affairs of another nation is intended by this application. The course of the Sublime Porte, in refusing to allow these exiles to be seized by the Austrians, although "the demand upon him was made by a government confident in its great military power, with armies in the field of vast strength, flushed with recent victory, and whose purposes were not to be thwarted, or their pursuit stayed, by any obstacle less than the interposition of an empire prepared to maintain the inviolability of its territories, and its absolute sovereignty over its own soil," is warmly applauded, and his generosity in providing for their support, is commended in the highest terms of admiration. Mr. WEBSTER proceeds to say that "it is not difficult to conceive what may have been the considerations which led the Sublime Porte to consent to remove these persons from its frontiers, require them to repair to the interior, and there to remain for a limited time. A great attempt at revolution, against the established authorities of a neighboring State, with which the Sublime Porte was at peace, had only been suppressed. The chief actors in that attempt had escaped into the dominions of the Porte. To permit them to remain

upon its frontiers, where they might project new undertakings against that State, and into which, if circumstances favored, they could enter in arms at any time, might well have been considered dangerous to both governments; and the Sublime Porte, while protecting them, might certainly, also, prevent their occupying any such position in its own dominions, as should give just cause of alarm to a neighboring and friendly power. Their removal to certain localities might also be rendered desirable by considerations of convenience to the Sublime Porte, itself, upon whose charity and generosity such numbers had suddenly become dependent. The detention of these persons for a short period of time, in order that they might not at once repair to other parts of Europe, to renew their operations, was a request that it was not unnatural to make, and was certainly in the discretion of the Sublime Porte to grant, without any sacrifice of its dignity, or any want of kindness toward the refugees." But now all danger from this source has disappeared. The attempts of these exiles to establish for their country an independent government have been sternly crushed: their estates have been confiscated, their families dispersed, and themselves driven into exile. Their only wish now is to remove from the scene of their conflict and find new homes in the vast interior of the United States. The people of the United States wait to receive these exiles on their shores, and they trust that, through the generosity of the Turkish government, they may be released.

A bill was also passed reducing the rates of postage on letters and newspapers throughout the United States. All letters weighing not more than half-an-ounce are charged *three* cents if prepaid; and *five* cents if not prepaid, for all distances under three thousand miles;—over three thousand miles, they pay twice these rates. Upon newspapers the imposition of postage is quite complicated. The following statement shows the rates charged to regular subscribers, who pay postage quarterly in advance, comparing, also, the new postage with the old:

Miles.	Weekly.	Semi-Weekly.	Daily.
Under 50 (new bill).....	5 cts.	10	25
Present rate	12	24	48
Over 50—under 300.....	10	20	50
Present rate	18	36	108
Over 300—under 1000....	15	30	75
Present rate	18	36	108
Over 1000—under 2000..	20	40	100
Present rate	18	36	108
Over 2000—under 4000..	25	50	125
Present rate	18	36	108
Over 4000.....	30	60	150
Present rate	18	36	108

Papers weighing less than an ounce and a half pay half these rates; papers measuring less than three hundred square-inches pay one-fourth. On monthly and semi-monthly papers the same rates are paid, in proportion to the number of sheets, as weekly papers. All weekly papers are free within the county where they are published. Although the bill does not reduce postage quite as low as was very generally desired, it is still a decided advance

upon the old law. The experience of the past has shown that reduced rates increase the revenue.

The usual appropriation bills were passed, as were also bills giving the Colonization Society forty thousand dollars, for expenses incurred in supporting the Africans recaptured from the Pons; appointing appraisers at large, to look into the doings of the local appraisers; repealing constructive mileage; repaying Maine money, formerly advanced to the General Government; and establishing an asylum for soldiers, infirm and disabled, who have served twenty years, or been disabled by wounds or disease—the money for its support to be fines and stoppages of pay of soldiers punished by courts martial, and one hundred thousand dollars levied by General Scott in Mexico.

A good deal of excitement was created by the rescue at Boston of a person claimed and arrested as a fugitive slave, under the law of the last session. The rescue was effected by a mob, mainly of colored men, who rushed into the room where the alleged fugitive was in custody of the officers, took him therefrom, and started him on his way to Canada, where he safely arrived soon after. Intelligence of the affair was transmitted by telegraph to Washington. The President issued a proclamation, commanding obedience to the laws, and sent a message to Congress, narrating the facts, and stating that the whole power of the Government should be used to enforce the laws. The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee in the Senate, from which two reports were made—one by Mr. BRADBURY, of Maine, stating that the President possessed all needful power, and the other from Mr. BUTLER, of South Carolina, arguing that the President could not call out either the army and navy or the militia to suppress an insurrection, without having previously issued a proclamation. No further action upon the subject was had in Congress, but a great number of arrests have been made in Boston of persons charged with participation in the rescue.

Unsuccessful attempts to elect U. S. Senators have been renewed in New York, and Massachusetts. In New Jersey Commodore R. F. STOCKTON, Democrat; and in Ohio Hon. BENJAMIN F. WADE, Free Soil Whig, have been elected to the U. S. Senate.

In New Hampshire two Whig and two Democratic Members of Congress have been elected. There is a Democratic majority in the Senate; in the House parties are very nearly balanced, each, at present, claiming the majority. The Free Soilers, apparently, hold the balance of power. The Governor will be chosen by the Legislature, there being no choice by the people; the regular Democratic candidate has a decided plurality over either of his opponents.

In Virginia, the State election has been postponed from April to October. This has been done in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs growing out of the deliberations of the State Constitutional Convention. It is supposed that the draft of the New Constitution will be completed so that it may be submitted to the people at that time.

An Act to exempt Homesteads from sale on execution, has passed the General Assembly of Illinois, and is to take effect on the 4th of July next. It provides that in addition to property now exempt from execution, the lot of ground and buildings occupied as a residence by any debtor being a householder, shall be free from levy or forced sale for debts contracted after the above date, provided that the value shall not exceed one thousand dollars.

This exemption is to continue, after the death of the owner, for the benefit of the widow and children, until the death of the widow, and until the youngest child shall reach the age of twenty-one years. Provisions are made for levying upon the amount of the value of property above one thousand dollars.

Upon the same day, a bill to exempt from levy upon execution, bed, furniture and tools, to an amount not exceeding one hundred dollars, becomes a law in Delaware. A license law, containing extremely stringent provisions, has been passed in this State.

A Bill has passed the Legislature of Iowa, prohibiting the immigration of negroes. They are required to leave the State after receiving three days' notice of the law, and in case of returning are liable to penalties.

Manufactures are advancing in some of the Southern States, especially in Georgia. A few days since a large quantity of cotton yarn was shipped from Augusta to find markets in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Emigration from the Old World, and especially from Germany, is setting strongly into Texas. Houston and Galveston, with a population of 8000, have 2000 Germans. An effort is made to appropriate a considerable part of the ten millions received from the United States, to the purposes of popular education. Indian depredations occur along the western frontier. Two engagements, attended with loss of life on both sides, have recently taken place between the troops of the United States and the Indians. An expedition is to be organized against the Camanches.

Intelligence from the Boundary Commission has been received up to December 31st. The initial point from which the survey is to commence has been agreed upon by both sides. It is to be at a point on the Rio Grande in latitude 32 degrees 22 minutes. The precise point is to be ascertained by the astronomers, and will probably be about 20 miles to the northward of El Paso. The time of completing the survey is variously estimated at from one to three years.

From CALIFORNIA there have been three arrivals since our last, bringing an aggregate of \$1,700,000 in gold, and between 700 and 800 passengers. Our dates are up to the 1st of February. The intelligence of most importance is that of desperate hostilities between the Indians and the whites. The former seem to have determined upon a war of extermination, which of course meets with prompt retaliation; and the ultimate issue can be no matter of uncertainty. Seventy-two miners were attacked by surprise in a gulch near Rattlesnake Creek, and massacred to a man. A petition for aid was dispatched to the Executive of the State, and a force of 200 men ordered out. In the instructions to the commander, directions are given studiously to avoid any act calculated unnecessarily to exasperate the Indians. A daring attack was made on the 9th of January, by a company of 40 or 50 Americans, upon an entrenched camp, manned by 400 or 500 Indians. The position was so strong that a dozen whites might have defended it against thousands. Of the Indians 44 were killed, and the *rancheria* fired. Many of the aged and children were burned to death. Of the Americans two were killed, and five or six wounded. It is reported that all the Indians from Oregon to the Colorado are leagued together, and have sworn eternal hostility to the white race.

The product of gold continues to be great. The

report of the new gold bluffs, mentioned in our last Number, is confirmed; but the access to them is so difficult that they will not probably be soon available. They are situated near the mouth of the Klamath River, about thirty miles north of Trinidad. The approach to them by land is over a plain of sand, into which the traveler sinks ankle-deep at every step. The bluffs stretch along some five or six miles, and present a perpendicular front to the ocean of from 100 to 400 feet in height. In ordinary weather the beach at the foot is from 20 to 50 feet in width, composed of a mixture of gray and black sand, the latter containing the gold in scales so fine that they can not be separated by the ordinary process of washing; so that resort must be had to chemical means. The beach changes with every tide, and sometimes no black, auriferous sand is to be seen on the surface. By digging down, it is found mixed with a gray sand, which largely predominates. The violence of the surf renders landing in boats impracticable. Several tons of goods were landed from a steamer dispatched thither, by means of lines from the vessel to the shore. The Pacific Mining Company claim a large portion of the beach, and have made preparations for working the bluffs, and are sanguine of an extremely profitable result.

Specimens of gold in quartz have been submitted to assay, which have proved very rich. Operations in the "dry diggings" have been much retarded by the absence of rain. Large quantities of sand have been thrown up, ready to take advantage of the earliest showers to wash it out.

A bill to remove the State Capital from San José to Vallejo has passed the Senate, but has not been acted upon in the House. A project has been started for a railroad from San José to San Francisco. The receipts into the city treasury of San Francisco, for the quarter ending Nov. 30, were \$426,076, and the expenditures \$638,522. The total debt of the city was \$536,493. No election for U. S. Senator had taken place. The choice will undoubtedly fall upon Mr. Frémont or T. Butler King. The Whigs seem confident of success. An expedition was dispatched toward the close of October to explore the Colorado River from its mouth. They have been heard from about 30 miles up the stream, to which point they had ascended without difficulty. They believe the Colorado to be navigable for steamboats, during the greater portion of the year, as high as the mouth of the Gila.

MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.

Señor Munguia, the new Bishop of Michoacan, has refused to take the oaths required by Government, throwing himself upon the rights and privileges granted to the clergy, upon the first establishment of Christianity in Mexico.—Great complaints are made of the inefficiency of the police in the capital. On the 3d of January a band of armed robbers attacked the promenaders on the *Paseo*, rifling them of their money and valuables.—Chihuahua was greatly alarmed by the report that a band of American adventurers and Indians were encamped at a distance of 25 leagues. The band is said to be well armed, having two field-pieces. From the description of the leader he is supposed to be the notorious Captain French.—The affairs of Yucatan are in a situation almost desperate. The Indians are waging fierce hostilities, which have prevented the transportation of provisions. The treasury is exhausted, the army without pay, and almost reduced to starvation.—A poetical work, by a young Mexican woman, is advertised.

It is entitled the "Awakener of Patriotism," and narrates the history of the late war with the United States.

Hostilities have broken out between the central Government of Guatemala on the one hand, and the allied States of San Salvador and Honduras on the other. A battle took place on the 21st of January at a village called San José, when the forces of San Salvador and Honduras were totally routed, and fled in every direction, closely pursued by the victors. Such, at least, is the Guatemalan account, which is the only one that has yet reached us.

Attention has recently been turned to the gold region of New Grenada, portions of which have been found to be extremely productive. The districts richest in gold are said to be extremely unhealthy.

From Nicaragua we learn that the survey of the route from Lake Nicaragua to the Pacific is nearly completed. The distance is 12 miles, and the highest point only 40 feet. The steamer Director is running on the lake. A complete steam communication will in a few weeks be effected between the lake and the Atlantic; a canal of 12 miles will unite the lake with the Pacific. When lines of steamers are established on both sides of the Isthmus, connecting with this rout across, it is anticipated that the passage from New York to San Francisco may be made in 24 days.

Carthagena was visited on the 7th of February by a severe shock of an earthquake, which lasted nine seconds. Considerable damage was done throughout the city; some houses were thrown down, and several lives lost. The city walls and the Cathedral were much injured. Had the shock been protracted a few seconds longer, the whole city would have been laid in ruins. On the night of the 8th the public squares and walks were filled with people who had left their dwellings in dread of a repetition of the shock. But up to the 15th none had occurred. No city in the region felt the shock so severely as did Carthagena.

In Peru, Congress was to meet March 20. The Presidential election has terminated in favor of Echenique.

In Bolivia there have been one or two attempts at insurrection. A decree has been issued, banishing all Buenos Ayreans except those married to Bolivian women, and all who were known as Federalists.

From Brazil it is officially announced that liberated slaves, not Brazilian born, must not be taken to that country. By a law of 1831, which it is announced will be rigidly enforced, a penalty of 100 milreas, besides expenses of re-exportation, is imposed upon masters of vessels for each such person landed.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We have the somewhat unexpected intelligence of the defeat and resignation of the Whig Ministry at the very opening of the session. Parliament met on the 4th of February. On the preceding evening, the customary absurd farce of searching the vaults under the house, as a precaution against a second gunpowder-plot, was enacted. Nothing was discovered boding any peril to the wisdom of the nation about to be assembled. The Royal Speech was of the usual brevity, and of more than usual tameness. The following were the only paragraphs of the least interest:

"I have to lament, however, the difficulties which are still felt by that important body among my people who are owners and occupiers of land. But it is my confident hope, that the prosperous

condition of other classes of my subjects will have a favorable effect in diminishing those difficulties, and promoting the interests of agriculture.

"The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles, conferred by a Foreign Power, has excited strong feelings in this country; and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing attachment to the throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown, and the independence of the nation, against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have, at the same time, expressed my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country. It will be for you to consider the measure which will be laid before you on this subject."

There was no actual debate on the Address to the Queen. It consisted of a mere echo and amplification of the Royal Speech; and was still further amplified and diluted in the speeches of the movers and seconders. The Opposition were evidently taken by surprise at the moderation with which the Catholic question was referred to. They had expected something answering to the famous Durham letter of the Premier. Lord John Russell took occasion to explain that certain phrases in that letter, which Catholics had assumed to be insult to their religion, were, in fact, applied to a portion of his own communion. Lord Camoys, in the Upper, and Mr. Anstey, in the Lower House, both Catholics, most emphatically repudiated any idea of the supremacy of the Pope in temporal matters; and deprecated the establishment of the Catholic sees in England as ill-advised in the extreme. This would seem to be the general tone of feeling among the nobility and gentry of England. In Ireland, however, the action of the Pope meets with warm approbation.

The campaign was fairly opened on Friday, the 7th, when Lord John Russell asked leave to bring in the Government bill, "to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom." He admitted that no violation of any existing law was committed by the assumption as it had been made; and though the introduction of bulls from Rome was illegal, and liable to punishment, the statute had been so long in disuse, that a prosecution would undoubtedly fail. The measure which he finally proposed seems almost ludicrous when looked upon as the sequel to the fierce controversy which has convulsed the kingdom, and caused the effusion of such torrents of ink. It contains two provisions. By the first, the provision of the Catholic Act, which imposes a penalty of £100 upon the assumption by Roman Catholic prelates of any title of existing sees in the United Kingdom, is to be extended, so as to include titles belonging to any city, district, or place in Great Britain. By the second provision, any act done by or for any prelate under such title, is absolutely null and void; so that any bequest or endowment made to him under such title falls to the Crown. Leave to bring in the bill was granted, by an overwhelming majority, after four nights of debate. Although the bill falls so far short of what was demanded in one direction, it goes no less beyond what will be submitted to in another. The Catholic prelates denounce it as persecution, and declare that they will disobey it, if passed; and defy the Government to place the religious teachers of a third of the nation in a posture of conscien-

tious opposition to the law. All the indications are, that the bill will be carried triumphantly through Parliament; or if at all modified, will be rendered more stringent. This will be but the commencement of the difficulty.

Pending the ecclesiastical question, the Ministers "lost a victory" on that of Free-trade. On Tuesday, the 11th, Mr. Disraeli, taking advantage of that paragraph in the Royal Speech which admits the existence of distress among the owners and occupiers of land, moved a resolution to the effect that it was the duty of Ministers to take effectual measures for the relief of this distress. This was, in effect, a covert and dexterous attack upon the principle of free-trade in corn, and as such was met by the Ministers. The leading speech, in reply, was made by Sir James Graham, endorsed by Lord John Russell. He declared that the abolition of protection upon corn had been of incalculable benefit to the people at large, and that any attempt to raise again the price of bread-stuffs by artificial protection must be a failure. The Corn-law Rhymer could not have taken higher ground than did the Minister. He declared, that in consequence of the removal of duty, millions of quarters of grain had been introduced, and had been consumed by those who otherwise would never have tasted of wheaten bread. There was not a plowman, nor a weaver, nor a shepherd, whose condition was not made more tolerable by the repeal of the Corn-law, and they knew it. The condition of the mass of the people was the true test of national prosperity. The resolution of Mr. Disraeli was made a test-question by Government, and was lost by 267 to 281, showing a ministerial majority of only 14. If this were to be accepted as a true indication of the state of parties in Parliament on the vital question of Protection, the Ministers could not carry on government, and must either resign or dissolve Parliament, and trust to the chances of a new election. But it is said that many members voted for Mr. Disraeli's resolution out of pique at the action of the Ministers upon the ecclesiastical question, and that the true strength of the Free-trade and Protection parties is yet to be tested. At all events, the Whigs are irretrievably committed against any attempt to enhance the price of bread by any artificial protection.

On Monday, the 17th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Charles Wood, presented the Budget. The main difficulty here was to decide what to do with the surplus revenue. It is so long a time since any European government has had a question of this nature to deal with, that it is not to be wondered at that it caused embarrassment. Official ingenuity has been well-trained to devise ways and means to supply deficiencies in revenue, by inventing new taxes, or by borrowing; but it has had no experience in dealing with an actual surplus. Where every interest is burdened to the utmost, each feels itself to be the most oppressed, and demands to be first relieved. There were claims to ten times the amount to be taken off. The Chancellor kept his project a profound secret from all men; no deputation could worm out of him whether he favored their own special views; when the proper time came, they should see what they should see. They did all see; and not a soul was satisfied. The surplus was estimated to be about £1,900,000; one million was to be devoted to the payment of the National Debt—a rate which, if kept up, would extinguish the whole debt in somewhat less than four thousand years; the remainder was proposed to be so apportioned that no interest

will find itself specially benefited. For instance, the window-tax was to be nominally abolished; but a large proportion of it was to be re-imposed in the shape of a duty upon houses;—and all these proposed reductions were based upon the condition that the income-tax, which has some features making it particularly odious, involving as it does an almost inquisitorial prying into private affairs, should be continued for another three years. The debate upon the Budget was fixed for Friday, the 21st.

In the mean time, however, it became apparent that the Budget could not be carried. A circumstance unimportant in itself sufficiently evinced this. Mr. King moved for leave to bring in a bill giving the right of voting in the counties, as well as in the boroughs, to all occupiers of tenements of the value of £10. Though this was nowise a test question, Lord John Russell opposed it, and when the vote was taken only 52 votes were found for the Ministers, while for the motion there were 100. The apathy of their own party showed the Ministers that they could not sustain themselves. Lord John Russell moved that the debate on the Budget should be adjourned to Monday, the 24th. In the mean while, on Saturday the 22d, the Ministry tendered their resignations.

The defeat on the Franchise was only "the last feather that broke the camel's back." The Ministry fell, at the first attack, from inherent weakness. For a week the Government literally went a-begging, no statesman daring to undertake the task of conducting it. The Queen, as the most natural recourse, applied in the first place, to Lord Stanley, the recognized leader of the Opposition, and head of the Protectionist party. But he declined to attempt the formation of a Ministry. She then fell back upon Lord John Russell, who endeavored in vain to reconstruct a Cabinet which should secure a Parliamentary majority. An unsuccessful application was then made to Lord Aberdeen. Lord Stanley was again applied to, who made an attempt to form a Conservative Ministry, leaving the subject of Protection in abeyance; but he failed to gain the acquiescence of the leading men of his party upon other grounds, and abandoned the task. Thus matters remained up to March 1st, the date of our latest intelligence. It is worthy of remark, how completely the existence of the House of Peers has been ignored throughout the whole of these proceedings; the only point aimed at having been to secure a majority in the Commons.

A cool attempt to swindle the treasury out of £20,000 has been made in behalf of the estate of the late Queen Dowager. Her comfortable annuity of £100,000 was made payable at regular quarter-days, commencing after the death of William IV. As it happened, he died ten days before the quarter-day, so that the queen received pay for a whole quarter for those ten days. She died 63 days after the last quarterly payment; and a claim was made for payment for that time; although blending the two periods together she would have received a quarter's payment for 19 days less than a quarter's time. The court, however, refused to grant the privilege of burning the candle at both ends; and the beggarly German heirs of the late queen fail in gaining the sum.

Petitions have been presented to Parliament from the bishop, commissioners of parishes, and householders of Capetown, stating that the Legislative Assembly of the colony has lost the confidence of the colonists, and presenting the details of a constitution which they pray may be granted them.

Certain Protestants of Dublin addressed a letter

to the Duke of Wellington urging him to fulfill a pledge which they infer him to have made many years ago, when he was Premier, to move the repeal of the Catholic Relief Bill, if it should, on trial, be found not to work satisfactorily. The Duke replies in one of the curtest letters in all his curt correspondence; and in terms which the liveliest imagination can not interpret as complimentary, refuses to have any thing to do with them or their request.

The Commissioners of the Exhibition have decided upon the following rates for admission: Season tickets for a gentleman will cost three guineas, for a lady, two guineas. These tickets are not transferrable, and will admit the owner at all times to the Exhibition. On the day of opening those only are to be admitted who have season tickets. On the two subsequent days, the price of admittance will be twenty shillings. On the fourth day, it will be reduced to five shillings, at which sum it will continue till the 22d day, when it will be lowered to one shilling. After that period, the rate will be one shilling, except on Fridays, when it will be two shillings and sixpence, and Saturdays, when it will be five shillings. The severest tests have demonstrated the stability of the building.

The proposed abolition of the Vice-royalty in Ireland, excites great opposition, especially in Dublin. A large meeting has been held, at which the Lord Mayor presided, for the purpose of petitioning against the intended abolition, and protesting against the system of centralization which, it is alleged, has been so destructive of the best interests of Ireland.

FRANCE.

The main features of interest are confined to the quarrel between the President and the Assembly. Bonaparte is gaining ground: The Minister of Finance presented the bill asking for a dotation for the President. The question was an embarrassing one for the Assembly. If they granted it, it would be giving additional power to him. If they refused, he would become an object of sympathy, and still gain power. The amount asked was 1,800,000 francs, in addition to his salary of 600,000. M. de Montalembert was the principal speaker in favor of the bill. He declared that the President had fulfilled his mission in restoring society and re-establishing order, and warned the majority not to persist in their course of hostility, or they would repent it in 1852. Upon taking the question, there were 294 for the bill, and 396 against it; so that it was lost by a majority of 102. In anticipation of this rejection, subscriptions were set on foot throughout the country in aid of the President; but Bonaparte, by an official notice in the *Moniteur* declined to receive any such contributions, choosing, as he said, to make any personal sacrifices rather than endanger the peace of the country. He made immediate preparation to live according to his means: stopped his expensive receptions, and announced a sale of his horses. He is playing a subtle and well-considered game for re-election to the Presidency; and if the constitutional prohibition can be repealed or overridden, there seems little question that he will succeed. His popularity among the middle classes is great and increasing. When the question of the revision of the Constitution comes up, the great contest of parties will begin, which will decide the fate of the Republic. It is almost impossible that the incongruous combination which now constitutes the formidable majority against him can hold together, against his cool and cautious policy, and with so many elements of disunion among themselves.

GERMANY.

The doings of the Dresden Conference have not officially transpired. But enough is known to make it evident that our previous accounts are correct. In addition it is now said, and with probable truth, that Austria and Prussia have determined to share the executive power of the Diet between them, to the absolute exclusion of the minor Powers. Austria brings into the Confederacy the whole of her Slavonic and Italian possessions. This will call forth the vehement remonstrances of the other European states, who look upon it as undoing the work of the Holy Alliance, and disturbing the balance of power. In consideration of granting this real advantage to Austria, Prussia gains the empty honor of sharing the Presidency in the Diet, which was formerly held by Austria exclusively. The pacification of Schleswig-Holstein and Hesse is complete. In the latter the malcontents are undergoing the penalties of Bavarian court-martials. Hamburg is occupied by Austrian troops. Well authenticated accounts of a conspiracy at Vienna have been received, but the particulars are not given. The 150th anniversary of the erection of Prussia into a kingdom was celebrated at Berlin on the 17th of January, with great pomp.

ITALY.

There can be little doubt that an insurrection, of which Mazzini is the soul and centre is in course of organization. Funds to a considerable amount have been provided. The overthrow of the democratic cause throughout Europe has disbanded an immense number of soldiers, who will be ready for any enterprise, and will be especially glad to fight for the old cause, against the old enemy, upon Italian ground. Various parts of the country are terribly infested with brigands, whose enterprises are carried on with an audacity which reminds one of the middle ages. There are reports of an approaching Austrian interference in Piedmont and Switzerland. The Pope is said to be desirous of the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, that he may place himself under the more immediate protection of Austria and Naples. The Austrian army in Italy has been considerably reinforced, to provide against the action of Mazzini and the growing discontent in Lombardy. Archbishop Hughes of this city is preaching at Rome to increasing audiences. He predicts, there as well as here, the speedy downfall of Protestantism, and prophecies that ere long it will have disappeared from the world as completely as the heretical sects of the Arians and the Manichæans. There is apparently no doubt that the Archbishop will be raised to the rank of Cardinal. At the sitting of the Piedmontese Chamber of Deputies, in Turin, the Minister of Foreign Affairs delivered a speech on occasion of presenting the Budget, marked by a liberality for which we are not accustomed to look to statesmen of Italy.

THE EAST.

In INDIA, on the whole, tolerable tranquillity was prevalent. Sir Charles Napier, in taking leave of the army of India, of which he was commander-in-chief, addressed a most ultra-Napierian epistle to the officers. Instead of reminding them of the laurels they have won, and the territories they have overrun, he berates them for their habits of lavish expenditure, and for contracting debts which they have no means or expectation of paying. An interview has been held between Gholab Singh, the ruler of Cashmere, and the Governor-general, in which the usual protestations of eternal friendship were interchanged. These interviews, since

the days of Hastings and Clive, have betokened fresh accessions to the territories of the Company.

An insurrection of a formidable character which had been raging in some of the provinces of CHINA, the object of which was the overthrow of the Tartar dynasty, was, at the latest dates, entirely suppressed. The famous Commissioner Lin, whose energetic proceedings gave rise to the opium war, is dead. From the un-oriental energy of his character, and the salutary dread with which he had inspired his countryman, his death is a loss to the Empire.

Difficulties are apprehended in EGYPT. The Porte demands certain reforms of the Viceroy; among which are the abatement of taxes and the reduction of the army. The Viceroy refuses to comply, and is determined to offer forcible resistance, in case of an attempt to enforce the demands.

The hostilities at Bagdad between the Turks and Arabs have been renewed since the death of Bem. Vigorous measures are to be taken to reduce the insurgent Arabs to subjection.

From Southern AFRICA, under date of Sept. 6, we have authentic intelligence of terrible atrocities committed by the Namquas upon the Danish missionary station. Numbers were killed; and women and children cruelly tortured.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

UNITED STATES.

It is seed-time rather than harvest in the world of Literature and Art, as well as in that of matter. Publishers are in deep consultation over projected works. The still labor of brain, eye, and hand goes on in the library of the author and the studio of the artist, the results of which, when ready for the public eye, we shall chronicle. The series of lectures before the Artists' Association has been brought to a very appropriate close by a lecture from HUNTINGTON, the painter. His subject was "Christian Art." He claimed, in theory, for his Art that lofty and sublime mission which he has attempted to exemplify in practice.—The most attractive series of lectures delivered in this city during the last season has undoubtedly been that of Mr. LORD, on the "Heroes and Martyrs of Protestantism." Those who might feel inclined to dissent from several of his views and conclusions, could not be other than pleased by the earnestness and zeal with which they were set forth and advocated. As literary productions, these lectures are deserving of high praise.—BANVARD's three-mile Panorama of the Mississippi has been the fruitful parent of a multitude of staring and impudent productions, which it were almost a libel upon Art to call pictures. The "cheap side" of Broadway is lined with these monstrosities, which for the most part have met with the very moderate patronage which they deserve.

MARTIN FARQUHART TUPPER, has arrived in this country. We copy from the *Evening Post* the following graceful lines, written in the harbor on the morning of his arrival:

Not with cold scorn or ill-dissembled sneer,
Ungraciously your kindly looks to greet,
By God's good favor safely landed here,
Oh friends and brothers, face to face we meet.
Now for a little space my willing feet,
After long hope and promise many a year,
Shall tread your happy shores; my heart and voice
Your kindred love shall quicken and shall cheer,
While in your greatness shall my soul rejoice—
For you are England's nearest and most dear!
Suffer my simple fervors to do good,
As one poor pilgrim haply may and can,
Who, knit to heaven and earth by gratitude,
Speaks from his heart, to touch his fellow man.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY was celebrated with unusual splendor in this city. An oration was delivered by Hon. H. M. FOOTE, of Mississippi. At the public dinner letters were read from President FILLMORE, and Messrs. WEBSTER, CLAY, and CASS. The principal speech of the evening was made by Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, in reply to the toast of "the Constitution."

WASHINGTON IRVING has written a pleasant and characteristic letter, which has been going the rounds of the papers, to Jesse Merwin, of Kinderhook, the original Ichabod Crane, of the far-renowned "Legend of Sleepy Hollow."

EUROPEAN.

Among the recent issues of the London press we notice "*The Mirror for Maidens*," by Mrs. Sherwood and her daughter, Mrs. Streeten. The well-won reputation of the mother, acquired so many years ago, will not be enhanced by her share in this tale.—A volume of *Poems*, by W. C. Bennett, is made up of pieces of very unequal merit. Some portions are extremely beautiful, while others are utterly devoid of expression or character. The readers of Mrs. Marsh's tales will remember many mottoes taken from Mr. Bennett, giving promise of no common degree of poetic talent.—Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, has taken the field as a religious controversialist in a volume upon Transubstantiation, in reply to the lectures of Cardinal Wiseman. He shows more familiarity with the principles and details of the controversy than could have been anticipated from his former avocations.—*England as it is*, by Wm. Johnston, is an attempt to point out the political, social, and industrial state of the kingdom in the middle of the nineteenth century. The author is of the opinion that, on the whole, the mechanical inventions and money-making spirit of the last fifty years have lessened the comforts and deteriorated the character of the poorer classes. The book does not seem to be written with sufficient ability to make any decided impression.

Revelations of Hungary, by the Baron Prochazka, presents the Austrian view of the question with more zeal than ability. The author details with the utmost complacency the fearful atrocities of the campaign, wondering all the while that the Austrians were hated by the oppressed population. Appended to the *Revelations* is a "Memoir of Kossuth," designed to instruct the world as to the true character of the illustrious Magyar. Every good quality which has been attributed to him, from genius down to personal beauty, is vehemently disputed. The world is assured that "Kossuth is by no means the handsome man his partisans represent him to be; he is of middle stature; his figure is insignificant; his hair was brown, but being bald, he wears a wig of that color." This last allegation, we fear is too true; for Kossuth lost not only his hair, but his health and every thing but life, hope, and honor during his imprisonment in Austrian dungeons.

The Correspondence of Sir Isaac Newton and Professor Cotes, edited by J. Eddleston, M.A., presents a view of all the ascertained facts in the personal and intellectual history of the great mathematician. When he was engaged in elaborating his theory respecting light and color, in order "to quicken his faculties, and fix his attention, he confined himself to a small quantity of bread during all the time, with a little sack and water, of which, without any regulation, he took as he found a craving or failure of spirits."

A continuation of the *Dix Ans* of Louis Blanc

has been commenced by M. Elias Regnault, under the title of *L'Histoire de Huit Ans*, 1840-48.

The London *Leader* speaks of a new work by Harriet Martineau and Mr. Atkinson which is likely to excite attention. It is entitled "Letters on Man's Nature and Development." The *Leader* having read a few of the proof sheets, says that for boldness of outspokening on subjects usually glozed over, and for power of philosophic exposition, it has few equals. The marvels of mesmerism and clairvoyance are stated with unflinching plainness, as facts admitting of no dispute. Materialism is unequivocally and even eloquently avowed; and phrenology assumes quite a new aspect from the observations and discoveries here recorded.

The London *Critic* contains an interesting paragraph giving an account of the payments made to authors in France. It is said that Lamartine, for the single volume of his *Confidences*, received 8000 dollars. Chateaubriand, a few years before his death, contracted with a company to sell them, at the price of 4000 dollars per volume, any new works he might write and desire to print. Victor Hugo, by contract with the publishers, is paid 3000 dollars for each new volume with which he may furnish them. De Balzac, in 1837, entered into a contract with his publisher, Delloye, by which the publisher acquired the property for fifteen years of the works of De Balzac at that time published. The pecuniary consideration paid to the author, was 12,000 dollars cash, and an annuity of 3000 dollars. Eugene Sue sold for 9600 dollars the right of publishing and selling, during five years only, his novel called *Martin the Foundling, or the Memoirs of a Valet de Chambre*. The work was already in course of publication in the *feuilleton* of *The Constitutionnel*, and the purchaser's rights were confined to France. It was the *Mystères de Paris* that made the great literary name and fortune of Eugene Sue. Previously the remuneration of his literary labors was much more modest. *La Salamandre* was disposed of at 300 dollars per volume. *The Wandering Jew*, and *Les Mystères de Paris*, were sold at 20,000 dollars the volume: and the purchaser made 12,000 by the operation. In August, 1845, *The Constitutionnel*, wishing to secure M. Sue exclusively to itself, made with him a contract which was to last for thirteen years and a half. By its terms the author bound himself to furnish for publication in the *feuilleton* of *The Constitutionnel* not less than four, nor more than six volumes of novels per annum, for which he was to be paid 2000 dollars per volume on delivery of the manuscript.

LAMARTINE seems determined to surpass the literary fecundity of James, or even, if such a thing be conceivable, that of the renowned Alexandre Dumas. In addition to his History of the Directory, mentioned in our last number, it is announced that he has contracted to write a History of the Restoration, in some eight or ten volumes. The *Leader*, which is good authority on these matters, however, states that this last is substituted for the History of the Directory, which Lamartine abandoned in disgust when he found that Garner de Cassagnac had undertaken the same subject for *feuilleton* publication. A romance, after the manner of Genevieve, is advertised to appear in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse*. He has long been under engagements to furnish, under the title of the *Conseiller du Peuple*, a monthly pamphlet on current political events; and he is said to have engaged to write another similar one every fortnight. Finally, he has in contemplation a History of Turkey. He is, moreover, an active member of the Legislative

Assembly, and a frequent speaker. During one of the late ministerial crises he came very near being placed at the head of the Ministry. With such a number of engagements, undertaken under the pressure of pecuniary necessities, it is not to be wondered that his recent productions have been unworthy of his former reputation.

Dr. J. F. SCHRÖDER has produced a unique work on Talmudic and Rabbinic maxims and usages. As a specimen of these, we give some of the refinements and distinctions relating to the observance of the Sabbath: "Hunting is totally forbidden on the Sabbath, and since fly-catching is a species of hunting, it is prohibited—nay, the prohibition extends so far, that a Jew must not cover vessels in which there are flies, because in this way a sort of catching might take place. Fleas must first have bitten before they may be caught; and it is not allowable to kill them when caught. A louse found on the body may be killed, but not one that has taken up its abode in the outer parts of the garments. Animals, on the contrary, which are tame and willingly allow themselves to be taken, may be caught even on the Sabbath; some, however, consider this not allowable. An egg laid on the Sabbath, or fruits which have been plucked on that day, may not be used. If any body wishes to borrow any thing of another on the Sabbath, he must not say, '*Lend me this or that*;' but '*Give it me, and I will give it you back*.' If a pledge is to be restored, the lender must lay it down in silence. He who wishes to have some beer or wine on a Sabbath, must not say to the tavern-keeper, '*Give me so much wine or beer for so much money*;' but '*Give me the vessel full or half full*.' After the Sabbath the vessel may be measured, and the value of the wine or beer received may be determined. Letters must not be either written or opened on the Sabbath; but if any one not a Jew has opened them, without having received orders to do so, and one is anxious to know the contents, they may be read; but the words must not be uttered aloud. News also may be read in this way. Accounts, on the contrary, bills of exchange, and such things, relating to trade, may not be read. If a leg, &c., falls out of a chair or bench on the Sabbath, the injury must not be repaired on that day. Should a wine-cask or any thing of that sort begin to leak, a vessel may be put under it, but the hole must not be stopped up."

CHARLES KNIGHT, the eminent publisher, in an effective pamphlet advocating the repeal of the paper-tax, presents some facts showing the bearing of that tax upon the diffusion of knowledge. He has had in contemplation a Supplement to the National Cyclopædia, to consist of a series of treatises upon Scientific, Social, and Industrial Progress, to extend to four volumes. To produce this as it should be done, he must secure the assistance of the most eminent men in every department of knowledge; which assistance will cost £2000. To cover the outlay he must sell at least 25,000 copies; which will consume 6400 reams of paper, the duty upon which would be £880. This additional expense, adding nothing to the value of the work, makes him hesitate to embark in the enterprise. If this burden were removed he might either save it in the original cost, or expend it in adding to the value of the work. In either case he would not hesitate to carry out his design.

ROBERT CHAMBERS shows the bearing of the same tax upon labor. His Miscellany of Tracts was stopped as not paying, although it had a regular sale of 80 000. While published it had paid a

paper-tax of £6220. This publication, which might have been continued had it not been for this tax, distributed £18,000 a year in labor. He had since started a similar series at three halfpence, of which, owing to the increase in price, only half as many were sold as the other. It is calculated that this tax keeps out of employment, in London alone, full 40,000 people. The whole value of the paper annually manufactured in the kingdom is estimated at £4,000,000, upon which a duty is laid of £800,000. This is levied almost entirely upon labor, the material used being almost entirely without value.

LEOPOLD RANKE, author of the History of the Popes, in the course of his researches in the National Library at Paris, has discovered a manuscript portion of the Memoirs of the famous statesman Cardinal Richelieu, which has long been supposed to be lost. In the manuscript deposited at the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a series of leaves is wanting. These Mr. Ranke found by accident in a bundle of old papers. It is thought that this discovery may throw some light upon the disputed question whether the cardinal was the actual author of the works which are attributed to him, or merely revised and corrected them.

The *Quarterly Review* tells a story about George IV. which reflects little credit upon the "First Gentleman of Europe." The noble library of George III., in the British Museum bears an inscription purporting that it was a gift to the nation from his successor. It appears, however, that the library was a purchase. George IV., in one of his frequent pecuniary straits, had negotiated for its sale to the Emperor of Russia, and was only prevented from completing the contract by the most urgent remonstrances, backed by the receipt of the value of the Russian rubles, in sterling coin, from the droits of the Admiralty. It is suggested that the inscription in the Museum should be erased; as there can be no good reason why the nation should be called upon to supply by a public forgery the deficiency of worthy records left behind by that monarch.

According to the *Journal de la Librairie* the whole number of books and pamphlets printed in France during the past year is 7208, of which 5848 are new publications. The publications in the French language were 6661; in the dialects spoken in France, 68; in German, 53; in English, 61; in Spanish, 51; in Greek, 83; in Latin, 165; in Portuguese, 16; in Polish, 14; in Hebrew, 9.

A *Grammar of the Kaffir Language*, by Rev. JOHN W. APPLEYARD, a Wesleyan Missionary in British Kaffraria, is another valuable contribution to science resulting from missionary labors. This language, although, of course, destitute of literary treasures, presents some features of interest to students of comparative philology. Those relations of words to each other which in other languages are indicated by change of termination, are in this denoted by prefixes, which are regulated by similarity of sound. Neither gender nor number has any influence upon grammatical construction, being lost sight of in the euphonic form of the word or prefix. The noun is the leading word in a sentence, the prefix to it determining that to the other words. Thus, *abantu* means "the people," and *ziyeza*, "are coming;" but a Kaffir would not express "the people are coming" by *abantu ziyeza*, but by *abantu bayeza*, it being necessary that the prefixes to the verb and its subject should have a similar sound. The language is also remarkable for freedom from anomalous usages and exceptions, and for great facility of forming compound words. Mr. Appleyard's work contains also valuable ethno-

graphical materials in the shape of a general classification of the South African dialects.

An Italian savant announces that when the fog is so thick as to prevent signals being seen from one station to another, the difficulty may be greatly diminished by placing a colored glass between the eye and the eye-piece of the telescope. The best color for those who have strong eyesight is dark red; while those who are short-sighted find light red preferable. He accounts for the fact by stating that the white color of the fog strikes too powerfully upon the eye, particularly if the glass have a large field; and the intensity of the light is diminished by the interception of a part of the rays by the colored glass, so that the eye is less wearied.

The Velocity of Artificial Light has been the subject of some very ingenious experiments by M. Fizeau. A point of intense brightness, produced by oxy-hydrogen light, is concentrated by a lens, and being received upon a mirror placed at about two leagues distance, is reflected back again in the same line. This is effected so exactly that scarcely any deviation in the course of the two rays can be perceived, the going and returning ray appearing one within the other. Behind the point of light is placed a wheel having 720 teeth, so adjusted that the light shines between two of the teeth, so that when the wheel is at rest, an eye placed behind it receives the impression of the full ray. When the wheel is moved so that 12.6 revolutions are made in a second, the teeth of the wheel appear continuous, and half the light is obstructed. If the velocity be sufficiently accelerated all the light is cut off, and that rate shows the time necessary for the light to have traversed the two leagues and back again, for the observer sees only the returning ray. The velocity of artificial light has thus been fixed at 70,000 French leagues in a second, which agrees remarkably with that given by astronomers to solar light, 192,500 miles in a second. The English mile, it will be recollected is a trifle longer than the French mile.

A paper read before the British Association, describes several remarkable hail storms which have occurred in India. The weight of some masses of ice which have fallen exceeds 14 pounds. Many of these masses, under a rough external coat, contained an interior of clear ice. Immense conglomerated masses of hail stones had been known to be swept down the mountain ravines by the torrents which succeeded the storms; and in one of these conglomerations a snake was found frozen up, and apparently dead; but it revived on being thawed out.

A patent has been taken out for what the patentee calls the *essence of milk*. Fresh milk is placed in a long, shallow copper pan, heated by steam to a temperature of 110 degrees. A quantity of sugar is mixed with the milk, which is continually kept in motion by stirring. This is continued for about four hours, during which the milk is reduced by evaporation to one-fourth of its original bulk. It is then put into small tin cans, the tops of which are soldered on. These cans are placed for a while in boiling water, which completes the process. This preparation may be kept for a long time, in any climate. It is peculiarly adapted for use on ship-board.

OBITUARIES.

The MARQUIS OF NORTHAMPTON (Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton) died Jan. 16, aged 60 years. He early manifested a love for literature, science, and art, which he cultivated with greater assiduity

than is usual among students of his social rank. Among his associates at the university were many whose names have since become known in the world of mind. In 1830 he became a member of the Royal Society. In 1838, when the presidency of that body was resigned by the Duke of Sussex, on the ground that the £13,000 a year, which was granted him as a prince of the blood, was an income too limited to enable him to afford the coffee and sandwiches usually furnished at the *soirées* of the Society, the Marquis of Northampton was selected to fill that place. If the selection was to be on the grounds of rank rather than of high scientific attainments, no better one could have been made. The *soirées* which he gave drew together the rank and science of the country, and had a happy influence upon the scientific world. His attainments in almost every graceful branch of intellectual culture were highly respectable. He resigned the presidency of the Royal Society in 1848, and was succeeded by the Earl of Rosse. He took no very decided part in politics, although he was always recognized as belonging to the liberal portion of the House of Peers. Among the large number of the higher classes who have recently died, no one, since the death of Sir Robert Peel, is so great a loss to literature and science as the Marquis of Northampton.

JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D., one of the most learned and eminent of the dissenting clergy of England, died Feb. 5, aged 77 years. He was the author of a number of works of decided merit; the one by which he was best known was *Scripture and Geology*. His attainments in geological science procured his election as a member of the Royal Society. Early in January a company of his friends and admirers presented him with a testimonial of their affectionate regard, in commemoration of the fiftieth year of his academic labors in the Dissenting College at Romerton. The sum of £2600 was raised, the interest of which was to be applied to his benefit during his life-time, and the principal, after his death, to be applied to the foundation of scholarships. This testimonial to his eminent merit was only in time for an honor, but too late as a pecuniary benefit.

CHARLES COQUEREL, whose recent death is announced in the Paris papers, was the brother of the celebrated Protestant clergyman of France. He was the author of a number of works, among which we remember a *History of English Literature*; *Caritas*, an *Essay on a complete Spiritual Philosophy*; and the *History of the Churches in the Desert*, or the *History of the Protestant Churches of France from the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes to the Reign of Louis XVI.* In this last work he introduced the substance of a vast mass of private and official correspondence relative to the persecutions undergone by the French Protestants. He was also distinguished for his scientific attainments, and for many years reported the proceedings of the French Academy of Sciences for the *Courrier Francaise*. He was especially interested in Arago's investigations upon light, and was busied with them almost to the day of his death.

GASPAR SPONTINI, composer of *La Vestale*, and many other less successful operas, died recently in the Roman States, at an advanced age. For many years he was chapel-master to the late King of Prussia, where both himself and his music were unpopular to the last degree among artists; and it was an article in the contract of more than one *prima donna*, that she should not be required to sing Spontini's music. The one great work of his

life was *La Vestale*, produced in 1809. It was in rehearsal for a twelvemonth, and while in preparation was retouched and amended to such an extent, that the expense of copying the alterations is said to have amounted to 10,000 francs.

MRS. SHELLEY, wife of the poet, and daughter of Godwin and the celebrated Mary Wolstoncroft, died in London on the 11th of February, aged 53 years. She was herself an authoress of no inconsiderable repute. Her wild and singular novels, among which are the *Last Man*, *Walpurga*, and *Frankenstein*, are unequaled in their kind. The last in particular, notwithstanding the revolting nature of the legend, is wrought up with great power, and possesses singular fascination for the lovers of the marvelous and the supernatural.

JOANNA BAILLIE, the most illustrious of the female poets of England, unless that place be assigned to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, notwithstanding her many affectations and great inequalities, died at Hampstead, on the 23d of February, at the age of 90 years, within a few weeks. She is best known by her "*Plays on the Passions*," in which she made a bold and successful attempt to delineate the stronger passions of the mind by making each of them the subject of a tragedy and a comedy. The first volume was published in 1798, and was followed by a second and a third in 1802 and 1812, and in 1836 by three additional volumes. In addition to these she published at different times miscellaneous poetry, which was in 1841 collected into a volume. Her career as an author thus extends over almost half a century. A complete edition of her works in one large volume has been issued within a few weeks. To Miss Baillie and Wordsworth, more than to any others is to be attributed the redemption of our poetry from that florid or insipid sentimentalism which was its prevailing characteristic at the beginning of the present century. They boldly asserted, by precept and practice, the superiority of nature over all affecta-

tion and conventionalism. "Let one simple trait of the human heart," says she in the Introduction to her first volume, "one expression of passion genuine to truth and nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, while the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning." Her dramas are wrought wholly out from her own conceptions, and exhibit great originality and invention. Her power of portraying the darker and sterner passions of the human heart has rarely been surpassed. Scott eulogized "*Basil's love and Montfort's hate*" as a revival of something of the old Shakspearean strain in our later and more prosaic days. But her dramas have little in common with those of Shakspeare, so full of life, action, and vivacity. Their spirit is more akin to the stern and solemn repose of the Greek dramas. They have little of the form and pressure of real life. The catastrophe springs rather from the characters themselves than from the action of the drama. The end is seen from the beginning. Over all broods a fate as gloomy as that which overhung the doomed House of Atreus. Her female characters are delineated with great elevation and purity. Jane de Montfort—with her stately form which seems gigantic, till nearer approach shows that it scarcely exceeds middle stature; her queenly bearing, and calm, solemn smile; her "weeds of high habitual state"—is one of the noblest conceptions of poetry. Miss Baillie was a conspicuous instance of high poetic powers existing in a mind capable of fulfilling the ordinary duties of life. Among her friends were numbered most of those whose genius has adorned their day. Her modest residence at Hampstead was sought by visitors from all parts of Europe, and especially from America, attracted by admiration of her genius, and love for her virtues. In her has set one of the last and brightest stars of that splendid constellation of genius, which arose during the early part of the present century.

Literary Notices.

Lippincott, Grambo & Co. have issued the third edition of *California and Oregon, or, Sights in the Gold Region*, by THEODORE T. JOHNSON, a work which has deservedly met with a favorable reception from the public, and which can not fail to be highly appreciated by the emigrant to the shores of the Pacific. The author describes the incidents of his voyage to Chagres, the journey across the Isthmus, his stay at Panama, and his observations in the Gold Regions, in a spirited and graphic style, which renders his volume no less amusing than instructive. The chapters devoted to Oregon are full of valuable information, and form not the least interesting portions of the work. In the opinion of the author, Oregon is destined to be the permanent seat of American Empire on the Pacific coast. The tide of emigration to California is now setting in with gradual but increasing force toward Oregon, and of the thousands among the population of that territory who have visited the placers of the Sacramento, none have become settlers, but all have returned to resume their abode in Oregon. The statements embodied in this volume concerning the climate, soil, physical resources, and social condition of Oregon, by Hon. Mr. Thurston, the able Representative to Congress from that Territory, are dis-

tinguished for their good sense and practical character, and have already made a strong impression on the public mind. They should be taken into consideration by every one who proposes to establish his residence in the Farthest West.

Mount Hope, or, Philip, King of the Wampanoags, by G. H. HOLLISTER (published by Harper and Brothers) is a new historical romance, founded on the scenes of Indian warfare which occurred in the first century after the settlement of New England. The fruitful legends of that period, which present such rich materials to the novelist, are interwoven with the historical incidents of the day, in a tale of more than common vigor and beauty. The development of the plot is accompanied with numerous portraits of real characters, some of which betray no mean powers of description, and predict the future distinction of the writer in this line of composition. Among the historical personages who figure in the story, are Whalley and Goffe, the regicide judges, who found an asylum for many years in Massachusetts, and who have left so many traditions of mysterious interest concerning their fate. A scene from the death-bed of the former presents a favorable specimen of the author's ability:

"On a beautiful peninsula, formed by the most graceful curve which the Connecticut (the loveliest of all the rivers that gleam among the hills of the north) makes in its long, winding journey to the ocean, stood the rural village of Hadley. It was situated upon the very point of the peninsula, with one main street running north and south, and abutting at either extremity upon the river. The settlement was then new, and had in it few houses; but most of them indicated, from their size and neatness, as well as from the degree of culture that surrounded them, the industry and comparative opulence of the inhabitants.

"On the eastern side of the street, and about midway between the arms of the river, stood the large, well-built mansion of Mr. Russell, the parish clergyman, almost hidden behind the branches of two magnificent elms of primitive growth. In the rear of the house was a lawn covered with apple-trees.

"It was about ten o'clock in the evening of the day mentioned in the preceding chapter, when a gentleman, closely enveloped in a long cloak that perfectly concealed his person, emerged from the tall forest-trees that skirted the river, and entered the orchard. At first, his step was rapid and bold, but as he neared the house, he walked with more caution; and on arriving at the garden-gate he paused, with his hand upon the latch, and looked cautiously around him. Having apparently satisfied himself that he was unnoticed, he passed noiselessly through the garden, and stepped over the little low stile that separated it from the house, stopped suddenly, and stamped his foot upon the ground. The earth beneath him returned a hollow sound, and the traveler, kneeling upon his right knee, commenced removing the rubbish that had been thrown so artfully over the spot as to elude the vigilance of any eye not acquainted with the premises. After he had cleared a space of about two feet in diameter, the clear moonlight disclosed the entire surface of a small trap-door, fastened by a strong padlock. He then pulled from his pocket a bunch of keys, tied together by a thong of deer-skin, and, selecting the one that seemed to suit his purpose, applied it to the lock, which yielded readily to his hand. Lifting the door upon its rusty hinges far enough to admit his person, he placed his foot upon a short ladder, letting the heavy door gently down as he descended. The pit in which he had thus voluntarily shut himself was about six feet in depth, and walled in like a well. At the west side, and near the bottom, was a narrow channel or passage, of sufficient size to admit a full-grown man, running horizontally westward with side-walls, and covered with large, flat stones. Along this passage the mysterious night-wanderer crept softly until he came to another door, opening inward, and secured in a similar manner to the one that he had just passed. This he unlocked, and glided through the aperture, shutting and fastening the door carefully behind him. He was now in the cellar of the parsonage, which was so deep that he could stand upright without touching the timbers overhead. After groping about in the dark for some moments he discovered a small movable staircase standing against the wall, and leading perpendicularly upward. This he carefully ascended until he reached a third door, constructed of lighter materials than the others, which he easily raised with a slight pressure of the hand. He now found himself in a spacious closet, shut in with solid panels of oak. Letting the door noiselessly down, he stood a moment, and listened. Putting his ear to the wainscot, he could hear the indistinct murmur of voices in low but apparently earnest conversation. He heaved a deep sigh, and muttering to himself, 'I pray God it be not too late,' knocked distinctly with his heavy hand against the firm partition. The voices ceased, and he heard a light step cross the adjoining apartment, and then a knock against the wall corresponding to his own.

"'Who waits there?' inquired a voice from within.

"'Mr. Goldsmith,' responded the stranger.

"In a moment the door was partly opened from within by Mr. Russell, the proprietor of the mansion, who held a lighted candle in his hand, and who glanced stealthily into the closet, as if in doubt whether he could safely admit his visitor.

"'Thank Heaven!' exclaimed the clergyman, 'my expectations have not deceived me: you are with us at last.'

"'Ay, my son; the wanderer has returned. But you look pale—I am too late—tell me if he yet lives?'

"'He lives, but is fast sinking.'

"'And his mind?'

"'Is still wandering; but there are intervals—I should rather say glimmerings of reason; he spoke incoherently but a moment since; but he replied not to my words, and whether he was sleeping or waking I could not tell. His eyes were closed.'

"'I must see him: lead the way.' And opening wider the massive door, the gray-haired regicide entered the apartment of the invalid.

"It was a small but comfortable chamber, neatly carpeted, and furnished with a table (covered with writing materials and a few books), three large oaken chairs, and two beds, in one of which, with his face turned to the wall, as if to avoid the trembling rays of light that flickered upon the table, lay an old man, apparently about eighty-five years of age. As the evening was sultry, his only covering was a single linen sheet thrown loosely over him, from which his emaciated arm and small, livid fingers had escaped, and lay languidly by his side. His high, straight forehead, and calm features, which, from their perfect outline, neither age nor disease had robbed of their serene beauty, were pale as marble. The window was partly open to admit the cool air from the river, and the night breeze fanned gently the thin, snow-white locks that still lingered about his temples. The tall form of Goffe bent over him, long and silently, while he read with mournful earnestness the ravages of superannuation and disease in every lineament and furrow of the venerable face of his friend. Then, turning to the clergyman, who still remained standing by the table, he asked, in a voice choked with grief, while a tear sparkled in his bright eye, 'How long is it, my son, since he spoke intelligibly? Hath he inquired after me to-day?'

"'About one o'clock, when I brought him his simple meal, he roused himself for a moment, and demanded of me if 'I had seen his dear major-general;' but when I sought to prolong the conversation, and asked if he would see Goffe, his beloved son-in-law, he smiled, and said 'Yes;' but added, soon after, 'No, no: I have no son, and Goffe died long ago.'

"'Alas!' replied Goffe—seating himself, and motioning the clergyman to a seat that stood near him—'alas! I fear that my fruitless journey hath taken from me the privilege I most prized on earth—the administering of consolation to the last moments of this more than father.'

"'You call it a fruitless journey, then? And did you hear no tidings of the long-lost son?'

"'None: I have ridden over ground where the sound of my very name would have echoed treason; I have sought him out among men who, had they known the name of the seeker, would gladly have bought the royal favor by seizing and delivering over to the hands of the executioner the wasted, life-weary regicide. I have this very day encountered the mortal enemy of me and my race; but my arm struck down the wretch, as it has stricker down many a better man in the days of the Protector. He paid the price of his mad folly in the last debt to nature.'

"'An enemy! and slain! Have you, then, been discovered?'

"'Ay, an enemy to God and man. But did I not tell thee that he was dead? Death is no betrayer

of secrets: the hounds that scented my blood, bore off his mutilated remains, but they will gladly leave them in the wilderness to gorge the wolf and the raven.'

"Who is this fallen enemy?"

"Edward Randolph."

"Edward Randolph! Have you met and slain Edward Randolph?"

"I have slain him. You look wild—you shudder. Dost think it a sin in the sight of Heaven to stop the breath of a murderer? You start at my words, and the minister of God may well shrink from the weapons which the servants of the Protector have grown old in wielding. But, Russell, Justice always bears a sword, and Oliver only taught us to employ it as the meanest viper that crawls will use his envenomed tooth, to protect his writhing shape from the foot that crushes him."

"The weapons of our warfare are not carnal," interposed the clergyman.

"Self-defense is the first law of our nature, Russell. But self-defense, when roused against a tyrant, or the minions of a tyrant, and in behalf of a goaded and maddened people, to inspire them with hope and freedom, and lift their eyes to the pure light of heaven, is the sentiment of a Christian patriot, and God will approve it. But let us awaken our aged friend, and try if we can marshal his scattered thoughts for a last conflict with the enemy of man."

"He walked the room a moment, to banish, by more tranquil thoughts, the frown that still lowered upon his brow and the gleam that had lighted his dark eye—the reflex of many a bloody field; and walking slowly up to the bed of the sick man, stooped over him, and passed his brawny hand over the pale forehead of the sleeper. 'Awake, father, awake!—Dost thou not know that thy son has returned? Let me hear thy voice once again.'

"The invalid turned his face suddenly toward the light, and, opening his eyes, stared wildly at Goffe, but showed no signs of recognition.

"Speak, Whalley: do you know me?"

"At the sound of his name, the old man started up, and rising upon his elbow, cried, in a voice that rang hollow as the echo of the sepulchre, 'Who calls Whalley? Was it my Lord Cromwell? Was it the Lord General? Tell him that I am ready with two hundred good troopers that carry pistols at their holsters and swords at their girdles.' Then raising his arm, with his small attenuated hand clenched as if it grasped the weapon of which he raved, he continued with increased energy, 'Up, my merry men! to horse! hew the roisterers down!—one more charge like that, and we drive them into the morass!—There again—it was well done—now they flounder man and horse in the dead pool—call off the men. They cry quarter—shame on ye—'tis murder to strike a fallen foe! But I wander. Who called Whalley? Sure I have heard that voice ere this.'

"It is your son: it is Goffe."

"Peace, man! I know thee not. There was a Goffe, who stood once by my side in the armies of the Protector, and who sat with me in judgment upon the tyrant; but he was attainted of high-treason, and hanged—or, if not, he must have died in the tower. My memory is poor and treacherous; I am old, sir; but you look—"

"Hear me, father. Do you remember under whose charge the Stuart was placed at Hampton Court?"

"Do I remember it!" quoth he. "Ay, do I, as if it were but a thing of yesterday. Yesterday! better than that. Sir, I have forgotten *yesterday* already: my thoughts live only in those glorious days; they are written on the tablets of the brain as with a diamond. But what was I saying? It has escaped me."

"The Stuart, father—"

"Who had the Stuart in charge at Hampton Court? I had him, and thought the game-bird would sooner have escaped from the talons of the

falcon when poised on the wing, than he from me. But some knave played me false, and for love or gold let the tyrant slip through my hands. And, sir, to own the truth, he was a princely gentleman; and after his escape he wrote me a loving letter, with many thanks for my gentle courtesy and kindly care of him. Yet his phantasy was ever running upon trifles: for in that very epistle he begged me to present in his name a trumpery dog as a keepsake to the Duke of Richmond. Had it not been for such light follies and an overweening tyranny, he might have ruled England to this hour."

"Goffe now perceived that he had hit upon the right vein, and proceeded to ply him with reminiscences of his earlier manhood.

"Had you e'er a wife?"

"The wife of my youth was an angel. What of her, but that she is dead, and I desolate? Or who are you, that venture to thrust my grief upon me unasked. You tread upon the ashes of the dead!"

"Pardon me: I wound, that I may heal. Had you ever a daughter?"

"I had several, but I can not recall their names. Yet I am sure there must have been more than one."

"Was not one of them made by your consent the wife of William Goffe?"

"Yes—why yes: Frances was the wife of Goffe—a gallant officer, and a faithful servant of God and the commonwealth. I mind him well now. He was a host in battle, but something rash, and of a hot temper. I thought to hear of his death at the end of every conflict with the cavaliers. He would ride a furlong in front of his troop in the rage of pursuit, if ever the enemy broke rank and fled."

"What became of him?"

"He died—no—it has all come back to me now. He came with me to America, and here in the rocks and caverns of this wilderness he has helped to hide me, with the tenderness of a bird for its unfledged young, through this my second infancy."

"Do you not know me now?" asked Goffe, affectionately taking his hand.

"The old man fixed his mild blue eye, already beaming with the rays of returning intelligence, full upon the anxious face of his fellow-exile, and gazed long and intently, as if he would have read in his features some sign of an attempt to practice upon his credulity. Then the color came back in a momentary glow to his cheeks, and tears flowed copiously over them, as he threw his arms around the iron form of Goffe, and smiled faintly as he faltered, 'Alas the day—that I should live to forget thee, my more than son!'

"The empire of reason was restored: and although afterward it sometimes lost its sway in the chaos of the dim and shadowy images of the past, yet from that time to the day of his death, the jealous glance with which he followed the steps of the companion of his earlier and more prosperous days, as he moved noiselessly around the room—the warm grasp of the hand—the subdued patience of the sufferer—the oft-repeated endearing appellation 'my son—my son'—were constant witnesses to the faithfulness of memory, when kindled and kept in exercise by gratitude and love."

Parnassus in Pillory, by MOTLEY MANNERS, Esq. (published by Adriance, Sherman, and Co.), is a satire of great pretension and considerable success upon several of the most eminent living American poets. Mr. Manners has some sharp weapons in his armory, which he flourishes with the skill of an adroit fencing master, but in most cases, they gleam idly in the air without drawing blood. His happiest hits are usually harmless, but now and then they damage himself while his antagonist escapes. On the whole, the author's forte is poetry rather than satire, and punning more than either. In this last accomplishment, we admit his "proud pre-eminence."

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued a new edition of *Twice Told Tales*, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, with an original preface, and a portrait of the author. The preface is highly characteristic, and will be read with as much interest as any of the stories. Mr. Hawthorne presents some details of his literary autobiography, in which he relates the ill success of his first adventures as an author, with irresistible unction and naïveté. He claims to have been for a good many years the obscurest literary man in America. His stories were published in magazines and annuals, for a period comprising the whole of the writer's young manhood, without making the slightest impression on the public, or, with the exception of "The Rill from the Town-Pump," as far as he is aware, having met with the good or evil fortune to be read by any body. When collected into a volume, at a subsequent period, their success was not such as would have gratified a craving desire for notoriety, nor did they render the writer or his productions much more generally known than before. The philosophy of this experience is unfolded by the author without the slightest affectation of concealment, or any show of querulousness on account of its existence. On the contrary, he views the whole affair with perfect good humor, and consoles himself in the failure of large popularity, with the sincere appreciation which his productions received in certain gratifying quarters. They were so little talked about that those who chanced to like them felt as if they had made a new discovery, and thus conceived a kindly feeling not only for the book but for the author. The influence of this on his future literary labors is set forth with his usual half-comic seriousness. "On the internal evidence of his sketches, he came to be regarded as a mild, shy, gentle, melancholic, exceedingly sensitive, and not very forcible man, hiding his blushes under an assumed name, the quaintness of which was supposed, somehow or other, to symbolize his personal and literary traits. He is by no means certain that some of his subsequent productions have not been influenced and modified by a natural desire to fill up so amiable an outline, and to act in consonance with the character assigned to him, nor even now could he forfeit it without a few tears of tender sensibility."

Time the Avenger is the title of Mrs. MARSH's last novel, reprinted by Harper and Brothers. It is intended as the sequel to "The Wilmingtons," and like that powerful story abounds in vivid delineations of character, and natural and impressive developments of passion. With a more reflective character than most of the former productions of the author, the style is equally vigorous and sparkling with that of the admirable works which have given her such a brilliant celebrity.

The Educational System of the Puritans and Jesuits compared, by N. PORTER, Professor in Yale College (published by M. W. Dodd) is an historical and argumentative treatise discussing the origin, influence, and prevalence in this country of the two systems. The views of the author are presented with discrimination and force, and well deserve the attention of the friends of religion and education.

George P. Putnam has issued the second part of *The Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines*, by MARY COWDEN CLARKE, containing *The Thane's Daughter*, in which the early history of Lady Macbeth is described in an ingenious and lively fiction. The story does great credit to the author's power of in-

vention, and is executed with so much skill, as in some degree to atone for the presumptuousness of the enterprise. The volume is embellished with a neat engraving of "Cawdor Castle."

Munroe and Francis, Boston, have published a volume of *Poetry from the Waverly Novels*, containing the poems scattered through the *Waverly Novels*, which are supposed to be written by Sir Walter Scott, and which are ascribed by him to anonymous sources. The volume will be welcomed by every lover of poetry and of Scott, not only for the agreeable associations which it awakens, but for the numerous delicious morceaux which it has preserved.

A new edition of *Essays and Reviews* by EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, has been issued by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, comprising the contents of the former edition, with a Review of Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, and one or two less elaborate papers. These volumes present the character of the author as an acute and enlightened critic in a very favorable light. With a familiar knowledge of the lighter portions of English literature, a healthy relish for the racy varieties of a wide range of authors, a sensitive taste which is none the less accurate in its decisions for being catholic in its affinities, a peculiar facility in appreciating the point of view of the writers under discussion, and a richness, point, and beauty of expression rarely combined in any department of composition, Mr. Whipple has attained a deserved eminence as a critical authority, which is certainly not surpassed in the field of American letters, and with but few exceptions, by any writer in the English language.

Elements of Analytical Geometry and of the Differential and Integral Calculus, by ELIAS LOOMIS, Professor in the University of New York (published by Harper and Brothers) presents the principles of the sciences treated of, with a precision of statement and clearness of illustration, without sacrificing any thing of scientific rigor, which make it an admirable text-book for the college student, as well as a facile guide for the mathematical amateur. The happy manner in which the knotty points of the Calculus are unraveled in this treatise presents a strong temptation to plunge into the time-devouring study.

Harper and Brothers have published *Wallace and Mary Erskine*, being the second and third numbers of Mr. ABBOTT's popular series of *Franconia Stories*.

The City of the Silent, by W. GILMORE SIMMS, is the title of an occasional poem delivered at the consecration of Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C. Its felicitous selection of topics, and classic beauty of expression, entitle it to a high place in the current poetry of the day, and amply sustain the reputation of the distinguished author. The notes exhibit a rich store of curious erudition.

The Shipmaster's Assistant and Commercial Digest, by JOSEPH BLUNT, is published by Harper and Brothers, in the fifth edition, although such changes have been introduced as to render it in fact a new work. It presents a complete digest of the laws of the different States of the Union, relating to subjects connected with navigation; a systematic arrangement of the acts of Congress in regard to the revenue and commerce; a view of the different moneys and weights and measures of the world, besides an immense amount of information, under appropriate heads, on the various points of marine law and commercial regulations that can interest an American shipmaster.

Three Leaves from Punch.



1851.

"PLEASE, SIR, SHALL I HOLD YOUR HORSE?"

THE AFFAIRS OF GREASE.

FAT cattle did not sell well this year. Their over-obesity seems to have been one of the causes of their going off so heavily—which is no wonder. Fat oxen can not be expected to be brisk. Now, this truth has been brought home to graziers, perhaps they will abandon the system of fattening animals so enormously; which is the merest infatuation.

THE WAR ON HATS.

EVERY one knows that *Punch* has lately been knocking the modern hat upon the head with his playful, but powerful *bâton*. War to the hat is happily superseding, on the Continent, the rage for making war on crowns alone; and, indeed, we had so much rather see the military employed abroad in a crusade against hats than in the work of carnage, that, by way of giving employment in a good cause, to a brave soldier, we invest with full powers against hats the renowned GENERAL HATZOFF.

VOL. II.—No. 11.—Y Y*

PEACE OFFERING.

THE Crystal Palace may be looked upon as a noble Temple of Peace, where all nations will meet, by appointment, under the same roof, and shake each other by the hand. It is very curious that one-half of MR. PAXTON's name should be significant of Peace. We propose, therefore, that over the principal entrance there be erected in large gold letters, the following motto, so that all foreigners may read it as a friendly salute on the part of England:

"PAX(ton) VOBISCUM."

THE BEST LAW BOOK.

WE find there has been recently advertised a Law Book under the promising title of *Broom's Practice*. This is just what is wanted in the law; the Broom happens to be a good one, for a little practice with such an implement may have the effect of operating a sweeping reform.

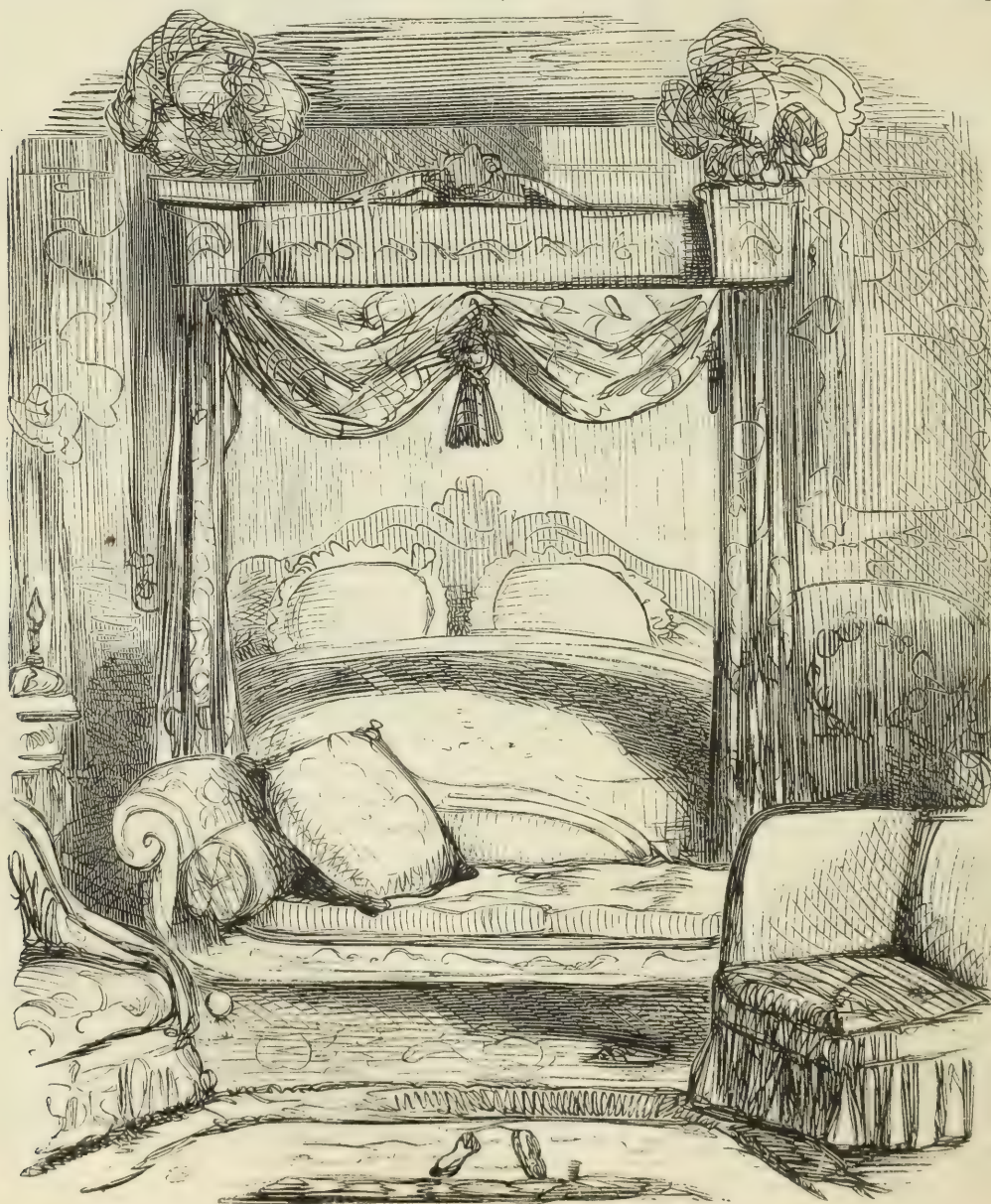
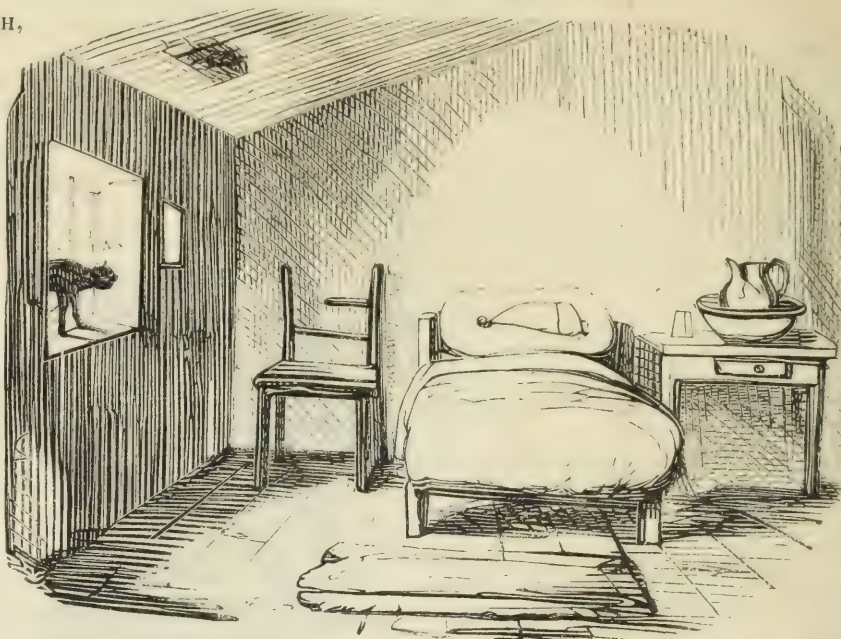
JUSTICE FOR BACHELORS.

“DEAR MR. PUNCH,

“I AM a bachelor, and my friends, I believe, allow that, in the main, I am a tolerably good-natured fellow—but just look here! I was invited a few days ago to spend a week at a country house, and here I am; but I must confess that I was a little put out when taken to the very top of it, and told that this was my bedroom. I have since been led to suppose that unmarried men must expect to sleep in the worst rooms there are; for see—

this is the bedroom of a married couple, friends of mine. Now—confound it! I say the com-

fort is monstrously and unfairly disproportioned. The ladies—bless them!—ought, of



course, to be made as cosy as possible; no man could object to their having their nice little bit of fire, and their dear little slippers placed before it, with their couches, and their easy chairs, &c.—of course not—but that is no reason why we single men should be treated like so many Shetland ponies. There is no fireplace in my room, and the only ventilation is through a broken window. As far as the shooting, the riding, the eating and drinking go, I have nothing whatever to complain of. But I want to know why—why *this* mature female

a few copies of *Punch*, when it appears, that's a good fellow, and I will carelessly leave them about, in the hope that Mrs. Haycock may see them; and by Jove! if the hint is not taken, and my bedroom changed—or, at least, made more comfortable—I'll—yes—(there's an uncommonly nice girl stopping here) I'll be hanged if I don't think very seriously of getting married myself.

"Believe me, my dear *Punch*,

"Yours faithfully,

"CHARLES SINGLEBOY."

DRAMAS FOR EVERY-DAY LIFE.

THE following drama is upon a subject that will come home to the heart and tongue, the lungs and the lips, the epiglottis and the affections, of every Englishman. There is not a theme in the whole range of every-day life, that so frequently furnishes the matter of conversation, and there can be none, consequently, so universal in its interest, as the one which forms the subject of the drama we are about to present to our readers. In every circle, at every hour of every day, the first point started by every one meeting with another, and taken up by that other with the keenest relish, is—The Weather. The title may not appear at first sight a promising one, for the purposes of the dramatist; but if he can succeed in presenting to his countrymen a type of a drama for every-day life, divested of those common-places which long habit and an apparent exhaustion of the theme may have thrown about it, he will be content to hang up his harp on the first hat-peg of "Tara's," or any one else's "hall," and repose, as well as such a substitute for a mattress will allow him, upon his already-acquired laurels. But without further prologue, we will "ring up," and let the curtain rise for the drama of

THE WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. MUFFLE... { *An old friend of the late husband of*
 MRS. MUFFLE... { *MRS. YAWNLEY.*
 MRS. SHIVERS... { *Wife of Mr. MUFFLE.*
 MRS. YAWNLEY... { *A casual acquaintance of Mrs. YAWN*
 Servant to MRS. YAWNLEY. { *LEY, and knowing incidentally a lit-*
 { *tle of the MUFFLES.*
 { *A widow, whose late husband was a*
 { *friend of Mr. MUFFLE.*

The SCENE passes in the drawing-room of Mrs. YAWNLEY. The Stage represents a handsome drawing-room, elegantly furnished. There is a door at the back opening on to a hall in which is hung a weather-glass.

MRS. YAWNLEY (in a morning dress) discovered seated in conversation with Mrs. SHIVERS, who wears her shawl and bonnet.

Mrs. Y. It is indeed! the winter, as you say, Has now set in with great severity.

Mrs. S. Not that I think we've reason to complain.

This is December, we should recollect.

Mrs. Y. We should indeed—a very true remark:

And one that never struck me till you made it.



always answers *my* bell, and that great brute Snawkins (whose mind, by-the-by, is not half so well regulated as mine)—merely because he is a married man—has his hot water brought by *this* little maid? I don't understand it. You may print this, if you like; only send me



Enter Servant, announcing Mr. and Mrs. MUFFLE.

Mrs. Y. (rising.) Dear Mrs. MUFFLE, this is very kind,

To come to see me on a day like this, Which I and Mrs. SHIVERS (whom you know) Were just remarking was extremely cold.

Mr. M. Cold—do you think!

Mrs. Y. Yes—pray come near the fire.

Mrs. M. Oh! Thank you—no—I'd really rather not.

I'm very warm with walking.

[Sits at a distance.

Mrs. S. Probably.

But walking somehow never makes me warm.

[An awkward pause, during which Mr.

MUFFLE puts his fingers between the bars of a parrot's cage, as if playing with the bird, receives a savage snap, but says nothing, as the affair is not remarked by any body.]

Mrs. Y. What think you, MISTER MUFFLE, will it rain?

You gentlemen can always judge so well.

Mr. M. (Walking to the window, partly to conceal the pain of his finger.) Why, that depends a good deal on the wind.

Mrs. S. They say that when the smoke is beaten down, Rain may be looked for.

Mrs. M. I have often heard That if the birds fly very near the ground, Wet is in store. Look at that sparrow now, He's fairly on the ground, so it must rain.

Mrs. Y. But now he's off again, and so it won't.

Those adages, I think, are often wrong.

Mr. M. One rule I've always found infallible.

Mrs. S. Pray tell us what it is.

Mrs. Y. Do—I entreat.

It would be so convenient to know.

Some certain rule by which to guide one's self. My glass deceives me often.

Mrs. M. (in a mental aside.) Rather say Your glass tells often some unpleasant truths.

Mr. M. My weather-glass, dear madam, is my corn.

Mrs. M. Why, really, MISTER M., you're quite absurd;

Have we the means of guidance such as that? You're positively rude.

Mrs. Y. (laughing.) Oh, not at all; He's trod upon no tender place of mine.

Mrs. S. I've heard some story of the tails of cows

'Tis said that when to the wind's quarter turn'd, They augur rain. Now tell me, Mr. MUFFLE, Do you believe in that?

Mr. M. I'd trust a cow's, As well as any other idle tail.

Mrs. Y. That's saying very little. Tell me, now,

(For your opinion, really, I respect,)

Are mackerel-looking clouds a sign of wet?

Mr. M. I think it probable that mackerel clouds

Betoken wet, just as a mackerel's self Puts us in mind of water.

Mrs. S. Are you joking Or speaking as a scientific man?

Mrs. Y. You're such a wag, there's never any knowing

When you are serious, or half in jest.

Dear Mrs. MUFFLE, you that know him best, Shall we believe him?

Mrs. M. Oh, I can say nothing, [All laugh for some minutes, on and off, at the possibly intended wit of Mr. MUFFLE: and the tittering having died off gradually, there is a pause.]

Mrs. M. (to Mrs. Y.) Have you been out much lately?

Mrs. Y. No, indeed, The dampness in the air prevented me.

Mrs. S. 'Tis rather drier now.

Mrs. Y. I think it is. I hope I shall be getting out next week, If I can find a clear and frosty day.

Mr. M. I think 'tis very probable you will.

Mrs. Y. I'm quite delighted to have heard you say so;

But are you quizzing us. You're such a quiz!

Mr. M. (with serious earnestness.) Believe me, MRS. YAWNLEY, when I say

I've far too much regard—too much esteem—for one I've known as long as I've known you, To say a word intending to mislead;

In friendship's solemn earnestness I said, And say again, pledging my honor on it, 'Tis my belief we may, ere very long, Some clear and frosty days anticipate.

Mrs. Y. I know your kindness, and I feel it much;

You were my poor dear husband's early friend.

[Taking out her handkerchief. Mrs. S. goes toward the window to avoid being involved in the scene.]

I feel that though with cheerful badinage You now and then amuse a passing hour, When with a serious appeal addressed, You never make a frivolous reply.

Mrs. M. (rising, and kissing Mrs. Y.) You do him justice, but we must be going.

Mr. M. (giving his hand to Mrs. Y.) Good morning, MRS. YAWNLEY.

Mrs. Y. Won't you wait, And take some luncheon?

Mr. M. Thank you; no, indeed; We must be getting home, I fear 'twill rain.

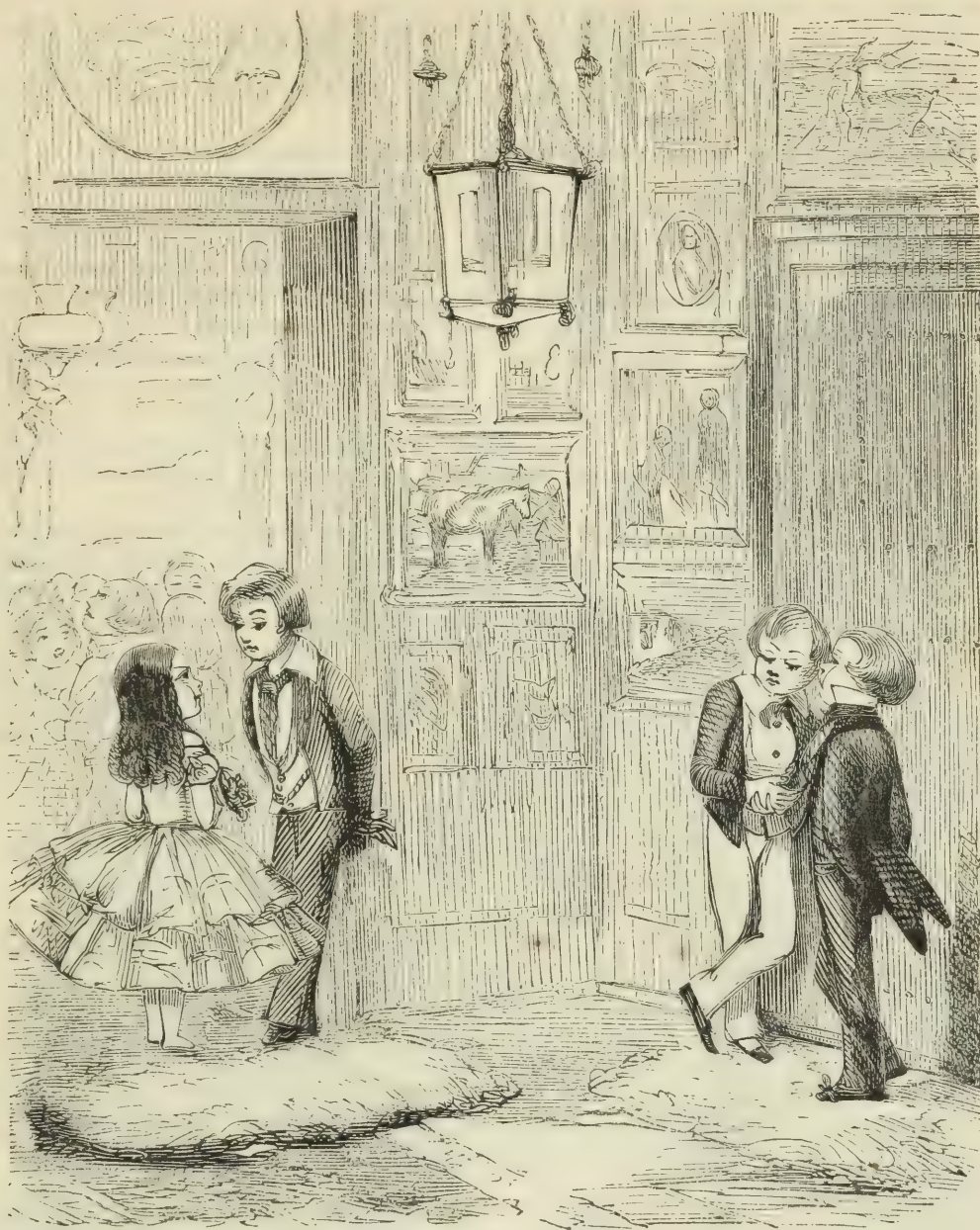
Mrs. S. I think you go my way—I'm in a fly, And shall be very glad to set you down.

Mrs. M. Oh, thank you; that's delightful.

Mrs. S. (to Mrs. Y.) So, I'll say Good-by at once.

Mrs. Y. Well, if you will not stay.

[MR. and MRS. MUFFLE, and MRS. SHIVERS, exeunt by the door. MRS. YAWNLEY goes to the bell. MR. MUFFLE taps on the weather-glass; the bell rings; and the glass, which is going down, falls considerably at the same moment as the curtain.]



A JUVENILE PARTY.

First Juvenile.—"THAT'S A PRETTY GIRL TALKING TO YOUNG ALGERNON BINKS."

Second Juvenile.—"HM—TOL-LOL! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER SOME SEASONS AGO."

THE KITCHEN RANGE OF ART.

SOYER, in his *Modern Housewife*, is quite angry that our great Painters have never busied themselves with "such useful and interesting subjects" as the subjects of the kitchen, instead of "continually tracing on innumerable yards of canvas the horrors of war, the destruction of a fire by fire or water, the plague, the storm, the earthquake." For this purpose, SOYER suggests some admirable historical events, connected with the *Cuisine*, on which artists might, with advantage, employ their genius. Among others, he mentions the following:

"LOUIS XIV., at Versailles, receiving from the hands of the PACHA the First Cup of *Café* ever made in France."

"VOLTAIRE helping FREDERIC, on the Field of Potsdam, with a Cup of Cho-ca."

"CARDINAL MAZARIN tasting, at the Louvre, the First Cup of Chocolate."

In all matters of taste (excepting his *Nectar* and his *Economical Soup*, which, we candidly confess, we never could stomach) we always agree with the mighty SOYER. And we are so moved with his indignation at the neglect with which artists have too long visited all subjects connected with culinary art, that we go out of

our way to give Royal Academicians the benefit of the following notions, which may have the desired effect of elevating the *Cuisine* to the same level as the Conqueror's Tent, or the Monarch's Council Chamber. We see a grand historical picture in each of the following suggestions:

"GEORGE THE THIRD in the Old Woman's Cottage, wondering 'how ever the apples got inside the apple-dumpling.'"

"UDE Tearing his Hair, upon learning that the British Nobleman had put salt into his soup."

"The DUKE OF NORFOLK conceiving the brilliant notion of rescuing a Nation from Starvation, by means of his celebrated Curry-Powder."

"The Immortal Courage of the GREAT UNKNOWN who Swallowed the First Oyster."

"MARIE-ANTOINETTE wondering how the People could starve, when there were such nice little *Gâteaux* at three sous apiece."

"NAPOLEON Eating the Dish of Stewed

Mushrooms, by which, it is said, he lost (in consequence of the indigestion), the Battle of Leipzig."

"The Resignation of SOYER at the Reform Club."

"Portrait of the Celebrated American Oyster, that was so large, that it took three men to swallow it."

"ABERNETHY inventing his Dinner-Pill."

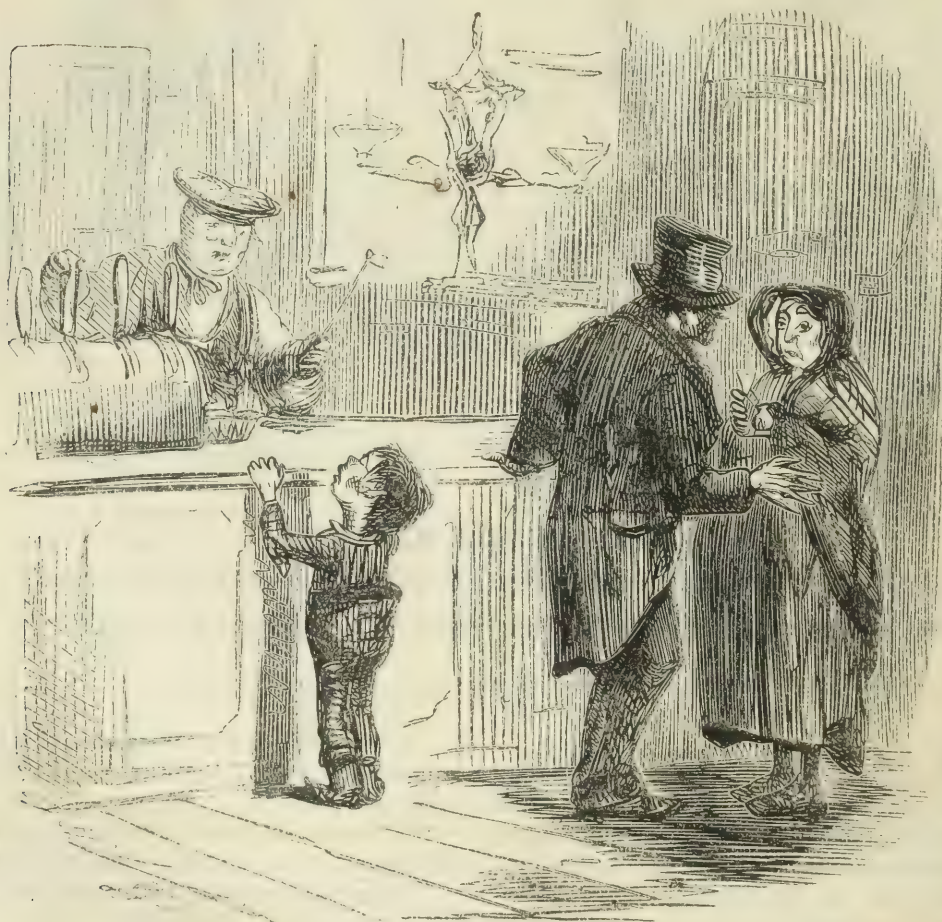
"BRILLAT SAVARIN tasting the Wonderful Sauce, that was so delicious, that a person could eat his own father with it."

"CÆSAR, or DANDO, Astonishing the Natives."

"Heroic Death of VATEL, upon hearing that the Fish had not arrived."

"CANN first hitting upon the glorious idea of giving in Holborn 'a devilish good dinner for 2½d.'"

As soon as our great Painters have put into living shape the above delicious *morceaux*, we shall be prepared to furnish them with another course of the same choice quality.



REWARD OF MERIT.

Ragged Urchin—"PLEASE GIVE DAD A SHORT PIPE?"

Barman—"CAN'T DO IT. DON'T KNOW HIM."

Ragged Urchin—"WHY, HE GETS DRUNK HERE EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT."

Barman—"OH! DOES HE, MY LITTLE DEAR? THEN 'ERE'S A NICE LONG 'UN, WITH A BIT OF WAX AT THE END."

Spring Fashions.



FIG. 1.—PROMENADE AND EVENING COSTUMES.

LIKE coquettish April, Fashion is now beginning to exchange its more sombre aspect for its sweetest smiles, and to develop its pretty flowers and delicate foliage. The darker colors and firmer textures of winter are now disappearing, and all the gay hues and lighter fabrics are taking their places.

WALKING DRESSES.—Silks of every color and texture are now to be seen for afternoon toilet. We may cite the following as the most general form in which they are made: First, a dress of

green silk or velvet, the skirt made perfectly plain and very full; three-quarters high body, fitting close to the figure, and ornamented with *nœuds* of velvet, to which are attached three small drops of fancy buttons, put on at regular distances, and reaching from the top of the corsage to the lower edge of the skirt. Loose sleeves, made open up to the elbow at the back, and rounded, trimmed with a double frilling of narrow velvet. Chemisette and full sleeves of white cambric. Bonnet of a deep lilac *velours épinglé*. Across the centre of the front

is worked a wreath in tambour work, the edge of the front finished with a narrow fulling. The curtain is bordered to match the front, the interior of which is decorated with loops of ribbon, with *brides* to match. Such is the costume represented on the right in Figure 1.

Another beautiful walking dress is of green silk, the skirt trimmed with three deep flounces, the upper one descending from the waist, and each encircled with three narrow *galons*, put on so as to represent square vandykes; high body, closing at the back, and ornamented in front of the chest with five *nœuds papillons*, and on either side three *galons*, forming *revers*. Pagoda sleeves, rather short, and finished with two frillings decorated with *galons*; white sleeves of embroidered muslin, having three frillings of Valenciennes lace. Another pretty style is composed of *moiré antique* of a dark blue and black ground, *broché* in light blue, and trimmed with a *chenille* lace of a dark blue color. Changeable, lilac, pale blue, and corn-color silks are now becoming fashionable for walking dresses.

EVENING COSTUME.—Every variety of color is now fashionable for evening costume. The most favorite colors are *mauve*, amber, pink, lilac, blue, and peach. The centre figure in our first illustration exhibits a very elegant evening costume. A dress of pale pink satin, trimmed upon each side of the skirt with a broad lappet of the same, edged with a flat row of blonde, and confined at two distances with a *nœud* of satin and two ostrich feathers shaded pink, the lower part being rounded. The centre of the pointed corsage is formed of two rows of lace, divided with fullings of satin; the cape is composed of two rows of lace, headed with a fulling of ribbon. The cap is composed of white lace and decorated with pink ribbons and feathers.

COIFFURES.—There is a great variety of head dresses, many of them extremely rich and elegant. They are composed of light fabrics, and flowers of the rarest kind. The latter are generally inter-



FIG. 2.—COIFFURE.

mixed with fancy ribbons, combining the most vivid hues with threads of gold or silver, while others are varied with *nœuds* and streamers of ribbon velvet. Figure 2 represents a neat style of head dress for an evening party, showing the arrangement of the

back hair. An elegant style of *coiffure* is composed of the white thistle, intermixed with small clusters of gold berries and white gauze ribbon, richly embroidered with gold. Those formed of ivy leaves, interspersed with tips of white *marabout sables d'or*, and attached with bows of green and gold ribbon, are extremely elegant.



FIG. 3.—BONNET.

BONNETS.—Figure 3 represents a very pretty style of bonnet, adapted for early spring. It is composed of folds of pink silk or satin, ornamented within with flowers. The front is trimmed with fullings of satin, attached to which, and fulling



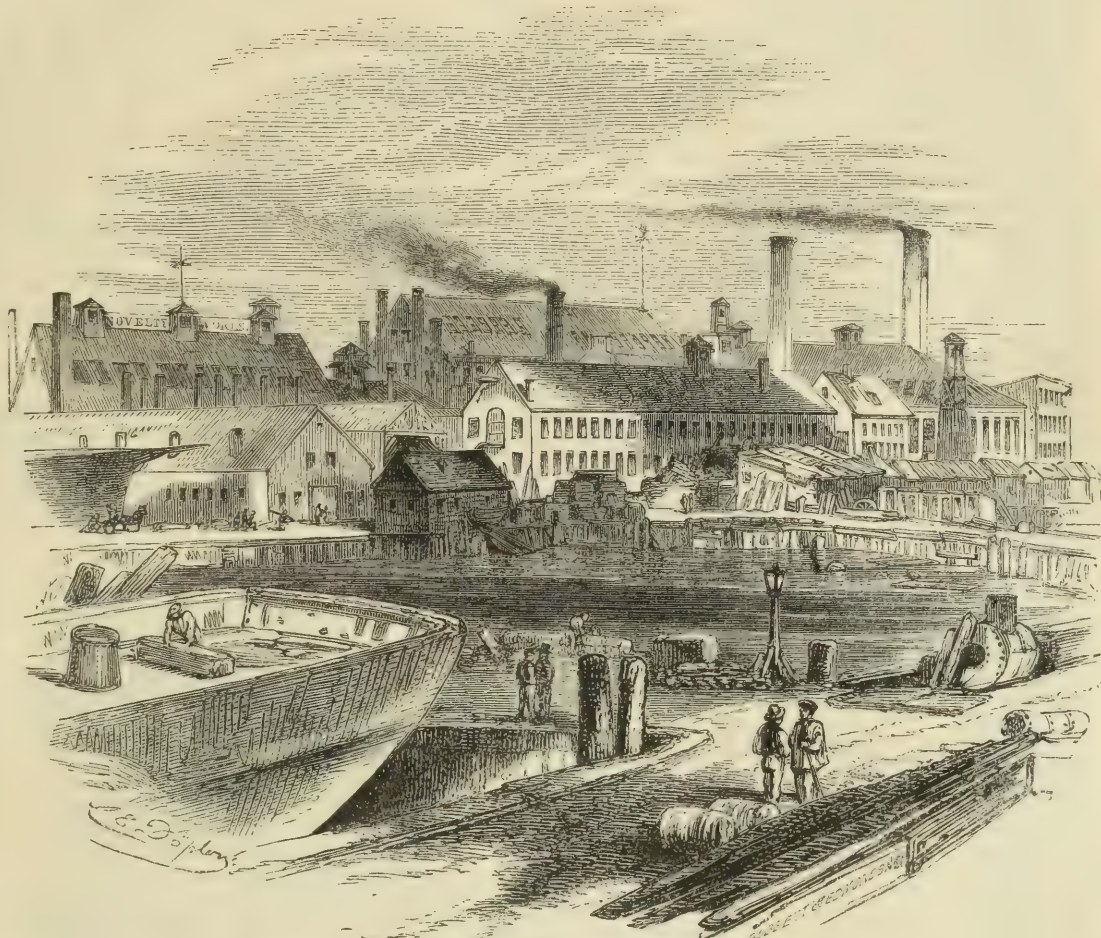
FIG. 4.—STRAW BONNET.

back, is a row of pointed lace. Figure 4 shows an elegant style of straw flat, for a little Miss, trimmed, in connection with the tie, with several folds of satin ribbon. The only external ornament is a long ostrich feather, sweeping gracefully around the front of the crown, and falling upon the side of the brim.

BALL DRESSES are of almost every variety of style. Narrow blondes are now much used for decorating ball dresses; they give a light and sparkling effect when arranged in narrow *rûches* upon a dress of rich satin. Sometimes the skirt is trimmed with a single flower, upon which is placed five or six *papillons* of blonde, and sometimes upon one skirt are four flounces, made of the same material as the dress, or of lace. The figure on the left, in our first plate, represents an elegant and elaborate style. The dress is pale amber satin; the corsage low; the waist long, and *à pointe*; *berthe* of *point d'Alençon*; the sleeves are short and plain, and are nearly covered by the deep *berthe*; the skirt is long and full, trimmed with a double row of *dentelle de laine*, between which are bows of broad satin ribbon. The *sortie de bal* which covers the body, is of white cachmere, finished by a deep flounce of *dentelle de laine*. Across the front are placed five rows of fancy silk fringe; the top row going round the shoulders in the form of a small cape; the *pelerine*, or hood, is composed entirely of *dentelle de laine*; tassels at the corner in front; the sleeves very wide and trimmed with deep lace to correspond with the flounce. The hood, which, in the figure is thrown over the head, is terminated at the points with two large tassels of fancy silk. This is an elegant costume in which to leave the ball room for the carriage.

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GENERAL VIEW OF THE NOVELTY IRON WORKS, NEW YORK,
(As seen from the East River.)

THE NOVELTY WORKS,
WITH SOME DESCRIPTION OF THE MACHINERY
AND THE PROCESSES EMPLOYED IN THE CON-
STRUCTION OF MARINE STEAM-ENGINES
OF THE LARGEST CLASS.

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

PERHAPS no one of those vast movements which are now going forward among mankind, and which mark so strikingly the industrial power and genius of the present age, is watched with more earnest interest by thinking men, than the successive steps of the progress by which the mechanical power of steam and machinery is gradually advancing, in its contest for the dominion of the seas. There is a double interest in this conflict. In fact, the conflict itself is a double one. There is first a struggle between the mechanical power and ingenuity of man, on the one hand, and the uncontrollable and remorseless violence of ocean storms on the other; and, secondly, there is the rivalry, not

unfriendly, though extremely ardent and keen, between the two most powerful commercial nations on the globe, each eager to be the first to conquer the common foe.

The armories in which the ordnance and ammunition for this warfare are prepared, consist, so far as this country is concerned, of certain establishments, vast in their extent and capacity, though unpretending in external appearance, which are situated in the upper part of the city of New York, on the shores of the East River. As the city of New York is sustained almost entirely by its commerce, and as this commerce is becoming every year more and more dependent for its prosperity and progress upon the power of the enormous engines by which its most important functions are now performed, the establishments where these engines are invented and made, and fitted into the ships which they are destined to propel, constitute really the heart of the metropolis; though the

visitor, who comes down for the first time by the East River, from the Sound, in the morning boat from Norwich or Fall River, is very prone to pass them carelessly by—his thoughts intent upon what he considers the superior glory and brilliancy which emanate from the hotels and theatres of Broadway.

In fact, there is very little to attract the eye of the unthinking traveler to these establishments as he glides swiftly by them in the early morning. He is astonished perhaps at the multitude of steamers which he sees lining the shores in this part of the city, some drawn up into the docks for repairs; others new, and moored alongside a pier to receive their machinery; and others still upon the stocks in the capacious ship-yards, in the various stages of that skeleton condition which in the ship marks the commencement, as in animal life it does the end, of existence. Beyond and above the masts and spars and smoke-pipes of this mass of shipping, the observer sees here and there a columnar chimney, or the arms of a monstrous derrick or crane, or a steam-pipe ejecting vapor in successive puffs with the regularity of an animal pulsation. He little thinks that these are the heatings which mark the spot where the true heart of the great metropolis really lies. But it is actually so. The splendor and the fashion of the Fifth Avenue, and of Union-square, as well as the brilliancy, and the ceaseless movement and din of Broadway, are the mere incidents and ornaments of the structure, while these establishments, and others of kindred character and function, form the foundation on which the whole of the vast edifice reposes.

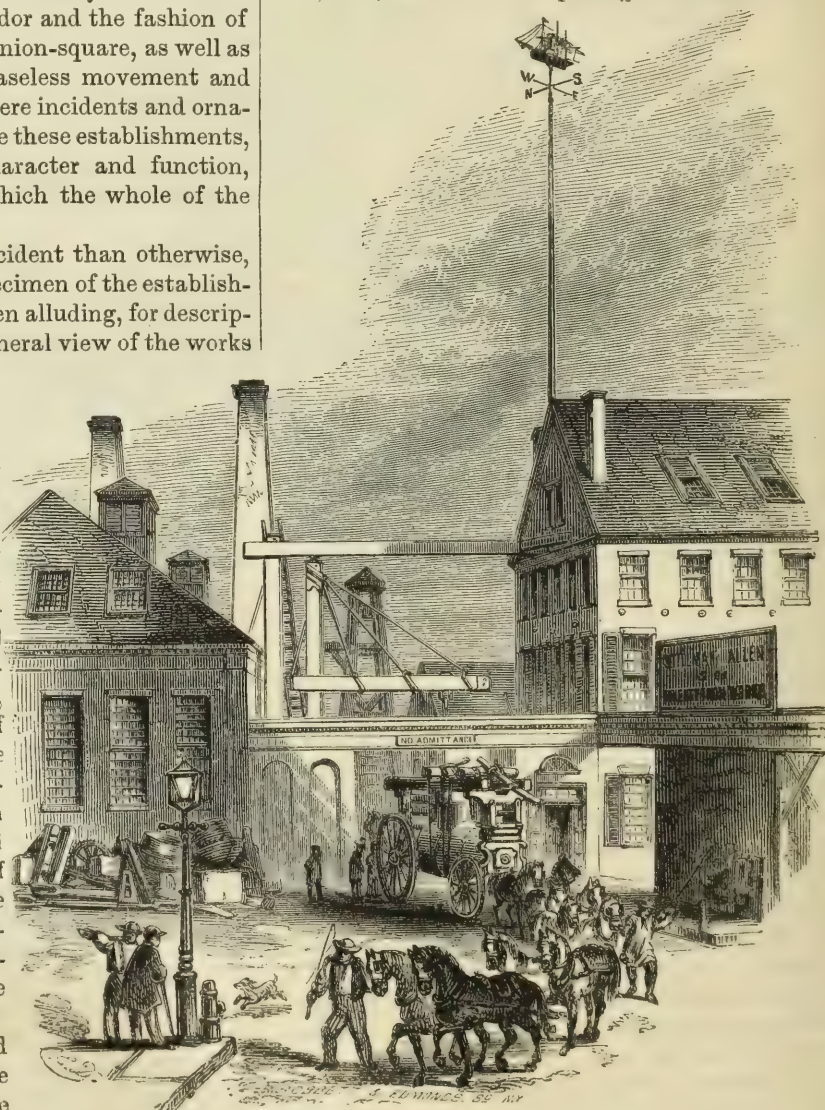
We select, rather by accident than otherwise, the Novelty Works as a specimen of the establishments to which we have been alluding, for description in this Number. A general view of the works as they appear from the river, is presented in the engraving at the head of this article, with the docks and piers belonging to the establishment in the foreground.

The entrance to the inclosure is by a great gateway, through which the visitor on approaching it, will very probably see an enormous truck or car issuing, drawn by a long team of horses, and bearing some ponderous piece of machinery suspended beneath it by means of levers and chains. On the right of the entrance gate is the porter's lodge, with entrances from it to the offices, as represented in the plan on the adjoining page. Beyond the entrance, and just within the inclosure may be seen a great crane used for receiving or deliv-

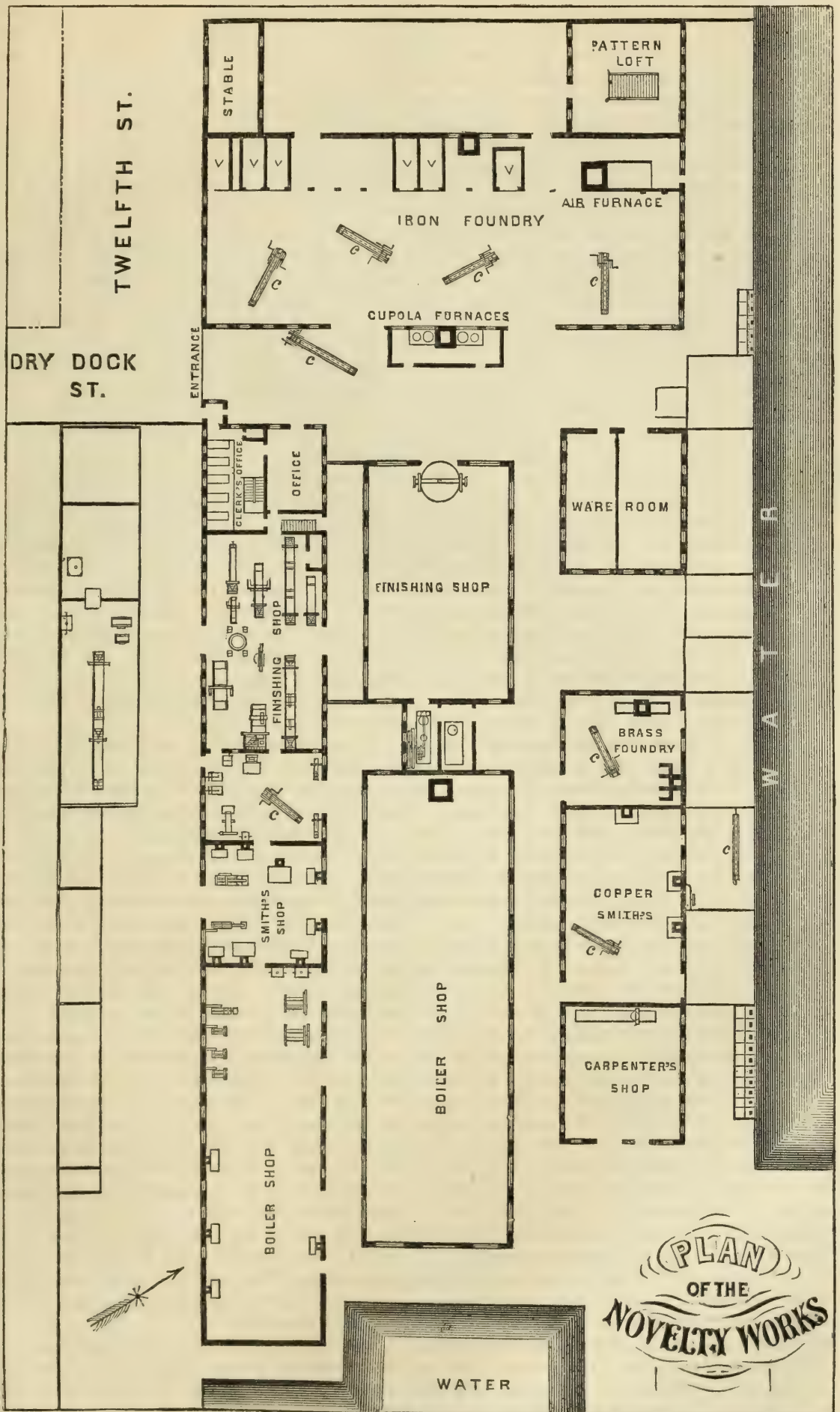
ering the vast masses of metal, the shafts, the cylinders, the boilers, the vacuum pans, and other ponderous formations which are continually coming and going to and from the yard. Beyond the crane is seen the bell by which the hours of work are regulated.

The plan upon the adjoining page will give the reader some idea of the extent of the accommodations required for the manufacture of such heavy and massive machinery. On the right of the entrance may be seen the porter's lodge, shown in perspective in the view below. Beyond it, in the yard, stands the crane, which is seen likewise in the view. Turning to the left, just beyond the crane, the visitor enters the iron foundry, a spacious inclosure, with ovens and furnaces along the sides, and enormous cranes swinging in various directions in the centre. These cranes are for hoisting the heavy castings out of the pits in which they are formed. The parts marked *v v v*, are ovens for drying the moulds.

Turning to the right from the foundry, and passing down through the yard, the visitor finds himself in the midst of a complicated maze of buildings, which extend in long ranges toward the water, with lanes and passages between them



ENTRANCE TO THE NOVELTY WORKS.



(PLAN)
OF THE
NOVELTY WORKS

like the streets of a town. In these passages companies of workmen are seen, some going to and fro, drawing heavy masses of machinery upon iron trucks; others employed in hoisting some ponderous cylinder or shaft by a crane, or stacking pigs of iron in great heaps, to be ready for the furnaces which are roaring near as if eager to devour them. And all the time there issues from the open doors of the great boiler-shops and forging-shops below, an incessant clangor, produced by the blows of the sledges upon the rivets of the boilers, or of the trip-hammers at the forges.

The relative positions of the various shops where the different operations are performed will be seen by examination of the plan. The motive power by which all the machinery of the establishment is driven, is furnished by a stationary engine in the very centre of the works, represented in the plan. It stands between two of the principal shops. On the right is seen the boiler, and on the left the engine—while the black square below, just within the great boiler-shop, represents the chimney. Other similar squares in different parts of the plan represent chimneys also, in the different parts of the establishment. These chimneys may be seen in perspective in the general view, at the head of this article, and may be identified with their several representations in the plan, by a careful comparison. The one belonging to the engine is the central one in the picture as well as in the plan—that is, the one from which the heaviest volume of smoke is issuing.

This central engine, since it carries all the machinery of the works, by means of which every thing is formed and fashioned, is the life and soul of the establishment—the *mother*, in fact, of all the monsters which issue from it; and it is impossible to look upon her, as she toils on industriously in her daily duty, and think of her Titanic progeny, scattered now over every ocean on the globe, without a certain feeling of respect and even of admiration.

A careful inspection of the plan will give the reader some ideas of the nature of the functions performed in these establishments, and of the general arrangements adopted in them. The magnitude and extent of them is shown by this fact, that the number of men employed at the Novelty Works is from one thousand to twelve hundred. These are all *men*, in the full vigor of life. If now we add to this number a proper estimate for the families of these men, and for the mechanics and artisans who supply their daily wants, all of whom reside in the streets surrounding the works, we shall find that the establishment represents, at a moderate calculation, a population of *ten thousand souls*.

The proper regulation of the labors of so large a body of workmen as are employed in such an establishment, requires, of course, much system in the general arrangements, and very constant and careful supervision on the part of those intrusted with the charge of the various divisions of the work. The establishment forms, in fact, a regularly organized community, having, like

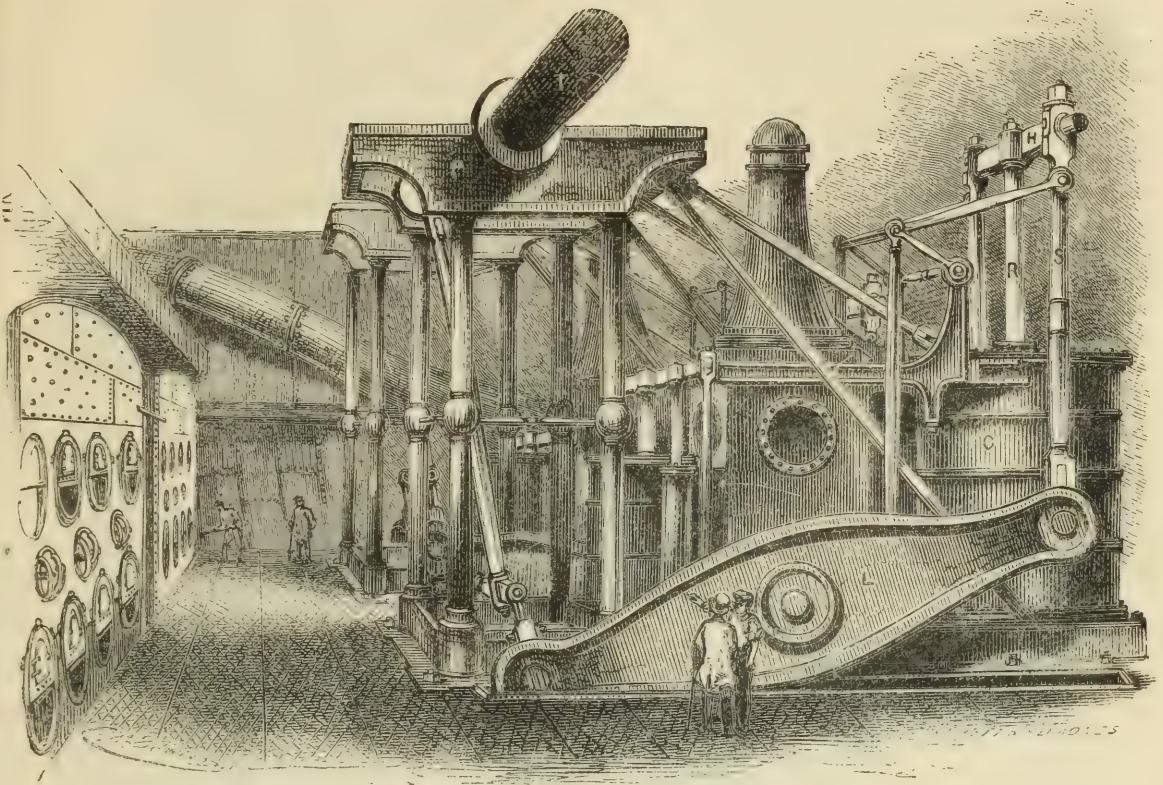
any state or kingdom, its gradations of rank, its established usages, its written laws, its police, its finance, its records, its rewards, and its penalties. The operation of the principles of system, and of the requirements of law, leads, in such a community as this, to many very curious and striking results, some of which it would be interesting to describe, if we had space for such descriptions. But we must pass to the more immediate subject in this article, which is the structure of the engine itself, and not that of the community which produces it.

The engraving on the next page represents the interior of the engine-room of the Humboldt—a new steamer, which was lying at the dock at the time of our visit, receiving her machinery; though probably before these pages shall come under the eye of the reader, she will be steadily forcing her way over the foaming surges of the broad Atlantic. The machinery, as we saw it, was incomplete, and the parts in disorder—the various masses of which it was ultimately to be composed, resting on temporary supports, in different stages, apparently of their slow journey to the place and the connection in which they respectively belonged. The ingenious artist, however, who made the drawings, succeeded in doing, by means of his imagination, at once, what it will require the workmen several weeks to perform, with all their complicated machinery of derricks, tackles, and cranes. He put every thing in its place, and has given us a view of the whole structure as it will appear when the ship is ready for sea.

There are *two* engines and *four* boilers; thus the machinery is all double, so that if any fatal accident or damage should accrue to any part, only one half of the moving force on which the ship relies would be suspended. The heads of two of the boilers are to be seen on the left of the view. They are called the *starboard* and *larboard* boilers—those words meaning *right* and *left*. That is, the one on the right to a person standing before them in the engine room, and facing them, is the starboard, and the other the larboard boiler. It is the larboard boiler which is nearest the spectator in the engraving.

The boilers, the heads of which only are seen in the engraving, are enormous in magnitude and capacity, extending as they do far forward into the hold of the ship. In marine engines of the largest class they are sometimes thirty-six feet long and over twelve feet in diameter. There is many a farmer's dwelling house among the mountains, which is deemed by its inmates spacious and comfortable, that has less capacity. In fact, placed upon end, one of these boilers would form a tower with a very good sized room on each floor, and four stories high. The manner in which the boilers are made will be presently explained.

The steam generated in the boilers is conveyed to the engine, where it is to do its work, by what is called the steam pipe. The steam pipe of the larboard engine, that is, of the one nearest the spectator, is not represented in the engraving.



GENERAL VIEW OF A MARINE ENGINE.

ing, as it would have intercepted too much the view of the other parts. That belonging to the starboard engine, however, may be seen passing across from the boiler to the engine, on the back side of the room. The destination of the steam is the *cylinder*.

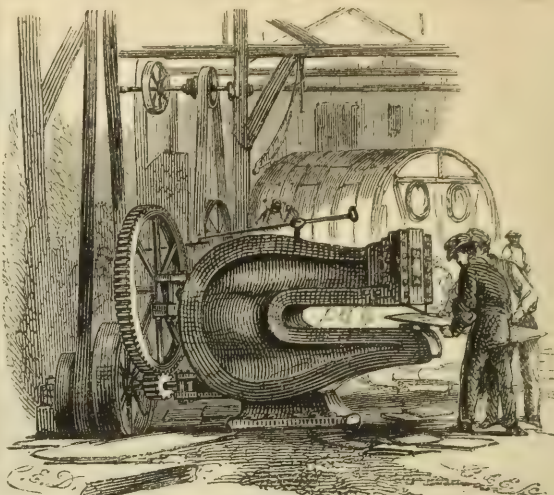
The cylinder, marked C, is seen on the extreme right, in the view. It may be known, too, by its form, which corresponds with its name. The cylinder is the heart and soul of the engine, being the seat and centre of its power. The steam is generated in the boilers, but while it remains there it remains quiescent and inert. The action in which its mighty power is expended, and by means of which all subsequent effects are produced, is the lifting and bringing down of the enormous piston which plays within the cylinder. This piston is a massive metallic disc or plate, fitting the interior of the cylinder by its edges, and rising or falling by the expansive force of the steam, as it is admitted alternatively above and below it.

The round beam which is seen issuing from the centre of the head of the cylinder is called the piston rod. The piston itself is firmly secured to the lower end of this rod within the cylinder. Of course, when the piston is forced upward by the pressure of the steam admitted beneath it, the piston rod rises, too, with all the force of the expansion. This is, in the case of the largest marine engines, a force of about a hundred tons. That is to say, if in the place of the cross head—the beam marked H in the engraving which surmounts the piston—there were a mass of rock weighing a hundred tons, which would be, in the case of granite, a block

four feet square and eighty feet high, the force of the steam beneath the piston in the cylinder would be competent to lift it.

The piston rod, rising with this immense force carries up the cross head, and with the cross head the two *side rods*, one of which is seen in full, in the engraving, and is marked S. There is a side rod on each side of the cylinders. The lower ends of these rods are firmly connected with the back ends of what are called the *side levers*. One of these side levers is seen in full view in the engraving. It is the massive flat beam, marked L, near the fore-ground of the view. It turns upon an enormous pivot which passes through the centre of it, as seen in the drawing, in such a manner that when the cylinder end is drawn up by the lifting of the cross head, the other end is borne down to the same extent, and with the same prodigious force. There is another side beam, on the other side of the cylinder, which moves isochronously with the one in view. The forward end of this other beam may be seen, though the main body of it is concealed from view. These two forward ends of the levers are connected by a heavy bar, called the *cross tail*, which passes across from one to the other. From the centre of this cross tail, a bar called the connecting rod rises to the crank, where the force exerted by the steam in the cylinders is finally expended in turning the great paddle wheels by means of the main shaft, S, which is seen resting in the pillow block, P, above. These are the essential parts of the engine, and we now proceed to consider the mode of manufacturing these several parts, somewhat in detail.

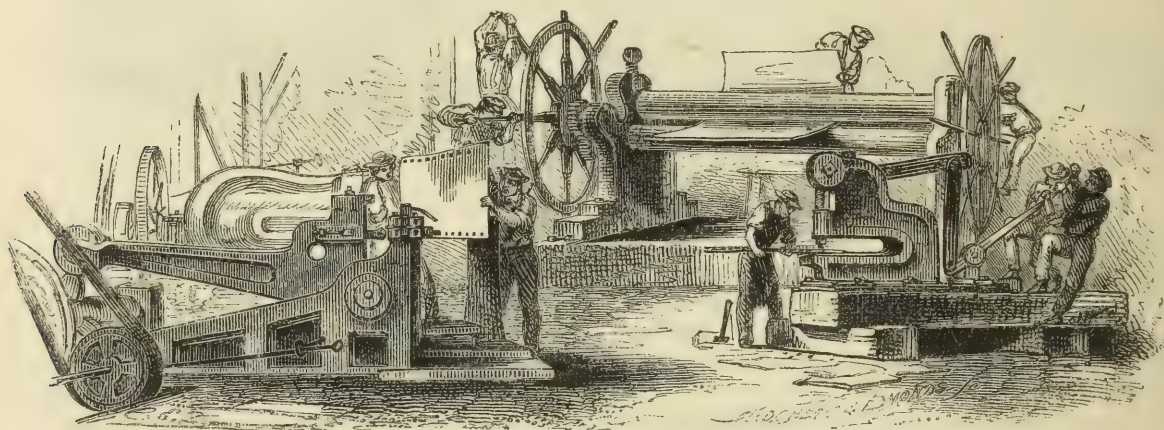
The boilers are formed of wrought iron. The material is previously rolled into plates of the requisite thickness, and then the first part of the process of forming these plates into a boiler is to cut them into proper forms. The monster that fulfills the function of shears for this purpose, bears a very slight resemblance to any ordinary cutting implement. It resembles, on the other hand, as represented in the adjoining engraving, an enormous letter U, standing perpendicularly upon one of its edges. Through the centre of the upper branch of it there passes a shaft or axle, which is turned by the wheels and machinery behind it, and which itself works the cutter at the outer end of it by means of an eccentric wheel. This cutter may be seen just protruding from its place, upon the plate which the workmen are holding underneath. The iron plates thus presented are sometimes nearly half an inch thick, but the monstrous jaw of the engine, though it glides up and down when there is nothing beneath it in the most gentle and quiet manner possible, cuts them



THE CUTTING ENGINE.

through, as if they were plates of wax, and apparently without feeling the obstruction.

The plates, when cut, are to be bent to the proper curvature. The machine by which this



THE BENDING AND PUNCHING ENGINES.

bending is effected is seen above, in the background. It consists of three rollers, placed in such a position in relation to each other, that the plate, in being forced through between them, is bent to any required curvature. These rollers are made to revolve by great wheels at the sides, with handles at the circumference of them, which handles act as levers, and are worked by men, as seen in the engraving.

The separate plates of which a boiler is composed are fastened together by means of massive rivets, and it is necessary, accordingly, to punch rows of holes along the edges of the plates for the insertion of the rivets. This process may be seen on the *left* in the above engraving. Two men are holding the plate which is to be punched. The punch is driven through the plate by means of the great lever, which forms the upper part of the engine. The upright part in front is driven forward by means of the cam in the large wheel behind, a part of which only is seen in the engraving. This cam raises the long arm of the lever by means of the pulley in the end of it, and so drives the point of the punch through the plate. There is a support for the plate behind it, between the plate and the man, with a small opening in it, into which the punch enters, driving before it the round

button of iron which it has cut from the plate.

On the right, in the above engraving, is a punching engine worked by men, the other being driven by steam power. These machines are sufficient to make all the ordinary perforations required in boiler-plates. Larger holes, when required, have to be bored by a drill, as represented in the following engraving.



THE BORING ENGINE.

The view below represents the interior of one of the great boiler rooms where the boilers are put together by riveting the plates to each other at their edges. Some men stand inside, holding heavy sledges against the heads of the rivets, while others on the outside, with other sledges, beat down the part of the iron which protrudes, so as to form another head to each rivet, on the

outside. This process can be seen distinctly in the boiler nearest to the observer in the view below. The planks which are seen crossing each other in the open end, are temporary braces, put in to preserve the cylindrical form of the mass, to prevent the iron from bending itself by its own weight, before the iron heads are put in.



RIVETING THE BOILERS.

Sometimes operations must be performed upon the sides of the boiler requiring the force of machinery. To effect this purpose, shafts carried by the central engine to which we have already alluded, are attached to the walls in various parts of the room, as seen in the engraving. Connected with these shafts are various drilling and boring machines, which can at any time be set in motion, or put to rest, by being thrown in or out of gear. One of these machines is seen on the right of the boiler above referred to, and another in the left-hand corner of the room quite in the back-ground. Near the fore-ground, on the left, is seen a forge, where any small mass of iron may be heated, as occasion may require.

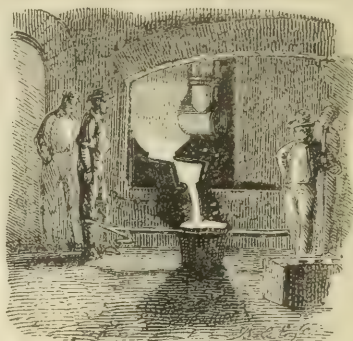
The semi-cylindrical piece which lies in the centre of the room, toward the fore-ground, is part of a locomotive boiler, and is of course much smaller in size than the others, though it is constructed in the same manner with the large boilers used for sea-going ships. The process of riveting, as will be seen by the engraving,

is the same. One man holds up against the under side of the plate a support for the rivet, while two men with hammers form a head above—striking alternately upon the iron which protrudes.

From the boiler we proceed to the cylinder, which is in fact the *heart* of the engine,—the seat and centre of its power. It is to the cylinder that the steam, quietly generated in the boiler, comes to exercise its energy, by driving, alternately up and down, the ponderous piston. The cylinder must be strong so as to resist the vast expansive force which is exercised within it. It must be stiff, so as to preserve in all circumstances its exact form. It must be substantial, so as to allow of being turned and polished on its interior surface with mathematical precision, in order that the piston in ascending and descending, may glide smoothly up and down, without looseness, and at the same time without friction. To answer these conditions it is necessary that it should be formed of cast iron.

The cylinders are cast, accordingly, in the iron foundry, which, as will be seen by the plan, is on the left, as the visitor enters the works. There is a range of monstrous cranes extending through the interior of the room, as represented in the plan, one of which is exhibited conspicuously in the engraving below. At different places in the ground, beneath this foundry, for it has no floor, there have been excavated deep pits, some of which are twelve feet in diameter and eighteen feet deep, the sides of which are secured by strong inclosures, formed of plates of boiler iron riveted together. These pits are filled with moulding sand—a composition of a damp and tenacious character, used in moulding. The mould is made and lowered into one of these pits, the pit is filled up, the sand being rammed as hard as possible all around it. When all is ready, the top of the mould, with the cross by which it is to be lifted and lowered surmounting it, presents the appearance represented on the right hand lower corner of the engraving below.

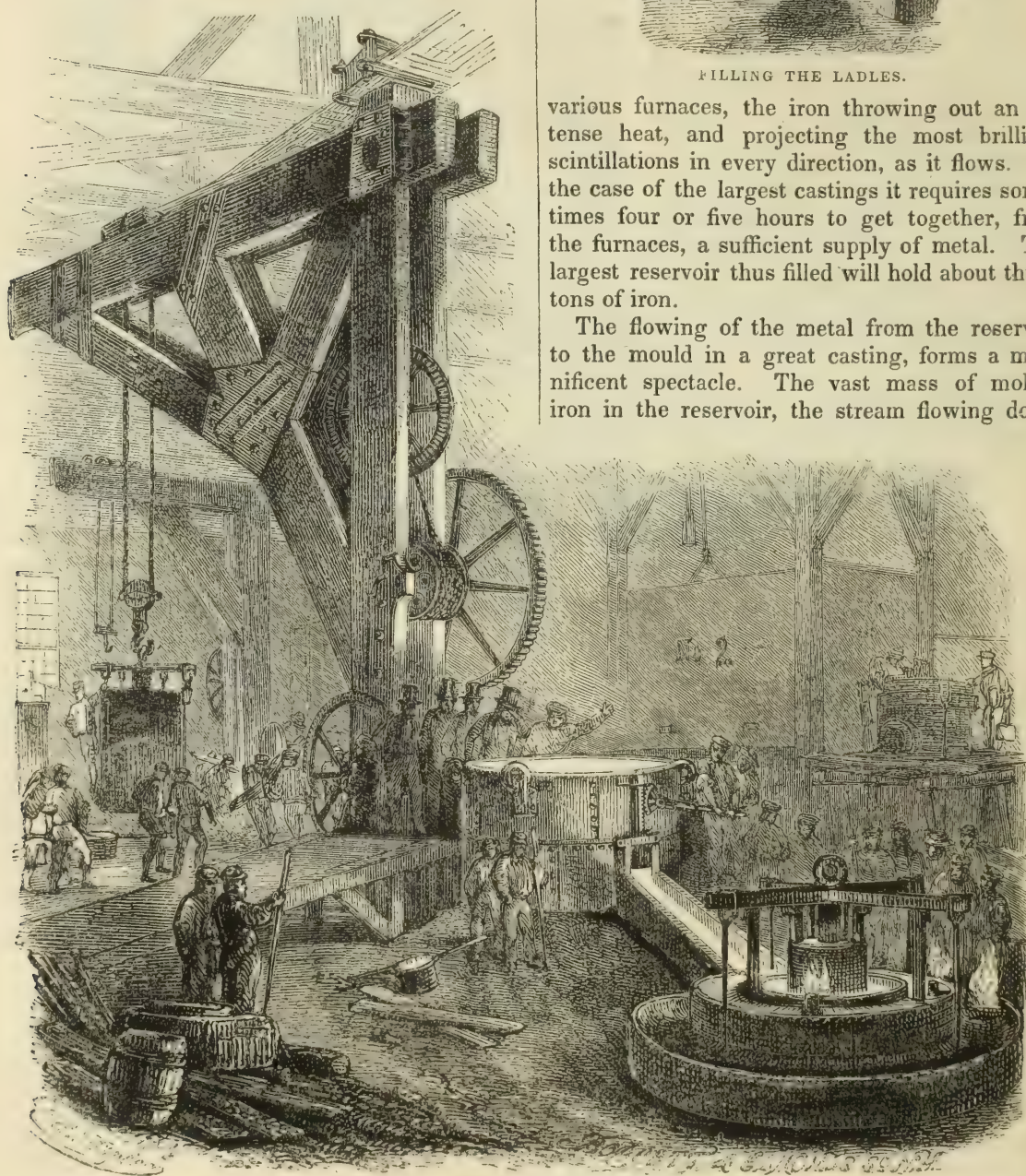
A reservoir to contain the melted metal necessary for the casting is then placed in a convenient position near it, with a channel or conduit leading from it to the mould. This reservoir may be seen in the engraving near the centre of the view, at the foot of the crane. An inclined plane is then laid, as seen in the engraving, to the left of the reservoir, up which the workmen carry the molten metal in ladles, which, though they do not appear very large, it requires *five men* to carry. A party carrying such a ladle may be seen in the engraving in the back-ground on the left. These ladles are filled from the



FILLING THE LADLES.

various furnaces, the iron throwing out an intense heat, and projecting the most brilliant scintillations in every direction, as it flows. In the case of the largest castings it requires sometimes four or five hours to get together, from the furnaces, a sufficient supply of metal. The largest reservoir thus filled will hold about thirty tons of iron.

The flowing of the metal from the reservoir to the mould in a great casting, forms a magnificent spectacle. The vast mass of molten iron in the reservoir, the stream flowing down



CASTING A CYLINDER.

the conduit, throwing out the most brilliant coruscations, the gaseous flames issuing from the upper portions of the mould, and the currents of melted iron which sometimes overflow and spread, like mimic streams of lava, over the ground, present in their combination quite an imposing pyrotechnic display. In fact there is a chance for the visitor, in the case of castings of a certain kind, that he may be treated to an

It is necessary that the sand which surrounds these moulds should be rammed down in the most compact and solid manner to sustain the sides of the mould and enable them to resist the enormous pressure to which it is subject, especially in the lower portions, while the iron continues fluid. In the case of iron, the weight of four inches in height is equivalent to the pressure of a pound upon the square inch. In a pit, therefore, eighteen feet deep, as some of the pits at this foundry are, we should have a pressure at the bottom of fifty-four pounds to the inch. Now, in the most powerful sea-going steamers, the pressure of steam at which the engines are worked, is seldom more than *eighteen* pounds to the inch; that of the Cunard line is said to be from twelve to fifteen, and that of the Collins line from fifteen to eighteen. In other words there is a pressure to be resisted at the lower ends of these long castings equal to three times that at which the most powerful low pressure engines are worked, and which sometimes results in such terrific explosions.

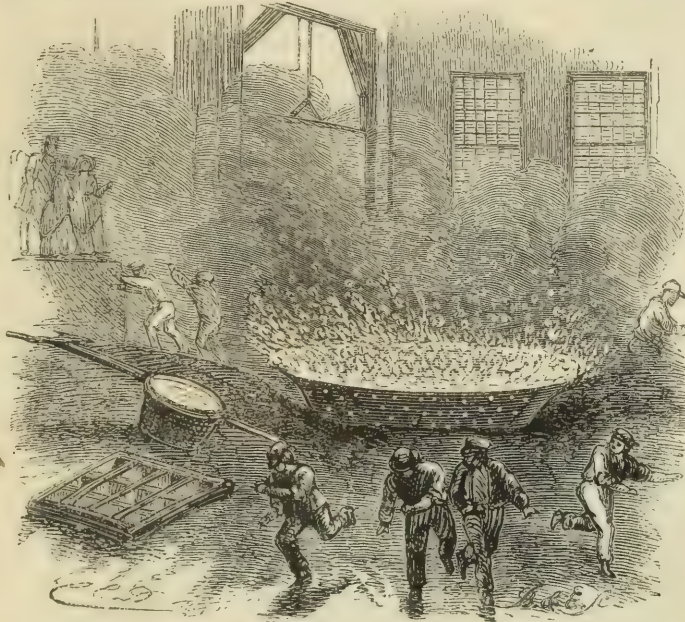
When the cylinder is freed from the pressure of the sand around it, in its bed, the great iron cross by which the mould was lowered into

the pit, as seen in the engraving of the Casting, is once more brought down to its place, and the stirrups at the tops of the iron rods seen in the engraving below, are brought over the ends of the arms of the cross. The lower ends of these rods take hold of a frame or platform below, upon which the whole mould, together with the cylinder within it, is supported. The arm of the crane is then brought round to the spot. The hook pendant from it is attached to the ring in the centre of the cross, and by means of

the wheels and machinery of the crane, the whole is slowly hoisted out, and then swung round to some convenient level, where the ponderous mass is freed from its casing of masonry, and brought out at last to open day. It is then thoroughly examined with a

view to the discovery of any latent flaw or imperfection, and, if found complete in every part, is conveyed away to be the subject of a long series of finishing operations in another place,—operations many and complicated, but all essential to enable it finally to fulfill its functions.

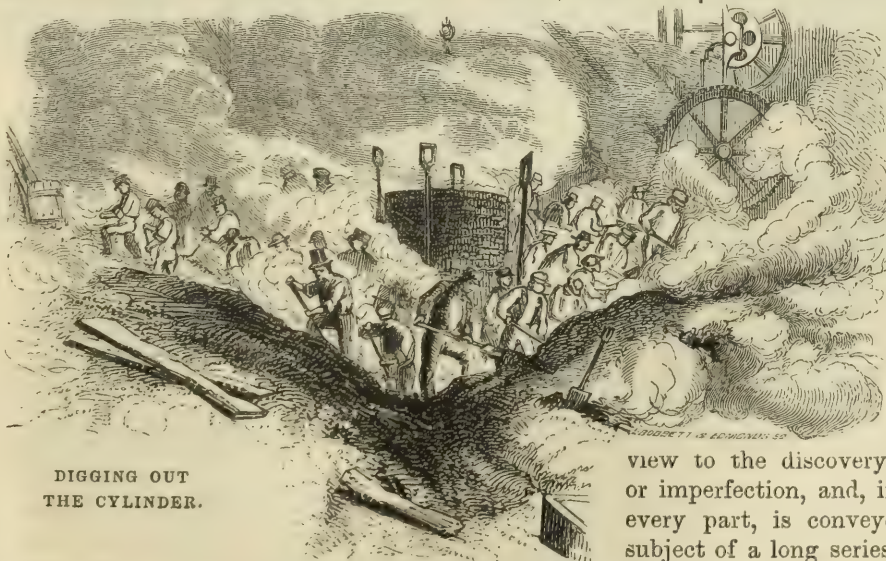
These cylinders though very massive and pon-



THE EXPLOSION.

explosion as a part of the spectacle. The imprisoned vapors and gases which are formed in the mould below, break out sometimes with considerable violence, scattering the burning and scintillating metal in every direction around.

When the casting is completed it is of course allowed to remain undisturbed until the iron has had time to cool, and then the whole mass is to be dug out of the pit in which it is imbedded. So much heat, however, still remains in the iron and in the sand surrounding it, that the mould

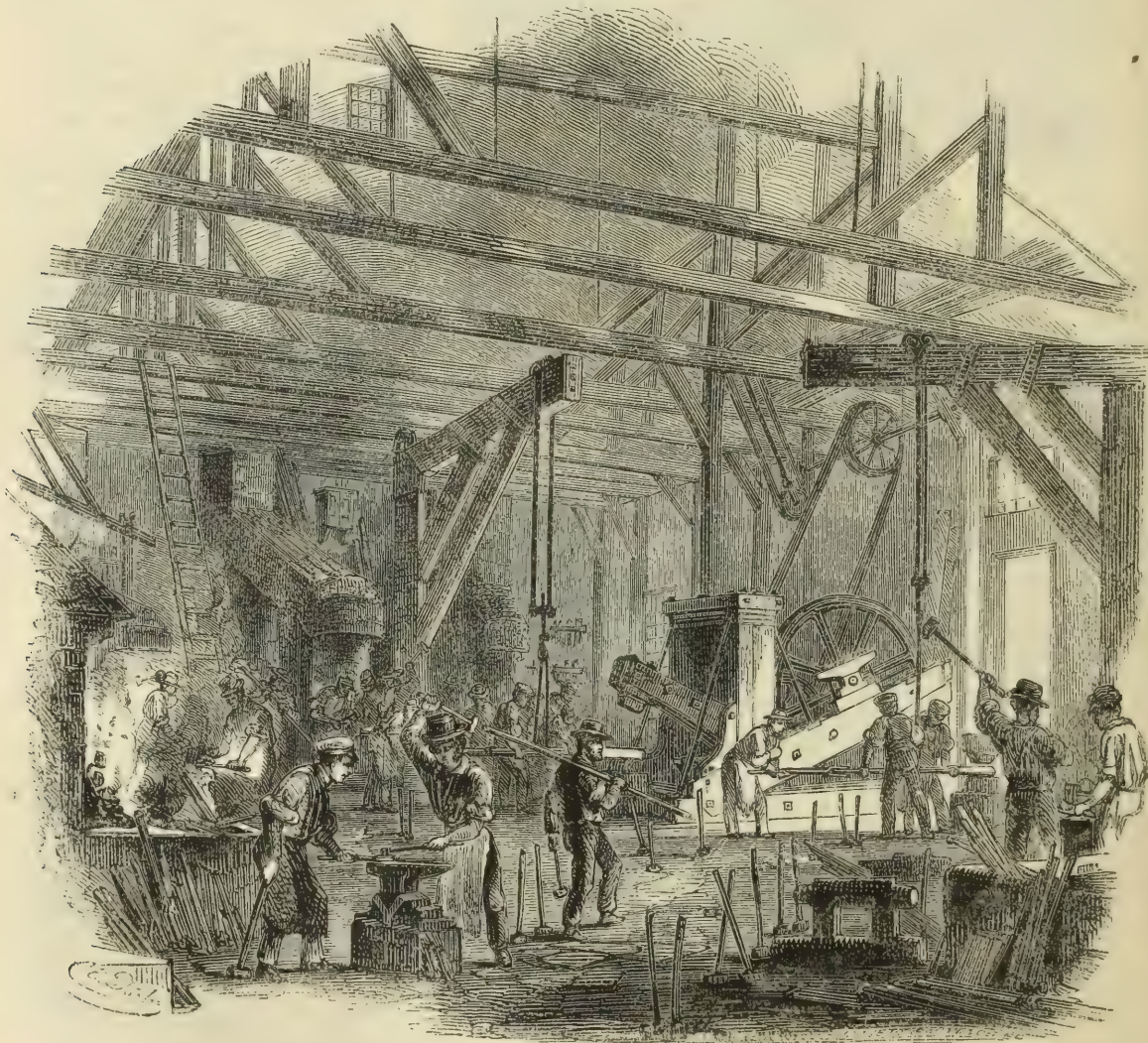


DIGGING OUT
THE CYLINDER.

itself and the twenty or thirty men engaged in disinterring it, are enveloped in dense clouds of vapor which rise all around them while the operation is proceeding.

Jerous are not the heaviest castings made. They are much exceeded in weight by what is called a bed plate, which is an enormous frame of iron cast in one mass, or else in two or three separate masses and then strongly bolted together, to form a foundation on which the engine is to rest in the hold of the ship. The bed plate can not be seen in the view of the engine room already given, as it lies below the floor, being underneath all the machinery. A bed plate weighs sometimes thirty-five tons—which is the weight of about five hundred men. Such a mass as this has to be transported on ways, like those used in the launching of a ship. It is drawn along upon these ways by blocks and pulleys, and when brought alongside the ship is hoisted on board by means of an enormous derrick, and let down slowly to the bottom of the hold—the place where it is finally to repose, unless perchance it should at last be liberated by some disaster, from this dungeon, and sent to seek its ultimate destination in the bottom of the sea.

The engraving below represents the forges, where all those parts of the machinery are formed and fitted which consist of wrought iron. The room in which these forges are situated is called the smith's shop, in the plan. In the back-ground, a little to the right, is one of the trip hammers, in the act of striking. The trip hammer is a massive hammer carried by machinery. The machinery which drives it may at any time be thrown in or out of gear, so that the blows of the hammer are always under the control of the workman. The iron bar to be forged is far too heavy to be held by hand. It is accordingly supported as seen in the engraving, by a crane; and only guided to its place upon the anvil by the workmen who have hold of it. The chain to which this bar is suspended comes down from a little truck which rests upon the top of the crane, and which may be made to traverse to and fro, thus carrying whatever is suspended from it further outward, or drawing it in, as may be required. All the cranes, both



THE FORGES.

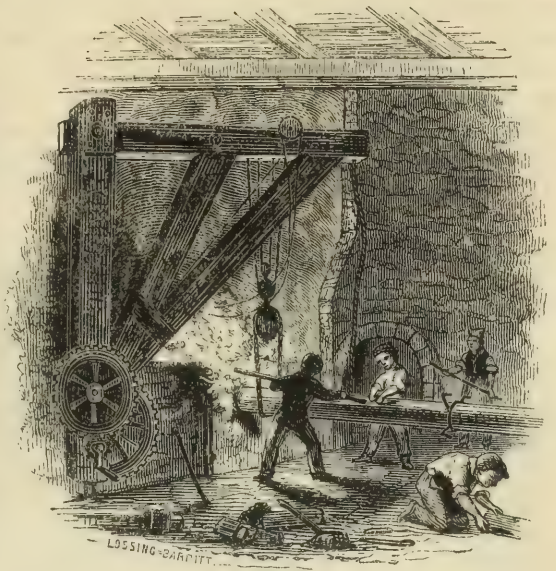
in the smith's shop and in the foundry, are fitted with the same contrivance. These trucks are moved by means of a wheel at the foot of the crane.

On the extreme right of the picture, and somewhat in the distance, may be seen another trip hammer with a bar upon the anvil beneath it,

this bar being suspended likewise from a crane. When the iron becomes too cold to yield any longer to the percussion, the hammer is stopped, the crane is swung round, and the iron is replaced in the forge to be heated anew; and at length, when heated, it is brought back again under the hammer as before.

The forging of shafts requires heavier machinery even than this. The enormous mass of iron that is in this case to be forged, is bricked up in a furnace to be heated, and remains there many hours. The masonry is then broken away and the red hot beam is swung round under the hammer, as seen below. It is suspended from the crane by heavy chains, and is guided by the workmen by means of iron handles clamped to it at a distance from the heated part, as seen in the engraving in the adjoining column. The hammer is lifted by means of the cam below it, as seen in the engraving below. This cam is a projection from an axis revolving beneath the floor, and which, as it revolves, carries the cams successively against a projection upon the under side of the hammer, which is partly concealed in the engraving by the figure of the man. When the point of the cam has passed beyond the projection it allows the hammer to fall.

While the process of forging such a shaft is going on, one man throws water upon the work,



HEATING A SHAFT

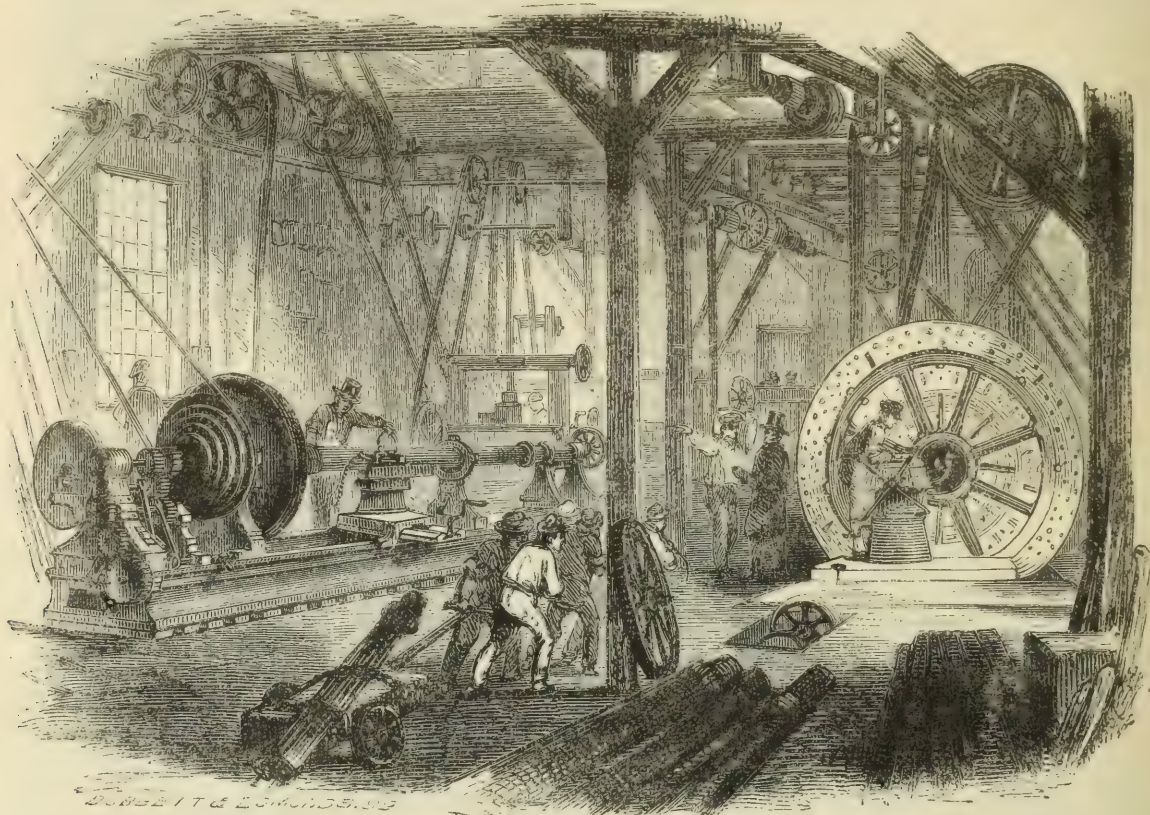


FORGING A SHAFT.

to effect some purpose connected with the scaling of the iron, while another, with an instrument called the callipers, measures the diameter of the shaft, to regulate the size, as the forging proceeds.

The shafts, when forged, are to be turned in a lathe, and the engine used for this purpose is represented on the left in the engraving below.

The shaft itself is seen in the lathe, while the tool which cuts it as it revolves, is fixed firmly in the "rest," which slides along the side. The point of the tool is seen in the engraving, with the spiral shaving which it cuts falling down from it. The shaft is made to revolve by the band seen coming down obliquely from above, at the hither end of the engine. The



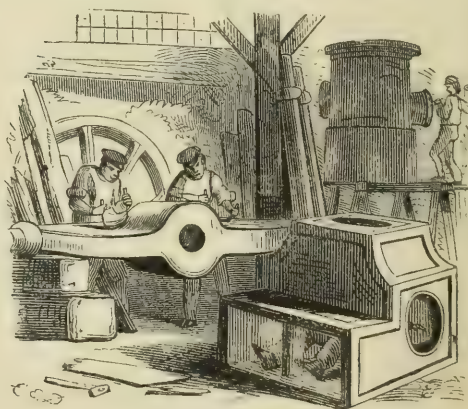
THE LATHES

wheel by which the band turns the lathe has different grooves at different distances from the centre, in order that the workmen may regulate the velocity of the rotation—as different degrees of velocity are required for the different species of work. The *rest*, to which the cutting tool is attached, is brought slowly along the side of the shaft as the shaft revolves, by means of a long screw which is concealed in the frame of the lathe, and which is turned continually by the mechanism of the small wheels which are seen at the hither end of the engine.

On the right hand of this view is represented another kind of lathe called a *face lathe*, which is employed for turning wheels, and flat plates, and interiors of cavities, and such other pieces of work as do not furnish two opposite points of support. In the foreground are a company of men drawing a massive piece of iron upon a truck, destined apparently to be turned in the left hand lathe.

Although thus a great part of the work in respect to all the details of the engine, is performed by machinery, much remains after all to be wrought and fashioned by hand. In passing through the establishment the visitor finds the workmen engaged in these labors, in every con-

ceivable attitude and position. One man is filing a curved surface with a curved file, an-



FINISHING.

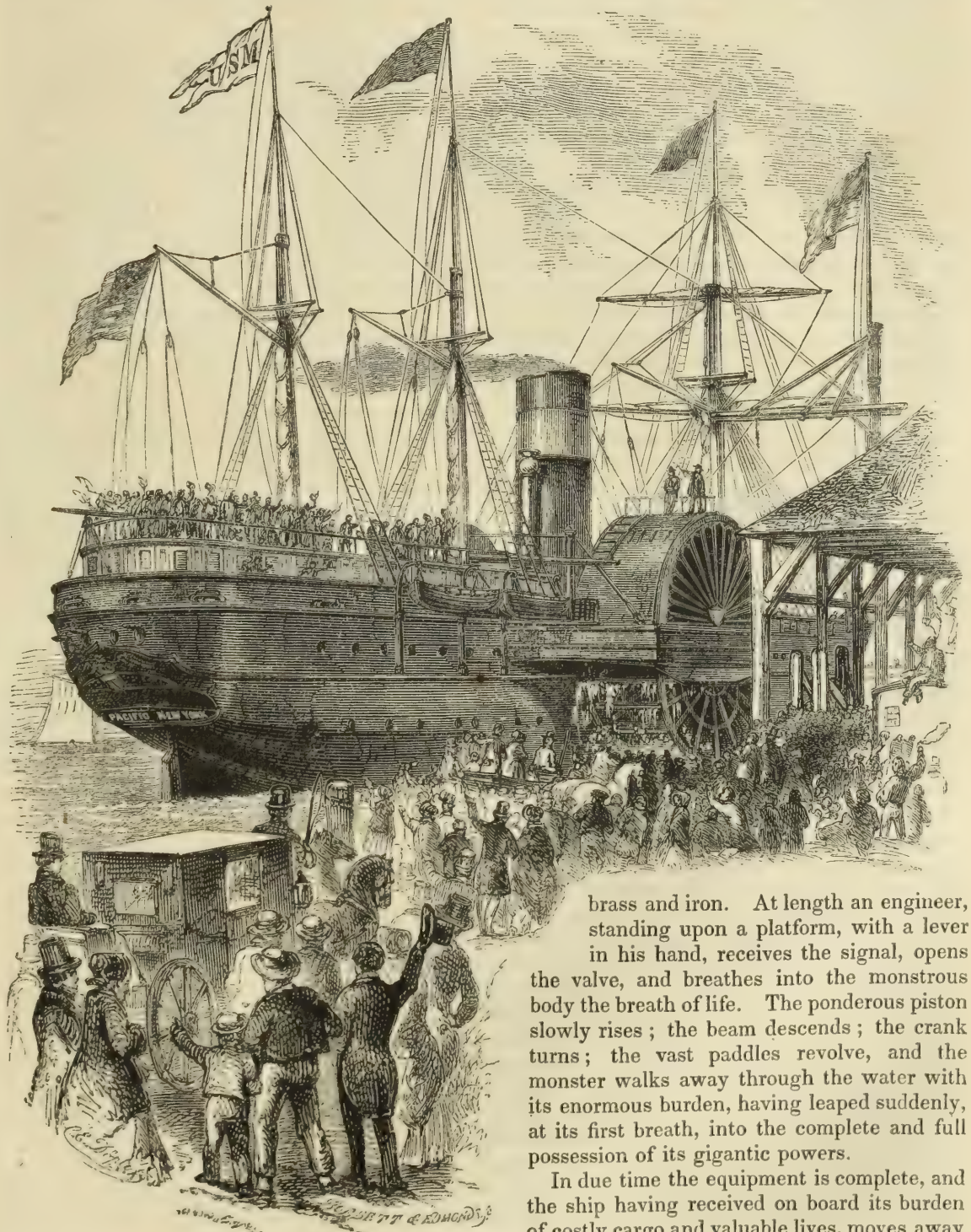
other is hidden almost wholly from view within a great misshapen box of iron: a third is mounted upon a ladder, and is slowly boring through the wall of some monstrous formation, or cutting away excrescences of iron from some massive casting with a cold chisel. In a word, the details are so endlessly varied as to excite the wonder of the beholder that any human head should have been capable of containing

them all, so as to have planned and arranged the fitting of such complicated parts with any hope of their ever coming rightly together.

They do come together, however, at last, and then follows the excitement of the trial. There is nothing more striking in the history of the construction of a steam engine than this, that there can be no partial or private tests of the work by the workmen in the course of its progress—but every thing remains in suspense until all is complete, and the ship and the machinery are actually ready for sea. The immense and ponderous masses which constitute the elements of the mighty structure are hoisted slowly on board and let down into their places. Multitudes of men are incessantly employed for

many weeks in arranging the limbs and members of the monster, and in screwing and bolting every thing into its place. Still nothing can be tried. The machinery is too ponderous and massive to be put in action by any power less than that of the mighty mover on which its ultimate performance is to depend; and this mover has not yet been called into being.

At length the day of trial arrives. The engineers, the workmen, the owners, and perhaps many spectators, have assembled to watch the result. The boiler is filled; the fires are lighted. Hour after hour the process goes on of raising the force and pressure of the steam. All this time, however, the machinery lies inert and lifeless. It is a powerless mass of dead and heavy



brass and iron. At length an engineer, standing upon a platform, with a lever in his hand, receives the signal, opens the valve, and breathes into the monstrous body the breath of life. The ponderous piston slowly rises; the beam descends; the crank turns; the vast paddles revolve, and the monster walks away through the water with its enormous burden, having leaped suddenly, at its first breath, into the complete and full possession of its gigantic powers.

In due time the equipment is complete, and the ship having received on board its burden of costly cargo and valuable lives, moves away

from the shore, with a certain expression of calm and quiet dignity in her appearance and demeanor, which almost seems to denote a consciousness on her part of the vast responsibilities which she is assuming, and of the abundant power which she possesses fully to sustain them all.

CHARLES WOLFE.

IT is probable that to many of our readers the name which stands at the head of this sketch is unknown, and that those who recognize it will only know it as that of the author of the well-known lines upon the death of Sir John Moore—a lyric of such surpassing beauty, that so high a judge as Lord Byron considered it the perfection of English lyrical poetry, preferring it before Coleridge's lines on Switzerland—Campbell's Hohenlinden—and the finest of Moore's Irish melodies, which were instanced by Shelley and others. Yet, unknown as the Rev. Charles Wolfe is, it is unquestionable that he was a man possessing the highest powers of imagination, and a powerful intellect, cultivated to a very high point of perfection, and fitting him to become one of the brightest stars of the world of literature. Why he is unknown is then probably a question which will suggest itself to the minds of many, and the answer must be, because he *did* so little for the world to remember him by. The whole of his literary remains, including his sermons, and a biographical sketch, which fills one half of the book, is contained in a moderate sized octavo volume, published after his death by the Rev. J. A. Russell, Archdeacon of Clogher, whose affection for the memory of Mr. Wolfe prompted him to edit and give to the world the fragmentary manuscripts, which are the only lasting and appreciable records of the residence of a great spirit among us. But it may be asked why, with such capabilities and powers as we have stated Mr. Wolfe to possess, he did so little? and to that interrogation many replies may be given. Mr. Wolfe died at the early age of 32, just when the powers are in their full vigor—and in the later years of his life he had devoted himself enthusiastically to the duties which devolved upon him as the curate of a large and populous parish in the north of Ireland. Neither of these reasons, however, is sufficient, for we know that the poetic intellect is precocious, and brings forth fruit early. Shelley, who died younger, left productions behind him, which will hand his name down to the latest posterity; and the comparatively voluminous writings of the witty dean, Sidney Smith, prove that a man may bear the weight of the clerical office, and take an active part in politics in addition, and yet leave enough behind him to keep his name green in the memory of the world.

The true reason why Mr. Wolfe did so little is no doubt to be found in the character of his mind, and this is easily traceable, both in the mild, child-like, almost simple, but intelligent expression of the portrait which forms a frontispiece to the volume to which we have adverted,

and in most of the passages of his life. There was a want of strong resolution, and an absence of concentration so marked, that he seldom read completely through even those books which most deeply interested him—there was a nervous susceptibility, and an openness to new impressions, which caused him as it were to dwell upon every passage he did read, to linger over its beauties, to start objections to its theories, to argue them out, and to develop to its fullest every suggestive thought; and there was in him a spirit of good-nature trenching upon weak compliance, which put his time at the service of all who chose to thrust employment upon him. Added to this, and arising out of his want of steady resolution and earnest will, there was a habit of putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, of which he was himself fully sensible, and which he speaks of in one of his letters, as that “fatal habit of delay and procrastination, for which I am so pre-eminently distinguished.”

Charles Wolfe was the youngest son of Theobald Wolfe, Esq., of Blackhall, in the County of Kildare, Ireland, and was born in Dublin on the 13th of December, 1791. The family was not unknown to fame, for the celebrated General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec, was one of its members, and Lord Kilwarden, an eminent man at the Irish bar, and who was afterward elevated to the dignity of a judgeship, was another. At an early age the father of our hero died, and the family removed to England, where Charles Wolfe was sent to a school at Bath. Here, however, at the age of ten years, his studies were interrupted by failing health for a period of twelve months. After that, he was in the establishment of Dr. Evans, of Salisbury; and in 1805 we find him at Winchester school, under the superintendence of Mr. Richards, senior. Here he became conspicuous for his classical knowledge, and his great powers of versification, which gave promise of future excellence. What appears more distinctly, though, than his mental ability at this age, was the amiability of his disposition, and the tractability of his nature. His kindness, cheerfulness, and open sympathy drew to him the love of his fellows; and the esteem in which he was held by his masters may be judged from the fact, that during the whole period of his pupilage his conduct never drew down upon him punishment, or even a reprimand. His tender and affectionate disposition endeared him to his own family, with whom he was an especial favorite; and in connection with this, we may mention one circumstance strongly indicative of his yielding character. In spite of his gentle nature, he, animated no doubt by that desire for glory so common to poetical minds, and which, looking on the brighter side of war, hides its terrors and its horrors from the young and ardent, wished to enter the army; but finding that the idea gave pain to his mother, he immediately abandoned the notion, and appears from thenceforth to have looked upon the clerical office as his destined part in life. Strange transition, from

the aspiration to carry forth death and destruction to that of being the bearer of the glad tidings of "peace on earth, and good-will toward men." The change, however, is one which we believe to be not unfrequent. The same desire for fame urges men to the bar, the pulpit, and the tented field, and but for maternal love, Charles Wolfe, carrying with him that martial spirit which now and then breaks out in his poetry, might have been like his namesake, the General, a blood-stained hero, instead of a peaceful, loving Irish curate. So powerful are circumstances to mould man's fate—and Wolfe was of that mould on which circumstances act with peculiar force. Had he been a soldier, it may be that the occupation would have strengthened his *physique* at the expense of his mentality, and that his bodily powers, unimpaired by sedentary habits, would have carried him on to a good old age. There is food for reflection in that idea, of how every course in life has its mixed good and evil.

In 1808 the family returned to Ireland, and in 1809 Charles Wolfe became a student of Dublin University. Here his classical learning and poetical attainments soon made him conspicuous, and he carried off prizes from the most distinguished of his competitors. The Historical Society of the University, the object of which was the cultivation of history, poetry, and oratory, also afforded him scope for the display of his talents, and gave him opportunity to win several medals and prizes. Most of the few poetical efforts of Mr. Wolfe were made at this period, including the Death of Sir John Moore, and a beautiful song, connected with which is an anecdote so strikingly characteristic of the nature of the author's mind, and so indicative of his extreme sensibility, that it is worth notice.

He was particularly open to the influence of music, and one of his favorite melodies was the popular Irish air "Gramachree," to which, at the request of a friend, he wrote the following song :

"If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee :
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be :
It never through my mind had pass'd,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more !

"And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again ;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain !
But when I speak thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid ;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

"If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone.

"I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me ;

And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee :
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore."

His friends asked him whether he had any real incident in his mind which suggested the stanzas ; he said, "he had not ; but that he had sung the air over and over, till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the words."

In the first year of Mr. Wolfe's attendance at the university, death took his mother, to whom he was most affectionately attached—an event which for some time interrupted his studies, and when he resumed them, he did not manifest much inclination to apply himself to the exact sciences. Here, however, that kindness of disposition which made him more useful to others than to himself, and induced him to neglect his own interests, and lend himself to those of his friends with an almost fatal facility, came to his aid, and stood him in good stead. The desire to assist a less gifted acquaintance impelled him to study more strenuously than he would have done, for his own benefit, and had the effect of so drawing out his own talents for scientific pursuits, that at an examination upon the severer sciences he carried away the prize from a host of talented candidates. Soon after, when his straitened circumstances induced him to become a college tutor, he found the benefit of his scientific acquirements ; but in that capacity his amiability of character was a disadvantage to him, for he was so anxious for the progress of his pupils, and so prodigal of his time and labor upon them, that he had but little opportunity for his own studies, or for relaxation.

After the usual period at the university, Mr. Wolfe took a scholarship, with the highest honors, and went into residence, and in 1814 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts. His friends, seeing the talents he evinced for scientific pursuits, urged him to read for a fellowship, and for some time he prosecuted his studies with marked effect ; but the want of the power of continuous application, and intense concentration, made him the sport of every trifling interruption, and the habit he had of throwing aside books partly read, and dwelling upon striking passages and disputable theories, impeded his progress. It is probable, however, that with his great mental facilities, a less amount of exertion would have sufficed than with less gifted students, and that despite his want of industrial energy, and his unfavorable habits of mind, he would have succeeded, but he was doomed to be disappointed in a manner which must have had a very depressing effect on a mind constituted as his was. He had formed an intimacy with a family in the vicinity of Dublin, and while his visits to the beautiful scenery in which their dwelling was situated, stimulated his poetical faculties, the charms of a daughter of the house touched the sensitive

heart of the young scholar. The attachment was mutual, and ripened apace, but his want of "prospects" induced the prudent parents to break off the intimacy. The expectant fellowship indeed would have afforded him sufficient means, but a barbarous statute was in force which imposed celibacy upon the fellows, and barred his hopes. If this disappointment had happened to a man of strong resolute will it would, in all likelihood, after the first shock was over, have thrown him back upon his studies more determinedly than ever, but on a nature like that of our hero, it had the contrary effect. It damped his ardor, he lost both his mistress and the chance of preferment; and, turning to religion for consolation, he was ordained in November, 1817, and shortly after was engaged in temporary duty in the North of Ireland, and finally settled as curate of Donoughmore, where he continued the greater part of the remainder of his life.

For the occupation of the ministry, Mr. Wolfe, notwithstanding his youthful military tendency and love of society, was eminently fitted. His mind was naturally of a devotional cast, and fitted peculiarly for his new position. He was thoroughly in earnest—the strong impulse supplied by intense devotional feeling served to counteract his want of application. The kindness of his heart, and the desire to serve others, which was so prominent a feature of his mind, made him untiring; the dislike of contest which marked him led him to dwell on the vital points common to all religions, and avoid controversial ground. That want of self-esteem, too, which at the university had ever made him distrustful of his own powers, and kept him from claiming the stanzas on Sir John Moore, when they were claimed by, or attributed to others, induced him to converse familiarly with the peasant, and to submit to contradiction and even insult from those who, both socially and intellectually, were inferior to himself. Add to this, that he thoroughly understood the Irish character, which had many points in common with his own impulsive versatile nature, and it may be conceived how influential he was in his remote curacy. Presbyterian, Methodist, Catholic, all gathered round him and often filled his little church, listening to his concise, plain-spoken sermons, which far oftener treated of the hopes and mercies than the terrors and punishments of Christianity, and in his parish school the children of all denominations were taught together. This, however, was not to last long. He had applied himself too assiduously to his task for his physical strength. Oppressed with a sense of the responsibility of his position he had, upon entering upon the ministry, given up all thoughts of literature. He lived in an old, half-furnished house, slept in a damp room, and traversed bog and moor on foot in all weathers to visit his flock. Under these labors the latent tendency of his constitution developed itself, his cough became day by day more violent, and in 1821 it was evident that consumption

had laid its hand upon its prey. Still he was unwilling to retire from his ministry, and it was only in compliance with the reiterated entreaties of his friends that he at last proceeded to Scotland to consult a celebrated physician. His return to his parish after that short absence proved the estimation in which he was held among the people. As he rode by the cabins of the peasantry, the occupants rushed out, and, with all the impulsive devotion of the Irish toward those whom they regard as benefactors, fell upon their knees, and invoked blessings upon him, and pursued the carriage in which he rode, with fervent prayers. His health, however, still continued to fail, and his friends at length persuaded him to remove to Dublin, where he continued to preach occasionally, till his physician forbade such effort, and to use his own words, "stripped him of his gown." Toward the winter of 1821, it was thought advisable to remove him to Bordeaux for a time, but adverse gales twice drove him back to Holyhead, and he suffered so much from fatigue and sea-sickness that it appeared best to locate him near Exeter, where he staid till the spring of 1822, in the house of a clergyman, whose practice among the poor had qualified him to act the part of a physician to the invalid. In the spring, apparently somewhat improved, he returned to Dublin, and in the summer made a short voyage to Bordeaux, where he staid about a month. He then again returned to Dublin, and from that time steadily declined. In November, 1822, accompanied by a relative and the Rev. Mr. Russell, his biographer, he removed to the Cove of Cork, but all efforts to recruit his failing strength were unavailing, and he expired there on the 21st of February, 1823, in the 32d year of his age. About a twelvemonth previous to his death, he had been preferred to the important curacy of Armagh, but he never lived to visit his new parish. All the letters written during his protracted illness prove his amiability, and the patience with which he suffered, as well as the ardor of the Christian faith on which he so confidently leaned, and few men were more sincerely mourned by a large number of devoted and admiring friends.

Charles Wolfe was one of those characters eminently fitted to make good men, but destitute of some of the qualities for what the world calls greatness. He was a high type of that class who form the cynosure of their own peculiar circles, where they are admired as much for the kindness of their nature as the extent of their attainments, and the power and versatility of their talents. But wanting the self-esteem, the unwavering self-confidence, the perseverance and unshaken resolution which go to make up greatness, he possessed in an eminent degree those kindly sympathies, tender feelings, and that earnest devotion to the interests and wishes of his fellows, which among friends and intimates make goodness so much more lovable than greatness.

MAURICE TIERNAY,
THE SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.*(Continued from Page 478.)*

CHAPTER XXVI.

A REMNANT OF "FONTENOT."

THERE was no resisting the inquisitive curiosity of my companion. The short, dry cough, the little husky "ay," that sounded like any thing rather than assent, which followed on my replies to his questions, and, more than all, the keen, oblique glances of his shrewd gray eyes, told me that I had utterly failed in all my attempts at mystification, and that he read me through and through.

"And so," said he, at last, after a somewhat lengthy narrative of my shipwreck, "and so the Flemish sailors wear spurs?"

"Spurs! of course not; why should they?" asked I, in some astonishment.

"Well, but don't they?" asked he again.

"No such thing; it would be absurd to suppose it."

"So I thought," rejoined he; "and when I looked at yer 'honor's' boots (it was the first time he had addressed me by this title of deference), and saw the marks on the heel for spurs, I soon knew how much of a sailor you were."

"And if not a sailor, what am I, then?" asked I; for, in the loneliness of the mountain region where we walked, I could afford to throw off my disguise without risk.

"Ye'r a French officer of dragoons, and God bless ye; but ye'r young to be at the trade. Arn't I right now?"

"Not very far from it certainly, for I am a lieutenant of hussars," said I, with a little of that pride which we of the loose pelisse always feel on the mention of our corps.

"I knew it well all along," said he, coolly; "the way you stood in the room, your step as you walked, and, above all, how ye believed me when I spoke of the spring tides, and the moon only in her second quarter, I saw you never was a sailor anyhow. And so I set a-thinking what you were. You were too silent for a peddler, and your hands were too white to be in the smuggling trade; but when I saw your boots, I had the secret at once, and knew ye were one of the French army that landed the other day at Killala."

"It was stupid enough of me not to have remembered the boots!" said I, laughing.

"Arrah, what use would it be?" replied he; "sure ye'r too straight in the back, and your walk is too reg'lar, and your toes turns in too much, for a sailor; the very way you hold a switch in your hand would betray you!"

"So it seems; then I must try some other disguise," said I, "if I'm to keep company with people as shrewd as you are."

"You needn't," said he, shaking his head, doubtfully; "any that wants to betray ye, wouldn't find it hard."

I was not much flattered by the depreciating tone in which he dismissed my efforts at person-

ation, and walked on for some time without speaking.

"Yez came too late, four months too late," said he, with a sorrowful gesture of the hands. "When the Wexford boys was up, and the Kil-dare chaps, and plenty more ready to come in from the North, then, indeed, a few thousand French down here in the West would have made a differ; but what's the good in it now? The best men we had are hanged, or in jail; some are frightened; more are traitors! 'Tis too late—too late!"

"But not too late for a large force, landing in the North, to rouse the island to another effort for liberty."

"Who would be the gin'ral?" asked he, suddenly

"Napper Tandy, your own countryman," replied I, proudly.

"I wish ye luck of him!" said he, with a bitter laugh; "'tis more like mocking us than any thing else the French does be, with the chaps they sent here to be gin'rails. Sure it isn't Napper Tandy, nor a set of young lawyers, like Tone and the rest of them, we wanted. It was men that knew how to drill and manage troops—fellows that was used to fightin'; so that when they said a thing, we might believe that they understood it, at laste. I'm ould enough to remimber the 'Wild Geese,' as they used to call them—the fellows that ran away from this to take sarvice in France; and I remimber, too, the sort of men the French were that came over to inspect them—soldiers, real soldiers, every inch of them: and a fine sarvice it was. Volle-face!" cried he, holding himself erect, and shouldering his stick like a musket; "marche! Ha, ha! ye didn't think *that* was in me; but I was at the thrade long before you were born."

"How is this," said I, in amazement, "you were not in the French army?"

"Wasn't I, though? maybe I didn't get that stick there." And he bared his breast as he spoke, to show the cicatrix of an old flesh-wound from a Highlander's bayonet. "I was at Fontenoy!"

The last few words he uttered, with a triumphant pride, that I shall never forget. As for me, the mere name was magical. "Fontenoy" was like one of those great words which light up a whole page of history; and it almost seemed impossible that I should see before me a soldier of that glorious battle.

"Ay, faith!" he added, "'tis more than 'tis nigh sixty years now since that, and I remember it as if it was yesterday. I was in the regiment 'Tourville;' I was recruited for the 'Wellon,' but they scattered us about among the other corps afterward, because we used now and then to be fighting and quarrelin' among one an' other. Well, it was the Wellons that gained the battle; for after the English was in the village of Fontenoy, and the French was falling back upon the heights near the wood—arrah, what's the name of the wood?—sure I'll forget my own name next. Ay, to be sure,

Verzon—the 'wood of Verzon.' Major Jodillon—that's what the French called him, but his name was Joe Wellon—turned an eight-pounder short round into a little yard of a farm-house, and, making a breach for the gun, he opened a dreadful fire on the English column. It was loaded with grape, and at half-musket range, so you may think what a peppering they got. At last the column halted, and lay down; and Joe seen an officer ride off to the rear, to bring up artillery to silence our guns. A few minutes more, and it would be all over with us. So Joe shouts out as loud as he could, 'Cavalry there! tell off by threes, and prepare to charge!' I needn't tell you that the devil a horse nor a rider was within a mile of us at the time; but the English didn't know that; and, hearin' the order, up they jumps, and we heerd the word passin', 'Prepare to receive cavalry!' They formed square at once, and the same minute we plumped into them with such a charge as tore a lane right through the middle of them. Before they could recover, we opened a platoon fire on their flank; they staggered, broke, and at last fell back in disorder upon Aeth, with the whole of the French army after them. Such firin'—grape, round-shot, and musketry—I never seed afore, and we all shouting like devils, for it was more like a hunt nor any thing else; for ye see the Dutch never came up, but left the English to do all the work themselves, and that's the reason they couldn't form, for they had no supportin' colum'.

"It was then I got that stick of the bayonet, for there was such runnin' that we only thought of pelting after them as hard as we could; but ye see, there's nothin' so treacherous as a Highlander. I was just behind one, and had my sword-point between his blade-bones, ready to run him through, when he turned short about, and run his bayonet into me under the short ribs, and that was all I saw of the battle; for I bled till I fainted, and never knew more of what happened. 'Tisn't by way of making little of Frenchmen I say it, for I sarved too long wid them for *that*—but sorra taste of that victory ever they'd see if it wasn't for the Wellons, and Major Joe that commanded them! The English knows it well, too! Maybe they don't do us many a spite for it to this very day!"

"And what became of you after that?"

"The same summer I came over to Scotland with the young Prince Charles, and was at the battle of Preston-pans afterward; and, what's worse, I was at Culloden! Oh, that was the terrible day! We were dead bate before we began the battle. We were on the march from one o'clock the night before, under the most dreadful rain ever ye seen! We lost our way twice; and, after four hours of hard marching, we found ourselves opposite a mill-dam we crossed early that same morning; for the guides led us all astray! Then came ordhers to wheel about face, and go back again; and back we went, cursing the blaguards that deceived us, and almost faintin' with hunger. Some of us

had nothing to eat for two days, and the Prince, I seen myself, had only a brown bannock to a wooden measure of whiskey for his own breakfast. Well, it's no use talking, we were bate, and we retreated to Inverness that night, and next morning we surrendered and laid down our arms—that is, the 'Regiment du Tournay,' and the 'Voltigeurs de Metz,' the corps I was in myself."

"And did you return to France?"

"No; I made my way back to Ireland, and after loiterin' about home some time, and not liking the ways of turning to work again, I took service with one Mister Brooke, of Castle Brooke, in Fermanagh, a young man that was just come of age, and as great a devil, God forgive me, as ever was spawned. He was a Protestant, but he didn't care much about one side or the other, but only wanted divarsion and his own fun out of the world; and faix he took it, too! He had plenty of money, was a fine man to look at, and had courage to face a lion!

"The first place we went to was Aix-la-Chapelle, for Mr. Brooke was named something—I forget what—to Lord Sandwich, that was goin' there as an ambassador. It was a grand life there while it lasted. Such liveries, such coaches, such elegant dinners every day, I never saw even in Paris. But my master was soon sent away for a piece of wildness he did. There was an an ould Austrian there—a Count Riedensegg was his name—and he was always plottin' and schamin' with this, that, and the other; buyin' up the sacrets of others, and gettin' at their sacret papers one way or the other; and at last he begins to thry the same game with us; and as he saw that Mr. Brooke was very fond of high play, and would bet any thing one offered him, the ould Count sends for a great gambler from Vienna, the greatest villain, they say, that ever touched a card. Ye may have heerd of him, tho' 'twas long ago that he lived, for he was well known in them times. He was the Baron von Breckendorf, and a great friend afterward of the Prince Ragint and all the other blaguards in London.

"Well, sir, the baron arrives in great state, with dispatches, they said, but sorrow other dispatch he carried nor some packs of marked cards, and a dice-box that could throw sixes whenever ye wanted; and he puts up at the Grand Hotel, with all his servants in fine liveries, and as much state as a prince. That very day Mr. Brooke dined with the count, and in the evening himself and the baron sits down to the cards; and, pretending to be only playin' for silver, they were betting a hundred guineas on every game.

"I always heerd that my master was cute with the cards, and that few was equal to him in any game with pasteboard or ivory; but, be my conscience, he met his match now, for if it was ould Nick was playin' he couldn't do the thrick nater nor the baron. He made every

thing come up just like magic: if he wanted a seven of diamonds, or an ace of spades, or the knave of clubs, there it was for you.

Most gentlemen would have lost temper at seein' the luck so dead agin' them, and every thing goin' so bad, but my master only smiled, and kept muttering to himself, 'Faix, it's beautiful; by my conscience it is elegant; I never saw any body could do it like that.' At last the baron stops and asks, 'What is it he's saying to himself?' 'I'll tell you by-and-by,' says my master, 'when we're done playing;' and so on they went, betting higher and higher, till at last the stakes wasn't very far from a thousand pounds on a single card. At the end, Mr. Brooke lost every thing, and in the last game, by way of generosity, the baron says to him, 'Double or quit?' and he tuk it.

"This time luck stood to my master, and he turned the queen of hearts; and as there was only one card could beat him, the game was all as one as his own. The baron takes up the pack, and begins to deal. 'Wait,' says my master, leaning over the table, and talking in a whisper; 'wait,' says he, 'what are ye doin' there wid your thumb?' for sure enough he had his thumb dug hard into the middle of the pack.

"'Do you mane to insult me,' says the baron, getting mighty red, and throwing down the cards on the table, 'Is that what you're at?'

"'Go on with the deal,' says Mr. Brooke, quietly; 'but listen to me,' and here he dropped his voice to a whisper, 'as sure as you turn the king of hearts I'll send a bullet through your skull! Go on now, and don't rise from that seat till you've finished the game.' Faix, he just did as he was bid; he turned a little two or three of diamonds, and gettin' up from the table, he left the room, and the next morning there was no more seen of him in Aix-la-Chapelle. But that wasn't the end of it, for scarce was the baron two posts on his journey, when my master sends in his name, and says he wants to speak to Count Riedensegg. There was a long time, and a great debatin', I believe, whether they'd let him in or not; for the count couldn't make if it was mischief he was after; but at last he was ushered into the bedroom where the other was in bed.

"'Count,' says he, after he fastened the door, and saw that they was alone, 'Count, you tried a dirty thrick with that dirty spalpeen of a baron—an ould blaguard that's as well known as Freney, the robber—but I forgive you for it all, for you did it in the way of business. I know well what you was after; you wanted a peep at our dispatches—there, ye needn't look cross and angry—why wouldn't ye do it, just as the baron always took a sly glance at my cards before he played his own. Well, now, I'm just in the humor to sarve you. They're not trating me as they ought here, and I'm going away, and if you'll give me a few letthers to some of the pretty women in Vienna, Kateuka

Batthyani, and Amalia Gradoffsky, and one or two men in the best set, I'll send you in return something will surprise you.'

"It was after a long time and great batin' about the bush, that the ould count came in; but the sight of a sacret cipher did the business, and he consented.

"'There it is,' says Mr. Brooke, 'there's the whole key to our correspondence, study it well, and I'll bring you a sacret dispatch in the evening—something that will surprise you.'

"'Ye will—will ye?' says the count.

"'On the honor of an Irish gentleman, I will,' says Mr. Brooke.

"The count sits down on the spot and writes the letters to all the princesses and countesses in Vienna, saying that Mr. Brooke was the elegantest, and politest, and most trusty young gentleman ever he met; and telling them to treat him with every consideration.

"'There will be another account of me,' says the master to me, 'by the post; but I'll travel faster, and give me a fair start, and I ask no more.'

"And he was as good as his word, for he started that evening for Vienna, without lave or license, and that's the way he got dismissed from his situation."

"And did he break his promise to the count, or did he really send him any intelligence?"

"He kept his word like a gentleman; he promised him something that would surprise him, and so he did. He sent him the weddin' of Ballyporeen in cipher. It took a week to make out, and I suppose they've never got to the right understandin' it yet."

"I'm curious to hear how he was received in Vienna after this," said I. "I suppose you accompanied him to that city."

"Troth I did, and a short life we led there; but here we are now, at the end of our journey. That's Father Doogan's down there, that small, low, thatched house in the hollow."

"A lonely spot, too. I don't see another near it for miles on any side."

"Nor is there. His chapel is at Murrah, about three miles off. My eyes isn't over good; but I don't think there's any smoke coming out of the chimley."

"You are right—there is not."

"He's not at home, then, and that's a bad job for us, for there's not another place to stop the night in."

"But there will be surely some one in the house."

"Most likely not; 'tis a brat of a boy from Murrah does be with him when he's at home, and I'm sure he's not there now."

This reply was not very cheering, nor was the prospect itself much brighter. The solitary cabin, to which we were approaching, stood in a rugged glen, the sides of which were covered with a low furze, intermixed here and there with the scrub of what once had been an oak forest. A brown, mournful tint was over every thing—

sky and landscape alike; and even the little stream of clear water that wound its twining course along, took the same color from the gravely bed it flowed over. Not a cow nor sheep was to be seen, nor even a bird; all was silent and still.

"There's few would like to pass their lives down there, then!" said my companion, as if speaking to himself.

"I suppose the priest, like a soldier, has no choice in these matters."

"Sometimes he has, though. Father Doo-gan might have had the pick of the county, they say; but he chose this little quiet spot here. He's a friar of some ordher abroad, and when he came over, two or three years ago, he could only spake a little Irish, and, I believe, less English; but there wasn't his equal, for other tongues, in all Europe. They wanted him to stop and be the head of a college somewhere in Spain, but he wouldn't. 'There was work to do in Ireland,' he said, and there he'd go, and to the wildest and laste civilized bit of it besides; and ye see that he was not far out in his choice when he took Murrah."

"Is he much liked here by the people?"

"They'd worship him, if he'd let them, that's what it is; for if he has more larnin' and knowledge in his head than ever a bishop in Ireland, there's not a child in the barony his equal for simplicity. He that knows the names of the stars, and what they do be doing, and where the world's going, and what's comin' afther her, hasn't a thought for the wickedness of this life, no more than a sucking infant! He could tell you every crop to put in your ground from this to the day of judgment, and I don't think he'd know which end of the spade goes into the ground."

While we were thus talking, we reached the door, which, as well as the windows, was closely barred and fastened. The great padlock, however, on the former, with characteristic acuteness, was locked without being hasped, so that, in a few seconds, my old guide had undone all the fastenings, and we found ourselves under shelter.

A roomy kitchen, with a few cooking utensils, formed the entrance hall; and as a small supply of turf stood in one corner, my companion at once proceeded to make a fire, congratulating me as he went on with the fact of our being housed, for a long-threatening thunder storm had already burst, and the rain was swooping along in torrents.

While he was thus busied I took a ramble through the little cabin, curious to see something of the "interior" of one whose life had already interested me. There were but two small chambers, one at either side of the kitchen. The first I entered was a bedroom, the only furniture being a common bed, or a tressel like that of an hospital, a little colored print of St. Michael adorning the wall overhead. The bed-covering was cleanly, but patched in many places, and bespeaking much pov-

erty, and the black "soutane" of silk that hung against the wall seemed to show long years of service. The few articles of any pretension to comfort were found in the sitting-room, where a small book-shelf with some well-thumbed volumes, and a writing-table covered with papers, maps, and a few pencil-drawings, appeared. All seemed as if he had just quitted the spot a few minutes before; the pencil lay across a half-finished sketch; two or three wild plants were laid within the leaves of a little book on botany; and a chess problem, with an open book beside it, still waited for solution on a little board, whose workmanship clearly enough betrayed it to be by his own hands.

I inspected every thing with an interest inspired by all I had been hearing of the poor priest, and turned over the little volumes of his humble library to trace, if I might, some clew to his habits in his readings. They were all, however, of one cast and character—religious tracts and offices, covered with annotations and remarks, and showing, by many signs the most careful and frequent perusal. It was easy to see that his taste for drawing or for chess were the only dissipations he permitted himself to indulge. What a strange life of privation, thought I, alone and companionless as he must be! and while speculating on the sense of duty which impelled such a man to accept a post so humble and unpromising, I perceived that on the wall right opposite to me there hung a picture, covered by a little curtain of green silk.

Curious to behold the saintly effigy so carefully enshrined, I drew aside the curtain, and what was my astonishment to find a little colored sketch of a boy about twelve years old, dressed in the tawdry and much-worn uniform of a drummer. I started. Something flashed suddenly across my mind, that the features, the dress, the air, were not unknown to me. Was I awake, or were my senses misleading me? I took it down and held it to the light, and as well as my trembling hands permitted, I spelled out, at the foot of the drawing, the words "Le Petit Maurice, as I saw him last." Yes: it was my own portrait, and the words were in the writing of my dearest friend in the world, the Père Michael. Scarce knowing what I did, I ransacked books and papers on every side, to confirm my suspicions, and although his name was nowhere to be found, I had no difficulty in recognizing his hand, now so forcibly recalled to my memory.

Hastening into the kitchen, I told my guide, that I must set out to Murrah at once, that it was above all important that I should see the priest immediately. It was in vain that he told me he was unequal to the fatigue of going further, that the storm was increasing, the mountain torrents were swelling to a formidable size, that the path could not be discovered after dark; I could not brook the thought of delay, and would not listen to the detail of difficulties. "I must see him and I will," were my answers to every obstacle. If I were resolved on one

side, *he* was no less obstinate on the other; and after explaining with patience all the dangers and hazards of the attempt, and still finding me unconvinced, he boldly declared that I might go alone, if I would, but that he would not leave the shelter of a roof, such a night, for any one.

There was nothing in the shape of argument I did not essay. I tried bribery, I tried menace, flattery, intimidation, all—and all with the like result. “Wherever he is to-night, he’ll not leave it, that’s certain,” was the only satisfaction he would vouchsafe, and I retired beaten from the contest, and disheartened. Twice I left the cottage, resolved to go alone and unaccompanied, but the utter darkness of the night, the torrents of rain that beat against my face, soon showed me the impracticability of the attempt, and I retraced my steps crestfallen and discomfited. The most intense curiosity to know how and by what chances he had come to Ireland mingled with my ardent desire to meet him. What stores of reminiscence had we to interchange! Nor was it without pride that I bethought me of the position I then held—an officer of a Hussar regiment, a soldier of more than one campaign, and high on the list for promotion. If I hoped, too, that many of the good father’s prejudices against the career I followed would give way to the records of my own past life, I also felt how, in various respects, I had myself conformed to many of his notions. We should be dearer, closer friends than ever. This I knew and was sure of.

I never slept the whole night through; tired and weary as the day’s journey had left me, excitement was still too strong for repose, and I walked up and down, lay for half an hour on my bed, rose to look out, and peer for coming dawn! Never did hours lag so lazily. The darkness seemed to last for an eternity, and when at last day did break, it was through the lowering gloom of skies still charged with rain, and an atmosphere loaded with vapor.

“This is a day for the chimney corner, and thankful to have it we ought to be,” said my old guide, as he replenished the turf fire, at which he was preparing our breakfast. “Father Doogan will be home here afore night, I’m sure, and as we have nothing better to do, I’ll tell you some of our old adventures when I lived with Mr. Brooke. ’Twill sarve to pass the time, any way.”

“I’m off to Murrah, as soon as I have eaten something,” replied I.

“’Tis little you know what a road it is,” said he, smiling dubiously. “’Tis four mountain rivers you’d have to cross, two of them, at least, deeper than your head, and there’s the pass of Barnascorny, where you’d have to turn the side of a mountain, with a precipice hundreds of feet below you, and a wind blowing that would wreck a seventy-four! There’s never a man in the barony would venture over the same ath, with a storm ragin’ from the nor’west.”

“I never heard of a man being blown away off a mountain,” said I, laughing contemptuously.

“Arrah, didn’t ye then? then maybe ye never tried in parts where the heaviest plows and harrows that can be laid in the thatch of a cabin are flung here and there, like straws, and the strongest timbers torn out of the walls, and scattered for miles along the coast, like the spars of a shipwreck.”

“But so long as a man has hands to grip with.”

“How ye talk; sure when the wind can tear the strongest trees up by the roots; when it rolls big rocks fifty and a hundred feet out of their place; when the very shingle on the mountain side is flyin’ about like dust and sand, where would your grip be? It is not only on the mountains either, but down in the plains, ay, even in the narrowest glens, that the cattle lies down under shelter of the rocks; and many’s the time a sheep, or even a heifer, is swept away off the cliffs into the sea.”

With many an anecdote of storm and hurricane he seasoned our little meal of potatoes. Some curious enough, as illustrating the precautionary habits of a peasantry, who, on land, experience many of the vicissitudes supposed peculiar to the sea; others too miraculous for easy credence, but yet vouched for by him with every affirmative of truth. He displayed all his powers of agreeability and amusement, but his tales fell on unwilling ears, and when our meal was over I started up and began to prepare for the road.

“So you will go, will you?” said he, peevishly. “’Tis in your country to be obstinate, so I’ll say nothing more; but maybe ’tis only into troubles you’d be running after all!”

“I’m determined on it,” said I, “and I only ask you to tell me what road to take.”

“There is only one, so there is no mistakin’ it; keep to the sheep path, and never leave it except at the torrents; you must pass them how ye can, and when ye come to four big rocks in the plain leave them to your left, and keep the side of the mountain for two miles, ’till ye see the smoke of the village underneath you. Murrah is a small place, and ye’ll have to look out sharp or maybe ye’ll miss it.”

“That’s enough,” said I, putting some silver in his hand as I pressed it. “We’ll probably meet no more; good-by, and many thanks for your pleasant company.”

“No, we’re not like to meet again,” said he, thoughtfully, “and that’s the reason I’d like to give you a bit of advice. Hear me now,” said he, drawing closer and talking in a whisper; you can’t go far in this country without being known; ’tisn’t your looks alone, but your voice, and your tongue, will show what ye are. Get away out of it as fast as you can! there’s thraitors in every cause, and there’s chaps in Ireland would rather make money as informers than earn it by honest industry! Get over to the Scotch islands; get to Isla or Barra; get any where out of this for the time.”

"Thanks for the counsel," said I, somewhat coldly, "I'll have time to think over it as I go along," and with these words I set forth on my journey.

CHAPTER XXVII.
"THE CRANAGH."

I WILL not weary my reader with a narrative of my mountain walk, nor the dangers and difficulties which beset me on that day of storm and hurricane. Few as were the miles to travel, what with accidents, mistakes of the path, and the halts to take shelter, I only reached Murrah as the day was declining.

The little village, which consisted of some twenty cabins, occupied a narrow gorge between two mountains, and presented an aspect of greater misery than I had ever witnessed before, not affording even the humblest specimen of a house of entertainment. From some peasants that were lounging in the street I learned that "Father Doogan" had passed through two days before in company with a naval officer, whom they believed to be French. At least, "he came from one of the ships in the Lough, and could speak no English." Since that the priest had not returned, and many thought that he had gone away forever. This story, varied in a few unimportant particulars, I heard from several; and also learned that a squadron of several sail had, for three or four days, been lying at the entrance of Lough Swilly, with, it was said, large reinforcements for the "army of independence." There was then no time to be lost: here was the very force which I had been sent to communicate with; there were the troops that should at that moment be disembarking. The success of my mission might all depend now on a little extra exertion, and so I at once engaged a guide to conduct me to the coast, and having fortified myself with a glass of mountain whiskey, I felt ready for the road.

My guide could only speak a very little English; so that our way was passed in almost unbroken silence; and, as for security, he followed the least frequented paths, we scarcely met a living creature as we went. It was with a strange sense of half pride, half despondency, that I bethought me of my own position there—a Frenchman, alone, and separated from his countrymen—in a wild mountain region of Ireland, carrying about him documents that, if detected, might peril his life; involved in a cause that had for its object the independence of a nation; and that against the power of the mightiest kingdom in Europe. An hour earlier or later, an accident by the way, a swollen torrent, a chance impediment of any kind that should delay me—and what a change might that produce in the whole destiny of the world.

The dispatches I carried conveyed instructions the most precise and accurate—the places for combined action of the two armies—information as to the actual state of parties, and the condition of the native forces, was contained in

them. All that could instruct the newly-come generals, or encourage them to decisive measures were there; and, yet, on what narrow contingencies did their safe arrival depend! It was thus, in exaggerating to myself the part I played—in elevating my humble position into all the importance of a high trust—that I sustained my drooping spirits, and acquired energy to carry me through fatigue and exhaustion. During that night, and the greater part of the following day, we walked on, almost without halt, scarcely eating, and, except by an occasional glass of whisky, totally unrefreshed; and I am free to own, that my poor guide—a bare-legged youth of about seventeen, without any of those high-sustaining illusions which stirred within my heart—suffered far less either from hunger or weariness than I did. So much for motives. A shilling or two were sufficient to equalize the balance against all the weight of my heroism and patriotic ardor together!

A bright sun, and a sharp wind from the north, had succeeded to the lowering sky and heavy atmosphere of the morning, and we traveled along with light hearts and brisk steps, breasting the side of a deep ascent, from the summit of which my guide told me, I should behold the sea—the sea, not only the great plain on which I expected to see our armament, but the link which bound me to my country! Suddenly, just as I turned the angle of a cliff, it burst upon my sight—one vast mirror of golden splendor—appearing almost at my feet! In the yellow gleams of a setting sun, long columns of azure-colored light streaked its calm surface, and tinged the atmosphere with a warm and rosy hue. While I was lost in admiration of the picture, I heard the sound of voices close beneath me, and, on looking down, saw two figures who, with telescopes in hand, were steadily gazing on a little bay that extended toward the west.

At first, my attention was more occupied by the strangers than by the object of their curiosity, and I remarked that they were dressed and equipped like sportsmen, their guns and game-bags lying against the rock behind them.

"Do you still think that they are hovering about the coast, Tom?" said the elder of the two, "or are you not convinced, at last, that I am right?"

"I believe you are," replied the other; "but it certainly did not look like it yesterday evening, with their boats rowing ashore every half hour, signals flying, and blue lights burning; all seemed to threaten a landing."

"If they ever thought of it, they soon changed their minds," said the former. "The defeat of their comrades in the west, and the apathy of the peasantry here, would have cooled down warmer ardor than theirs. There they go, Tom. I only hope that they'll fall in with Warren's squadron, and French insolence receive at sea the lesson we failed to give them on land."

"Not so," rejoined the younger; "Humbert's capitulation, and the total break-up of

the expedition ought to satisfy even your patriotism."

"It fell far short of it, then!" cried the other. "I'd never have treated those fellows other than as bandits and freebooters. I'd have hanged them as highwaymen. There was less war than rapine; but what could you expect? I have been assured that Humbert's force consisted of little other than liberated felons and galley slaves—the refuse of the worst population of Europe!"

Distracted with the terrible tidings I had overheard—overwhelmed with the sight of the ships, now glistening like bright specks on the verge of the horizon, I forgot my own position—my safety—every thing but the insult thus cast upon my gallant comrades.

"Whoever said so was a liar, and a base coward, to boot!" cried I, springing down from the height and confronting them both where they stood. They started back, and, seizing their guns, assumed an attitude of defense, and then, quickly perceiving that I was alone—for the boy had taken to flight as fast as he could—they stood regarding me with faces of intense astonishment.

"Yes," said I, still boiling with passion, "you are two to one, on your own soil besides, the odds you are best used to; and yet I repeat it, that he who asperses the character of General Humbert's force is a liar."

"He's French."

"No, he's Irish," muttered the elder.

"What signifies my country, sirs," cried I passionately, "if I demand retraction for a falsehood?"

"It signifies more than you think of, young man," said the elder, calmly, and without evincing even the slightest irritation in his manner. "If you be a Frenchman born, the lenity of our government accords you the privilege of a prisoner of war. If you be only French by adoption, and a uniform, a harsher destiny awaits you."

"And who says I am a prisoner yet?" asked I, drawing myself up, and staring them steadily in the face.

"We should be worse men, and poorer patriots, than you give us credit for, or we should be able to make you so," said he quietly, "but this is no case for ill-temper on either side. The expedition has failed. Well, if you will not believe *me*, read that. There, in that paper, you will see the official account of General Humbert's surrender at Boyle. The news is already over the length and breadth of the island; even if you only landed last night, I can not conceive how you should be ignorant of it!" I covered my face with my hands to hide my emotion; and he went on: "If you be French, you have only to claim and prove your nationality, and you partake the fortunes of your countrymen."

"And if he be not," whispered the other, in a voice which, although low, I could still detect, "why should *we*, give him up?"

"Hush, Tom, be quiet," replied the elder, "let him plead for himself."

"Let me see the newspaper," said I, endeavoring to seem calm and collected; and taking it at the place he pointed out, I read the heading in capitals, "CAPITULATION OF GENERAL HUMBERT AND HIS WHOLE FORCE." I could see no more. I could not trace the details of so horrible a disaster, nor did I ask to know by what means it occurred. My attitude and air of apparent occupation, however, deceived the other; and the elder, supposing that I was engaged in considering the paragraph, said, "You'll see the government proclamation on the other side, a general amnesty to all under the rank of officers in the rebel army, who give up their arms within six days. The French to be treated as prisoners of war."

"Is he too late to regain the fleet," whispered the younger.

"Of course he is. They are already hull down; besides, who's to assist his escape, Tom? You forget the position he stands in."

"But I do not forget it," answered I, "and you need not be afraid that I will seek to compromise you, gentlemen. Tell me where to find the nearest justice of the peace, and I will go and surrender myself."

"It is your wisest and best policy," said the elder; "I am not in the commission, but a neighbor of mine is, and lives a few miles off, and if you like we'll accompany you to his house."

I accepted the offer, and soon found myself descending the steep path of the mountain in perfect good-fellowship with the two strangers. It is likely enough, that if they had taken any peculiar pains to obliterate the memory of our first meeting, or if they had displayed any extraordinary efforts of conciliation, that I should be on my guard against them; but their manner, on the contrary, was easy and unaffected in every respect. They spoke of the expedition sensibly and dispassionately, and while acknowledging that there were many things they would like to see altered in the English rule of Ireland, they were very averse from the desire of a foreign intervention to rectify them.

I avowed to them that we had been grossly deceived. That all the representations made us, depicted Ireland as a nation of soldiers, wanting only arms and military stores to rise as a vast army. That the peasantry were animated by one spirit, and the majority of the gentry willing to hazard every thing on the issue of a struggle. Our Killala experiences, of which I detailed some, heartily amused them, and it was in a merry interchange of opinions that we now walked along together.

A cluster of houses, too small to be called a village, and known as the "Cranagh," stood in a little nook of the bay; and here they lived. They were brothers; and the elder held some small appointment in the revenue, which maintained them as bachelors in this cheap country. In a low conversation that passed between

them, it was agreed that they would detain me as their guest for that evening, and on the morrow accompany me to the magistrate's house, about five miles distant. I was not sorry to accept their hospitable offer. I longed for a few hours of rest and respite before embarking on another sea of troubles. The failure of the expedition, and the departure of the fleet, had overwhelmed me with grief, and I was in no mood to confront new perils.

If my new acquaintances could have read my inmost thoughts, their manner toward me could not have displayed more kindness or good-breeding. Not pressing me with questions on subjects where the greatest curiosity would have been permissible, they suffered me to tell only so much as I wished of our late plans; and as if purposely to withdraw my thoughts from the unhappy theme of our defeat, led me to talk of France, and her career in Europe.

It was not without surprise that I saw how conversant the newspapers had made them with European politics, nor how widely different did events appear, when viewed from afar off, and by the lights of another and different nationality. Thus all that we were doing on the Continent to propagate liberal notions, and promote the spread of freedom, seemed to their eyes but the efforts of an ambitious power to crush abroad what they had annihilated at home, and extend their own influence in disseminating doctrines, all to revert, one day or other, to some grand despotism, whenever the man arose capable to exercise it. The elder would not even concede to us that we were fit for freedom.

"You are glorious fellows at destroying an old edifice," said he; "but sorry architects when comes the question of rebuilding; and as to liberty, your highest notion of it is an occasional anarchy. Like schoolboys, you will bear any tyranny for ten years, to have ten days of a 'barring out' afterward."

I was not much flattered by these opinions; and what was worse, I could not get them out of my head all night afterward. Many things I had never doubted about—now kept puzzling and confounding me, and I began, for the first time, to know the misery of the struggle between implicit obedience and conviction.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SOME NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I WENT to bed at night in all apparent health; save from the flurry and excitement of an anxious mind, I was in no respect different from my usual mood; and yet when I awoke next morning, my head was distracted with a racking pain, cramps were in all my limbs, and I could not turn or even move without intense suffering. The long exposure to rain, while my mind was in a condition of extreme excitement, had brought on an attack of fever, and before evening set in, I was raving in wild delirium. Every scene I had passed through, each event-

ful incident of my life, came flashing in disjointed portions through my poor brain; and I raved away of France, of Germany, of the dreadful days of terror, and the fearful orgies of the "Revolution." Scenes of strife and struggle—the terrible conflicts of the streets—all rose before me; and the names of every blood-stained hero of France now mingled with the obscure titles of Irish insurrection.

What narratives of my early life I may have given—what stories I may have revealed of my strange career, I can not tell; but the interest my kind hosts took in me grew stronger every day. There was no care nor kindness they did not lavish on me. Taking alternate nights to sit up with me, they watched beside my bed, like brothers. All that affection could give they rendered me; and even from their narrow fortunes they paid a physician, who came from a distant town to visit me. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, and sit at the window, or stroll slowly in the garden, I became aware of the full extent to which their kindness had carried them, and in the precautions for secrecy, I saw the peril to which my presence exposed them. From an excess of delicacy toward me, they did not allude to the subject, nor show the slightest uneasiness about the matter; but day by day some little circumstance would occur, some slight and trivial fact reveal the state of anxiety they lived in.

They were averse, too, from all discussion of late events, and either answered my questions vaguely or with a certain reserve; and when I hinted at my hope of being soon able to appear before a magistrate and establish my claim as a French citizen, they replied that the moment was an unfavorable one; the lenity of the government had latterly been abused; their gracious intentions misstated and perverted; that, in fact, a reaction toward severity had occurred, and military law and courts-martial were summarily disposing of cases that a short time back would have received the mildest sentences of civil tribunals. It was clear, from all they said, that if the rebellion was suppressed, the insurrectionary feeling was not extinguished, and that England was the very reverse of tranquil on the subject of Ireland.

It was to no purpose that I repeated my personal indifference to all these measures of severity; that in my capacity as a Frenchman and an officer, I stood exempt from all the consequences they alluded to. Their reply was, that in times of trouble and alarm things were done which quieter periods would never have sanctioned, and that indiscreet and over-zealous men would venture on acts that neither law nor justice could substantiate. In fact, they gave me to believe, that such was the excitement of the moment, such the embittered vengeance of those whose families or fortunes had suffered by the rebellion, that no reprisals would be thought too heavy, nor any harshness too great, for those who aided the movement.

Whatever I might have said against the in-

justice of this proceeding, in my secret heart I had to confess that it was only what might have been expected, and coming from a country where it was enough to call a man an aristocrat and then cry "*a la lanterne*," I saw nothing unreasonable in it all.

My friends, advised me, therefore, instead of preferring any formal claim to immunity, to take the first occasion of escaping to America, whence I could not fail, later on, of returning to France. At first, the counsel only irritated me, but by degrees, as I came to think more calmly and seriously of the difficulties, I began to regard it in a different light; and at last I fully concurred in the wisdom of the advice, and resolved on adopting it.

To sit on the cliffs, and watch the ocean for hours, became now the practice of my life—to gaze from day-break almost to the falling of night over the wide expanse of sea, straining my eyes at each sail, and conjecturing to what distant shore they were tending. The hopes which at first sustained, at last deserted me, as week after week passed over, and no prospect of escape appeared. The life of inactivity gradually depressed my spirits, and I fell into a low and moping condition, in which my hours rolled over without thought or notice. Still, I returned each day to my accustomed spot, a lofty peak of rock that stood over the sea, and from which the view extended for miles on every side. There, half hid in the wild heath, I used to lie for hours long, my eyes bent upon the sea, but my thoughts wandering away to a past that never was to be renewed, and a future I was never destined to experience.

Although late in the autumn, the season was mild and genial, and the sea calm and waveless, save along the shore, where, even in the stillest weather, the great breakers come tumbling in with a force, independent of storm, and listening to their booming thunder, I have dreamed away hour after hour unconsciously. It was one day, as I lay thus, that my attention was caught by the sight of three large vessels on the very verge of the horizon. Habit had now given me a certain acuteness, and I could perceive from their height and size that they were ships of war. For a while they seemed as if steering for the entrance of the "*lough*," but afterward they changed their course, and headed toward the west. At length they separated, and one of smaller size, and probably a frigate from her speed, shot forward beyond the rest, and, in less than half an hour, disappeared from view. The other two gradually sunk beneath the horizon, and not a sail was to be seen over the wide expanse. While speculating on what errand the squadron might be employed, I thought I could hear the deep and rolling sound of distant cannonading. My ear was too practiced in the thundering crash of the breakers along shore to confound the noises; and as I listened I fancied that I could distinguish the sound of single guns from the louder roar of a whole broadside. This could not mean saluting, nor

was it likely to be a mere exercise of the fleet. They were not times when much powder was expended unprofitably. Was it then an engagement? But with what or whom? Tandy's expedition, as it was called, had long since sailed, and must ere this have been captured or safe in France. I tried a hundred conjectures to explain the mystery, which now, from the long continuance of the sounds, seemed to denote a desperately contested engagement. It was not till after three hours that the cannonading ceased, and then I could descry a thick dark canopy of smoke that hung hazily over one spot in the horizon, as if marking out the scene of the struggle. With what aching, torturing anxiety I burned to know what had happened, and with which side rested the victory.

Well habituated to hear of the English as victors in every naval engagement, I yet went on hoping against hope itself, that Fortune might for once have favored us; nor was it till the falling night prevented my being able to trace out distant objects, that I could leave the spot and turn homeward. With wishes so directly opposed to theirs, I did not venture to tell my two friends what I had witnessed, nor trust myself to speak on a subject where my feelings might have betrayed me into unseemly expressions of my hopes. I was glad to find that they knew nothing of the matter, and talked away indifferently of other subjects. By day-break, the next morning, I was at my post, a sharp nor'wester blowing, and a heavy sea rolling in from the Atlantic. Instinctively carrying my eyes to the spot where I had heard the cannonade, I could distinctly see the tops of spars, as if the upper rigging of some vessels, beyond the horizon. Gradually they rose higher and higher, till I could detect the yard-arms and cross-trees, and finally the great hulls of five vessels that were bearing toward me.

"For above an hour I could see their every movement, as with all canvas spread they held on majestically toward the land, when at length a lofty promontory of the bay intervened, and they were lost to my view. I jumped to my legs at once, and set off down the cliff to reach the headland, from whence an uninterrupted prospect extended. The distance was greater than I had supposed, and in my eagerness to take a direct line to it, I got entangled in difficult gorges among the hills, and impeded by mountain torrents which often compelled me to go back a considerable distance; it was already late in the afternoon as I gained the crest of a ridge over the Bay of Lough Swilly. Beneath me lay the calm surface of the lough, landlocked and still; but further out, seaward, there was a sight that made my very limbs tremble, and sickened my heart as I beheld it. There was a large frigate, that, with studding-sails set, stood boldly up the bay, followed by a dismasted three-decker, at whose mizen floated the ensign of England over the French "*tri-color*." Several other vessels were grouped about the offing, all of them displaying English colors.

The dreadful secret was out. There had been a tremendous sea fight, and the *Hoche*, of seventy-four guns, was the sad spectacle which, with shattered sides and ragged rigging, I now beheld entering the Bay. Oh, the humiliation of that sight! I can never forget it. And although on all the surrounding hills scarcely fifty country people were assembled, I felt as if the whole of Europe were spectators of our defeat. The flag I had always believed triumphant now hung ignominiously beneath the ensign of the enemy, and the decks of our noble ship were crowded with the uniforms of English sailors and marines.

The blue water surged and spouted from the shot holes as the great hull loomed heavily from side to side, and broken spars and ropes still hung over the side as she went, a perfect picture of defeat. Never was disaster more legibly written. I watched her till the anchor dropped, and then, in a burst of emotion, I turned away, unable to endure more. As I hastened homeward I met the elder of my two hosts coming to meet me, in considerable anxiety. He had heard of the capture of the *Hoche*, but his mind was far more intent on another and less important event. Two men had just been at his cottage with a warrant for my arrest. The document bore my name and rank, as well as a description of my appearance, and significantly alleged, that although Irish by birth, I affected a foreign accent for the sake of concealment.

"There is no chance of escape now," said my friend; "we are surrounded with spies on every hand. My advice is, therefore, to hasten to Lord Cavan's quarters—he is now at Letterkenny—and give yourself up as a prisoner. There is at least the chance of your being treated like the rest of your countrymen. I have already provided you with a horse and a guide, for I must not accompany you myself. Go, then, Maurice. We shall never see each other again; but we'll not forget you, nor do we fear that you will forget us. My brother could not trust himself to take leave of you, but his best wishes and prayers go with you."

Such were the last words my kind-hearted friend spoke to me; nor do I know what reply I made, as, overcome by emotion, my voice became thick and broken. I wanted to tell all my gratitude, and yet could say nothing. To this hour I know not with what impression of me he went away. I can only assert, that, in all the long career of vicissitudes of a troubled and adventurous life, these brothers have occupied the chosen spot of my affection, for every thing that was disinterested in kindness and generous in good feeling.

They have done more, for they have often reconciled me to a world of harsh injustice and illiberality, by remembering that two such exceptions existed, and that others may have experienced what fell to my lot.

For a mile or two my way lay through the mountains, but after reaching the high road, I

had not proceeded far when I was overtaken by a jaunting-car, on which a gentleman was seated, with his leg supported by a cushion, and bearing all the signs of a severe injury.

"Keep the near side of the way, sir, I beg of you," cried he; "I have a broken leg, and am excessively uneasy when a horse passes close to me."

I touched my cap in salute, and immediately turned my horse's head to comply with his request.

"Did you see that, George?" cried another gentleman, who sat on the opposite side of the vehicle; "did you remark that fellow's salute? My life on't he's a French soldier."

"Nonsense, man—he's the steward of a Clyde smack, or a clerk in a counting-house," said the first, in a voice which, though purposely low, my quick hearing could catch perfectly.

"Are we far from Letterkenny just now, sir?" said the other, addressing me.

"I believe about five miles," said I, with a prodigious effort to make my pronunciation pass muster.

"You're a stranger in these parts, I see, sir," rejoined he, with a cunning glance at his friend, while he added, lower, "Was I right, Hill?"

Although seeing that all concealment was now hopeless, I was in no wise disposed to plead guilty at once, and therefore, with a cut of my switch, pushed my beast into a sharp canter to get forward.

My friends, however, gave chase, and now the jaunting-car, notwithstanding the sufferings of the invalid, was clattering after me at about nine miles an hour. At first I rather enjoyed the malice of the penalty their curiosity was costing, but as I remembered that the invalid was not the chief offender, I began to feel compunction at the severity of the lesson, and drew up to a walk.

They at once shortened their pace, and came up beside me.

"A clever hack you're riding, sir," said the inquisitive man.

"Not so bad for an animal of this country," said I, superciliously.

"Oh, then, what kind of a horse are you accustomed to?" asked he, half insolently.

"The Limousin," said I, coolly, "what we always mount in our Hussar regiments in France."

"And you are a French soldier, then?" cried he, in evident astonishment at my frankness.

"At your service, sir," said I, saluting; "a Lieutenant of Hussars; and if you are tormented by any further curiosity concerning me, I may as well relieve you by stating that I am proceeding to Lord Cavan's head-quarters, to surrender as a prisoner."

"Frank enough, that!" said he of the broken leg, laughing heartily as he spoke.

"Well, sir," said the other, "you are, as

your countrymen would call it, '*bien venu*,' for we are bound in that direction ourselves, and will be happy to have your company."

One piece of tact my worldly experience had profoundly impressed upon me, and that was, the necessity of always assuming an air of easy unconcern in every circumstance of doubtful issue. There was quite enough of difficulty in the present case to excite my anxiety, but I rode along beside the jaunting-car, chatting familiarly with my new acquaintances, and, I believe, without exhibiting the slightest degree of uneasiness regarding my own position.

From them I learned so much as they had heard of the late naval engagement. The report was that Bompard's fleet had fallen in with Sir John Warren's squadron, and having given orders for his fastest sailers to make the best of their way to France, had, with the *Hoche*, the *Loire*, and the *Resolve*, given battle to the enemy. These had all been captured, as well as four others which fled, two alone of the whole succeeding in their escape. I think now that, grievous as these tidings were, there was nothing of either boastfulness or insolence in the tone in which they were communicated to me. Every praise was accorded to Bompard for skill and bravery, and the defense was spoken of in terms of generous eulogy. The only trait of acrimony that showed itself in the recital was, a regret that a number of Irish rebels should have escaped in the *Biche*, one of the smaller frigates; and several emissaries of the people, who had been deputed to the admiral, were also alleged to have been on board of that vessel.

"You are sorry to have had missed your friend, the priest of Murrah," said Hill, jocularly.

"Yes, by George, that fellow should have graced a gallows if I had been lucky enough to have taken him."

"What was his crime, sir?" asked I, with seeming unconcern.

"Nothing more than exciting to rebellion a people with whom he had no tie of blood or kindred! He was a Frenchman, and devoted himself to the cause of Ireland, as they call it, from pure sympathy—"

"And a dash of popery," broke in Hill.

"It's hard to say even that; my own opinion is, that French Jacobinism cares very little for the pope. Am I right, young gentleman—you don't go very often to confession?"

"I should do so less frequently if I were to be subjected to such a system of interrogatory as yours," said I, tartly.

They both took my impertinent speech in good part, and laughed heartily at it; and thus, half amicably, half in earnest, we entered the little town of Letterkenny, just as night was falling.

"If you'll be our guest for this evening, sir," said Hill, "we shall be happy to have your company."

I accepted the invitation, and followed them into the inn.

(To be continued.)

THE UNNAMED SHELL.

AT the corner of the boulevard Montmartre, near the angle of the faubourg, is situated a magazine of natural history, that continually draws around its windows groups of curious idlers. Open the door, walk in, and, in place of a mere merchant, you will be surprised to encounter an artist and a scholar. The man is still young, yet he has explored a portion of Southern Africa; and has joined in formidable chases of elephants, lions, and all the wild animals of those barbarous regions. He has sought his treasures of natural history in Java, Sumatra, Borneo, China, and Cochin-China; has visited Batavia, Samarang and Madura; and returned to Paris rich in knowledge and collections.

It is rarely that you will find him alone. The laboratory of the boulevard Montmartre is the rendezvous of all the scholars, travelers, naturalists, artists, and authors, who bask in the sunshine of celebrity. Temming, the old glory, yet with so much youth about him, of natural history; Wilson, collector for his brother in the immense undertaking of completing the museum of Philadelphia; Philippe Rousseau, who bestows life and animation on the animals which he paints; Ledieu, Léon Gozlan, Biard; Delgorgue, the intrepid chaser of elephants; Lagéronière, who was for one instant on the point of becoming the king of a savage tribe, and of whom Dumas, in his "Thousand and One Phantoms," has related in so improbable a manner a fabulous episode of real adventures; Gray, whom London cites with pride among its naturalists; Mitchell, director of the London Zoological Gardens; Henry Monnier, the sparkling reflection of Molière; Alphonse Karr; Deshayes, for whom conchology and the labyrinths of its classifications have no further mysteries; De Lafresnage, chief of ornithologists; Emile Blanchard, who spends his life in the dissection of living atoms, or beings almost microscopical; Delamarre-Piquot, who travels from one world to another, to gather the alimentary substances with which he wishes to endow Europe; M. Michelin, who consecrates his rare holidays to an unrivaled collection of polypi; there they are to be found, every day, studying, admiring, copying, describing, all the strange animals that come from every quarter of the globe to this little corner of the boulevard Montmartre, thence to be distributed among the collections of Europe and America.

There may one listen to sallies of fancy, scientific discussion, episodes of likely and unlikely adventures, tales that make one burst with laughter, histories that fill the eyes with tears, real dramas that freeze the soul with horror, and of which the historian is almost always the hero. In the midst of all this noise of conversation and going and coming, the master of the establishment loses not a moment. He issues orders, he lends a helping hand; he classes, describes, and attends to strangers: and

occasionally sends as presents to other museums unparalleled treasures of natural history. Just let us mention, *en passant*, that the museum of Paris has been loaded for twenty years back with his precious gifts. At each step you take in the galleries, you may read his name inscribed upon numerous objects, before which the curious in such matters stop with surprise, and the learned with admiration.

One evening, he was laboring with his usual feverish activity to form collections of shells, according to their species, and after the method of Lamarck; for to popularize science is his fervent desire and constant aim. These collections would not nearly reimburse him for the trouble and cost bestowed upon them; but they would create a few conchologists the more; they would facilitate the studies of those who had already commenced their initiation into the marvels of a science so attractive, by the beautiful objects to which it consecrates itself, and this was what the enthusiastic *savant* wished above all.

"Ah!" said one of the visitors, taking up a shell, "I never see a spiral, without calling to mind a drama that was once enacted here, and which I will relate to you:

"It was eight or ten years ago, one evening, as it might be to-day. The smoke from five or six cigars filled the laboratory with its fantastic rings. A lamp, veiled under a semi-opaque shade, served only to render more visible the shadows of this strange chamber. Here and there, the glow from the hearth illuminated animals from all parts of the world, hung at random upon the walls, which they confusedly burdened. The master of the magazine took up a shell which chance placed under his hand, and presented it to a tall man, hoary with age, who was silently seated, according to his custom, a little on one side. The stranger approached the lamp, looked at the shell, smiled, sighed, and placed it in his pocket. A light crash was heard; he re-seated himself, and revived the fire of his half-extinguished cigar. Then, perceiving that every one was looking curiously at him—'I have broken it,' said he; and he threw the fragments of the shell upon the floor, and ground them beneath his heel.

"For several instants there was a profound silence, caused by the surprise of the company at this gratuitous destruction. The old man continued, with a melancholy smile, 'I will tell you, gentlemen, wherefore I broke the shell. Science, or rather its fanaticism, leads to strange weaknesses. If my folly can any where find indulgence, surely it will be among you, who are all, more or less, collectors. Perhaps, I shall even meet with some auditor not only capable of comprehending, but likewise of imitating me. This shell is a spiral that has never been either named or copied. I possess in my collection the only similar one that is known to the scientific world. I procured it, ten years ago, from this magazine. The first time that I saw this unique shell, my heart beat with joy,'

continued the old man, with a voice that had regained all the energy of youth. 'I was poor, but I must have it at whatever price. I carried it home with me, and passed entire days in contemplating it, and examining its minutest details. Two years were necessary to make up its price—two entire years of privation. Each month, I carried the dealer small sums, often spared from my most pressing necessities. What mattered it? I possessed the shell; it was mine alone; no one could show me its like. I would not permit any one to describe it. When, on rare occasions, I displayed it to some initiated ones, it was upon the condition that they would not speak of it in their faunas. A lover madly enamored, is not more jealous than I then was, than I still am, of this treasure. When the two years of which I have spoken had elapsed, and I had paid the price of my dear spiral, I came here one evening as usual. On opening, according to my custom, one of the boxes that contain the shells, I uttered a cry. I had found another spiral similar to that which I possessed! Judge of my sorrow, of my despair. My shell was no longer unique. Another collection possessed a treasure similar to mine. A cold sweat bathed my forehead. Though very poor, though I had resigned the little employment which I had held in an office, and my humble allowance was transformed into a pension more humble still, I hesitated not. I bought the shell, and carried it with me, but this time without joy. I possessed several good pictures, dear and old heirlooms belonging to my family. I sold them to pay for the shell, which I broke as soon as I had made up the price. Three years more elapsed, and poverty weighed down my old age more and more. The failure of a bank had deprived me of a little sum of money, the interest of which, added to my pension, had enabled me to live, and to augment, from time to time, my collection of a few good shells. Deprived of this enjoyment, the only one that remained to me, I had no consolation but in the possession of the treasure-hoard which I could no longer increase. My precious spiral often detained me before it for hours. One evening (never shall I forget the sorrow the sight cost me), I beheld here—there—in that box—three spirals like mine! Maledictions hovered about my lips. I took the shells in my fingers, I slowly examined them, and returned them to my friend. 'I can not buy them,' I said. He raised his eyes, he saw my palor and my tears—my tears, gentlemen, for I wept! He smiled, took a hammer, and pulverized the three precious shells. You saw what he did just now. God bless him for his disinterestedness, and his devotion to an old friend! I should die of despair, gentlemen, if, during my life, another possessed a spiral like mine.'

"Speaking thus, the old man rose, and left us, enveloping himself, as well as he could, in his fragmentary cloak."

One morning, three or four years ago, God separated the fanatic conchologist from the col

lection that was his life. They found the aged man seated before his cabinet, opposite to his unique spiral. He had died alone, with his eyes fixed upon that which had possessed his affections during so many years. His collection has now reverted to the friend who showed so much sympathy with his jealousy and insensate passion."

By a strange caprice of fortune, no other spiral similar to his has since arrived in Europe. It still remains unique and nameless, as when he possessed it. For the rest, this spiral, which occupied so large a place in the existence and affections of a scientific man, has, for a common eye, nothing in its appearance to justify the intense passion that it inspired. Its rarity constitutes its value. One of our most learned conchologists is now engaged, in describing, classing, and publishing a drawing of it. We hope that, in memory of its first possessor, he will give it the name of *l'hélice innominata*, the "nameless spiral."

THE STORY OF GIOVANNI BELZONI.

ONE day in the beginning of the year 1803, Mr. Salt, whose name has since become so celebrated among the discoverers of Egyptian antiquities, observed before one of the public rooms of Edinburgh, a great crowd assembled. For almost every one there exists a mysterious attraction in the sight of a number of people, and Mr. Salt, no wiser than his neighbors, pushed his way, when the doors were opened, into the room. There, on a sort of stage, he saw a tall and powerfully-built young man, performing various gymnastic exercises, and feats of strength. While this Hercules in tinsel was lifting enormous weights, and jumping from a table over the heads of twelve men, a pretty, delicate-looking young woman, was arranging some hydraulic machines and musical glasses, with which the entertainment was to terminate. As the price of admission was nominal, she occasionally also handed round a small wooden bowl, in order to collect gratuities from the spectators.

Very few of those who were enjoying the exhibition gave any thing; and when the young woman approached her husband, and showed him the few coins she had received, he hastened to terminate his performance. Mr. Salt pitied the poor fellow, and as the young woman was passing, said to her:

"You forgot to present your bowl for my contribution. Here it is."

He slipped a silver coin into her hand. Both she and her husband thanked him warmly; the latter in broken English, and with an Italian accent.

Mr. Salt, who had but just returned from Rome, replied in Italian; and, perceiving in the stranger's manner of expressing himself a degree of refinement not to be expected from a mountebank, asked him whence he came, and what was his history?

"Six months ago, sir," replied the man, "if

any man had told me that I should be reduced to earn my bread by exhibiting my strength in public, I should have felt greatly inclined to knock him down. I came to England for the purpose of making known some hydraulic machines of my invention; but the spirit of routine, and the love of ignorance, closed every avenue against me. Previously, before losing all my hopes of success, I married this young girl. Had I been alone in the world, I verily believe that the bitter destruction of my expectations would have rendered me careless of supporting life; but how could I leave *her* in misery?"

"But why not try to display your really extraordinary strength and dexterity under more favorable circumstances? Why do you not offer your services to some theatrical manager?"

"Hungry people, sir, can not wait. I did not think of resorting to this method of earning a piece of bread, until I saw my wife ready to perish for the want of it."

The kind Mr. Salt not only relieved his immediate wants, but offered to recommend him and his wife to the manager of Astley's Circus, in London. Gratefully and eagerly did the wanderers accept this offer; and while, in company with their benefactor, who paid for their places on the coach, they journeyed toward town, the man related his history. Born at Padua, the son of a poor barber, and one of fourteen children, Giovanni Battista Belzoni felt from his earliest youth a longing desire to visit foreign lands. This "truant disposition" was fostered, if not caused, by the stories of maritime adventures told him by an old sailor; who was strongly suspected of having, during many years, practiced the profession of a pirate.

The reading, or rather devouring, of a translated copy of "Robinson Crusoe" (and it is a most remarkable circumstance that the book which has for its avowed purpose the disheartening of restless adventurers, should have made wanderers and voyagers innumerable), gave form and fixedness to his purpose of rambling; and, in company with his youngest brother, the boy set out one fine morning, without any intention but the somewhat vague one of "traveling to seek their fortune." The young fugitives walked several miles, without knowing, in the least, whither they were going, when a peddler, who was riding slowly by in a cart, accosted them, and asked if they were going to Ferrara. Belzoni, although he never heard the name before, immediately answered in the affirmative. The good-natured merchant, pleased with the countenances, and pitying the tired looks of the children, not only gave them a place in his vehicle, but shared with them his luncheon of bread, cheese, and fruit. That night they occupied part of their companion's lodging; but next day, as his business required him to stop at the village where they slept, the two boys took leave of him, and pursued their journey. Their next adventure was not so fortunate. Meeting an empty return carriage, they asked the *vetturino* to give them a ride; and he consenting,

they joyfully got in. Arrived at Ferrara, the *vetturino* asked them for money. Giovanni, astonished, replied that they had none; and the unfeeling man stripped the poor children of their upper garments, leaving them half-naked and penniless in the streets of an unknown city. Giovanni's undaunted spirit would have led him still to persevere in the wild-goose chase which had lured him from his home; but his brother Antonio wept, and complained so loudly, that he was fain to console the child by consenting to retrace their steps to Padua. That night, clasped in each other's arms, they slept beneath a doorway, and the next morning set out for their native city, begging their food on the journey.

The severe chastisement which Giovanni, as the instigator of this escapade, received on his return, did not in anywise cure his love of rambling. He submitted, however, to learn his father's trade, and at the age of eighteen, armed with shaving and hair-cutting implements, he set out for Rome, and there exercised the occupation of a barber with success. After some time, he became deeply attached to a girl who, after encouraging his addresses, deserted him and married a wealthy rival. This disappointment preyed so deeply on Belzoni, that, renouncing at the same time love and the razor, the world and the brazen bowl of suds, he entered a convent, and became a Capuchin. The leisure of the cloister was employed by him in the study of hydraulics; and he was busy in constructing an Artesian well within the monastic precincts when the French army under Napoleon took possession of Rome. The monks of every order were expelled and dispersed; and our poor Capuchin, obliged to cut his own beard, purchased once more the implements of his despised calling, and traveled into Holland, the head-quarters of hydraulics, which were still his passion. The Dutch did not encourage him, and he came to this country. Here he met his future wife, and consoled himself for his past misfortunes by marrying one who proved, through weal and woe, a fond and faithful partner. The crude hydraulic inventions of a wandering Italian were as little heeded here, as on the Continent; and we have already seen the expedient to which Belzoni was obliged to have recourse when Mr. Salt met him in Edinburgh.

Having reached London, the kind antiquary introduced his *protégés* to the manager of Astley's. The practiced eye of the renowned equestrian immediately appreciated at their value the beauty and athletic vigor of the Paduan Goliath; and he engaged both him and his wife at a liberal salary. He caused a piece, entitled "The Twelve Labors of Hercules" to be arranged expressly for his new performers; and Mr. Salt had soon afterward the satisfaction of seeing Giovanni Belzoni appear on the stage, carrying twelve men on his arms and shoulders, while madame, in the costume of Cupid, stood at the top, as the apex of a pyramid, and waved a tiny crimson flag.

After some time, Mr. Salt went to Egypt as consul, and there became acquainted with Signor Drouetti. The two friends, equally enthusiastic on the subject of Egyptian antiquities, set to work to prosecute researches, with an ardor of rivalry which approached somewhat too nearly to jealousy. Each aspired to undertake the boldest expeditions, and to attempt the most hazardous excavations. But the great object of their ambition was an enormous bust of Memnon, in rose-colored granite, which lay half buried in the sand on the left bank of the Nile.

Signor Drouetti had failed in all his attempts to raise it, nor was Mr. Salt a whit more successful. One day, while the latter was thinking what a pity it was that such a precious monument should be left to perish by decay, a stranger asked to speak with him. Mr. Salt desired him to be admitted; and immediately, despite his visitor's Oriental garb and long beard, he recognized the Hercules of Astley's.

"What has brought you to Egypt?" asked the astonished consul.

"You shall hear, sir," replied the Italian. "After having completed my engagement in London, I set out for Lisbon, where I was employed by the manager of the theatre of San Carlo to perform the part of Samson, in a scriptural piece which had been arranged expressly for me. From thence I went to Madrid, where I appeared with applause in the theatre Della Puerta del Sol. After having collected a tolerable sum of money, I resolved to come here. My first object is to induce the Pasha to adopt an hydraulic machine for raising the waters of the Nile."

Mr. Salt then explained his wishes respecting the antiquities; but Belzoni, could not, he said, enter upon that till he had carried out his scheme of water-works.

He was accompanied, he said in continuation, by Mrs. Belzoni, and by an Irish lad of the name of James Curtain; and had reached Alexandria just as the plague was beginning to disappear from that city, as it always does on the approach of St. John's day, when, as almost every body knows, "out of respect for the saint," it entirely ceases. The state of the country was still very alarming, yet Mr. Belzoni and his little party ventured to land, and performed quarantine in the French quarter; where, though really very unwell, they were wise enough to disguise their situation; "for the plague is so dreadful a scourge," he observed, "and operates so powerfully on human fears and human prejudices, that, during its prevalence, if a man be ill, he must be ill of the plague, and if he die, he must have died of the plague."

Belzoni went straight to Cairo, where he was well received by Mr. Baghos, interpreter to Mohammed Ali, to whom Mr. Salt recommended him. Mr. Baghos immediately prepared to introduce him to the Pasha, that he might come to some arrangement respecting the hydraulic machine, which he proposed to construct for watering the gardens of the seraglio. As they

were proceeding toward the palace, through one of the principal streets of Cairo, a fanatical Mussulman struck Mr. Belzoni so fiercely on the leg with his staff, that it tore away a large piece of flesh. The blow was severe, and the discharge of blood copious, and he was obliged to be conveyed home, where he remained under cure thirty days before he could support himself on the wounded leg. When able to leave the house, he was presented to the Pasha, who received him very civilly; but on being told of the misfortune which had happened to him, contented himself with coolly observing "that such accidents could not be avoided where there were troops."

An arrangement was immediately concluded for erecting a machine which was to raise as much water with one ox as the ordinary ones do with four. Mr. Belzoni soon found, however, that he had many prejudices to encounter, and many obstacles to overcome, on the part of those who were employed in the construction of the work, as well as of those who owned the cattle engaged in drawing water for the Pasha's gardens. The fate of a machine which had been sent from England taught him to augur no good for that which he had undertaken to construct. Though of the most costly description, and every way equal to perform what it was calculated to do, it had failed to answer the unreasonable expectations of the Turks—because "the quantity of water raised by it was not sufficient to inundate the whole country in an hour!—which was their measure of the power of an English water-wheel."

When that of Belzoni was completed, the Pasha proceeded to the gardens of Soubra to witness its effect. The machine was set to work, and, although constructed of bad materials, and of unskillful workmanship, its powers were greater than had been contracted for; yet the Arabs, from interested motives, declared against it. The Pasha, however, though evidently disappointed, admitted that it was equal to four of the ordinary kind, and, consequently, accorded with the agreement. Unluckily, he took it into his head to have the oxen removed, and, "by way of frolic," to see what effect could be produced by putting fifteen men into the wheel. The Irish lad got in with them; but no sooner had the wheel begun to turn than the Arabs jumped out, leaving the lad alone in it. The wheel, relieved from its load, flew back with such velocity, that poor Curtain was flung out, and in the fall broke one of his thighs; and, being entangled in the machinery, would, in all probability, have lost his life, had not Belzoni applied his prodigious strength to the wheel, and stopped it. The accident, however, was fatal to the project and to the future hopes of the projector.

At that time the insolence of the Turkish officers of the Pashalic was at its height, and the very sight of a "dog of a Christian" raised the ire of the more bigoted followers of the Prophet. While at Soubra, which is close to

Cairo, Belzoni had a narrow escape from assassination. He relates the adventure in his work on Egypt:

"Some particular business calling me to Cairo. I was on my ass in one of the narrow streets, where I met a loaded camel. The space that remained between the camel and the wall was so little, that I could scarcely pass; and at that moment I was met by a Binbashi, a subaltern officer, at the head of his men. For the instant I was the only obstacle that prevented his proceeding on the road; and I could neither retreat nor turn round, to give him room to pass. Seeing it was a Frank who stopped his way, he gave me a violent blow on my stomach. Not being accustomed to put up with such salutations, I returned the compliment with my whip across his naked shoulders. Instantly he took his pistol out of his belt; I jumped off my ass; he retired about two yards, pulled the trigger, fired at my head, singed the hair near my right ear, and killed one of his own soldiers, who, by this time, had come behind me. Finding that he had missed his aim, he took a second pistol; but his own soldiers assailed and disarmed him. A great noise arose in the street, and, as it happened to be close to the seraglio in the Esbakie, some of the guards ran up; but on seeing what the matter was, they interfered and stopped the Binbashi. I thought my company was not wanted, so I mounted my charger, and rode off. I went to Mr. Baghos, and told him what had happened. We repaired immediately to the citadel, saw the Pasha, and related the circumstance to him. He was much concerned, and wished to know where the soldier was, but observed that it was too late that evening to have him taken up. However, he was apprehended the next day, and I never heard or knew any thing more about him. Such a lesson on the subject was not lost upon me; and I took good care, in future, not to give the least opportunity of the kind to men of that description, who can murder an European with as much indifference as they would kill an insect."

Ruined by the loss of all his savings, which he had spent in the construction of his water machines, Belzoni once more applied to Mr. Salt, and undertook the furtherance of his scheme, to convey to England the bust of Memnon. So eager was he, that the same day, the Italian set out for the ruins of Thebes, and hired a hundred natives, whom he made clear away the sand which half covered the stone colossus. With a large staff in his hand, Belzoni commanded his army of Mussulmans, directed their labors, astonished them with displays of his physical strength, learned to speak their language with marvelous facility, and speedily came to be regarded by them as a superior being, endowed with magical power.

One day, however, his money failed; and at the same time the rising of the Nile destroyed in two hours, the work of three months. The *fellahs* rebelled: one of them rushed toward Belzoni, intending to strike him with his dag-

ger. The Italian coolly waited his approach, disarmed him; and then, seizing him by the feet, lifted him as though he had been a hazel wand, and began to inflict vigorous blows on the other insurgents with this novel and extemporary weapon of defense. The lesson was not thrown away: very speedily the *fellahs* returned to their duty; and after eighteen days' incessant labor, Memnon trembled at his base, and was moved toward the bank of the Nile.

The embarkation of this enormous statue presented difficulties almost as great as those which attended its disinterment and land transport. Nevertheless, the intelligence and perseverance of Belzoni surmounted every obstacle; and he brought his wondrous conquest to London, where its arrival produced a sensation similar to that caused more recently in Paris by the sight of the Obelisk of Luxor. Loaded with praise, and also with more substantial gifts, Belzoni, now become an important personage, returned to Egypt and to his friend Mr. Salt. The latter proposed to him to go up the Nile, and attempt the removal of the sand-hills which covered the principal portion of the magnificent temple of Ebsamboul. Belzoni readily consented, set out for Lower Nubia, ventured boldly among the savage tribes who wander through the sandy desert; returning to Thebes, he was rewarded, not only by the success of his special mission, but also by discovering the temple of Luxor.

In all his undertakings, however enterprising, Belzoni was aided and cheered by the presence of his wife. The expedition to Nubia was, however, thought too hazardous for her to undertake. But in the absence of her husband she was not idle; she dug up the statue of Jupiter Ammon, with the ram's head on his knee; which is now in the British Museum.

The temple of Luxor had been so completely and for so long a period, buried in sand, that even its existence remained unsuspected. It had been dedicated to Isis by the Queen of Rameses the Great; and the descriptions which travelers give of it, resemble those of the palaces in the "Arabian Nights." Four colossal figures, sixty-one feet in height, are seated in front. Eight others, forty-eight in height, and standing up, support the roof of the principal inner hall, in which gigantic bas-reliefs represent the whole history of Rameses. Sixteen other halls, scarcely smaller than the first, display, in all their primitive splendor, many gorgeous paintings, and the mysterious forms of myriads of statues.

After this discovery, Belzoni took up his temporary abode in the valley of *Biban el Moulooh* (Tombs of the Kings). He had already remarked there, among the rocks, a fissure of a peculiar form, and which was evidently the work of man. He caused this opening to be enlarged, and soon discovered the entrance to a long corridor, whose walls were covered with sculptures and hieroglyphical paintings. A deep fosse and a wall barred the further end of the

cave; but he broke a passage through, and found a second vault, in which stood an alabaster sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics. He took possession of this and sent it safely to Europe. His own account of these difficulties is extremely interesting:

"Of some of these tombs many persons could not withstand the suffocating air, which often causes fainting. A vast quantity of dust rises, so fine that it enters the throat and nostrils, and chokes the nose and mouth to such a degree, that it requires great power of lungs to resist it and the strong effluvia of the mummies. This is not all; the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, and the falling of the sand from the upper part or ceiling of the passage causes it to be nearly filled up. In some places there is not more than the vacancy of a foot left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, like a snail, on pointed and keen stones, that cut like glass. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, you generally find a more commodious place, perhaps high enough to sit. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions; which, previous to my being accustomed to the sight, impressed me with horror. The blackness of the walls, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surrounded me, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs, with the candles or torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, absolutely formed a scene that can not be described. In such a situation I found myself several times, and often returned exhausted and fainting, till at last I became inured to it, and indifferent to what I suffered, except from the dust which never failed to choke my throat and nose; and though, fortunately, I am destitute of the sense of smelling, I could taste that the mummies were rather unpleasant to swallow. After the exertion of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or perhaps six hundred yards, nearly overcome, I sought a resting-place, found one, and contrived to sit; but when my weight bore on the body of an Egyptian, it crushed it like a band-box. I naturally had recourse to my hands to sustain my weight, but they found no better support; so that I sunk altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as kept me motionless for a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again. I could not remove from the place, however, without increasing it, and every step I took I crushed a mummy in some part or other. Once I was conducted from such a place to another resembling it, through a passage of about twenty feet in length, and no wider than that a body could be forced through. It was choked with mummies, and I could not pass without putting my face in contact with that of some decayed Egyptian; but as the passage

inclined downward, my own weight helped me on: however, I could not avoid being covered with bones, legs, arms, and heads rolling from above. Thus I proceeded from one cave to another, all full of mummies piled up in various ways—some standing, some lying, and some on their heads."

Afterward, Belzoni traveled to the shores of the Red Sea, inspected the ruins of Berenice; then returned to Cairo, and directed excavations to be made at the bases of the great pyramids of Ghizeh; penetrated into that of Chephren—which had hitherto been inaccessible to Europeans—and discovered within it the sacred chamber where repose the hallowed bones of the bull Apis. The Valley of Faioum, the Lake Mœris, the ruins of Arsinoë, the sands of Libya, all yielded up their secrets to his dauntless spirit of research. He visited the oasis of El-Cassar, and the Fountain of the Sun; strangled in his arms two treacherous guides who tried to assassinate him; and then left Egypt, and returned to Padua with his wife.

The son of the humble barber had now become a rich and celebrated personage. A triumphal entry was prepared for him; and the municipal authorities of his native city met him at the gate, and presented him with an address. Manfredini was commissioned to engrave a medal which should commemorate the history of the illustrious traveler. England, however, soon claimed him; and on his arrival in London, he was received with the same honors as in his own country. Then he published an account of his travels, under the following title: "Narrative of the Operations and recent Discoveries in the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Cities of Egypt and Nubia, &c."

In 1822, Belzoni returned to Africa, with the intention of penetrating to Timbuctoo. Passing in the following year from the Bight of Benin toward Houssa, he was attacked with dysentery; was carried back to Gato, and thence put on board an English vessel lying off the coast. There, with much firmness and resignation, he prepared to meet his end. He intrusted the captain with a large amethyst to be given to his wife, and also with a letter which he wrote to his companion through good and evil days. Soon afterward, he breathed his last. They buried him at Gato, at the foot of a large tree, and engraved on his tomb the following epitaph in English—

"Here lies Belzoni, who died at this place, on his way to Timbuctoo, December 3d, 1823."

Belzoni was but forty-five years old when he died. A statue of him was erected at Padua, on the 4th of July, 1827. Very recently, the government of Great Britain bestowed on his widow the tardy solace of a small pension.

Giovanni Belzoni, the once starving mountebank, became one of the most illustrious men in Europe!—an encouraging example to all those who have not only sound heads to project, but stout hearts to execute.

PHANTOMS AND REALITIES.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(Continued from Page 613.)

PART THE SECOND—NOON.

v.

TO reason upon the effects of the discovery, or confession of our feelings, was not a process for which either of us was qualified by temperament or inclination. We did not pause to consider whether it was prudent to take our hearts and natures for granted all at once, and risk upon the strange delight of a single moment of luxurious emotion the happiness, perhaps, of a whole lifetime. We did not stop to ask if there were any obstacles in the way, any jarring chords to be attuned, any thing to be known or thought of into which our position demanded a scrutiny. We resigned ourselves at once to our impulses. We believed that we had seen enough of the world, and were strong enough in our self-sustaining power, and clear enough in our penetration, to dispense with ordinary safeguards, and act as if we were superior to them. We made our own world, and so went on as if we could control the planet in which we lived at our own will and pleasure.

I soon perceived that my attentions to Astræa had become a subject of much remark. The peering coterie about us were so vigilant in matters of that kind, that, as it appeared afterward, they had found out the fact before it had taken place. For my own part, there was nobody half so much surprised at the circumstance as I was myself. I believed that the heart, like that plant which is said to blow once and die, was incapable of a second growth of love; but I now felt the fallacy of that doctrine, and was at first humiliated by the discovery. It struck me like a great heresy against truth and purity; it seemed to lay bare before me the corruptibility and feebleness of poor human nature. To strive against it, however, was idle. The second growth was in full flower, yet with a difference from the first, which I could detect even against the grain of the passion that was subjugating me. I felt that the second growth was less simple and devotional than the first; that it had more exuberance, and was of a wilder character; that it struck not its roots so deeply, but spread its blossoms more widely; that it was less engrossing, but more agitating; that it was cultivated with greater consciousness and premeditation, risked with more caution, fed with more prudence, and tended more constantly—but all with a lesser waste of the imagination; that its delights were more fervid but less appealing; that it looked not so much into the future with hope and promise, as it filled the present with rapture; that its memories were neither so sad nor so vivid, and that it let in caprice, and vanity, and unreasonableness, and self-love, and the world's esteem, which are all as dust in the balance, or a feather in the whirlwind, to impetuous love. I was amazed to find myself a daily waiter upon beauty. Yet so it was. The vision of Gertrude was now

gone from my path—the spectre had vanished in the broad light of the new passion.

Still, while I paid my court to Astræa, it was not with any intention of publicity, but furtively, as if a private dread hung over us, or as if we thought it pleasanter to veil our feelings from observation. We understood each other in silent looks, which we supposed to be unintelligible to every body else; she seemed to avoid, designedly, all appearance of interest in me, and sometimes played the part to such admiration, as to give me not a few passing pangs of doubt and uneasiness; and I, seeing how scrupulous she was on that point, and not choosing to incur rude jests at her expense, was equally unwilling to betray a feeling which was rendered the more delicious by secrecy. We imagined ourselves secure; but neither of us could have had much worldly sagacity or we must have known that all our caution was fruitless. Basilisks' eyes were around us, and we trod a path beset with serpents. Fortunately we were both looked up to as persons who could not be approached with familiarity; and that preserved us from the open badinage to which others, in similar circumstances, might have been subjected.

Alone, and liberated from this vexatious surveillance, we gave free vent to our thoughts. The suddenness of our new confidence, and the rapidity with which we already shaped its issues, bewildered us by the intensity of the emotions that came crowding for speech and explanation. Astræa sometimes had misgivings, although she never knew how to give them a definite form. One day she said to me, "We are wrong in giving way to this feeling. It is not a love likely to procure us peace. I say this to you because I feel it—perhaps, because I know it; but I confess myself unable to argue upon a question upon which my reason, my whole being is held in suspense. I say so, simply because I ought to say so, and not because I am prepared of myself to act, or even to advise. I am like a leaf in a tempest, and can not guide myself. I yield to the irresistible power that has swept me from the firm land, and deprived me of the strength to regain it."

I fancied that this left me but one course to take, and I replied, "We have pronounced our destiny, Astræa, for good or for evil. We ought to have no choice but to abide by it. If you do not fail in your faith, mine is irrevocable."

At these words she looked gravely at me, and answered,

"My faith dies with me. It is a part of my life. It was not taken up in an hour, to be as lightly thrown aside. Without it, life would be insupportable; with it, life in any shape of seclusion, privation, banishment, contains all the blessings I covet upon earth. It was not for that, or of that I spoke. Understand me clearly, and put no construction on my words outside their plain and ordinary meaning. All I ask, all that is necessary for me is your society; to hear you speak, to drink in the words of kindness and power that flow from your lips, to be

ever near you, to tend, solace, and console you. I should be content to enjoy the privilege of seeing that you were happy, without even aspiring to the higher glory of creating happiness for you. That is my nature—capable of a wider range, and a loftier flight, but happiest in its devotion. In any capacity I will serve you—and feel that the servitude of love is dominion!"

So firm and constant was the character of Astræa, tinged with a romantic inspiration, that all this homage was serious and real, and issued gravely from her heart through her lips. She meant every syllable she spoke in its true sense; and I felt that she was ready to fulfill it, and sustain it to the end. She believed that all endurances were possible for love's sake, and that she could even enact miracles of stoicism in the strength of her fidelity.

For many months our intercourse, always thus sophisticating its aims and interpretations, was carried on in secret. We had become necessary to each other; but being still shut up in our mystery, we had not made as much advance toward any definite result as one single moment of disclosure to the people we were among would have inevitably compelled us to decide upon. We were very prudent in our outward bearing, and hardly aware of the avidity with which the concealed passion was devouring our hearts.

The dwarf followed me, and hovered about me more than ever. But I learned to bear with him on account of his being in the house with Astræa. Any body who was constantly in her society, and admitted to terms of intimacy with her, was welcome to me—as relics from the altar of a saint are welcome to the devotee, or a leaf snatched from a tree in the haunts of home is welcome to the exile. It was a pleasure when I met him even to ask for Astræa, to have an excuse for uttering her name, or to hear him speak of her, or to speak of her myself, or to talk of any thing that we had before talked of together. Such are the resources, the feints, the stratagems, the foibles of love!

VI.

One night my indefatigable Mephistophiles took me to a tavern. He was in a vagrant mood, and I indulged him.

"Come, we shall see life to-night," he said.

"With all my heart," I replied. It was not much to my taste, but I fancied there was something unusual in his manner, and my curiosity was awakened to see what it would lead to.

We entered a bustling and brilliantly-lighted house. Numerous guests were scattered about at different tables, variously engaged in getting rid of time at the smallest possible cost of reflection. The dwarf sauntered through the room, whispered a waiter, and, beckoning me to follow, led the way up-stairs to a lesser apartment, where we found ourselves alone.

"You will not see much life here," I observed, rather surprised at his selection of a secluded room in preference to the lively *salon* through which we had just passed.

"We can make our own life," he answered, with a sarcastic twinge of the mouth, "and imagine more things in five minutes than we should see or hear below in a month."

I thought this very odd. It looked as if he had some concealed motive; but I acquiesced in his notion, and was secretly pleased, not less at the exchange of the din and riot for ease and quietness, than at the opportunity it opened to him for the free play of the humor, whatever it was, that I could plainly see was working upon him.

We drank freely—that was a great resource with him when he was in a mood of extravagance—talked rapidly about a chaos of things, laughed loudly, and in the pauses of the strange revel relapsed every now and then into silence and abstraction. During these brief and sudden intervals, the dwarf would amuse himself by drawing uncouth lines on the table, with his head hanging over them, as if his thoughts were elsewhere engaged, and the unintelligible pastime of his fingers were resorted to only to hide them.

I could not tell why it was, but I felt uneasy and restless. My companion appeared to me like a man who was mentally laboring at some revelation, yet did not know how to begin it. He was constantly talking at something that was evidently troubling his mind, yet he still evaded his own purpose, as if he did not like the task to which he had set himself. Throughout the whole time he never mentioned Astræa's name, and this circumstance gave me additional cause for suspicion.

At last, summoning up all his energy, and fixing himself with the points of his elbows on the table, and his long, wiry hands, which looked like talons, stretched up into his elfin hair at each side of his face, while his eyes, shooting out their malignant fires, were riveted upon me to scan the effect of what he was about to say, he suddenly exclaimed,

"You have been remarked in your attentions to Astræa."

The mystery was out. And what was there in it, after all? I was a free agent, and so was Astræa. Why should he make so much theatrical parade about so very simple a business?

"Well!" I exclaimed, scarcely able to repress a smile, which the exaggerated earnestness of his manner excited.

"Well! You acknowledge that it is so?"

"Acknowledge? Why should I either acknowledge or deny it? There is no treason in it; the lady is the best judge—let me add, the only judge—of any attentions I may have paid to her.

"But I say you have been remarked—it has been spoken of—it is already a common topic of conversation."

"Indeed! A common topic of conversation! Well, I have no objection, provided my good-natured friends do not say any thing injurious, or wound the lady's feelings by an improper use of my name."

He paused for a moment, and lowering his voice, then went on,

"You never said any thing of this before."

"Why should I? The inquiry was never made of me before."

"I have made no inquiry," he retorted. "I didn't ask you to confess. You have avowed it all yourself, unconsciously."

I felt that the dwarf was getting serious, and that he was likely to make me more in earnest before he was done than I had at first anticipated. I saw the necessity of showing him at once that I would not brook his interference, and I addressed him in a more deliberate tone than I had hitherto adopted.

"Allow me to ask," I demanded, "what interest you may take in this matter, and by what right you assume the office of interrogating me so authoritatively?"

"By what right?" he answered. "My right to do so is rather clearer than your right to refuse an explanation. You met her at my mother's house—you meet her there. She is under our roof, under our guardianship and protection. That gives me the right. It is not pleasant to interfere in this way; but I am called upon to do so by my position, and I delayed it in the hope that you would render it unnecessary."

"Why should you hope so? Why should you desire any explanation on the subject? The lady is her own mistress: she is under your roof, it is true; but not under your control. The same thing might happen under any other roof, and nobody would thereby acquire a right to interfere in a matter that concerns her alone. You will surely see the propriety of not suffering your curiosity to meddle any further in the affair?"

"Meddle!" he reiterated; "control! Are these the phrases with which you taunt me? But," dropping his voice again, he added, "you are right in suggesting that I have discharged my office when I demand, to what end those very marked attentions are paid to Astræa?"

"You make an unwarrantable demand, and you shall have a fitting answer to it; and my answer is, that to Astræa alone will I confide my confession, as you call it. She is old enough and wise enough to think and act for herself; nor will I consent to compromise my respect for her understanding by admitting that she requires an arbitrator—perhaps I ought to say, champion."

"Have a care," he replied, kindling up all at once into a sort of frenzy—"have a care what you say or do. You move in darkness—you tread on smothered fire."

"Do you threaten me?" said I.

"No; I do not threaten you. Look at your arm and mine—compare your muscles with my shrunk and stunted frame," he cried, with an expression of pain and bitterness; "I do not threaten you, but I warn you—mark me, I warn you! Heed my warning, I beseech, I implore you—nay, heed it for your life!"

I could not but admire the sibyl-like grandeur of his head and outstretched arms as he uttered these strange words. His voice was hoarse with

some surging emotion; and if so poor a creature could have been the recipient of a supernatural inspiration, he might have sat at that moment for the portrait of one of the deformed soothsayers in a tale of magic.

"Do I understand you correctly?" said I; "or are you only playing off some new freak upon me? Answer me frankly one question, and I shall be better able to comprehend the meaning of your mysterious menace. Are you—but I know it is absurd, I feel that the question is very ridiculous, only that your reply to it will, perhaps, set us both right—do you love *Astræa*? I really can not conceive any thing short of some such feeling to justify this violence."

"Love her? I love *Astræa*? If there be a mortal I hate in the core of my heart, it is *Astræa*. Are you satisfied?" he replied, with an expression of fiendish satisfaction in his face, as if he were glad of the excuse for giving vent to his malignity.

"Hate her?" said I, calmly; "that is unreasonable: but the whole discussion is unreasonable. I have given you my answer; none other shall you have from me. So, good-night."

"One word," he said, leaping out of his chair into the middle of the room. "One word before you go. I am a dwarf—do not delude yourself into any contempt of me on that account. I know as well as you do my disadvantages in the world; I am as conscious as you are of my physical defects and shortcomings, my distorted spine, and the parsimony of nature in all particulars when she made me. But I have passions like other men; and I pursue them like other men, only, as I am shut out from the summary and open process, I am compelled, perchance, to the choice of dark and crooked means. Perhaps, too, my passions are all the more turbulent and dangerous because they are pent up in an incapable frame, and denied the vents and appliances which men like you have at their command. Mark me! see *Astræa* no more. Let your last interview with her be your last forever. Enter our house no more; that interdict, at least, I have a right to pronounce. But for myself, and from myself, and apart from the privilege of my own roof, I warn you at your peril, and on my own responsibility, never to see *Astræa* again."

"Are you mad?" I exclaimed. "Never to see *Astræa* again! To forsake her society at your bidding! Wherefore do you make this monstrous demand? Do you not feel how preposterous it is to thrust yourself into a quarrel with me in a matter which not only does not concern you, but which involves the feelings, perhaps the whole future happiness, of a person whom you have just ostentatiously declared is the object of your hate?"

"I make no quarrel with you," he answered; "I will not quarrel with you. I should be mad, indeed, if I did. What! set myself against your thews and sinews? No, no—I break no bones

with you—but I tell you, once again, your fate is in my hands. I am your destiny, if you will have it so. You may trample on the oracle; but you can not, with all your show of bravery and your proud pretensions, with the lady, too, in triumph on your side, escape its denunciations."

"Did you, or did you not," I inquired, bewildered by his language, and not quite satisfied that he was in possession of his senses, "did you, or did you not, observe those attentions some months ago of which you now complain for the first time?"

"I did," he answered.

"And why did you not then speak to me on the subject?"

"Because it wasn't ripe!"

"Ripe? If you have any meaning in these obscure hints, why do you not explain it for your own sake, since you can not believe that I will submit patiently to your insane threats? Again I ask you, did you, or did you not, promote these attentions by every artifice and suggestion in your power?"

"I did."

"Did you not watch them anxiously, forward them daily, and exult in their progress, until you became secretly convinced that both *Astræa's* feelings and mine were engaged beyond recall?"

"I did—I did—I did!" roared the dwarf.

"Did you not produce this very result yourself? Did you not seek it, urge it, fan it to its height, and even glory in the flame you had nursed so cunningly?"

"I did—I did—I did!" he shrieked, his whole body seeming to take part in the frenzy that convulsed him.

"Fiend!" I cried; "inexplicable devil! what would you have, then? What is your aim in thus coming with your curses between us?"

"You shall never know," he replied, "unless to deplore it to the last hour of your life. You can never know unless you outrage my will. I have the power to make you wretched forever, to blight and destroy you. And if you treat my warning with contempt, I will do it without fail, without mercy, without remorse. The jester who has contributed so largely to your entertainment, and furnished such a delectable theme for your secret and cowardly mockery, will shoot a bolt of a graver cast when you least expect it, and think yourself most secure. Mark me—note me well. These are not words of rage, or transient passion: remember them, be wise, and look to your safety. See *Astræa* no more. With this I leave you. Our next meeting must be of your making."

I was alone. Overwhelmed and awed by the demoniacal maledictions of the wretched creature whom I had hitherto so intensely despised, I knew not what to think, or how to act. He had assumed a fresh shape, more marvelous than any he had hitherto put on in the whole round of his extraordinary mummery. The rallery and tipsy recklessness which appeared constitutional in him had suddenly passed away, leaving

not a solitary trace behind. Even his figure, while he had been speaking, seemed to heave with a new life, and to dilate into unnatural dimensions. I was perplexed to the last extremity; not that the malice of the demon could scare me from my resolves, but that his motives were so impenetrable as to suffer no clew to escape by which I could discover the evil purpose that lay at the bottom.

It was not the machination or revenge of a disappointed suitor. He never could have aspired to a hope of Astræa, and he avowed his aversion to her. She was ignorant of all this bravado about her; and would be even more indignant to hear of it than I was to suffer it. I resolved, therefore, not to insult her by revealing it to her. Fortunately, I had made an appointment to meet her alone on the following day. That meeting would decide every thing. She might, perhaps, throw some light upon what was at present a profound mystery to me. At all events, my course was clear. Under the circumstances in which I was placed, I felt that there lay but one alternative before me.

VII.

My resolution was taken, as I thought, very composedly. I tried to persuade myself that I was not in the least ruffled or agitated by the scene I had passed through; but I was secretly conscious, notwithstanding, of a vague dread which I endeavored in vain to stifle. The defiance which the dwarf had so insolently flung at me, the contrast he drew between his shriveled frame and my physical advantages, and the Satanic pride with which he rose superior to his wretched deformities, gave me no slight cause for uneasiness, although I could not analyze the nature of the fear that possessed me. All through the night I abandoned myself to the wildest speculations upon the unaccountable conduct and designs of my arch-enemy; but as morning advanced that oppressive train of reflections gave way to more agreeable thoughts, just as the hideous images of the night-mare vanish before the approach of day.

The prospect of meeting Astræa excluded all other considerations. As impediments to the flow of a current only serve to increase its force, so the opposition which the dwarf had thrown in my way gave an additional impetus to my feelings. The very publicity which our intercourse had attracted altered our relations to each other. It was no longer possible to indulge in the romantic dreams, secret looks, and stolen conversations with which we had hitherto pampered our imagination; it was necessary to act. I felt the responsibility that was thus cast upon me; and I confess that I was rather obliged to my villainous Mephistophiles than angry with him for having, as it were, brought all my wayward raptures to so immediate and decisive a conclusion. As to his anathemas and warnings, I treated them as so much buffoonery on the wrong side of the grotesque. In short, I was too much engrossed by the approaching interview, and too much intoxicated

by the contemplation of the result to which it inevitably led, to think at all about that imp of darkness and his ludicrous fulminations. Astræa occupied brain and heart, and left no room for my tormentor.

I fancied she looked unusually happy that morning; but not so happy as I was, not so disturbed and unsettled by happiness. She was perfectly tranquil, and it was evident that nothing had transpired in the interval to awaken a suspicion of what had occurred between me and the dwarf. She observed at once that a change had taken place in my manner.

"You are in marvelously high spirits to-day," she said; "but this exuberant gayety is not quite natural to you."

"High spirits! I am not conscious of it."

"So much the worse," she replied; then, placing her hand upon my arm, and looking earnestly at me, she added, "something has happened since I saw you. What is it? It would be wrong, and useless as well as wrong, to affect to deny it."

I had noticed at times in Astræa an air of solemnity, which would fall upon her face like a shadow, slowly receding again before its habitual, but always subdued brightness; and occasionally I imagined that I detected a sudden and brief sternness in her eyes, which conveyed an impression that she was interrogating with their concentrated rays, the concealed thoughts of the person upon whom they were directed. These were some of the outward signs of that mystery of her nature which I never could penetrate. Upon this occasion a world of latent doubts and suspicions appeared to be condensed in her look. It seemed as if in that single glance she read the whole incident which, to spare her feelings, I was so unwilling to disclose.

"What do you suppose, Astræa," I inquired, "can have happened since I saw you?"

"You are not candid with me," she returned. "I ask you a question, and you answer by asking me another. If nothing has happened, you can easily satisfy me; if it be otherwise, and you are silent, I must draw my own conclusions."

"Whatever conclusions you draw, Astræa, I know you have too firm a reliance on my truth and devotion not to believe that I am actuated by the purest motives. Have I not always been sincere and frank with you?"

"Always."

"Have you not an implicit confidence in the steadfastness of my love?"

"Were it otherwise, should I be now standing here questioning you, or should there be need of questions of this kind between us? Confidence! Why am I so sensitive to the slightest fluctuations of tone and manner I observe in you, and where do I derive the intuitive perception of their meanings? Love must have confidence! But it has instincts also. I feel there is something—I am sure of it—but I will urge you no further. It is not, perhaps,

for your happiness or mine that I should seek to know."

"Astræa," I exclaimed, passionately, "there is nothing I would conceal from you that I think you ought to know, or that would make you happier to know; and if I have any reserve from you, it is for your sake, and you must ascribe it to the tenderness of my regard for you."

"For *my* sake?" she repeated, with a slightly terrified and curious expression.

"Now listen to me; I have something to say to you which is of more importance to us both than these wise, loving conjectures of yours. Take my arm, and let us get into the Park."

We were near one of the inclosures of the Regent's Park; and when we reached a more secluded place, I resumed:

"First of all, I should like to have your own unbiased opinion about your friends with whom you are residing. Have you observed any change in their manner toward you?"

"Change? None whatever."

"Do you think—I mean from any thing you have yourself noticed—that they have watched our actions or been inquisitive in our affairs?"

She looked inquiringly at me, and hesitated.

"I think it would be impossible to be much with them and escape their *persiflage*, let us act as we might. But beyond that sort of idle criticism which they deal out indiscriminately to every body, I have observed nothing. Why do you ask?"

"Because I have reason to believe that my attentions to you have attracted more observation than either of us suspected; and that, in fact, they have made such remarks on us as no longer leaves our future course at our own time or option."

"You have reason to believe this?"

"The best possible reason."

"Who is your authority?"

"Will you not accept my own authority, without seeking further?"

"No. It is not a time to hold back from any false delicacy to me, or any mistaken respect for the confidence of others. Beware of such confidences, if there be any. They are not meant for your peace or mine, but to plunge us both into an abyss in which we shall be left to perish. I must know all. I am entitled to know it. If your love be a hundredth part as strong and devoted, and as prepared for sacrifice as mine, you will place a full and entire trust in me."

"And I do. You shall know all; but I must exact a solemn promise from you, before I tell you how, and in what manner, this information was communicated to me. It is impossible for me to foresee how it may affect or wound your feelings; and it is due to me, if I yield to your request against my own judgment, that you should pledge yourself, be the consequences what they may, to give me a public right to protect you against the further malignity—I can not call it by any milder term—of your enemies and mine."

She was deeply affected by this request, which was spoken in so low and tremulous a voice, so burdened with a painful earnestness, that she appeared to gather from it the final conviction that upon her answer depended the future happiness or misery of our lives. I confess, for my own part, that the pause which ensued, during which she almost unconsciously repeated to herself, "Be the consequences what they may!" was to me harrowing beyond expression. It seemed as if there was some sinister influence at work to destroy us both; and that even the immediate prospect of our union was not sufficient to allay the terror that influence inspired, and into the causes and springs of which I now began to imagine she had a clearer insight than I had previously suspected. But I was steeped in a tumultuous passion, which would not suffer me to investigate intervening difficulties. What the source of her terror was I knew not; mine arose only from the apprehension of losing her; and to have secured her at that moment, looking as she did, in the agitation that gave such a wild lustre to her eyes, more lovely than ever, I would have cheerfully relinquished every thing else in the world. So far from being anxious to have the cause of her fears and hesitation cleared up, I was in the utmost alarm lest she should enter upon an explanation that might delay the consummation of my wishes. I sought only an affirmative reply to my request, which, come what might, would make her mine forever.

She loosened herself from my arm, and walked apart from me in silence. This action, and the sort of panic it indicated, filled me with alarm.

"Astræa, you have not answered my question. What is the reason of your silence?"

"Be the consequences what they may!" she reiterated. "I did not think of that, but it is right I should. I should have thought of it before—I did think of it; but of what avail, while I suffered myself to indulge in a dream which that thought ought to have dispelled?"

"You speak in a language that is unintelligible to me; but there is no time now for explanations. We must decide, Astræa, at once, for to-day and forever. I only ask your explicit pledge. Let us reserve explanations for hereafter."

"You say this in ignorance of what awaits you. I feel that I ought not to make any pledge until—" and she hesitated again.

"If I am satisfied to take your pledge, and all consequences with it, and to repay it with the devotion of my life, why, beloved Astræa, should you hesitate? Let the responsibility fall on me—of that another time. Every hour is precious now, and you will understand why I urge you so impatiently when I tell you that I can never again enter the house where you are now residing."

"I knew it. I saw it clearly from the first word you uttered. It was revealed to me in the very tone of your voice. Now hear me pa

tiently. Your peace, your honor, all feelings that contribute to the respect and happiness of life, are at stake upon this moment."

The determination of her manner left me no choice but to listen.

"Are you prepared to risk all other ties, obligations, and prospects, in the consummation of this one object? to hazard friends, opinion, the world—perhaps it may be, to sacrifice them for the love that has grown up between us, and which, for good or evil, must this day bind us together, or sever us for the rest of our lives?"

"What a question to put to me! The 'world!' it is ashes without you. I tell you, Astræa, that if the choice lay between the grave and the single word that would sunder us, I would die rather than utter it. I don't know what your question implies—I don't seek to know; and would prefer to remain ignorant of it, that I may the more clearly prove to you the depth of my trust and devotion, which will be satisfied with the simple pledge that makes you mine. That, at least, you have in your own power; let me answer for the rest."

"Consider well what you are saying. Is your love strong enough to bear the hazards I have pointed out? Search your own nature—look into your pride, your sensitiveness to neglect and censure, your high sense of personal dignity. I have seen how ill you can brook slight affronts—do you believe that your love will enable you to bear great ones—scorn, contumely, perhaps opprobrium? Think, think, and weigh well your decision."

"Astræa, you put me upon the rack. I have no other answer to give. For you, and for your sake, come what may, I am ready to risk all!"

"For me and for my sake, if it be necessary, to forsake the world? to relinquish friends and kindred? to dedicate yourself in solitude to her who, in solitude, would be content to find her whole world in you? To do this, without repining, without looking back with anguish and remorse upon the sacrifices you had made, without a regret or a reproach? A woman can do this. Is it so sure there lives a man equal to such trials?"

"If these sacrifices be imperative upon us, we make them together. There can be nothing for either of us to reproach the other with. And as to the solitude you speak of, my heart yearns for it. It is in that solitude we can the more fully understand and develop the profound devotion that shall have drawn us into it. I am sick of the world—wearied and tired of it, and longing for the repose which you alone can consecrate. It will be no sacrifice to abandon the world for you. Sacrifice, my Astræa? it will be the crowning happiness of my life!"

"And you are confident that you can depend upon the firmness of your resolution? I do not ask this for my own sake—for I know myself, what I can suffer and outlive—but for yours."

"I solemnly and finally answer, that no earthly influence can shake my resolution."

"Then," said Astræa, placing her hand in

mine, and in a grave voice, laden with emotion, "I am yours forever. Henceforth, I owe no allegiance elsewhere—here, in the sight of Heaven, I pledge my faith to you, and hold the compact as binding as if at this moment it were plighted at the altar."

I was transported with the earnestness of these words, and covering her hand with kisses, I exclaimed—

"And I ratify it, Astræa, my own Astræa, with my whole heart. Now, who shall divide us? We are one, and no human power can part us."

I then related to her the circumstances that had taken place the preceding evening. She heard me throughout with a calmness that surprised me. I expected that the extraordinary conduct of the dwarf would have excited her indignation; but she seemed to know him better than I did, and although I could perceive a heavy flush sometimes rush into her cheeks, and a sudden pallor succeed it, the narrative of his mysterious menaces did not appear to produce half as much astonishment in her mind as it did in mine.

"We will talk of this another time," she observed; "at present we must think of ourselves. I know his character—I know the demoniac revenge he is capable of; and, for our own safety, we must avoid him."

"Revenge!" I echoed. The phrase coming from Astræa fell strangely on my ears.

"I will leave the house to-morrow; but, for your sake, I will hold no communication with you till I am beyond his reach. Once assured of that, I will write to you, and you will come to me. This is the only act I will ask to take upon my own responsibility, and I do so because it will secure our mutual safety. From that hour I shall be implicitly guided by you."

I should have been glad to have adopted a different course, and to have claimed her openly. My pride, wounded by the insolent denunciations of the dwarf, demanded a more public vindication of her independence and mine; and this stolen flight, and the necessity it imposed upon me of observing a similar caution in my own movements, looked so like fear and evasion that I submitted to it very reluctantly. The notion of concealment and secrecy galled me, and even at this moment, when my happiness was on the eve of consummation, it gave me a thrill of uneasiness that cast an oppressive shadow over the future. Astræa, however, had evidently a strong reason for insisting on privacy, and I was too anxious about hastening our union to throw any new obstacle in the way of its accomplishment.

We separated in the Park, Astræa being unwilling to suffer me to escort her any further lest we should be seen together. This little incident, trifling as it was, increased the nervous annoyance and sense of humiliation I felt at being required to act as if I had any fear of the results; nor could I comprehend why she should be so much alarmed at being seen walking with

me alone, when she knew that in a few days we should be indissolubly united. But I submitted to her wishes. Passion is willful and unreasonable, and takes a wayward pleasure in shutting its eyes, and rushing onward in the dark. I stifled my vexation in the anticipation of the joy that lay before me, which would be victory enough over the impotent hatred of Mephistophiles.

VIII.

Throughout the whole of the next day I waited anxiously in the expectation of hearing from Astræa. Evening came and passed, and there was no communication. When the last post-hour was gone by, and all hope of a letter was at an end, I ventured into the streets, hoping to gather some signs of her movements from the outside of her house. The blinds were down as usual in the drawing-room windows, and there seemed to be rather an extraordinary flush of lights within, as if some commotion was going forward. I could see huge, shapeless shadows of people moving about the room, in great bustle and excitement; and it appeared to me, from the frequency and confusion of their motions, that the ordinary family party was augmented by additional numbers. The gathering, whatever it might have been, was not for festivity; and the constant swaying backward and forward, and vehement tossing of long streaks of heads and arms on the blinds, resembled the action of a violent domestic scene, in which the angry passions were strenuously engaged. I hardly knew what to conclude from this incoherent pantomime. Either Astræa was there, in the midst of a stormy contention; or she had left the house, and they were disputing furiously over the causes of her departure.

After I had been some time watching this unintelligible phantasmagoria, and vainly endeavoring to collect a meaning for it, the hall-door opened, and in the momentary gleam of light that shot into the street I saw the dwarf issuing out, muffled to the ears in a cloak. He stood for a moment on the pavement, and adjusting his cloak more carefully about his face, and crushing his hat down over his eyes, he set off at a quick pace in an opposite direction to that part of the street where I was standing. I confess I felt ashamed of the espionage in which I was occupied, and although I followed my mercurial fiend at a safe distance, for the distinct purpose of earthing him wherever he was going, I by no means liked the office which a sort of fatality had forced upon me. But I was somewhat reconciled to it by a secret conviction that the abominable little demon had himself come out upon an equally discreditable expedition, which I soon detected from the infinite pains he took to elude observation.

Instead of keeping in the public streets, he darted down numerous dark alleys and lanes, and once with considerable difficulty I chased him through the unsavory depths of a straggling news, where he doubled in an out with such rapidity as to render it no easy matter to keep

upon his track without betraying myself. Two or three times I nearly lost sight of him; and it was not until he emerged out of a gloomy passage, of the existence of which I was until that moment ignorant, into the street where I lived, that I had the least suspicion of the direction he was taking. It was presently evident that his object had some reference to me, for he had no sooner entered the street than he darted into the deep recess of a hall-door, where he stood for full ten minutes crouched and transfixed, looking up at my windows, which were exactly opposite to him.

Fortunately I was able to note his movements without being myself perceived, as I lurked in the shadow of the passage from whence he had just issued.

The windows of my chambers being dark, I presume he concluded that I was from home; and under that impression, no doubt, he crossed over and knocked stealthily at the door—just as one would knock who did not wish to attract the attention of the inmates, but merely to convey an intimation to the servants. I was seized with a strong impulse to rush upon him, suddenly, present myself as the door opened, and confound him on the spot; but I remembered how earnestly Astræa had urged upon me the prudence of avoiding him, and I restrained myself. Stepping cautiously into a doorway, I continued to watch his further proceedings.

The door was opened by a servant, and my dwarf, burying himself up to the eyes in his cloak, so that it was impossible to distinguish his features, appeared to enter into a confidential conversation with her. It seemed to me to last a long time; but my impatience, no doubt, exaggerated its duration. At length it drew to an end, and hastily nodding to the servant, who looked after him, as I thought with much curiosity and astonishment, he dropped down the street at the same flying pace with which he had entered it. That he had come to my house for the purpose of picking up some intelligence about me was clear; upon that point I was satisfied, and the discovery only served to heighten my anxiety to find out what he was going to do next.

As he darted along I could not help admiring his wonderful agility. There was a certain sort of confident swagger about his ordinary style of walking, such as you frequently observe in small vivacious men, who strut and swing through the streets as if the great globe itself were their private property; but upon this occasion it resolved itself into the swift and impetuous flight of a meteor. He shot from one angle of a street to another something in the manner of a will-o'-the-wisp, and it was almost as difficult to fix his course and follow him up. Thus hanging closely on his footsteps, I was not a little mortified to find, after all, that the trouble I had taken led to nothing. Striking out a different, but a much shorter route, the hideous creature went back to his own house. The lights were already extinguished

in the drawing-room, and the windows, even to the dormitories, were in darkness. The domestics, apparently, had retired to bed; for the dwarf, hastily opening the door with a latch-key, vanished from my sight almost at the same instant that he ascended the steps. I lingered for a few moments at a distance, and then slowly returned home, congratulating myself on having detected his sinister expedition, and impatient to ascertain the substance of his conversation with the servant.

When I interrogated her on the subject, she betrayed a little fear and hesitation, but at last she told me every thing that had transpired. The strange gentleman, whom she had never seen before, and who so completely concealed his features that she should not be able to identify him again, asked her a great number of questions about my movements, and especially if I had been out during the day. He appeared surprised to learn that I had only just left home, and wanted to know whether I was expected back that night, and whether I was going out of town. It happened that I had occupied myself throughout the morning in packing my carpet-bag and portmanteau, so that I might be able to attend Astræa's expected summons at a moment's notice; and the servant, whose distrust was awakened by the urgent manner of the questioner, tried to fence off his inquiries about my traveling preparations, but his superior dexterity finally extracted the fact from her. Having obtained that significant clew to my intentions, he suddenly wished her good-night, and disappeared. The girl was so frightened by his mysterious air and abrupt interrogations, that I believe she fancied I was going to fight a duel; for about that time there had been a fatal duel, which furnished a topic of general conversation, and which, I suppose, put the sagacious suspicion into her head.

"Forewarned, forearmed," says the old proverb. I was now fairly apprised that the dwarf was upon my track, and I resolved, as a mere measure of precaution, ignorant as I was of the machinations I had to fear, that whatever course it might become necessary to adopt, should be carried out with the utmost secrecy.

The next morning came a letter from Astræa. No language can adequately depict the agitation with which I opened the envelope. I felt as if my fate was contained in the inclosure—as it was!

It consisted of only a single line, scrawled in haste over a great sheet of paper, at the top of which was an address in the country, in another hand-writing, with the following words beneath, written by Astræa:

"I am here: come to me *quickly*.—A."

The assurance which this brief intimation conveyed that Astræa had left London, relieved me of at least one source of anxiety; and all that now remained was to obey her mandate, and join her without loss of time in her retreat.

own that I felt rather like a culprit in the

way in which I abandoned my chambers. Feeling assured that the dwarf, having once set himself as a spy upon my actions, would stop at no means of tracing me out of town, I determined to leave such an account of myself behind as should effectually put him upon a false scent. I accordingly informed the people of the house that I was going into Buckinghamshire for two days; and, as that was nearly the opposite direction to the route I was really about to take—for my destination lay among the sylvan valleys of Kent—I hoped to baffle him at the start. My arrangements were speedily completed, and, having made a hasty inspection of the street before I ventured out, I sprang into a cabriolet, and drove off.

The imperceptible degrees by which men, in the pursuit of passionate ends, suffer themselves to fall into deceptions, at which their reason and their probity would revolt in calmer moments, might suggest a useful train of reflections at this point of my narrative. But the moral is obvious enough, without requiring to be formally pointed. I shall only remark, that my ruminations in the post-chaise that carried me to Astræa ran chiefly upon the self-humiliation I felt in contemplating the mystery in which I had become entangled step by step, and the sort of guiltiness which my studious evasion of the dwarf seemed to argue to my own mind. Men who act openly never have any reason to entertain a fear of others, and may look the world boldly in the face. It is only men that commit themselves to actions which will not bear the light who resort to subterfuges and concealments, and are harrowed by apprehensions. My dilemma was a singular one. There was nothing I had done which I had the slightest reason to hide or feel alarm about; yet I was taking as cautious measures to avoid publicity as if I were flying from justice, and was haunted all the time by a thrill of terror which I could not assign to any intelligible cause.

In the dusk of the evening, I had the profound happiness of reaching my destination, and all inquietude was lulled into oblivion by the music of those tones which always went direct to my heart. The past and the future were equally absorbed in the luxury of Astræa's society, and I felt that if I needed an excuse for the strange circumstances in which I was placed, I had an ample one in the devotion of such a woman. The very danger—if danger it was, with which I was as yet unacquainted—the anxiety, the concealment, the flight we had passed through to secure our union, enhanced the rapture with which we now met, never to be sundered again.

That evening I related to her what had happened the night before, and she gave me an account of the manner in which she had managed to escape from the dwarf's house; for, in spite of the self-possession with which she described the incident, it more nearly resembled an escape than a departure. In fact, she had left the house in the morning, on foot, and was ex-

pected back, as usual, to luncheon after her walk. But luncheon passed, and there were no tidings of her; and, at dinner-time, a brief note by the post announced her leave-taking, excusing its abruptness, on the ground of a sudden and urgent call into the country. This was, no doubt, the subject which the angry shadows on the blinds had been so vehemently discussing the night before. So violent an infraction of etiquette would have pained me seriously had it occurred under any other circumstances, or had it been inflicted upon any other persons than the members of that eccentric family. But we knew them well; how unlike they were to the rest of the world, and how slight an impression the mere breach of courtesy would make upon them, in comparison with the malicious curiosity it would awaken! They were like Bohemians in their habits and ways of thinking; and were themselves so accustomed to violate established usages, that the most extravagant irregularities could not very materially surprise them. This consideration reconciled me to a proceeding which must otherwise have been a source of regret to me, on Astræa's account; besides, I was by no means unwilling to accept the sacrifice she had thus made of her own independence as an additional proof of her attachment.

But what was the cause of all these stratagems and concealments? I should learn that the next day. I saw that Astræa was suffering under a despondency natural enough to her novel situation, and I patiently waited her own time for disclosures which I now began to look forward to with nervous apprehensions.

The house in which I found her lay buried in the foliage of a secluded valley. It was in the cottage style, covered with creepers that dropped in at the windows, and filled the rooms with scent; and it belonged to people in an humble rank of life, who had known Astræa from her infancy, and were devoted to her interest. Under the shelter of their roof, she was secure. The place was extremely picturesque on a small scale—a green glen, where the surrounding heights were broken into a variety of forms, and where the eye, on whatever spot it rested, caught some point of beauty. An impetuous little stream rushed from the jaws of a ravine that formed a sort of vista at one extremity, and, brawling away through the wooded depths of the valley, tossed itself into the air over a group of artificial rocks at the foot of the tiny lawn. Dark trees filled the openings in the hills, and the sward round their roots was dotted with clusters of wild flowers, like a garden. A rustic bridge spanned the water, and graceful willows dipped their tresses into the spray. Aquatic plants clung about the rocks—parasite tendrils climbed the ancient wood; and there was altogether a feeling of solitude and repose in the scene, that rendered it the most fitting seclusion on earth to ripen into a new life of love two ardent hearts like ours.

With what anxiety I looked forward to the

next day, when Astræa and I, liberated from all eyes, should wander about these lonely paths! It came at last, and with it brought my doom!

(To be continued.)

STORY OF SILVER-VOICE AND HER SISTER ZOE.

THE phenomena of memory are singular objects of study. I have often thought that a certain class of ideas and observations could be so arranged as to form an orderly, connected chain, one link of which would bring home all the others, however deeply sunken in the mind. But experience teaches me that this is not the case. During my residence in the East, though I kept a careful journal of every thing that seemed interesting at the time, a thousand circumstances came to my notice which I did not set down; and when I have endeavored to recall them, many have stubbornly refused to appear when wanted. But suddenly, when I at least expect it, I now and then find myself irresistibly carried back to old times. Forms that had faded into distance—thoughts that had seemed dissolved into nothing—scenes and impressions which I had in vain sought to revive—obtrude themselves irresistibly on my notice. In general, the unexpected visitants are welcome; the fireside is rendered brighter and more cheerful by them; and their presence sends a glow through this northern atmosphere, which allows autumn to steal on unperceived.

I was prevented last night from sleeping by the perpetual recurrence in my reveries of the name of Lady Silver-Voice. I had forgotten her existence, as one is apt to forget a beautiful thing amidst the material cares of this life. Let me endeavor to tell her story as simply as it was told to me.

But first, how I came to see her—for I have had that privilege. It was one evening in winter-time, that, after a prolonged illness, I was taking a stroll on the roof of a palace-like mansion in Cairo. The sun had set *for me*; it had gone down behind the interminable sea of houses. But I could still see it shining on the forest of minarets that rose through the moist, balmy air, and on the vast dome of the mosque that now towers above the citadel. The terrace-roof on which I was, though commanded at a distance by much more lofty buildings, was far raised above the humble dwellings near at hand, so that I could look down and observe the movements of my neighbors, who were most varied in race and costume—Turks and Maltese, Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Copts—to say nothing of "Jews and poultry," which my servant, who brought me a pipe, added to the enumeration.

I passed some time in examining the movements of these various personages, who all come out upon their terraces to enjoy the evening air; and though I did not observe any thing very characteristic, any thing which would necessarily go down in my journal, I was sufficiently interested not to notice the flight of time, and

to allow complete darkness to gather round me while I still leaned over the parapet. Suddenly I was aroused from my contemplations by a snatch of a strange song sung in the most marvelously-sweet voice I had ever heard. I started, not exactly like a guilty thing, but transfixed, as it were, by an almost painful shaft of delight. The voice swelled up on the night air, until, in spite of its divine sweetness, it became almost a cry of sorrow, and then ceased, leaving a thrill running through my frame that gradually seemed to shrink back to my heart, and expire there in a feeling of mingled joy and pain. Perhaps the state of my health rendered me peculiarly susceptible of strong emotions: I am afraid I wept. The darkness, however, prevented this weakness from being witnessed by Ali, who came to announce that my dinner was ready. I went down the winding staircase to the vast lonely hall, where I usually ate alone—the master of the house being absent on a journey; but though my appetite was that of a convalescent, I am sure I did not enliven the meal for myself by my usual humorous observations: to the officer, for example, that I was doubtful whether the beef was camel, or the mutton was donkey. Ali seemed rather surprised, especially when I asked him, abruptly, who it was that sang so sweetly in the neighborhood.

He did not know! My curiosity was unsatisfied; but, perhaps, I went to bed that night with a fuller gush of happiness at my heart than if I had heard this prosy fellow's account of the matter. It is a frequent subject of meditation with me, whether or not I am constituted as other men are. Are others played upon in this way by some slight occurrence?—by meeting with a face seen before only in a dream, by a peculiar smile, by a gesture, by a sigh, by a voice singing in the darkness? If not, who will understand the delicious watchful hours I passed that night, or the dreams, spangled with bright eyes, fairy forms, purple clouds, golden gleams, and buzzing with sweeter warblings than ever rolled in a nightingale's throat, that lured me on until morning?

Naturally, the first inquiries I made were about the voice; but I did not that day meet with any success. When evening approached, I again went up to the terrace; and, not to lengthen the story, I did see, just as the sun went down upon a low house not very far off, but looking into another street, a little fairy figure walking up and down, and leading a child by the hand. A kind of instinct told me that the voice was embodied before me; and, presently, all doubt was set at rest. The same silver tones rose upon the air; and this time I recognized that the song was in the Greek language. I remained looking intently in that direction, until the form faded into a mere shadow; and then, as darkness increased, seemed to multiply before my aching eyes, and assume all sorts of fantastical shapes. Every now and then, a couplet, or a stanza, came

sweeping up. It was evident the lady, whoever she might be, was not singing merely to amuse the child. The notes were sometimes lively, but, in general, sad and plaintive. I listened long after the last quaver had died away; and was rather sulky when Ali came with the persevering joke that "the camel was getting cold!"

Next day I suddenly remembered that an old Greek priest had frequently invited me to go to his house; and reproaching myself with the want of politeness I had hitherto exhibited, I ordered my donkey to be saddled, and started off. The ride was only of a few streets; it seemed to me quite a journey. On arriving, the worthy *papa* was fortunately at home, and by himself. He was delighted with my visit; and, after a small altercation with his servant, succeeded in getting me some coffee and a pipe. I admired the art with which I wound toward my query. The old gentleman suspected nothing; but when I casually asked if he knew who it was among his countrymen who sang like an angel, he quickly replied, "It must be Silver-Voice, as she is called among the Moslem!"

I overturned my pipe on the mat in my eagerness to turn round and listen. Excellent old man! instead of clapping his hands for the servant, he went down upon his knees to collect the scattered tobacco, and replace it in the bowl, and silenced my excuse with as mild an "It is no matter, my son!" as ever passed the lips of one of our species. He grew before my eyes in that humble posture; and when he returned to his seat, seemed fifty times as venerable as before. The same spirit would have led him to wash the feet of the poor.

He then told me the story of Silver-Voice and her sister:

"Many years ago, a Greek merchant was walking through the slave-market, when he beheld for sale a little girl, so beautiful, and yet so sad, that though he was on the way to conclude a bargain for fifty thousand ardebs of beans, he could not prevail on himself to pass indifferently on.

"Of what country?" he inquired.

"A Candiote," replied the slave-dealer. She was from his own beloved island.

"How much?"

"Five thousand piastres."

"I will pay the price." The bargain was concluded on the spot. Another merchant got the beans; but Kariades took home the Silver Voice to his house.

"The girl followed him silently, hanging down her head, and refusing to answer the questions he put in his kind, bluff way. Some great sorrow evidently weighed upon her, and she refused to be comforted. When, however, Kariades presented her to his wife, and said, 'This shall be our daughter,' the child opened her mouth and cried, 'Wherefore, oh father, didst thou not come to the slave-market one short hour before?' He asked her meaning, and she explained that her sister had been separated from her, and sold to a Turk; 'and.'

cried she, 'I will not live unless Zoë be brought back to my side.' Kariades smiled as he replied, 'I went forth this day to buy beans, and I have come back with a daughter. Must I needs go and fetch another?' 'You must!' said the girl, resolutely.

"From that hour forth she was the queen in the house. Kariades returned to the slave-market, but, strange to say, could find no clew to the fate of Zoë, although he offered double her price to the dealer. It was believed that she had been bought by a stranger merely passing through Cairo, and making no stay; for the public crier was employed to go about the streets and proclaim that whoever would produce the girl should receive whatever he demanded. All was in vain. Time passed on; and the active grief of the Silver-Voice sobered down into steadfast melancholy. She continued living as the daughter or rather as the mistress of the house, knowing no want but that of her sister, and enchanting every one with the magnificence of her singing, until she reached the age of sixteen years.

"One day Kariades said to her, 'My child, I must seek a husband for thee among the merchants of my people.' But she firmly refused, declaring that there could be no joy for her unless she knew that her sister was not living in wretched thralldom in the house of some cruel Turk.

"'But,' said he, 'what if death have overtaken her?'

"'We promised, as we lay folded in each other's arms the night before we were parted, to be happy or sorrowful together—to laugh at the same time, to weep at the same time—and if one died, the other was never to cease grieving. I remember that, as they were dragging Zoë away, she turned her pale face, all sparkling with tears, toward me, and cried, *forever!*'

"'Meaning that you were parted forever?'

"'No; but that we were to be faithful to our vow forever. I never shall forget the agonizing expression of that face. How can I? I see it every night in my dreams; and painful though it be, I rush into sleep as eagerly to behold it as if I were going into Paradise. No: I will never marry while that face threatens to interpose between my husband and me.'

"'Then this vision torments thee?'

"'Ah, father!' and she shuddered, and bent her head.

"It was evident that her mind was weakened by too much contemplation of one idea.

"Kariades yielded before a will stronger than his own, and nothing more was said either about marriage or the lost Zoë for nearly a year. At the end of this time, Silver-Voice appeared before the good old man, and said, 'Father, give me money; I have thought of a means by which I may find my sister Zoë.' He looked sadly at her, but gave her what she required. Next day she disappeared, and was not heard of for several weeks. Then she returned, consoled her adopted parents by her presence for a

while, and again departed without giving the least indication of how she employed her time. Nor did they ask her, confident that all she did was prompted by that most powerful of all loves—the love of a sister supplying a mother's place.

"The truth was, that she had hired a number of houses in various parts of Cairo, and visited them alternately, in order to pass the evenings singing on the terrace. Despite the failure of the researches made by Kariades, she remained persuaded that Zoë was in Cairo, and hoped that the echoes of her magnificent voice might at length go as messengers into the depths of every harem, and make known her presence. The whole city was by turns rendered happy by the Silver-Voice; but as it was heard now in the Citadel, now near the Bisket-el-Fil, anon at the Bab Zuweileh, men began to think strange things. It was curious, indeed, to hear the speculations of the gossiping Turks about this ubiquitous voice. I remember laughing much at the wise arguments by which one of them, who had heard the tale of Memnon's statue, demonstrated to me that the sound came from no human organ at all, but was produced by the rays of the setting sun striking in some peculiar way upon the minarets.

"A whole year passed in this manner without bringing any thing new; but the beautiful patience of the Silver-Voice was at length after a fashion rewarded. Better had it been, perhaps, for her, had her soul been wafted away in some sad song. She was standing one evening, long after the sun had set, filling the air with her plaintive notes, and calling, as usual, upon her sister; suddenly there rose a cry—a piercing, terrible cry, such as no mortal ever utters but when the sanctuary of life is invaded. At that awful sound the Silver-Voice was struck dumb. She stood listening like a gazelle when it hears the howl of a wolf afar off upon the desert. The wild accents seemed to hang for a moment over her, and then fell into her ear, moulding, as they fell, into the words, "My sister!" How it came to pass she could not tell: over the parapet, along a crumbling wall, across a ruined house, she passed as if by magic, until she fell like a moonbeam through an open window, and saw upon a rich couch the form of an expiring woman lying. It was her sister Zoë. The blow had been too well aimed: it had gone to her heart, and the life-blood bubbled rapidly forth between her white fingers, which she pressed to her side. One eloquent glance, in which eyes mingled with eyes, while lips hung upon lips, was exchanged. There was not time, neither was there need, to tell their stories in any other way. The dying woman made one effort, pointed to a cradle that stood under a cloud of gauze curtains in a corner, then smiled a long, impassioned smile of recognition, of gratitude, and of love, seemed to wander a little back in memory, murmured some pleasant sounds, and was still.

"The Silver-Voice rose solemnly, and casting her eyes about, beheld a man crouching in a

corner weeping. 'It is all over!' she said. 'All over!' he replied, looking up. But I will not weary you with the scene in which the wretched man—a Greek renegade—related how he had bought Zoë—how he had loved her, and made her his wife—how they had traveled in far countries—how he was jealous, ever, as he acknowledged, without cause—and how, in a fit of madness, he had slain the mother of his child. When he had finished, he led the bewildered Silver-Voice to the cradle, and thrusting aside the curtains, disclosed the miniature counterpart of Zoë, sleeping as if it had been lulled into deeper slumber by its mother's death-cries. Then, stealing toward the corpse with the step of one about to commit a new crime, he snatched a hasty kiss, and rushed away. What became of him was never known. Silver-Voice performed the last duties for poor Zoë, and took the child under her care. Since that time she has almost always continued to live in the house from the roof of which she heard her sister's cry; and though apparently rational in every thing else, never fails to go up each evening and sing the song she used to sing of old, though in a more plaintive and despairing tone. If asked wherefore she acts in this wise, her reply is, that she is seeking for her sister Zoë, and nobody attempts to contradict the harmless delusion. Several years have now passed away since this event, and the child has become a handsome boy. You may see them both at the church to-morrow."

I thanked the worthy *papa* for his story more warmly, perhaps, than he expected. He had been as much pleased by narrating as I had been by listening; but he was not very particular about the quality of his facts, and unintentionally made me do penance for the excessive pleasure I had experienced by giving me an account—two hours long, and with equal unction—of a tremendous controversy then raging as to the proper form of electing the sub-patriarch of Cairo. It would have been ungrateful to interrupt him, although there seemed no end to his garrulity. Fortunately, two or three people at length came in; I compromised my dignity as a heretic by kissing his hand, and escaped, to turn over this curious story in my mind. Next day I went to the Greek church, and saw a melancholy-looking face through the bars of the cage-like gallery in which the women sit. I am quite certain it was that of Lady Silver-Voice, but no one whom I asked seemed to know her. The boy did not show himself. It was my intention to go another Sunday, and observe more accurately, for I really felt a deep interest in this unfortunate lady. But other thoughts and occupations came upon me, and it was only by an accident that, as I have said, these circumstances recurred last night to my mind.

THE CROCODILE BATTERY.

IN the summer of 1846, when every body in England was crazy with railway gambling, I was sojourning on the banks of the Rohan, a

small stream in one of the northwestern provinces of India. Here I first became acquainted with the Mugger, or Indian crocodile. I had often before leaving England, seen, in museums, stuffed specimens of the animal, and had read in "Voyages and Travels," all sorts of horrible and incredible stories concerning them. I had a lively recollection of Waterton riding close to the water's edge on the back of an American cayman, and I had a confused notion of sacred crocodiles on the banks of the Nile. I always felt more or less inclined to regard the whole race as having affinities with Sinbad's "roc," and the wild men of the woods, who only refrained from speaking for fear of being made to work.

My ideas respecting the natural history of crocodiles were in this stage of development when, one day, while paddling up the Rohan, I saw what appeared to be a half-burned log of wood lying on a sand-bank. I paddled close up to it. To my astonishment, it proved to be a huge reptile. The old stories of dragons, griffins, and monsters, seemed no longer fables; the speculations of geologists concerning, *mososaurs*, *hylasaurians*, and *plesiosaurians*, were no longer dreams. There, in all his scaly magnificence, was a *real* saurian, nearly eighteen feet long. For a while I stood gazing at this, to me, new fellow-citizen of the world, and speculating on his mental constitution. The monster was, or pretended to be, asleep. I wondered if he dreamt, and what his dreams or reveries might be about; possibly he was dreaming of the same old world with which I associated him—possibly of the fish who were swimming in the waters below: or, he might be thinking of the men and women he had swallowed in the course of his existence. There was a snort; perhaps that was occasioned by the bugles and heavy brass ornaments which had adorned the limbs of some Hindoo beauty he had eaten, and which were lying heavy and indigestible on his stomach. But presently the brute lay so still, and seemed so tranquil and placid in his sleep, that it was difficult to imagine him guilty of such atrocities. He did not appear to be disturbed by remorse, or the twitchings of a guilty conscience: it may have been all a slander. I felt so kindly disposed toward him, that I could not imagine it possible that if awake he would feel disposed to eat me. Let us see! so making a splash with my paddle, I wakened the sleeping beauty. He instantly started up, and opened, what appeared—what indeed proved to be—an enlarged man-trap; disclosing a red, slimy cavern within, fringed with great conical fangs. He closed it with a snap that made me shudder, and then plunged into the water, his eyes glaring with hate and defiance.

Some days after I had made this new acquaintance, I was sitting at home talking with my brother, when a native woman came crying and screaming to the bungalow door, tearing her hair out in handfuls; she got down on the veranda floor and struck her head against it, as

if she really meant to dash her brains out. A crowd of other women stood at a short distance, crying and lamenting as if they were frantic. What was the matter? Half-a-dozen voices made answer in a discordant chorus, that while the poor woman was washing her clothes by the river side, her child—an infant about a year old—had been seized and swallowed by a Mugger. Although convinced that aid was now impossible, we took our guns and hastened to the spot where the accident happened; but all was still there, not a wavelet disturbed the surface of the stream. A small speckled kingfisher was hovering overhead, as if balanced in the air, with its beak bent down on its breast, watching the fish beneath; presently it darted like an arrow into the water; returned with an empty bill, and then went off, with its clear, sharp, twittering note, as if to console itself for the failure.

One day I was sitting on the high bank of the river, taking snap shots with my gun at the large fish who were every now and then leaping out of the water. A favorite spaniel was bringing a fish out of the water that I had hit. It had swam already half way across the stream, when the water about six yards below her became suddenly disturbed; and, to my horror, up started the head and open jaws of an enormous crocodile. The dog gave a loud shriek, and sprang half out of the water. The Mugger swam rapidly, and had got within a yard of his intended victim, when I raised my gun, and took aim at the monster's head. A thud, a splash, a bubble, and a dusky red streak in the water, was all that ensued. Presently, however, Juno's glossy black head emerged from the water; and, to my delight, began to make rapid progress toward me, and landed safely. The poor brute, wet and shivering, coiled herself up at my feet, with her bright hazel eyes fixed on mine with ineffable satisfaction. Poor Juno subsequently fell a victim to the Muggers, when her master was not at hand to succor her. I mention these facts, to show that the diabolical revenge with which I afterward assisted in visiting these monsters, was not groundless. But the strongest occasion of it remains to be told.

Just as the "rains" were beginning, my neighbor, Mr. Hall, sent me word that he intended paying me a short visit, and requested me to send a *syce* (groom), with a saddle-horse, to meet him at a certain place on the road. The *syce*, Sidhoo, was a smart, open-chested, sinewy-limbed little fellow, a perfect model of a biped racer. He could run—as is the custom in the East—alongside his horse at a pace of seven or eight miles an hour, for a length of time that would astonish the best English pedestrian I ever heard of.

Toward evening, Mr. Hall rode up to the bungalow, dripping with water, and covered with mud. I saw at once that some accident had happened, and hastened to assist him.

As soon as he got inside, he said, in answer to my bantering about his "spill"—

"I am in no humor for jesting. Your *syce* is lost!"

"Drowned?"

"No; eaten!—by an enormous crocodile!"

He added that, on arriving at a small *nulla* about two miles off, he found it so much swollen by rain, that he had to swim his horse across it, holding one end of the cord which Sidhoo, in common with most Hindoos, wore coiled round his waist, and which was used in pulling water from the deep wells of the country. Hall got safely across, and then commenced pulling Sidhoo over by means of the cord. The black face, with the white teeth and turban, were bobbing above the muddy water, when all at once the groom threw up his arms, gave a loud shriek, and sank below the surface. Mr. Hall, who had doubled the cord round his hand, was dragged into the water; where he got a momentary glimpse of the long serrated tail of a Mugger, lashing the water a short way ahead of him. In his efforts to save himself, he lost his hold of the string, and with much difficulty clambered up the slippery bank of the *nulla*. All was now still. Only Sidhoo's turban was to be seen floating loosely, a considerable way down the stream. Hall ran toward it, with the sort of feeling which makes a drowning man catch at a straw; and, by means of a stick he succeeded in fishing it out, and brought it with him, as the only remnant of Sidhoo he could give an account of.

Bad news soon spreads in an Indian village, and Sidhoo's fate was soon made known to his wife; and in a short time she came crying and sobbing to the bungalow, and laid her youngest child at our friend's feet. The tears glistened in the poor fellow's eyes as he tried to soothe and console her; which he did by promising to provide for her and her children.

Although Hall was generally running over with fun, we smoked our cheroots that evening in silence; except when we proposed schemes for the annihilation of the crocodiles. A great many plans were discussed—but none that offered much chance of success. The next day, after breakfast, I was showing my visitor a galvanic blasting apparatus, lately received from England, for blowing up the snags (stumps of trees) which obstruct the navigation of the river. I was explaining its mode of action to him, when he suddenly interrupted me—

"The very thing! Instead of snags, why not blow up the Muggers?"

I confessed that there could be no reason why we should not blast the Muggers. The difficulty was only how to manage it; yet the more we talked of it, the more feasible did the scheme appear.

The brutes keep pretty constant to the same quarters, when the fish are plentiful; and we soon ascertained that poor Sidhoo's murderer was well known in the neighborhood of the *nulla*. He had on several occasions carried off goats, sheep, pigs, and children; and had once attempted to drag a buffalo, whom he had caught drinking, into the water; but, from all

accounts, came off second best in this rencontre. There not being enough of water in the nulla to drown the buffalo, the Mugger soon found he had caught a Tartar; and after being well mauled by the buffalo's horns, he was fain to scuttle off and hide himself among the mud.

I had observed, when blasting the snags, that the concussion produced by the discharge had the effect of killing all the fish within a range of some twenty or thirty yards. After every explosion, they were found in great numbers, floating on the surface of the water with their bellies uppermost. It now occurred to me, that if we could only get within a moderate distance of the Mugger, if we did not blow him to pieces, we would at all events give him a shock that would rather astonish him. An explosion of gunpowder under water communicates a much severer shock to the objects in its immediate vicinity, than the same quantity of powder exploded in the air; the greater density of the water enabling it, as it were, to give a harder blow.

Having made our arrangements, Mr. Hall, my brother, and myself, got into a small canoe, with the blasting apparatus on board, and dropt down the stream to where the nulla discharged its waters into the Rohan. He then got out and proceeded to a village close by, where we obtained for a few annas, the carcass of a young kid. A flask with about six pounds of gunpowder, and having the conducting wires attached, was then sewn into the kid's belly. Two strong ropes were also tied to this bait; and, to one of these, the conducting wire was firmly bound with small cord. The ropes were about thirty yards long, and had each attached to its extremities one of the inflated goat-skins used by water-carriers. Hall, with his goat-skin under his arm, and a coil of loose rope in his hand, took one side of the nulla, while my brother, similarly provided took the other. My brother's rope contained the wire; so I walked beside him, while two coolies, with the battery ready charged, and slung to a pole which rested on their shoulders, accompanied me. A small float was also attached by a string to the kid, so as to indicate its position.

These arrangements being made, we commenced walking up the nulla, dragging the carcass of the kid in the stream, and moving it across, from side to side, so as to leave no part of the bed untried; and, as the nulla was only about twelve yards wide, we felt pretty confident that, if the Mugger were in it, we could scarcely fail of coming in contact with him. We had proceeded only about a quarter of a mile, when the float suddenly dipt. My brother and Hall threw the loose coil of ropes they carried on the water, along with the inflated skins. These made it soon evident by their motion that the Mugger had seized the kid. He was dashing across, in a zig-zag direction, down the stream. I ran after him as fast as I could; and paying out the cord from the reel, when I found it impossible to keep up with him. On reaching a place where the banks were steeper

than usual, he came to a stand still. I got on the top of the bank, and commenced hauling in the rope. I did not, however, venture to lift the skin out of the water, for fear of disturbing him, until the coolies with the battery had time to come up. This was a very anxious time; for, if the Mugger had shifted his quarters before they came up, a fresh run with him would have ensued, with the chance of his breaking the wires with his teeth. After a while I heard the coolies approaching, and my brother scolding them, and urging them to hasten on. Just as their heads appeared above the bank, the foremost coolie tripped his foot and fell—I groaned with disappointment—presently, my brother came along with them, and brought the battery to my feet; a good deal of the acid had been spilt, but, with the aid of a bottle of fresh acid we had brought along with us, we soon got the battery up to the requisite power. Every thing being now in order, I commenced pulling up the rope with the wire. I proceeded as cautiously as possible for fear of disturbing the Mugger; but, in spite of all my efforts, the inflated skin, in coming up the bank, dislodged some loose pieces of earth, and sent them splashing into the water. Fortunately, however, the Mugger had made up his mind to digest the kid where he was. I could not help chuckling when I at length got hold of the end of the wires. While my brother was fastening one of them to the battery, I got the other ready for completing the circuit. The Mugger all the while lying still at the bottom of the nulla with, most likely, a couple of fathoms of water over his head, unconscious of danger, and little dreaming that the two-legged creatures on the bank had got a nerve communicating with his stomach, through which they were going to send a flash of lightning that would shatter his scaly hulk to pieces.

Every thing being now ready, I made the fatal contact. Our success was complete! We felt a shock, as if something had fallen down the bank—a mound of muddy water rose, with a muffled, rumbling sound, and then burst out to a column of dark smoke. A splashing and bubbling succeeded, and then a great crimson patch floated on the water, like a variegated carpet pattern. Strange-looking fragments of scaly skin were picked up by the natives from the water's edge, and brought to us amidst a very general rejoicing. The exploded Mugger floated down the stream, and the current soon carried it out of sight. We were not at all sorry, for it looked such a horrible mess that we felt no desire to examine it.

Our sense of triumphant satisfaction was, however, sadly damped about a week afterward, when we received the mortifying announcement, that Sidhoo's Mugger was still alive, and on his old beat, apparently uninjured. It was evident that we had blasted the wrong Mugger! We consoled ourselves with the reflection, that if he were not Sidhoo's murderer, it was very likely he was not wholly innocent of other atrocities, and therefore deserved his fate.

Of course it was impossible to rest while Sidhoo's Mugger remained alive, so we were not long in preparing for a second expedition. This time we took the precaution of not charging the battery until we were certain that the bait was swallowed. The acid, diluted to the necessary strength, was, therefore, carried in one of those brown earthenware jars called gray-beards, which had come out to us full of Glenlivet whisky. We commenced dragging the kid up the stream, as before; but, having walked more than a mile without getting a bite, we were getting rather disheartened, and sat down to rest, struck a light, and smoked a cheroot. Hall laid down, having manufactured an impromptu easy chair out of his coil of rope, with the inflated goat-skin placed above it. My brother was not long in imitating his example, and I laid down under the shade of some reeds, near to the water's edge. The heat was oppressive, and we were discussing the probability of getting a bite that day, and lamenting that we had not brought some pale ale along with us, when, when, all at once, I got a sharp blow on the leg, while my brother came spinning down the bank like a teetotem—a companion picture to Hall who was revolving down the opposite bank. The ropes and skins went rushing down the nulla at a tremendous pace. As soon as we recovered from the laughter into which we were thrown by this droll contretemps, we set off in pursuit, guided by the track which the inflated skins made in the water. On they went, dashing from side to side, as they had done in our first attempt. On coming to a place where the nulla made a sharp turn, they stood still under the high bank, on the inner curve of the bend. It unfortunately happened that the bank, near to which the skins were floating, was too precipitous for us to get near them, without starting the Mugger from his present position. With much labor, we detached some loose sods from the top of the bank, and sent them with a loud splash into the water, directly over where we imagined him to have taken up his quarters. This had the desired effect, for the skins began to move slowly down the stream, as if the Mugger were crawling leisurely along the bottom.

Leaving my brother with the coolies in charge of the battery, I ran on to where the bank was more shelving. By good luck, the stream was rushing up, after its sudden sweep, and sent a strong current against this bank. I had not waited many minutes, before the skins came floating round the corner, to where I was standing. I seized the one to which the wire was attached, desiring my brother to charge the battery, and bring it down. This he did much sooner than I could have expected; for, as the battery was now empty, one coolie was able to carry it on his head, while my brother took the jar of acid in his hand. It was evident from the motion of the other skin in the water that the Mugger was still moving—so no time was to be lost. I made the connection with the

battery with one of the wires; in another instant the circuit was complete, and the Mugger's doom sealed.

There was a momentary pause—owing, I suppose, to some slight loss of insulation in the wires—then came the premonitory shock, then the rumble, the smoke, and the sparks; and a great bloated mass of flesh and blood rose to the surface of the water. Hall called out to us to drag it ashore, and see whether we could get any trace of poor Sidhoo. We tried by means of a bamboo pole to pull it to the bank, but the glimpse we got of it as it neared was so unutterably disgusting, that we pushed it off again, and allowed it to float away down with the current.

That this was Sidhoo's Mugger, there could be no doubt; for he was never seen or heard of in the neighborhood again.

A CHAPTER ON DREAMS.

WHEN we picture to ourselves a person lying in a state of profound sleep—the body slightly curved upon itself; the limbs relaxed; the head reclining on its pillow; and eyelids closed—it is wonderful to think what strange and startling imagery may be passing through the brain of that apparently unconscious being. The events of his whole life may hurry past him in dim obscurity; he may be revisited by the dead; he may be transported into regions he never before beheld; and his ideas visibly assuming phantasmal shapes, may hover round him like shadows reflected from another and more spiritual state of existence.

Let us draw the curtains gently aside, and study the physiognomy of sleep.

The countenance may, occasionally, be conversed lighted up, as it were, from within by a passing dream—its expression is frequently one of peculiar mildness and benignity; the breathing may be slow, but it is calm and uniform; the pulse not so rapid as in the waking state, but soft and regular; the composure of the whole body may continue trance-like and perfect. There is, indeed, no sign of innocence more touching than the smile of a sleeping infant. But, suddenly, this state of tranquillity may be disturbed; the dreamer changes his position and become restless; he moans grievously—perhaps sobs—and tears may be observed glimmering underneath his eyelids; his whole body now seems to be shaken by some inward convulsion; but, presently, the strife abates; the storm-cloud gradually passes; he stretches his limbs, opens his eyes, and, as he awakes, daylight, in an instant, dispels the vision, perhaps leaving not behind the faintest trace or recollection of a single incident which occurred in this mysterious state.

But what are dreams? Whence come they? What do they portend? Not man only, but all animals, it is presumed, dream, more or less, when they are asleep. Horses neigh, and sometimes kick violently; cows, when suckling their young calves, often utter piteous lowings; dogs

lark in suppressed tones, and, from the motions of their paws, appear to fancy themselves in the field of the chase; even frogs, particularly during summer, croak loudly and discordantly until midnight, and then retire, and become silent. Birds also dream; and will sometimes, when frightened, fall from their roosting-perch, or flutter about their cage, in evident alarm. A bullfinch, says Bechstein, belonging to a lady, was subject to very frightful dreams, which made it drop off its perch; but no sooner did it hear the voice of its affectionate mistress than it became immediately tranquil, and reascended its perch to sleep again. It is pretty certain that parrots dream. It is, indeed, a curious circumstance that the best way of teaching this bird to talk is to cover the cage over so as to darken it, and while he is going to sleep pronounce, audibly and slowly, the word he is to learn; if the winged pupil be a clever one, he will, upon the repetition of the lesson, in a morning or two, begin to repeat it.

Upon the same principle, school-boys commit their tasks to memory by reading them over the last thing before they go to bed. It is to be remembered that during sleep the mind may not be wholly under eclipse; for, although some of its faculties—such as perception, comparison, judgment, and especially the will, may be suspended—others (for example, memory and imagination), are often more active than in the waking state. But some persons, it is said, never dream. We are assured by Locke that he knew a gentleman who had an excellent memory, yet could not recollect ever having dreamed until his twenty-sixth year. Dr. Reid, for many years before his death, had no recollection of having ever dreamed. Dr. Eliotson also relates, apparently upon good authority, the case of a man who never dreamed until after he had a fever, in his fortieth year; and we ourselves know several persons who are not conscious of ever dreaming. Nevertheless, many contend that in all such cases dreams really occur, but that they escape the recollection; for they contend that it is impossible that the mind can, being an independent principle, ever be in a state of absolute rest. This is arguing within a very narrow circle. We must not forget that the intimate alliance of the mind with the body, subjects it to its general laws; the “heat-oppressed brain” requires rest to renew its energies, and the mind, of which it is the organ, in the mean time, may, as in profound sleep, remain perfectly quiescent. The lids of the outward senses are closed; a vail is drawn over the immaterial principle of our nature; and mind and body alike, for a period, lie in a state of utter unconsciousness.

Here, however, it may fairly be asked, how happens it that the same person will at one time remember, and, at another, forget his dreams? This circumstance may, we conceive, thus be explained:

Those dreams which occur in very deep sleep, and in the early part of the night, are not so

likely to be remembered as those which happen toward morning, when the sleep is less profound; hence the popular notion that our morning dreams—which are always best remembered—are likely to prove true. Then, again, the imagery of some dreams is more striking, and actually makes a deeper impression than the incidents of other dreams. We are told by Sir Humphrey Davy, that, on one occasion, a dream was so strongly impressed upon his eye, that even after he had risen and walked out, he could not be persuaded of its unreal nature, until his friends convinced him of its impossibility. The effect of some dreams upon children is very remarkable; they are, it is believed, more liable to dreams of terror than grown persons, which may be accounted for by their being more subject to a variety of internal complaints, such as teething, convulsions, derangement of the bowels, &c.; added to which, their reasoning faculties are not as yet sufficiently developed to correct such erroneous impressions. Hence, sometimes, children appear, when they awake, bewildered and distressed, and remain for a considerable period in a state of agitation almost resembling delirium. The incidents which are conceived in dreams are indeed not unfrequently confounded by adults with real events; hence, we often hear people, in alluding to some doubtful circumstance, exclaim, “Well! if it be not true, I certainly must have dreamed it.” We confess we have ourselves been puzzled in this way; the spell may be broken; but the impression made by the delusion still clings to us; its shadow is still thrown across our path.

The question therefore recurs, What are Dreams? Whence do they arise? We believe that the ideas and emotions which take place in the dreaming state may be ascribed to a twofold origin. They may arise from certain bodily sensations, which may suggest particular trains of thought and feeling; or they may be derived from the operations or activity of the thinking principle itself; in which case they are purely mental. The celebrated Dr. James Gregory—whose premature death was a great loss to science—states, that having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mount Etna, and felt the ground warm under him. He likewise, on another occasion, dreamed of spending a winter at Hudson’s Bay, and of suffering much distress from intense frost; and found, when he awoke, that he had thrown off the bedclothes in his sleep, and exposed himself to cold. He had been reading, a few days before, a very particular account of this colony. The eminent metaphysician, Dr. Reid, relates of himself that the dressing of a blister, which he had applied to his head, becoming ruffled, so as to produce pain, he dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him. These were dreams suggested by sensations which, were conveyed from the surface of the body, through the nerves, unto corresponding im-

pression was produced on the mind. Upon the same principle, very strong impressions received during the day may modify and very materially influence the character of our dreams at night. Dr. Beattie states that once, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, he passed a night of dreams which were so terrible, that he found it expedient to keep himself awake, that he might no longer be tormented with them. "Had I been superstitious," he observes, "I should have thought that some disaster was impending; but it occurred to me that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the cause of all these horrors." Other and less obvious causes are in constant operation. A change in the weather—in the electrical state of the atmosphere—and its barometrical pressure—the temperature of the bedroom—arrangements of the bed-furniture—the adjustment of the bed-clothes—nay, the position of the sleeper, particularly if he cramp a foot or benumb an arm, will at once affect the entire concatenation and issue of his dreams.

Furthermore, impressions may be made on the mind during sleep, by speaking gently to a person, or even whispering in the ear. We ourselves, when in Italy, could on one occasion trace the origin of a very remarkable dream to our having heard, in an obscure and half-conscious manner, during sleep, the noise of people in the streets, on All Souls'-night, invoking alms for the dead. Dr. Beattie knew a man in whom any kind of dream could be produced if his friends, gently addressing him, afforded the subject-matter for his ideas. Equally curious is the circumstance that dreams may be produced by whispering in the ear. A case of this description is recorded by Dr. Abercrombie:

"An officer, whose susceptibility of having his dreams thus conjured before him, was so remarkable, that his friends could produce any kind of dream they pleased, by softly whispering in his ear, especially if this were done by one with whose voice he was familiar. His companions were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. On one occasion they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired off in his sleep, and was awakened by the report. On another, they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when, by whispering, they made him believe he had fallen overboard; and they then exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated the motions of swimming. They then suggested to him that he was being pursued by a shark, and entreated him to dive for his life. This he did, or rather attempted, with so much violence, that he threw himself off the locker, by which he was bruised, and, of course, awakened." Dr. Abercrombie adds, that the most remarkable circumstance connected with this case was, that after these and a variety of

other pranks had been played upon him, "he had no distinct recollection of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue, and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some tricks upon him."

It appears, also—and the fact is very remarkable—that a similar kind of sensation will produce the same description of dream in a number of individuals at the same time. Hence different people will sometimes have the same dream. We read of a whole regiment starting up in alarm, declaring they were dreaming that a black dog had jumped upon their breasts and disappeared, which curious circumstance was explained by the discovery, that they had all been exposed to the influence of a deleterious gas, which was generated in the monastery. The effect of music, also, in exciting delightful dreams, has often been attested. A French philosopher whose experiments are reported by Magendie, according to the airs which he had arranged should be played while he was asleep, could have the character of his dreams directed at pleasure. "There is an art," says Sir Thomas Browne—in his usual quaint style—"to make dreams as well as their interpretations; and physicians will tell us that some food makes turbulent, some gives quiet dreams. Cato, who doated upon cabbage, might find the crude effects thereof; and Pythagoras might have had calmer sleeps if he had totally abstained from beans."

The influences of the day's occurrences, and the thoughts which have occupied the mind during the day, have been said to give a corresponding tone and coloring to our dreams at night. Thus the lover dreams of his mistress; the miser of his gold; the merchant of his speculations; the man of science of his discoveries. The poets of all ages and nations adopt this view. Virgil describes Dido forsaken by Æneas, wandering alone on a desert shore in pursuit of the Tyrians. Milton represents Eve relating to Adam the dreams which were very naturally the repetition of her waking thoughts. Petrarch invokes the beauty of Laura. Eloisa, separated from Abelard, is again happy in his company, even amid "dreary wastes" and "low-browed rocks."

There can be no doubt that the dreams of many persons are very greatly influenced by the reflections and emotions they have experienced the preceding day; but this is by no means invariably the case. We have known persons whose dreams refer habitually to events which occurred to them, perhaps, twenty years ago, and upon whom recent events seem to possess no such influence. We have often been told by ladies happily and affectionately married, that while they were engaged, although their thoughts were naturally much set on their engagement, they never dreamed of their lovers. So, also, the father of a family, habitually impressed with a sense of his responsibility and affection toward his offspring, will sometimes dream often enough of his neighbor's children, but seldom,

or, perhaps, never, of his own. Try to dream on a given subject—resolve and fix the attention upon it—going to sleep, and no sooner are our eyelids closed, than fantastic fancy will conjure up the most opposite and incongruous imagery. We have heard this dream-problem explained by referring it to a principle of *antagonism*, which, waking or sleeping, may be observed in the animal economy. If a limb become fatigued by remaining too long in one position, it will be relieved by being thrown into the very opposite condition; if the eye fatigue itself by gazing intently on the disc of any bright color, and the eyelids close, the very opposite, or antagonistic color will be depicted upon the retina: in like manner, when our waking thoughts—in connection with the nerve matter, which is their material instrument—have exhausted their energy, we can easily conceive how the very opposite condition will be produced. Hence the most unconnected and preposterous train of imagery may arise from the very earnestness with which we desire a contrary effect. We dream of events which do not concern us, instead of those in which we are most deeply interested; we dream of persons to whom we are indifferent, instead of those to whom we are attached. But, in the midst of all this curious and perplexing contrariety, it is remarkable—and may be esteemed a proof of the immateriality of the mind—that we always preserve the consciousness of our own identity. No man dreams that he is a woman, or any other person than himself; we have heard of persons who have dreamed they were dead, and in a spiritual state; but the spirit was still their own—they maintained their identity. Sir Thomas Lawrence once made an interesting observation on this subject to Mrs. Butler—then Miss Fanny Kemble: he pointed out, in conversation, that he never heard of any lady who ever dreamed that she was younger than she really was. We retain in our dreams even the identity of our age. It has been said—we think by Sir Thomas Browne—that some persons of virtuous and honorable principles will commit, as they fancy, actions in their dreams which they would shudder at in their waking moments; but we can not believe that the identity of moral goodness can be so perverted in the dreaming state. We can, however, readily conceive that, when the mind is oppressed, or disturbed by the recollection of some event it dreads to dwell upon, it may be disturbed by the most terrific and ghastly images. A guilty conscience, too, will unquestionably produce restlessness, agitation, and awe-inspiring dreams. Hence Manfred, in pacing restlessly his lonely Gothic gallery at midnight, pictures to himself the terrors of sleep:

"The lamp must be replenished; even then
It will not burn so long as I must watch.
My slumbers, if I slumber, are not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought,
Which then I can resist not. In my heart
There is a vigil; and these eyes
But close to look within."

Contrition and remorse oppose his rest. If we remember right, it was Bishop Newton who remarked, that the sleep of innocence differed essentially from the sleep of guilt.

The assistance supposed to be sometimes furnished in sleep toward the solution of problems which puzzled the waking sense, opens up a curious subject of investigation. Cases of the kind have been recorded upon undoubted authority. Hence some philosophers, like Sir Thomas Browne and Addison, have been induced to suppose that the soul in this state is partially disengaged from the encumbrance of the body, and therefore more intelligent, which is a mere fancy—a poetical fiction. Surely it is absurd to suppose that the soul, which we invest with such high and perfect attributes, should commit such frivolous and irrational acts as those which take place so constantly in our dreams. "Methinks," observed Locke, "every drowsy nod shakes this doctrine." All we remark, is, that some of the ordinary mental faculties act in such cases with increased energy. But beyond this we can not go. We are informed by Cabanis, that Franklin on several occasions mentioned to him, that he had been assisted in his dreams on the issue of many affairs in which he was engaged. So, also, Condillac, while writing his "Cours d'Etudes," states that he was frequently obliged to leave a chapter incomplete, and retire to bed: and that on waking, he found it, on more than one occasion, finished in his head. Condorcet, upon leaving his deep and complicated calculations unfinished, after having retired to rest, often found their results unfolded to him in his dreams. Voltaire assures us that he, like La Fontaine, composed verses frequently in his sleep, which he remembered on awaking. Doctor Johnson states that he once in a dream had a contest of wit with some other person, and that he was very much mortified by imagining that his opponent had the better of him. Coleridge, in a dream, composed the wild and beautiful poem of "Kubla Khan," which was suggested to him by a passage he was reading in "Purchas's Pilgrimage" when he fell asleep. On awaking he had a distinct recollection of the whole, and, taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines which have been so much admired.

One of the most striking circumstances connected with the human mind is the extreme lightning-like rapidity of its thoughts, even in our waking hours; but the transactions which appear to take place in our dreams are accomplished with still more incalculable rapidity; the relations of space, the duration of time, appear to be alike annihilated; we are transported in an instant to the most distant regions of the earth, and the events of ages are condensed into the span of a few seconds. The accidental jarring of a door, or any noise, will, at the same moment, it awakens a person, suggest the incidents of an entire dream. Hence some persons—Lord Brougham in particular—have supposed that all our dreams take place in the transition

or interval between sleep and waking. A gentleman dreamt that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and, at last, led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room had, in the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. The same want of any notion of the duration of time occurs, more or less, in all dreams; hence our ignorance when we awake of the length of the night. A friend of Doctor Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening with the fright, discovered he had not been ten minutes asleep. "I lately dreamed," says Dr. Macnish, "that I made a voyage—remained some days in Calcutta—returned home—then took ship for Egypt, where I visited the cataracts of the Nile, Grand Cairo, and the Pyramids; and to crown the whole, had the honor of an interview with Mehemet Ali, Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great." All this was the work of a single hour, or even a few minutes. In one of the dreams which Mr. De Quincey describes—when under the influence of opium—"The sense of Space and in the end of Time were," he states, "both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, &c., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to a sense of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of Time; I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or one hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millenium, passed in that time; or, however, of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience." One of the miracles of Mohammed appears to be illustrative of the same phenomenon. We read, in the Koran, that the angel Gabriel took Mohammed, one morning, out of his bed to give him a sight of all things in the Seven Heavens and in Paradise; and, after holding ninety thousand spiritual conferences, he was brought back again to his bed; all which was transacted in so small a space of time that Mohammed, upon his return, found his bed still warm.

Are dreams so much varied as is generally supposed? Or, taking into consideration our different mental and physical constitutions, is there not rather a remarkable sameness in them? It is certainly a very unusual circumstance to hear of any dream that does violence to the common experience of mankind. One class of dreams, which may be termed *RETROSPECTIVE*, is of frequent occurrence. These are characterized by the revival of associations long since forgotten. The faculty of Memory appears to be preternaturally exalted; the veil is withdrawn which obscured the vista of our past life; and the minutest events of childhood pass in vivid review before us. There can be no doubt

that something analogous to this occurs in drowning; when, after the alarm and struggle for life has subsided, sensations and visions supervene with indescribable rapidity. The same very remarkable phenomenon takes place also sometimes in hanging; but is by no means uniformly produced. "Of all whom I have seen restored from drowning," observes Dr. Lettsom, "I never found one who had the smallest recollection of any thing that passed under water until the time they were restored." Persons must not, therefore, be deceived by imagining that an Elysium is to be found at the bottom of a garden-well, or a canal, or a river.

But to return—it is not only the very early incidents of childhood which may thus be recalled by our dreams, but recent events, which in our waking hours had escaped the memory, are sometimes suddenly recalled. In his "Notes to Waverley," Sir Walter Scott relates the following anecdote: "A gentleman connected with a Bank in Glasgow, while employed in the occupation of cashier, was annoyed by a person, out of his turn, demanding the payment of a check for six pounds. Having paid him, but with reluctance, out of his turn, he thought no more of the transaction. At the end of the year, which was eight or nine months after, a difficulty was experienced in making the books balance, in consequence of a deficiency of six pounds. Several days and nights were exhausted in endeavors to discover the source of the error, but without success; and the discomfited and chagrined cashier retired one night to his bed, disappointed and fatigued. He fell asleep and dreamed he was at his Bank, and once again the whole scene of the annoying man and his six-pound check arose before him; and, on examination, it was discovered that the sum paid to this person had been neglected to be inserted in the book of interests, and that it exactly accounted for the error in the balance." We read of another gentleman, a solicitor, who, on one occasion, lost a very important document connected with the conveyance of some property; the most anxious search was made for it in vain; and the night preceding the day on which the parties were to meet for the final settlement the son of this gentleman then went to bed, under much anxiety and disappointment, and dreamt that, at the time when the missing paper was delivered to his father, his table was covered with papers connected with the affairs of a particular client; and there found the paper they had been in search of, which had been tied up in a parcel to which it was in no way related.

There is another class of dreams which would appear to be much more extraordinary than these of a *Retrospective Character*, to wit: those in which the dreamer appears to take cognizance of incidents which are occurring at a distance, which may be designated *Dreams of COINCIDENCE*. In the "Memoirs of Margaret de Valois" we read, that her mother, Catherine de Medicis, when ill of the plague at Metz, saw her son, the Duc d'Anjou, at the victory of Jar-

nac, thrown from his horse, and the Prince de Condé dead—events which happened exactly at that moment Dr. Macnish relates, as the most striking example he ever met with of the co-existence between a dream and a passing event, the following melancholy story: Miss M., a young lady, a native of Ross-shire, was deeply in love with an officer who accompanied Sir John Moore in the Peninsular War. The constant danger to which he was exposed had an evident effect upon her spirits. She became pale and melancholy in perpetually brooding over his fortunes; and, in spite of all that reason could do, felt a certain conviction that, when she last parted from her lover, she had parted with him forever. In a surprisingly short period her graceful form declined into all the appalling characteristics of a fatal illness, and she seemed rapidly hastening to the grave, when a dream confirmed the horrors she had long anticipated, and gave the finishing stroke to her sorrows. One night, after falling asleep, she imagined she saw her lover, pale, bloody, and wounded in the breast, enter her apartment. He drew aside the curtains of the bed, and, with a look of the utmost mildness, informed her that he had been slain in battle, desiring her, at the same time, to comfort herself, and not take his death too seriously to heart. It is needless to say what influence this vision had upon a mind so replete with woe. It withered it entirely, and the poor girl died a few days afterward, but, not without desiring her parents to note down the day of the month on which it happened, and see if it would not be confirmed, as she confidently declared it would. Her anticipation was correct, for accounts were shortly afterward received that the young man was slain at the battle of Corunna, which was fought on the very day of the night of which his betrothed had beheld the vision. It is certainly very natural to suppose that there must be some mysterious connection between such a dream and the event which appears to have simultaneously taken place—but, upon reflecting further upon the subject, we shall find that the co-existence is purely accidental. If, as Sir Walter Scott observed, any event, such as the death of the person dreamt of, chance to take place, so as to correspond with the nature and time of the apparition, the circumstance is conceived to be supernatural, although the coincidence is one which must frequently occur, since our dreams usually refer to the accomplishment of that which haunts our minds when awake, and often presage the most probable events. Such a concatenation, therefore, must often take place when it is considered “of what stuff dreams are made,” and how naturally they turn upon those who occupy our mind when awake. When a soldier is exposed to death in battle; when a sailor is incurring the dangers of the sea; when a beloved wife or relative is attacked by disease, how readily our sleeping imagination rushes to the very point of alarm which, when waking, it had shuddered to anticipate. Considering the

many thousands of dreams which must, night after night, pass through the imagination of individuals, the number of coincidences between the vision and the event are fewer and less remarkable than a fair calculation of chance would warrant us to expect.

In addition to these, we sometimes hear of dreams which appear to reveal the secrets of futurity; and which may be designated *PROPHETIC DREAMS*—unveiling, as they are supposed to do, the destiny which awaits particular individuals. The prophetic dream of Cromwell, that he should live to be the greatest man in England, has often been referred to as an example of special revelation; but surely there can be nothing very wonderful in the occurrence—for, after all, if we could only penetrate into the thoughts, hopes, and designs which inflamed the ambition of such men as Ireton, Lambert, and the like, we should find both their waking and sleeping visions equally suggestive of self-aggrandizement. The Protector himself was not the only usurper, in those troubled times, who dreamed of being “every inch a king;” but we want the data to compute the probabilities which the laws of chance would give in favor of such a prophecy or dream being fulfilled. The prophetic dream refers generally to some event which, in the course of nature, is likely to happen: is it, then, wonderful that it should occur? It would be curious to know how often Napoleon dreamed that he was the Emperor of the civilized world, or confined as a prisoner of war; how many thrones he imagined himself to have ascended or abdicated; how often he accomplished the rebuilding of Jerusalem. A few years ago, some very cruel murders were perpetrated in Edinburgh, by men named Burke and Hare, who sold the bodies of their victims to the Anatomical Schools. We had ourselves an interview with Burke, after his condemnation, when he told us that many months before he was apprehended and convicted, he used to dream that the murders he committed had been discovered; then he imagined himself going to be executed, and his chief anxiety was, how he should comport himself on the scaffold before the assembled multitude, whose faces he beheld gazing up and fixed upon him. His dream was, in every respect, verified; but who, for an instant, would suppose there could have been any thing preternatural, or prophetic, in such a vision? For the most part, dreams of this description are supposed to portend the illness, or the time of the death, of particular individuals; and these, too, upon the simple doctrine of chance, turn out, perhaps, to be as often wrong as right. It may be true, that Lord Lyttleton died at the exact hour which he said had been predicted to him in a dream; but Voltaire outlived a similar prophecy for many years. It must, however, be conceded, that persons in ill-health may have their death expedited by believing in such fatal predictions. Tell a timorous man that he will die; and the sentence, if pronounced with sufficient solemnity, and the

semblance of its fore-knowledge, will, under certain circumstances, execute itself. But, on the other hand, the self-sustaining power of the will, with a corresponding concentration of nervous energy, will sometimes triumph over the presence of disease, and for awhile ward off even the hand of death. The anecdote is told of Muley Moloch, who, being informed that his army was likely to be defeated, sprang from his sick bed in great excitement, led his men on to victory, and, on returning to his tent, lay down and almost instantly expired.

But again it may be asked—what then do dreams portend? Do they admit of any rational interpretation? This branch of the art of divination, which was called formerly by the name of "Oneiromancy," has been practiced in all ages; and there is, perhaps, not a village in Great Britain, or on the great continent of Europe, India, or America, in which some fortune-telling old woman will not be found who professes to be an oracle in propounding their mystical signification. The magicians of old were supposed to be skillful interpreters of dreams, which, like the wisecracks of Christendom, they viewed under very contradictory aspects.

From one of the most ancient Arabic manuscripts on the subject, we learn that if you see an angel, it is a good sign; but if you dream that you converse with one, it forebodes evil—to dream you bathe in a clear fountain denotes joy—but if it be muddy, an enemy will bring against you some false accusation. To dream of carrying any weight upon the back denotes servitude, if you are rich—honor if you are poor. There is not an object in nature—not an event that can occur in life—that our modern fortune-tellers have not converted, when seen in a dream, into some sign ominous of good or of evil; and many even well-educated persons are in the habit of fostering their credulity by attaching an undue importance to their dreams. It is a curious circumstance, however, which militates against this mystic art, that the same sign in different countries carries with it a very contrary signification. The peasant girl in England thinks, if she dream of a rose, that it is a sure sign of happiness; but the *paysanne* in Normandy believes that it portends vexation and disappointment. The Englishman conceives that to dream of an oak-tree is a sign of prosperity; but in Switzerland, the same vision is thought to be a forewarning of some dreadful calamity.

The domestic superstitions which are connected with dreams, are sometimes favored by, and perhaps dependent upon a certain morbid condition or irritability of the nervous system, which suggests the dread of some impending calamity, a painful and indefinite sense of apprehension for which no ostensible reason can be assigned. Strange as it might appear, the influence of our dreams upon our waking state is very remarkable; we may awaken refreshed from a dream which has made us, in our sleep, superlatively happy; or we may rise with mel-

ancholic feelings after suffering intense affliction in some dream, and the details of both dreams may alike be forgotten. We can not, after being so much disturbed, at once regain our composure; the billows continue heaving after the tempest has subsided; the troubled nerves continue to vibrate after the causes that disturbed them have ceased to act; the impression still remains, and checkers the happiness of the future day. Even men of strong mind, who do not believe in the interpretation of dreams, may be so affected. When Henry the Fourth of France was once told by an astrologer that he would be assassinated, he smiled at the prediction, and did not believe it; but he confessed that it often haunted him afterward, and although he placed no faith in it, still it sometimes depressed his spirits, and he often expressed a wish that he had never heard it. In like manner, dreams, which persons do not believe in, will unconsciously affect the tenor of their thoughts and feelings.

There are many persons who appear to have habitually the most extraordinary dreams, and there is scarcely a family circle that assemble round the domestic hearth, in which some one or other of the party is not able to relate some very wonderful story. We have, ourselves, a *répertoire*, from which we could select a host of such narrations; but we have preferred, at the risk of being thought recapitulative, to dwell upon those which have been recorded upon unimpeachable authority. The dreams which men like Locke, Reid, Gregory, Abercrombie, Macnish, &c., have attested, come with a weight of evidence before us which the dreams of persons unknown in the scientific or literary world would not possess. The impressions produced by dreams are so fugitive—so easy is it for persons unintentionally to deceive themselves in recalling their dreams' experience—that Epictetus, long ago, advised young men not to entertain any company by relating their dreams, as they could only, he affirmed, be interesting to themselves, and perhaps would, after all their pains, be disbelieved by their auditors. Nevertheless, it would be well for all persons to study, whether waking or dreaming, the phenomena of their own minds. The ingenious naturalist, Doctor Fleming, suggests that persons should, in contradistinction to a "Diary," keep a "Nocturnal," in which they should register their dreams. Doubtless such a journal might turn out to be a very amusing psychological record.

A FAIR IN MUNICH.

I WONDER when there is not a fair in Munich. This, however, was *Die Drei Könige Dult*, or the Fair of the Three Kings. By way of amusement, I thought I would go to it; but as I could not very well go alone, I invited Madame Thekla to accompany me, with which she was very well pleased, as I promised to treat her to the shows. As far as buying and selling, and the crowds of peasants, and townspeople, and students, and soldiers, go, it was like any

other fair. At a little distance from the long array of booths, stood the shows—and thither we bent our steps.

The first thing we came upon was a small ladder-wagon, covered with an arched awning; and, bound to one side of the wagon, were tall poles, from which floated a series of ghastly pictures—hideous raw-head-and-bloody-bone pictures! There were murders, executions, beheadings in German fashion; the criminal extended on a horrid sort of rack, and his head being chopped off by a grim executioner, with a sword, while a priest stood by in his long robes; there were houses on fire; drownings, miraculous escapes; there were tall, smirking hussars, and weeping ladies in white—heroes and heroines in these bloody histories!

The subjects, the hideous drawing, the hard outlines, the goggle-eyes, the blood, the knives, the very fire, made you feel sick. A considerable crowd was collected, and listened breathlessly to the sounds of an organ, to which two Tyrolians sang their appalling tragedies. They sang in such clear, sweet, mountain tones, that you were strangely fascinated. Mournfully sang they, in a monotonous chaunt, of blood, and crime, and terror, till you felt your blood creep; and, by a frightful fascination, your eyes gloated on the disgusting pictures.

What a terribly immoral influence must such exhibitions have upon such an uneducated crowd as surrounded these sirens! Why should not a *paternal* government, which guards its people from immoral books and disgusting newspapers, not guard them equally from such a disgusting sight and sound as this Tyrolian exhibition? These Tyrolians sold printed histories of the fearful crimes and calamities which were depicted on their banners. These histories are very exciting and romantic reading, as you may believe when I give some of their titles:—"The History of the Great and Terrible Monster, who cruelly murdered his Beloved, his Child, his Father, his Mother, his two Sisters, and his Brother, on the 8th of July, 1850." "Heroic Self-sacrifice of a Bohemian Hussar Officer, and the Punishment of his Murderers." "A true and dreadful History which occurred on the 14th of March, 1850, in Schopka, near Milineck, in Bohemia." "The Might of Mutual Love: a highly remarkable event, which occurred at Thoulon, in the year 1849." "The Cursed Mill: a Warning from Real Life." "The Temptation; the Deed; the Consequences!"

If you care to know any thing of the style of these remarkable productions, I will give you a specimen. One begins thus:—"In Ross-dorf, in Hanover, lived the criminal Peter Natzer. He was by trade a glazier, his father having followed the same calling. Peter was five-and-twenty years old, and was, from his earliest youth, addicted to every species of crime. He had a sweetheart, named Lucie Braun, a poor girl, &c., &c."

Again:—"Silent sat the miller, Leverm, in his garden; thoughtfully gazed he into the dis-

tant valley. He was scarcely thirty years of age, but heavy cares had bowed him, and robbed him of his fresh, youthful bloom. Beside him sat his wife, who cast many an anxious but affectionate glance on her husband. How tender and lovely was this young wife! The inhabitants of the neighborhood called her "The Rose of the Valley." In this way begins a most awful tragedy.

Of course we did not read these things in the fair. It was enough for us, there, to listen to the mournful chant of the mountaineers, till our blood was frozen in our veins. I took home with me these printed histories, as many another simple soul did; and now, after I have read them, and been filled with horror and disgust by them, I have put them away from me as unholy things. But think of the effect they will have in many a lonely village, this winter—in many a desolate farm-house or cottage—on the wide plain, or among the mountains! These papers are productive seeds of murder and crime; of that one may be certain.

The next wonder that stopped us in the fair, was a little fat man, who was shouting away at the top of his voice, while he briskly sharpened a knife on a long, rough board, which was smeared over with a black ointment. He was a vender of magical strop-salve! something in the fashion of Mechi. "Ladies and gentlemen;" shouted he, "witness my wonderful invention! The dullest knife, stick-knife, bread-knife, clasp-knife, table-knife, carving-knife, shaving-knife, (*rasier-messer*) pen-knife, pruning-knife, though dull as this knife—*though dull as this knife!*" and here he began hacking away upon the edge of a big knife with a strong piece of broken pitcher. "Yes, though dull, dull, dull as this knife!—when subjected to my wonderful salve," and here he smeared it with his black ointment, "will cut a hair, or the most delicate shaving of paper—as it now does!" and with that he severed paper shavings as if they had been nothing. If it was really the *same knife*, his was a wonderful invention, and beat Mechi hollow.

Next, I had my fortune told at three different places, for six kreutzers, or two-pence each, and as I was promised pretty much the same fortune by all, I suppose I ought to believe in the truth of it. They foretold me lots of trouble in the way of love-crosses, false friends, and unkind relations, and such small trifles; but were equally liberal of rich lovers, and plenty of them, plenty of money, and a good husband to crown all, and good children to be the *props* of my old age; so I think I had, after all, a good sixpenny-worth.

Next we came upon a little caravan, on the steps of which vociferated a most picturesque Tyrolian, in broad-brimmed sugar-loafed hat, adorned with chamois hair, and eagles' feathers; in broad-ribbed stockings, and with a broad, gayly-embroidered band round his waist, which half covered his chest. He assured the crowd below that there was not in the whole of

Bavaria, any thing half as interesting, half as extraordinary, half as astounding as the singularly gifted, singularly beautiful, singularly intellectual being within; a being from another quarter of the globe, a being adapted to an entirely different mode of existence to ours; a being who could see in the dark, a being who only lived upon raw meat! A wonderful Albino who could speak the German tongue!

Of course we must see the Albino; so in we went, and some way or other I felt an unusual shock. There he sat, in a black velvet dress spangled with silver, the light coming in from the top of the caravan, and his transparent complexion, his burning, fiery eyes, like carbuncles, his long waves of white, silky hair, and his long, curling, snow-white, silky beard, gave him the appearance of some enchanted dwarf—some cobold or gnome out of a subterranean palace.

But I had not much time to lose myself in dreams about enchanted dwarfs or gnomes, for there was something else burning in the caravan besides the Albino's eyes, and that was Madame Thekla's grand silk cloak! She had come out with me in all her grandeur; and now, while we stood enchanted before the Albino, her fine silk cloak was singeing at a little iron stove that stood behind the door. Poor Madame Thekla! Out we rushed, and she revenged herself by vociferating to the crowd outside, as the Tyrolian had done just before, and by exhibiting her unlucky cloak in a sort of savage despair.

An hour afterward, we again passed the caravan, and the Tyrolian in the ribbed stockings was again holding forth on the steps, when, at sight of us, he interrupted his oration, and politely invited us to re-enter, and complete, *free of cost*, our inspection of the Albino. But Madame Thekla, pointing with stern dignity to her cloak, declined, and marched on.

After this we went to the *wäffeln*-booths, where we ate hot-baked *wäffeln*, a kind of gofre cake; and then, resisting a wonderful elephant show, we hastened to the monkey theatre, the poor elephant's rival exhibition; the "Grand Monkey Theatre from Paris," in which forty-two apes and poodles, the property of M. Le Cerf, would exhibit the most wonderful and artistic feats.

We had to wait some time till the four o'clock performance was over, which unfortunately had begun before we arrived; and while Madame Thekla and I stood impatiently waiting in the cold, up there came a merry-faced lad of about ten, and began, in great glee, to describe to us the glorious things that were performed by those "dear little monkeys and dogs." He was quite eloquent in his delight; and, "Oh!" said he, "if I had but another *sechser* (twopenny-piece), wouldn't I see it again!" "There is another *sechser*, then!" said I, and put one into his fat little hand. What an astonished, bright face looked up into mine; and he seized my hand in both his, and shook it almost off. And away he ran up the steps for his ticket, flying down

again to us, and keeping as close to us as possible, talking all the time, and fairly dancing for joy.

"You've quite bewitched that little fellow," said Madame Thekla; and I seemed to have bewitched all the little lads in the fair, for, by a strangely-mysterious power, they were drawn toward us in crowds, from all hands—little fellows in blouses, little fellows in little green and brown surtouts, little fellows in old-fashioned and, in England, almost forgotten, buttoned-up suits—and all crept bashfully toward us! Oh the wonderful magic of a twopenny-piece! Heaven only knows how the news of this munificent gift of a *sechser* had so swiftly spread through the fair! One little lad actually had the bravery to say to me that "children were admitted at half-price!" And was I not a cold-hearted wretch to reply, "Oh, indeed!" just as though it were a matter of perfect indifference to me, though, in truth, it was not; but I felt rather appalled at the sight of such a crowd of little eager heads, well knowing that my purse was not full to overflowing, even with twopenny-pieces!

At length we were seated in the little theatre; and, after a fearful charivari from the orchestra, the curtain drew up, and we beheld, seated at a long table, a company of monkeys! It was a *table d'hôte*. A dandified young fellow—perhaps Monsieur Le Cerf himself—in the most elegant of cravats, the most elegant white wristbands, the most elegant ring, and the most elegant moustache, performed the part of host; the waiter and waiters were monkeys. The waiter—a most drunken, good-for-nothing waiter he seemed—a fat, big ape—drank behind the backs of the guests the very wine he was serving them with; he seemed so very tipsy, that he could hardly walk; he staggered backward and forward, and leaned against the wall for support, as he emptied the bottle he was bringing for the company. But the little waitress! She was a little darling; the tiniest of little monkeys, and she came skipping on the stage in a little broad-brimmed straw hat, and a bright-colored little dress, with the daintiest of little white muslin aprons on; she looked just like a little fairy. Every body was enchanted with her. Even Monsieur Le Cerf himself caressed her, and gave her not only, every now and then, a nut, but a kiss. She behaved beautifully. But as to the guests! They quarreled, and even fought—Monsieur Le Cerf said it was about paying the bill.

I can't pretend to tell you half the clever things the monkeys did in the way of swinging, dancing, firing off muskets, riding on a pony, &c. Wonderful things, too, were performed by the dogs, splendid spaniels and setters. One large black-and-tan creature walked on his fore-legs, in the style of what children call "playing at a wheelbarrow," only he himself, poor wretch, had to wheel the barrow. He walked demurely round and round the stage, carrying his two unlucky hind-legs up in the air; then he walked

on three legs, and then, the most difficult task of all for a dog, as we were assured, upon two legs on the same side. Another beautiful white spaniel came walking in most grandly on her hind legs, as *Madame de Pompadour*, in a long-trained dress which was borne by a tiny monkey in livery, bearing a little lantern in his hand.

The finale was the besieging of a fortress; and to see some twenty milk-white spaniels rushing up and down the stairs of the burning fortress, illumined by brilliant rose-colored, green, and blue lights, was very curious indeed. If I could have forgotten the terrible training through which these poor creatures must have gone, I should have enjoyed it much more. But I did not wonder, after seeing all their feats, that our little friend had been so enchanted. He sat behind us in the half-price seats, but for all that we continued to exchange many smiling glances during the performance. I only wished I could have seen a whole row of little fellows all equally delighted and surprised by their good fortune.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

CAPTAIN MARMADUKE SMITH, is—judging from his present mundane, matter-of-fact character, about the last man one would suspect of having been at any time of his life a victim to the “tender passion.” A revelation he volunteered to two or three cronies at the club the other evening undeceived us. The captain on this occasion, as was generally the case on the morrow of a too great indulgence, was somewhat dull spirited and lachrymose. The weather, too, was gloomy; a melancholy barrel-organ had been droning dreadfully for some time beneath the windows; and to crown all, Mr. Tape, who has a quick eye for the sentimental, had discovered, and read aloud, a common, but sad story of madness and suicide in the evening paper. It is not, therefore, so surprising that tender recollections should have revived with unusual force in the veteran's memory.

“You would hardly believe it, Tape,” said Captain Smith, after a dull pause, and emitting a sound somewhat resembling a sigh, as he relighted the cigar which had gone out during Mr. Tape's reading—“you would hardly believe it, perhaps; but I was woman-witched once myself!”

“Never!” exclaimed the astonished gentleman whom he addressed. “A man of your strength of mind, captain? I can't believe it; it's impossible!”

“It's an extraordinary fact, I admit; and, to own the truth, I have never been able to account exactly for it myself. Fortunately, I took the disorder as I did the measles—young; and neither of these complaints is apt to be so fatal then, I'm told, as when they pick a man up later in life. It was, however, a very severe attack while it lasted. A very charming hand at hooking a gudgeon was that delightful Coralie Dufour, I must say.”

“Any relation to the Monsieur and Madame Dufour we saw some years ago in Paris?” asked Tape. “The husband, I remember, was remarkably fond of expressing his gratitude to you for having once wonderfully carried him through his difficulties.”

Captain Smith looked sharply at Mr Tape, as if he suspected some lurking irony beneath the bland innocence of his words. Perceiving, as usual, nothing in the speaker's countenance, Mr. Smith—blowing at the same time a tremendous cloud to conceal a faint blush which, to my extreme astonishment, I observed stealing over his unaccustomed features—said, gravely, almost solemnly: “You, Mr. Tape are a married man, and the father of a family, and your own experience, therefore, in the female line must be ample for a lifetime; but you, sir,” continued the captain, patronizingly, addressing another of his auditors, “are, I believe, as yet ‘unattached,’ in a legal sense, and may therefore derive profit, as well as instruction, from an example of the way in which ardent and inexperienced youth is sometimes entrapped and bamboozled by womankind. Mr. Tape, oblige me by touching the bell.”

The instant the captain's order had been obeyed, he commenced the narrative of his love adventure, and for a time spoke with his accustomed calmness: but toward the close he became so exceeding discursive and excited, and it was with so much difficulty we drew from him many little particulars it was essential to hear, that I have been compelled, from regard to brevity as well as strict decorum, to soften down and render in my own words some of the chief incidents of his mishap.

Just previous to the winter campaign which witnessed the second siege and fall of Badajoz, Mr. Smith, in the zealous exercise of his perilous vocation, entered that city in his usual disguise of a Spanish countryman, with strict orders to keep his eyes and ears wide open, and to report as speedily as possible upon various military details, which it was desirable the British general should be made acquainted with. Mr. Smith, from the first moment the pleasant proposition was hinted to him, had manifested considerable reluctance to undertake the task; more especially as General Phillipon, who commanded the French garrison, had not very long before been much too near catching him, to render a possibly still more intimate acquaintance with so sharp a practitioner at all desirable. Nevertheless, as the service was urgent, and no one, it was agreed, so competent as himself to the duty—indeed upon this point Mr. Smith remarked that the most flattering unanimity of opinion was exhibited by all the gentlemen likely, should he decline the honor, to be selected in his place—he finally consented, and in due time found himself fairly within the walls of the devoted city. “It was an uncomfortable business,” the captain said, “very much so—and in more ways than one. It took a long time to accomplish; and what was worse

than all, rations were miserably short. The French garrison were living upon salted horse-flesh, and you may guess, therefore, at the condition of the civilians' victualing department. Wine was, however, to be had in sufficient plenty; and I used frequently to pass a few hours at a place of entertainment kept by an Andalusian woman, whose bitter hatred of the French invaders, and favorable disposition toward the British were well known to me, though successfully concealed from Napoleon's soldiers, many of whom—sous-officiers chiefly—were her customers. My chief amusement there was playing at dominoes for a few glasses. I played, when I had a choice, with a smart, goodish-looking sous-lieutenant of voltigeurs—a glib-tongued chap, of the sort that tell all they know, and something over, with very little pressing. His comrades addressed him as Victor, the only name I then knew him by. He and I became very good friends, the more readily that I was content he should generally win. I soon reckoned Master Victor up; but there was an old, wiry *gredin* of a sergeant-major sometimes present, whose suspicious manner caused me frequent twinges. One day especially I caught him looking at me in a way that sent the blood galloping through my veins like wild-fire. A look, Mr. Tape, which may be very likely followed in a few minutes afterward by a halter, or by half-a-dozen bullets through one's body, is apt to excite an unpleasant sensation."

"I should think so. I wouldn't be in such a predicament for the creation."

"It's a situation that would hardly suit you, Mr. Tape," replied the veteran, with a grim smile. "Well, the gray-headed old fox followed up his look with a number of interesting queries concerning my birth, parentage, and present occupation, my answers to which so operated upon him, that I felt quite certain when he shook hands with me, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, and sauntered carelessly out of the place, that he was gone to report his surmises, and would be probably back again in two twos with a file of soldiers and an order for my arrest. He had put me so smartly through my facings, that although it was quite a cold day for Spain, I give you my honor I perspired to the very tips of my fingers and toes. The chance of escape was, I felt, almost desperate. The previous evening a rumor had circulated that the British general had stormed Ciudad Rodrigo, and might therefore be already hastening in his seven-league boots, toward Badajoz. The French were consequently more than ever on the alert, and keen eyes watched with sharpened eagerness for indications of sympathy or correspondence between the citizens and the advancing army. I jumped up as soon as the sergeant-major had disappeared, and was about to follow, when the mistress of the place approached, and said, hastily, 'I have heard all, and if not quick, you will be sacrificed by those French dogs: this way.' I

followed to an inner apartment, where she drew from a well-concealed recess, a French officer's uniform, complete. 'On with it!' she exclaimed, as she left the room. 'I know the word and countersign.' I did not require twice telling, you may be sure; and in less than no time was togged off beautifully in a lieutenant's uniform, and walking at a smart pace toward one of the gates. I was within twenty yards of the corps-de-garde, when whom should I run against but Sous-lieutenant Victor! He stared, but either did not for the moment recognize me, or else doubted the evidence of his own senses. I quickened my steps—the guard challenged—I gave the words, 'Napoleon, Austerlitz!'—passed on; and as soon as a turn of the road hid me from view, increased my pace to a run. My horse, I should have stated, had been left in sure hands at about two miles' distance. Could I reach so far, there was, I felt, a chance. Unfortunately, I had not gone more than five or six hundred yards, when a hubbub of shouts, and musket-shots in my rear, announced that I was pursued. I glanced round; and I assure you, gentlemen, I have seen in my life many pleasanter prospects than met my view—Richmond Hill, for instance, on a fine summer day. Between twenty and thirty voltigeurs, headed by my friend Victor, who had armed himself, like the others, with a musket, were in full pursuit; and once, I was quite satisfied, within gun-shot, my business would be very effectually and speedily settled.

"I ran on with eager desperation; and though gradually neared by my friends, gained the hub where I had left the horse in safety. The voltigeurs were thrown out for a few minutes. They knew, however, that I had not passed the thickish clumps of trees which partially concealed the cottage; and they extended themselves in a semi-circle to inclose, and thus make sure of their prey. Juan Sanchez, luckily for himself, was not at home; but my horse, as I have stated, was safe, and in prime condition for a race. I saddled, bridled, and brought him out, still concealed by the trees and hut from the French, whose exulting shouts, as they gradually closed upon the spot, grew momentarily louder and fiercer. The sole desperate chance left was to dash right through them; and I don't mind telling you, gentlemen, that I was confoundedly frightened, and that but for the certainty of being instantly sacrificed, without benefit of clergy, I should have surrendered at once. There was, however, no time for shilly-shallying. I took another pull at the saddle-girths, mounted, drove the only spur I had time to strap on sharply into the animal's flank, and in an instant broke cover in full and near view of the expecting and impatient voltigeurs; and a very brilliant reception they gave me—quite a stunner in fact! It's a very grand thing, no doubt, to be the exclusive object of attention to twenty or thirty gallant men, but so little selfish, gentlemen, have I been from my youth upward in the article of 'glory,' that I assure you

I should have been remarkably well-pleased to have had a few companions—the more the merrier—to share the monopoly which I engrossed as I came suddenly in sight. The flashes, reports, bullets, *sacrés*, which in an instant gleamed in my eyes, and roared and sang about my ears were deafening. How they all contrived to miss me I can't imagine, but miss me they did; and I had passed them about sixty paces, when who should start up over a hedge, a few yards in advance, but my domino-player, Sous-lieutenant Victor! In an instant his musket was raised within two or three feet of my face. Flash! bang! I felt a blow as if from a thrust of red-hot steel; and for a moment made sure that my head was off. With difficulty I kept my seat. The horse dashed on, and I was speedily beyond the chance of capture or pursuit. I drew bridle at the first village I reached, and found that Victor's bullet had gone clean through both cheeks. The marks, you see, are still plain enough."

This was quite true. On slightly separating the gray hairs of the captain's whiskers, the places where the ball had made its entrance and exit were distinctly visible.

"A narrow escape," I remarked.

"Yes, rather; but a miss is as good as a mile. The effusion of blood nearly choked me; and it was astonishing how much wine and spirits it required to wash the taste out of my mouth. I found," continued Mr. Smith, "on arriving at head-quarters, that Ciudad Rodrigo had fallen as reported, and that Lord Wellington was hurrying on to storm Badajoz before the echo of his guns should have reached Mas-sena or Soult in the fool's paradise where they were both slumbering. I was of course for some time on the sick-list, and consequently only assisted at the assault of Badajoz as a distant spectator—a part I always preferred when I had a choice. It was an awful, terrible business," added Mr. Smith, with unusual solemnity. "I am not much of a philosopher that I know of, nor, except in service hours, particularly given to religion, but I remember, when the roar and tumult of the fierce hurricane broke upon the calm and silence of the night, and a storm of hell-fire seemed to burst from and encircle the devoted city, wondering what the stars, which were shining brightly overhead, thought of the strife and dim they looked so calmly down upon. It was gallantly done, however," the veteran added, in a brisker tone, "and read well in the Gazette; and that perhaps is the chief thing."

"But what," I asked, "has all this to do with the charming Coralie and your love-adventure?"

"Every thing to do with it, as you will immediately find. I remained in Badajoz a considerable time after the departure of the army, and was a more frequent visitor than ever at the house of the excellent dame who had so opportunely aided my escape. She was a kind-hearted soul with all her vindictiveness; and

now that the French were no longer riding rough-shod over the city, spoke of those who were lurking about in concealment—of whom there were believed to be not a few, with sorrow and compassion. At length the wound I had received at Lieutenant Victor's hands was thoroughly healed, and I was thinking of departure, when the Andalusian dame introduced me in her taciturn, expressive way to a charming young Frenchwoman, whose husband, a Spaniard, had been slain during the assault or sack of the city. The intimacy thus begun soon kindled on my part, into an intense admiration. Coralie was gentle, artless, confiding as she was beautiful, and moreover—as Jeannette, her sprightly, black-eyed maid informed me in confidence—extremely rich. Here, gentlemen, was a combination of charms to which only a heart of stone could remain insensible, and mine at the time was not only young, but particularly sensitive and tender, owing in some degree, I daresay, to the low diet to which I had been so long confined; for nothing, in my opinion, takes the sense and pluck out of a man so quickly as that. At all events I soon surrendered at discretion, and was coyly accepted by the blushing lady. 'There was only one obstacle,' she timidly observed, 'to our happiness. The relatives of her late husband, by law her guardians, were prejudiced, mercenary wretches, anxious to marry her to an old hunk of a Spaniard, so that the property of her late husband, chiefly consisting of precious stones—he had been a lapidary—might not pass into the hands of foreigners.' I can scarcely believe it now," added Mr. Smith, with great heat; "but if I didn't swallow all this stuff like sack and sugar, I'm a Dutchman! The thought of it, old as I am, sets my very blood on fire.

"At length," continued Mr. Marmaduke Smith, as soon as he had partially recovered his equanimity—"at length it was agreed, after all sorts of schemes had been canvassed and rejected, that the fair widow should be smuggled out of Badajoz as luggage in a large chest, which Jeannette and the Andalusian landlady—I forget that woman's name—undertook to have properly prepared. The marriage ceremony was to be performed by a priest at a village about twelve English miles off, with whom Coralie undertook to communicate. 'I trust,' said that lady, 'to the honor of a British officer'—I had not then received my commission, but no matter—that he, that you, Captain Smith, will respect the sanctity of my concealment till we arrive in the presence of the reverend gentleman who," she added, with a smile like a sunset, 'will, I trust, unite our destinies forever.' She placed, as she spoke, her charming little hand in mine, and I, you will hardly credit it, tumbled down on my knees, and vowed to religiously respect the dear angel's slightest wish! Mr. Tape, for mercy's sake, pass the wine, or the bare recollection will choke me!"

I must now, for the reasons previously stated, continue the narrative in my own words

Every thing was speedily arranged for flight. Mr. Smith found no difficulty in procuring from the Spanish commandant an order which would enable him to pass his luggage through the barrier unsearched; Jeannette was punctual at the rendezvous, and pointed exultingly to a large chest, which she whispered contained the trembling Coralie. The chinks were sufficiently wide to admit of the requisite quantity of air; it locked inside, and when a kind of sailcloth was thrown loosely over it, there was nothing very unusual in its appearance. Tenderly, tremulously did the rejoicing lover assist the precious load into the hired bullock-cart, and off they started, Mr. Smith and Jeannette walking by the side of the richly-freighted vehicle.

Mr. Smith trod on air, but the cart, which had to be dragged over some of the worst roads in the world, mocked his impatience by its marvelously slow progress, and when they halted at noon to give the oxen water, they were still three good miles from their destination.

"Do you think?" said Mr. Smith, in a whisper to Jeannette, holding up a full pint flask, which he had just drawn from his pocket, and pointing toward the chest, "do you think?—Brandy and water—eh?"

Jeannette nodded, and the gallant Smith gently approached, tapped at the lid, and in a soft low whisper proffered the cordial. The lid was, with the slightest possible delay, just sufficiently raised to admit the flask, and instantly reclosed and locked. In about ten minutes the flask was returned as silently as it had been received. The enamored soldier raised it to his lips, made a profound inclination toward his concealed fiancée, and said, gently, "A votre santé, charmante Coralie!" The benignant and joyous expression of Mr. Smith's face, as he vainly elevated the angle of the flask in expectation of the anticipated draught, assumed an exceedingly puzzled and bewildered expression. He peered into the opaque tin vessel; pushed his little finger into its neck to remove the loose cork or other substance that impeded the genial flow; then shook it, and listened curiously for a splash or gurgle. Not a sound! Coralie had drained it to the last drop! Mr. Smith looked with comical earnestness at Jeannette, who burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Madame is thirsty," she said, as soon as she could catch sufficient breath: "it must be so hot in there."

"A full pint!" said the captain, still in blank astonishment, "and strong—very!"

The approach of the carter interrupted what he further might have had to say, and in a few minutes the journey was resumed. The captain fell into a reverie which was not broken till the cart again stopped. The chest was then glided gently to the ground: the driver, who had been previously paid, turned the heads of his team toward Badajoz, and with a brief salutation departed homeward.

Jeanette was stooping over the chest, con-

versing in a low tone with her mistress, and Captain Smith surveyed the position in which he found himself with some astonishment. No house, much less a church or village was visible, and not a human being was to be seen.

"Captain Smith," said Jeannette, approaching the puzzled warrior with some hesitation, "a slight contretemps has occurred. The friends who were to have met us here, and helped to convey our precious charge to a place of safety, are not, as you perceive, arrived: perhaps they do not think it prudent to venture quite so far."

"It is quite apparent they are not here," observed Mr. Smith; "but why not have proceeded in the cart?"

"What, captain! Betray your and madame's secret to yonder Spanish boor. How you talk!"

"Well, but my good girl, what is to be done? Will madame get out and walk?"

"Impossible—impossible!" ejaculated the amiable damsel. "We should be both recognized, dragged back to that hateful Badajoz, and madame would be shut up in a convent for life. It is but about a quarter of a mile," added Jeannette, in an insinuating, caressing tone, "and madame is not so *very* heavy."

"The devil!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, taken completely aback by this extraordinary proposal. "You can't mean that I should take that infer—that chest upon my shoulders!"

"Mon Dieu! what else *can* be done?" replied Jeannette, with pathetic earnestness: "unless you are determined to sacrifice my dear mistress—she whom you pretended to so love—you hard-hearted, faithless man!"

Partially moved by the damsel's tearful vehemence, Mr. Smith reluctantly approached, and gently lifted one end of the chest, as an experiment.

"There are a great many valuables there besides madame," said Jeannette, in reply to the captain's look, "and silver coin is, you know, very heavy."

"Ah!" exclaimed the perplexed lover. "It is deucedly unfortunate—still—Don't you think," he added earnestly, after again essaying the weight of the precious burden, "that if madame were to wrap herself well up in this sail-cloth, we might reach your friend the priest's house without detection?"

"Oh, no—no—no!" rejoined the girl. "Mon Dieu! how can you think of exposing madame to such hazard?"

"How far do you say it is?" asked Captain Smith, after a rather sullen pause.

"Only just over the fields yonder—half-a-mile perhaps."

Mr. Smith still hesitated, but finally the tears and entreaties of the attendant, his regard for the lady and her fortune, the necessity of the position, in short, determined him to undertake the task. A belt was passed tightly round the chest, by means of which he could keep it on his back; and after several unsuccessful efforts, the charming load was fairly hoisted, and on

the captain manfully staggered, Jeannette bringing up the rear.

Valiantly did Mr. Smith, though perspiring in every pore of his body, and dry as a cartouch-box—for madame had emptied the only flask he had—toil on under a burden which seemed to grind his shoulder-blades to powder. He declares he must have lost a stone of flesh at least before, after numerous restings, he arrived, at the end of about an hour, at the door of a small house, which Jeannette announced to be the private residence of the priest. The door was quickly opened by a smart lad, who seemed to have been expecting them; the chest was deposited on the floor, and Jeannette instantly vanished. The lad, with considerate intelligence, handed Mr. Smith a draught of wine. It was scarcely swallowed when the key turned in the lock, the eager lover, greatly revived by the wine, sprang forward with extended arms, and received in his enthusiastic embrace—whom do you think?

"Coralie, half-stifled for want of air, and nearly dead with fright," suggested Mr. Tape.

"That rascally Sous-lieutenant Victor! half-drunk with brandy-and-water," roared Captain Smith, who had by this time worked himself into a state of great excitement. "At the same moment in ran Jeannette, and, I could hardly believe my eyes, that Jezebel Coralie, followed by half-a-dozen French voltigeurs, screaming with laughter! I saw I was done," continued Mr. Smith, "but not for the moment precisely how, and but for his comrades, I should have settled old and new scores with Master Victor very quickly. As it was, they had some difficulty in getting him out of my clutches, for I was, as you may suppose, awfully savage. An hour or so afterward, when philosophy, a pipe, and some very capital wine—they were not bad fellows those voltigeurs—had exercised their soothing influence, I was informed of the exact motives and particulars of the trick which had been played me. Coralie was Victor Dufour's wife. He had been wounded at the assault of Badajoz, and successfully concealed in that Andalusian woman's house; and as the best, perhaps only mode of saving him from a Spanish prison, or worse, the scheme of which I had been the victim, was concocted. Had not Dufour wounded me, they would, I was assured, have thrown themselves upon my honor and generosity—which honor and generosity, by-the-by, would never have got Coralie's husband upon my back, I'll be sworn!"

"You will forgive us, mon cher capitaine?" said that lady, with one of her sweetest smiles, as she handed me a cup of wine. "In love and war, you know, every thing is fair."

"A soldier, gentlemen, is not made of adamant. I was, I confess, softened; and by the time the party broke up, we were all the best friends in the world."

"And so that fat, jolly looking Madame Dufour we saw in Paris, is the beautiful Coralie

that bewitched Captain Smith?" said Mr. Tape thoughtfully—"Well!"

"She was younger forty years ago, Mr. Tape, than when you saw her. Beautiful Coralies are rare, I fancy, at her present age, and very fortunately, too, in my opinion," continued Captain Smith; "for what, I should like to know, would become of the peace and comfort of society, if a woman of sixty could bewitch a man as easily as she does at sixteen?"

THE CHAMPION.

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT IN EARLY SPANISH HISTORY.

THE clang of arms and the inspiring sounds of martial music resounded through the courtyard of the palace of Navarre. The chivalry of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre had assembled at the summons of their sovereign, to fight under his banner against the infidels, and now waited impatiently for the moment when the monarch should mount his gallant steed, and lead them to battle and to victory.

Sancho the Fourth was at that moment bidding farewell to his queen, the gentle Dona Nuna, who clung to her lord in an agony of tears.

"Be comforted, my beloved," he said to her; "I shall return to you with added laurels to my kingly wreath. Do not fear for me, nor let your sweet face grow pale by brooding over the dangers and chances of war. For my part, I never felt more exulting anticipations of success, and am persuaded that triumph and victory will crown our undertaking."

"Alas! it is not so with me," said Nuna, sadly. "A presentiment of approaching evil weighs heavily on my heart."

"You shudder at the thought of our separation, Nuna, more like a timid young bride parting from her newly-wedded lord, than a matron who has shared her husband's joys and sorrows for well-nigh twenty years."

"You are now far dearer to me, Sancho, than when I gave you my hand: have I not to thank you for the love and tenderness which has made these long years of wedded life so blissful and happy?"

"In sooth, I believe, Nuna, it is even so: and you love me as warmly as ever. Receive my assurances in return, dear wife, that your face is as fair to me, and the gift of your true heart as fondly prized, as when I first led you to these halls, my youthful and beautiful bride. But suffer me to bid you farewell, or my nobles will wax impatient. I leave you to the society of our son, and the guardianship of my trusty Pedro Sésé, who will attend to your behests. One word more. I intrust to your safe keeping my beautiful steed, Ilderim. You know how I value the noble animal, my first capture from the Moor. See that he is carefully tended in my absence, I shall accept it as a proof of your regard for my wishes. And now, adieu, dearest wife. Think of me, and supplicate Heaven that I may be speedily and safely restored to your arms."

So saying, Sancho the Great, tenderly embraced his wife; and mounting his war charger, placed himself at the head of his gallant army. The clatter of horses' hoofs soon died away in the distance, leaving the court-yard of the castle in silence and gloom.

Three days after the king's departure, the young Don Garcia entered the court-yard of the palace at Navarre.

"Pedro Sésé, Pedro Sésé!" he cried; "my noble Arab El Toro lies dead in a cleft of the rocks: I have returned to seek another steed for the chase: such a boar hunt has not been among the forests of Navarre since the Pyrenees echoed to the horn of Roland: give me forth black Ilderim, Pedro, my friend; saddle me my father's charger, for there is no other steed in the king's stables worthy of the hunt of to-day!"

"Don Garcia," replied the master of the horse, "black Ilderim is only for the king's mounting: I dare not saddle him for any other."

"But the Infante commands it—the king that is to be."

"Chafe not with a faithful servant, Don Garcia: it is but yesterday I refused the same request of the bastard of Arragon."

"What! darest thou compare me with the base-barn Ramiro? Insolent! I shall bear my complaint to the queen."

To the queen Don Garcia bore his complaint and his petition: "Oh, my mother, wouldst thou see me dishonored by a menial? Am I not thine only son, the rightful heir of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre? who may command here, if I may not? Assert my authority, then, and order the false Pedro Sésé that he give me forth black Ilderim."

"Pedro Sésé has faithfully discharged his duty to my lord the king, who enjoined on him and on me the safe keeping of his favorite horse," said Dona Nuna. "The royal stables are open; take, my son, any other steed, but leave black Ilderim till thy father's return."

"Nay, by Heaven and by the saints, I will have Ilderim to ride this day, or I will have vengeance!"

The headstrong youth returned to the court-yard, and again demanded the steed: again the master of the horse refused. Don Garcia, pale with concentrated rage, sprang on another of the king's chargers, and galloped from the palace. Instead, however, of returning to the hunt, he urged his horse into the *despoblado*, or open plain, lying to the south of the castle, and disappeared on the road to Burgos.

Time passed heavily, in her lord's absence, with the gentle Nuna. At first, she received frequent and joyful tidings of the successes which crowned his arms, and the brilliant victories gained by his forces over the Moslem army. Of late, and since the departure of Garcia from the castle, Sancho's affectionate dispatches had altogether ceased; and Nuna, now thoroughly wretched, from the wayward perversity of her son, and from uncertainty as

to her husband's fate, had prepared to rejoin him at any risk, and share the perils to which he might be exposed.

Her resolution was no sooner formed than it was promptly carried into effect: she summoned to her aid the trusty Pedro Sésé; and, protected by a small escort under his command, bade adieu to Navarre, and commenced her long and perilous journey toward the theatre of war.

The little cavalcade had reached Najarra, when, to their surprise and joy, they beheld a gallant band of horsemen rapidly approaching: the united banner of Arragon, Castile, and Navarre, floating proudly before them, announced to all beholders that Sancho the Fourth led his knights in person.

Nuna's heart beat fast and tumultuously; in a few moments, and the long absent one would clasp her closely to his breast. She looked up to the master of the horse who rode by her side, and urged him to increased speed. They moved briskly forward; and the advancing knights who formed the king's body-guard became more distinctly visible. Sancho, as we have said, headed them; but as soon as they had arrived within a short distance of the queen's followers, the monarch advanced a few paces, and in tones of thunder called on them to halt. His brow was darkened with evil passions, his countenance flushed with anger.

"On the peril of your allegiance!" he shouted, rather than spoke, "seize the traitress, I command ye! My heart refused to hearken to the tale of her guilt, even when spoken by the lips of her son; but mine eyes have seen it. I have lived—wretched that I am—to witness her infamy. But the adulteress, and the companion of her crime, shall not escape my righteous vengeance. See to it, that the queen and Pedro Sésé remain your prisoners."

If a thunderbolt had fallen at the feet of the miserable Nuna, she could not have been more horror-struck, or more confounded. Her life-long dream of happiness was dissipated; the husband of her youth had recoiled from her as from the veriest reptile that crawls on the face of God's earth; and the worker of her woe and ruin was her own child—her own flesh and blood—her son Garcia! Who would believe her to be pure and innocent when such lips pronounced the tale of her guilt? Unhappy wife; still more unhappy mother! In the deepest dungeon of the castle of Najarra she was left to mourn over her unparalleled misery. Alone, unfriended, and solitary, Nuna—who so lately had seen herself a beloved and cherished wife, a fond mother, and a mighty sovereign—struggled with her bitter and mournful reflections. She could not reproach her husband, for she felt that his ear had been poisoned against her by an accuser he could scarcely mistrust, even by the insinuations of her son, confirmed—as he deemed them to be—by the evidence of his senses, when he met her so unexpectedly traveling under the escort of Pedro Sésé.

But short space was left to Nuna for these

agonizing thoughts. Death, a shameful death, was the punishment of the adulteress; but Sancho, more merciful than she had dared to hope, had granted her one loop-hole for escape—one slender chance of proving her innocence. The lists were to be open to any champion believing in the lady's guiltlessness, who should adventure his life in her defense. If any such should proffer his services, he might do battle in single combat with her accuser. God—according to the belief of those days—would give victory to him who maintained the truth!

The fatal day approached, arrived, and had well-nigh passed. Garcia, unopposed, bestrode his war-steed, the redoubtable black Ilderim, whose possession he had so eagerly coveted, and purchased at so fearful a price. The dis-crowned queen, in conformity with custom, was placed within sight of the arena, tied to a stake, surmounting what would prove her funeral pile if no champion appeared on her behalf, or if her defender should suffer defeat.

Who can paint the agitation of Dona Nuna, thus placed within view of the lists, when the precious hours passed, one by one, and no champion stood forth in defense of her purity and truth? She was about to resign herself hopelessly to her inexorable fate, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, approaching at a rapid pace; and a knight, in complete armor, mounted on a charger, whose foaming mouth and reeking sides told that he had been ridden at a fearful pace, dashed into the lists, flung down his gauntlet of defiance, and announced that he was come to do battle in behalf of the falsely-accused, but stainless and guiltless queen.

There was an involuntary movement among the assembled multitude when Garcia prepared for the inevitable encounter. None knew, or could guess, who the knight might be. No device nor emblem, by which his identity would be discovered, could be traced on his helmet or on his shield! but the ease with which he surmounted his steed, and his graceful and gallant bearing, evinced that he was an accomplished warrior.

In a few seconds, the preliminary arrangements were complete; and, with lances in rest, the opponents approached. In the first encounter, to the amazement of all, Garcia was unhorsed, and fell heavily to the ground.

"She is innocent! She is innocent!" shouted the multitude.

"God be praised! though I have lost a son," was the subdued ejaculation of the king.

"I am prepared, in defense of the much-injured lady, to do combat to the death," said the stranger knight. "Base and dastardly villain! confess thy unnatural crime, or prepare to meet me once more, when I swear I will not let thee escape so lightly."

Garcia hesitated; he was evidently torn by conflicting emotions. Conscious guilt—fear of the just retribution of Heaven, executed by the stranger's avenging sword—urged him to confess his villainy. On the other hand, ap-

prehension of the execrations of the multitude, and the indignation of his injured parents, restrained him from making a frank avowal of his crime.

"Remount, miscreant! and make ready for another encounter, or confess that you have lied in your throat," exclaimed the stranger, sternly.

Before Garcia could reply, an aged and venerable ecclesiastic threw himself between the opponents.

"In the name of Heaven! I command ye to withhold from this unnatural strife," he exclaimed, addressing them; "brothers are ye; the blood of a common father flows in your veins. Ramiro—fear. Garcia—the combat this day has testified to your guilt; make the only atonement in your power, by a full confession."

Ejaculations of astonishment and pity burst from all the spectators. "Long live the noble bastard! The base-born has made base the well-born! The step-son has proved the true son! Praise be to the Virgin, the mother of the people has not been left without a godson to fight for her!" And all the matrons, and many even of the hardened warriors among the multitude, wept with tenderness and joy.

In a few moments the agitated queen found herself in her husband's arms. He implored her forgiveness for the sorrow she had endured; nor could she withhold it, even for a moment, when she listened to the avowals of the degraded Garcia, who confessed how, step by step, he had poisoned his father's mind by tales of her infidelity, in revenge for her refusal, and that of Pedro Sésé, to intrust him with Sancho's favorite charger, black Ilderim.

Nuna turned from her abject son, and motioned her young champion to approach. He knelt at her feet.

"Ramiro," she softly said, as she unclasped the helmet and visor which concealed the handsome features of Sancho's illegitimate son, "child of my affections, for whom I have ever felt a mother's love, though I have not borne for thee a mother's pains; how shall I thank thee? Thou hast this day more than repaid the tenderness I lavished on thy infant years. Thou hast made clear my fair fame to all men; even at the risk of thy own young life."

"I would lay down life itself for such a friend as you have been, and esteem the sacrifice light," rejoined Ramiro, with deep emotion. "I remember my childish days—before you came to Navarre, a bright, happy, innocent bride—when I wandered through my father's palace an unloved and neglected boy; and I can recall vividly the moment when you first encountered me, and, struck by the resemblance I bore to the king, surmised the truth. Instead of hating me with the unjust aversion of an ungenerous nature, you took the despised child to your heart, and, for the love you bore your lord, you loved and cherished his base-born son. For the genial atmosphere you created around me, and in which my affections expanded, and for the care

you have bestowed on my education, I owe you a debt of gratitude far deeper than ever child bore his own mother. Nature dictates maternal love, in the one instance—but it is to the suggestions of a noble and generous heart that I have been indebted for the happiness of my life. You owe me no thanks—for, for such a friend no sacrifice can be too great.”

Nuna turned to the king; and, taking his hand in hers, placed it on the head of her young champion. “I have brought you kingdoms as my dower,” she said, “but I have not, alas! brought you a son so worthy as Ramiro of being their ruler. I freely forgive the Infante the suffering he has caused me, and hope that, with advancing years, he will cultivate the virtues in which he has shown himself to be deficient. But Ramiro has already given evidence of the possession of those exalted qualities which insure the happiness of a people when possessed by their rulers. Invest him then, at my entreaty, with the crown of Arragon; receive back to your confidence our faithful Pedro Sésé; and suffer me to forget my past griefs in the anticipation of a love which shall never again be interrupted.”

The king raised his hand in assent; and the assembled multitude confirmed the investiture with one mighty shout—“Ramiro! Ramiro! long live Ramiro! Infante of Arragon!”

THE FARM-LABORER.—THE SON.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

IT has been told that Susar Banks found herself well placed, after the death of her insane aunt obliged her to look for a home and a maintenance. As I am not telling her story, I will pass over the account of the efforts she made to be a schoolmistress, and the instruction she had as a dressmaker. She was in poor health (reduced by hunger) and in debt £3 to her uncle, and nervous and anxious, when she heard that a lady from the North, then visiting in the neighborhood, wanted just such a maid as Susan thought she could become with a little teaching. She obtained the place, took pains to learn to wait at table, &c., and within a year had paid her debt to her uncle, and spared £2 besides to her family; and all this, though her box had had but few clothes in it when she went to her new home.

At the end of a year, her employer, Miss Foote, began to think of cultivating the small portion of land about the house which had hitherto been let off for grazing, and which was deteriorating in quality from the mismanagement of the tenant. Not approving of the methods of tillage in the neighborhood, and knowing that there were no spare hands there, Miss Foote wrote to a parish officer in Susan's and her own native county, to ask if a laborer of good character and sound qualifications could be sent to her by the parish, on her engaging to pay him twelve shillings a week for a year and a half, while her experiment of cultivation was under trial; and longer, if it should be

found to answer. This was all she could undertake, as she could not afford to carry on the scheme at a loss. The answer was some time in coming. When it came, it told that pauper laborers could not be recommended; but a better sort of laborer might be sent, and his place in the parish would be filled, only too easily, by some of the young men from the workhouse. The proposal was to send the very best man of his class known to the parish officers. He and his wife had money enough in the savings' bank to pay their journey, and they were willing to make the venture. The man's name was Harry Banks. Miss Foote took the letter into the kitchen, and read it to Susan and her fellow-servant. When Susan heard the name, she started as if she had been shot, and screamed out, “Why, that's my brother!” Thus far, far away from home, she was to have a brother and his wife beside her, living in the pretty little cottage which was building behind the oak copse for the new laborer. Miss Foote inquired about the wife, but could learn little. Susan told nothing but that she was a respectable woman, but so old, and otherwise unsuitable, that it was a vexation to the family that Harry had made such a marriage. Harry never seemed to see a single fault in her; but his father and mother did not like Dinah at all.

When Miss Foote afterward came to know the whole, she thought this marriage the most terribly significant part of the whole family history of the Bankses. At thirty years of age Harry was a pattern of a farm-laborer; yet he had no prospect in life but of earning a precarious nine shillings a week, till he should be too old to earn so much. He worked for a rich, close-fisted Dissenting gentleman, who had always pious sayings on his lips and at the point of his pen, but never took off his eye for an instant from his money gains and savings. His wife was like him, and their servants grew like them—even the warm-hearted, impetuous Harry, and much more Dinah, their worn out maid-of-all-work. Dinah always said that the register of her birth was unfortunately lost, and she could not tell precisely how old she was; and she called herself “upwards o' forty.” Most people supposed her about sixty when she married. She used to tell Harry that she was the prettiest girl in the city when she was young, and Harry did not ask how long ago that was, nor look too much at the little wizened face, not more marked by small-pox than by signs of over-exhausting toil. Whatever might be her age, she was worn out by excessive work. When Harry's father heard that she and Harry were going before the registrar to be married, he kindly and seriously asked Harry if he had considered what he was about; and Harry's reply was enough to make any heart ache.

“Yes, father, I have. I'm not so very much set on it; but I think it will be most comfortable. You see, there's no use in people like us thinking of having children. Children would

only starve us downright, and bring us to the Union. You see, none of us are married, nor likely to be, except me with Dinah. She's clean and tidy, you see, and she has some wages laid by, and so have I; and so nobody need find fault. And I shall be more comfortable like, with somebody to do for me at home; and—"

And he was going on to tell how Dinah would cook his dinner and mend his clothes, but his father could not bear to hear him, and finished off with saying that it was his own affair, and he wished them well.

It was within a year after their marriage that Harry was engaged, by Miss Foote. In great glee he made haste to prepare himself for his important new place in every way he could think of. He learned to trim a vine, not knowing that the place he was going to was too far north for vine-growing. He made interest with a butcher to learn how to kill a pig. He made a little collection of superior cabbage and turnip seeds, seed potatoes, &c., thus proving to Miss Foote at the outset that he had plenty of energy and quickness. She found, too, that he had courage. His employers, vexed to lose two servants whom they had trained to excessive economy, as well as hard work, did every thing that was possible, while there was any chance of success, to frighten them from moving northward. They told Dinah, with mournful countenances, that they should certainly die—that it was all the same as being transported—that it was cruelty in the parish officers to let them be tempted. Dinah repeated all this to Harry; and it staggered him at first; but he presently remembered that Susan wrote that her health had improved; and her letters had not only contained post-office orders, but plain signs that she was very happy. Harry determined to proceed; and when he had once made up his mind, his employers showed themselves very kind—helping their preparations, and having them to dinner on the last day.

By their own account their journey must have been a curious affair. Their heads were so full of notions of thieves and sharpers, that they did every thing in the slyest way, and wrapped themselves in mystery, and pretended to despise their boxes, while in one continued agony about them. When met by a kind gentleman who was to see them through London, Dinah pretended not to be the right person, lest the gentleman should not be the right; so that it was lucky they did lose his help altogether. Miss Foote was disagreeably impressed by their account of their great slyness, and not less by the suspicious temper—natural, perhaps, to Dinah, but not at all so to Harry—in which they began their new mode of life. Dinah was no servant of hers; so she had nothing to do with Dinah's ways, but to check the jealousy and suspicion she showed of her young sister-in-law and the young cook. On occasion of leaving home for some weeks, the lady took the opportunity of intimating to the people at the cottage that there was a perfect understanding between

the girls and herself, as perfect a confidence as there can be between mother and daughters; that their acquaintances came by her permission, and so forth. Harry promised to be attentive and sociable with his sister, and not to grow hot with the cook about how to feed the fowls and manage the churn. That was the time when Dinah left off peeping through the laurels to see who went to the back door, and looking mysterious and sympathetic when holding forth to Miss Foote about young people. Still it was long before she left off locking her door and hiding the key, if she turned her back for a minute, and taking every body she did not know for a thief. She was left to her own notions; but with Harry a serious remonstrance was necessary, more than once, within the first year of his new service. Miss Foote was as much annoyed as amused with his higgling ways, all in zeal for her interests. She feared that she should have the reputation in the neighborhood of being a perfect miser, so wonderful were Harry's stories of the bargains he attempted to drive. She told him she hoped he would never succeed in any one such bargain as the many he told her of; and she laid her positive commands upon him never, in her name, to beat down the seller of any article she sent him to buy. As she supposed, she found he had caught up the trick from example, and had not the knowledge wherewith to remedy it. When she told him it was not the way of the place to cheat in making charges he shook his head, and very nearly put his tongue in his cheek; but when she explained to him how prices came to be, and how an article can not properly be bought for less than it took to make or grow it, he was convinced at once, and his higgling method was softened down into a mere excessive strictness and vigilance in buying and selling transactions. There never was any real meanness about the man. In a few months he sent his father ten shillings; in a few months more he sent him £1. A small anecdote will show better than this, that money is not naturally the first object with him. When his employer kills a pig he is allowed to take a quarter at wholesale price; and Dinah cures the ham so well that by selling it they get their bacon for next to nothing. One autumn, when two pigs were killed, there was such a scramble for them, and so many neighbors would be "hurt in their feelings" if they could not have a portion, that Miss Foote found herself left with two gammons, but no ham. Harry heard this in the kitchen. He kept silence till his ham was finely cured, and then, touching his hat as if asking a favor, he told his employer that she had done good things for him, and he had never been able to do any for her, and he should be much pleased if she would take the ham for what he gave for it. Though not agreeing to this exactly, Miss Foote found herself obliged to take the ham very cheap.

Another small incident showed the same gen-

tlemanly spirit. At the time when his whole soul was engrossed with the desire to make "the experiment" answer, he had a request to present, as often during a whole winter as he could edge it in. There was a certain long, ugly hedge, pernicious in every way, which divided the field from a neighbor's. The hedge belonged to the neighbor; and it appeared that he would be heartily glad to give it away to any body who would take it down and put up some fence which would cover less ground and harbor less vermin. Harry was so eager to be allowed to remove the hedge, that Miss Foote at last told him that she should never have dreamed of his undertaking such a job in addition to his regular work; but that he might please himself. She would put up a new fence if he chose to make way for it. He did it with no help but in felling some pollards. One afternoon, when wheeling up hill an enormous load of wood from the hedge, he heard himself laughed at from the next field. Now, no man winces more under a laugh than Harry; yet he bore it well this time. Some men called out mockingly that he was doing horse's work and man's work at once, and they would not do that to please any body. "No," said Harry, turning full round toward them, "nor, I neither. Miss Foote never asked me to do this. I do it to please myself."

No man, I have said, winces under a laugh more than Harry; and his only suffering worth mentioning, since he came to his new place, has been from this dislike of ridicule. When the cottage was ready, Miss Foote proposed a house-warming, and invited herself and her two maids there to tea. It was a particularly pleasant evening, with a fine fire, and plenty of light, and good tea and cake, and all the five in capital spirits. Harry was made to take the arm-chair by his own fireside; and when he began to crack his jokes it appeared that he had his own notions of the ridiculous. He quizzed his nearest neighbor, an old man, who had married a comparatively young woman, and whose children were forever playing about Miss Foote's gate. When Harry joked about that unequal match, Miss Foote could not laugh. She thought his own infinitely worse. And the poor fellow soon saw that others were quizzing him, much more severely than he had quizzed the old man. He looks grave about Dinah now, and has left off talking of his own prudence in making such a marriage. He has also told his sister that when Dinah dies he shall not marry again. It is very painful; and yet Dinah is improved beyond all that could have been anticipated. She has put off her false front, and lets her grizzled hair appear. She no longer scans Miss Foote's face to make out what it would be most acceptable that she should say, but rattles away about her affairs with a sort of youthful glee. She no longer speaks in a whining tone, but lets her voice take its own way. One day she leaned on her rake (when she was trimming her own

flower-bed), and told Miss Foote, without any canting whatever, that she had quite changed her mind about the maids since she came. She was looking too far then, and so did not see what they were; but she found in time that there was no slyness or pretense, but that they were really good faithful girls, working for their employer's good, and with no plots of their own. Old as Dinah seemed to be, there appears to be a chance of her growing ingenuous and agreeable before she dies. The gentry who come to the house observe that they never saw two people so altered as Harry and Dinah; that they seem to have got new faces, a new gait—a new mind.

Harry had other ridicule to wince about. The neighbors laughed at him and his employer about their whole plan; they had never heard of keeping cows on less than three acres per cow, or, at least, five acres for two; they had never seen such deep digging; they had never known any body take the trouble to remove stones, or do any thing but bury them out of sight; they had never seen a currycomb used to a cow; they had never known a hard-working man so poor-spirited as to be a water-drinker. The milk must cost Miss Foote 6d. a quart; the cow would die; Harry would wear himself out; and so forth. One day, the first winter, the cow was very ill. Between the fear of the experiment being given up, and love for the creature, and dread of the neighbors, Harry was wretched. The tears streamed down his face as he waited on the sick beast. She got well, however; and now Harry meets ridicule with a bolder face. A temperance society having been set up in the place, he has joined it, though far above all temptation to drink. He finds it a convenience, when pressed to drink, to cut the matter short by saying that he is a pledged member—and a curious temperance preacher he is. When told lately that his cows would rot under his method of treatment, his answer was: "No, it isn't they that will rot. I'll tell you who 'tis that will rot; 'tis them that put filthy spirits into their stomachs to turn their brains, that will rot, and not my cows, that drink sweet water."

There is a grave side to Harry's lot now, happy as he is. He looks serious and hurt at times, though his health has much strengthened, his earnings are sure, his wages are raised, his Sunday dress is like that of a gentleman, there is meat on his table daily, and he has had the comfort of assisting his parents. Notwithstanding all this, a cloud comes over his face at times. As his sister says, "he feels the *injury* of his want of education." His mind is opening very rapidly. At any spare quarter of an hour he lectures Miss Foote on industry, temperance, duty to parents, and other good topics. The moral discoveries he has made are wonderful to him. He has attended church all his life; but truths come with new force into his mind when they enter through the spirit of hope and the medium of success. He says "it was wonder

ful the ideas that come into a man's mind when he sets himself a-thinking over his work, and there is no care to take up his thoughts." Hence the brightened countenance which the neighbors remark on: but hence, too, the bitter regret at his wasted years of school life—at "the *injury* of his want of education." What might he not hope to be and do now, Susan says, if he had but the knowledge that every man may be said to have the right to be possessed of? Yet, the good fellow has raised his family to a point of comfort. A gentleman who heard of his merits, as a first-rate laborer, wrote to the same parish officers, to inquire if there were any brothers. There was Tom; and Tom is now in a happy situation, highly esteemed by his employer, and earning 14s. a week. The employer, finding that Tom sadly missed intercourse with his family, and knowing that he could neither read nor write letters, sent for the sister, Lizzy, to be under-nursemaid in the family. In another way Harry has done a deeper and wider good. Miss Foote's friends tell her that his example is beginning to *tell* in the neighborhood; his example, not only of strenuous and skillful labor, but by integrity, temperance, and disinterested attachment to his employer.

All this is well—very pleasant to contemplate—but a disturbing question arises in the midst of it: What can society say to these excellent young men in excuse for their deprivation of family life? And again, what is at best their prospect for old age?

[From Bentley's Miscellany.]

A CHAPTER ON WOLVES.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "LORD BACON IN ADVERSITY," ETC.

We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs and trees and wolves behind;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hounds' deep hate and hunter's fire;
Where'er we flew, they followed on,
Nor left us with the morning sun.
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood
At daybreak winding through the wood,
And through the night had heard their feet,
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
Oh! how I wished for spear or sword
At least to die amidst the horde,
And perish—if it must be so—
At bay, destroying many a foe!

Mazeppa.

A PECULIAR interest attaches to the wolf, from the close analogy which in all its essential features it presents to the faithful companion of man. So close indeed is the analogy, that some of the ablest zoologists, the celebrated John Hunter included, have entertained the opinion that dogs, in all their varieties, and wolves, have descended from a common stock. With the exception of an obliquity in the position of the eyes, there is no appreciable anatomical difference between these animals. The question is one of difficulty; but we believe we are correct in stating that the majority of

the highest authorities agree in the belief that these animals are not derived from a common parent, but were originally distinct, and will ever so continue. There are several species of wild dogs known, quite distinct from the wolf; and although the opportunities have been numerous for dogs resuming their pristine form, by long continuance in a savage state, no instance has ever occurred of their becoming wolves, however much they might degenerate from the domestic breed. The honest and intelligent shepherd-dog was regarded by Buffon as the "*fons et origo*," from which all other dogs, great and small, have sprung; and he drew up a kind of genealogical table, showing how climate, food, education, and intermixture of breeds gave rise to the varieties. At Katmandoo there are many plants found in a wild state, which man has carried with him in his migrations, and wild animals, which may present the typical forms whence some of our domestic races have been derived; among these is a wild dog, which Mr. Hodgson considers to be the primitive species of the whole canine race. By Professor Kretchner, the jackal was regarded as the type of the dogs of ancient Egypt, an idea supported by the representations on the walls of the temples. This question, however, of the origin of the canine race, is so thoroughly obscured by the mists of countless ages, as to be incapable of direct proof. Philosophers may indulge themselves with speculations; but in the absence of that keystone, proof, the matter must rest on the basis of theory alone.

The following are some of the chief differences between wolves, wild dogs, and domestic dogs. The ears of the wild animals are always pricked, the lop or drooping ear being essentially a mark of civilization; with very rare exceptions, their tails hang more or less and are bushy, the honest cock of the tail so characteristic of a respectable dog, being wanting. This is certainly the rule; but, curious enough, the Zoological Gardens contain at the present moment, a Portuguese female wolf which carries her tail as erect and with as bold an air as any dog. Wolves and wild dogs growl, howl, yelp, and cry most discordantly, but with one exception, do not bark; that exception being the wild hunting-dog of South Africa, which, according to Mr. Cumming, has three distinct cries; one is peculiarly soft and melodious, but distinguishable at a great distance: this is analogous to the trumpet-call, "halt and rally," of cavalry, serving to collect the scattered pack when broken in hot chase. A second cry, which has been compared to the chattering of monkeys, is emitted at night when the dogs are excited; and the third note is described as a sharp, angry bark, usually uttered when they behold an object they can not make out, but which differs from the true, well-known bark of the domestic dog.

The common or European wolf is found from Egypt to Lapland, and is most probably the

variety that formerly haunted these islands. The wolves of Russia are large and fierce, and have a peculiarly savage aspect. The Swedish and Norwegian are similar to the Russian in form, but are lighter in color, and in winter, totally white. Those of France are browner and smaller than either of these, and the Alpine wolves are smaller still. Wolves are very numerous in the northern regions of America; "their foot-marks," says Sir John Richardson, "may be seen by the side of every stream, and a traveler can rarely pass the night in these wilds without hearing them howling around him."* These wolves burrow, and bring forth their young in earths with several outlets, like those of a fox. Sir John saw none with the gaunt appearance, the long jaw and tapering nose, long legs and slender feet, of the Pyrenean wolves.

India, too, is infested with wolves, which are smaller than the European. There is a remarkably fine animal at the Zoological Gardens, born of a European father and Indian mother, which, in size and other respects, so closely partakes of the characteristics of his sire, that he might well pass for pure blood.

Among the ancients, wolves gave rise to many superstitious fictions. For instance, it was said that they possessed "an evil eye," and that, if they looked on a man before he saw them, he would forthwith lose his voice. Again, we find the Roman witches, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, employing the wolf in their incantations:

"Utque lupi barbam variæ cum dente colubræ
Abdiderint furtim terris."

HOR. *Sat.* viii. lib. i.

There was a myth prevalent among the ancients, that in Arcadia there lived a certain family of the Antæi, of which one was ever obliged to be transformed into a wolf. The members of the family cast lots, and all accompanied the luckless wight on whom the lot fell, to a pool of water. This he swam over, and having entered into the wilderness on the other side, was forthwith in form, a wolf, and for nine years kept company with wolves: at the expiration of that period he again swam across the pool, and was restored to his natural shape, only that the addition of nine years was placed upon his features. It was also imagined that the tail of the wolf contained a hair, which acted as a love philtre and excited the tender passion. The myth of Romulus and Remus having been suckled by a wolf, arose from the simple circumstance of their nurse having been named Lupa—an explanation which sadly does away with the garland of romance that so long surrounded the story of the founders of Rome. The figure of the wolf at one time formed a standard for the Roman legions, as saith Pliny, "Caius Marius, in his second consulship, ordained that the legions of Roman soldiers only should have the eagle for their standard, and no other signe, for before time the eagle marched

foremost indeed, but in a ranke of foure others, to wit, wolves, minotaures, horses, and bores."*

The dried snout of a wolf held, in the estimation of the ancients, the same rank that a horse-shoe does now with the credulous. It was nailed upon the gates of country farms, as a counter-charm against the evil eye, and was supposed to be a powerful antidote to incantations and witchcraft. New-married ladies were wont, upon their wedding-day, to anoint the side-posts of their husbands' houses with wolves' grease, to defeat all demoniac arts. These animals bore, however, but a bad character when alive; for, exclusive of their depredations, it was imagined that if horses chanced to tread in the foot-tracks of wolves, their feet were immediately benumbed; but Pliny also says, "Verily, the great master teeth and grinders of a wolf being hanged about an horse necke, cause him that he shall never tire and be weary, be he put to never so much running in any race whatsoever." When a territory was much infested with wolves, the following ceremony was performed with much solemnity and deep subsequent carousal: A wolf would be caught alive, and his legs carefully broken. He was then dragged around the confines of the farm, being bled with a knife from time to time, so that the blood might sprinkle the ground. Being generally dead when the journey had been completed, he was buried in the very spot whence he had started on his painful race.

There was scarcely a filthy thing upon the earth, or under the earth, which the ancients did not in some way use medicinally; and we find Paulus Ægineta recommends the dry and pounded liver of a wolf, steeped in sweet wine, as a sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, &c.

Our English word *wolf* is derived from the Saxon *wulf*, and from the same root, the German *wolf*, the Swedish *ulf*, and Danish *ulv* are probably derived. Wolves were at one time a great scourge to this country, the dense forests which formerly covered the land favoring their safety and their increase. Edgar applied himself seriously to rid his subjects of this pest, by commuting the punishment of certain crimes into the acceptance of a number of wolves' tongues from each criminal; and in Wales by committing a tax of gold and silver imposed on the Princes of Cambria by Ethelstan, into an annual tribute of three hundred wolves' heads, which Jenaf, Prince of North Wales, paid so punctually, that by the fourth year the breed was extinct. Not so, however, in England, for like ill weeds, they increased and multiplied here, rendering necessary the appointment, in the reign of the first Edward, of a *wolf-hunter* general, in the person of one Peter Corbet; and his majesty thought it not beneath his dignity to issue a mandamus, bearing date May 14th, 1281, to all bailiffs, &c., to aid and assist the said Peter in the destruction of wolves in the counties of Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Shropshire, and Stafford; and Camden informs us that in Derby, lands

* Fauna Boreali Americana, p. 62.

* Holland's Plinie's Naturall Historie, ed. 1635.

were held at Wormhill by the duty of hunting and taking the wolves that infested that county. In the reign of Athelstan, these pests had so abounded in Yorkshire, that a retreat was built at Flixton in that county, "to defend passengers from the wolves that they should not be devoured by them." Our Saxon ancestors also called January, when wolves pair, *wolf-moneth*; and an outlaw was termed *wolfshed*, being out of the protection of the law, and as liable to be killed as that destructive beast.

A curious notice of the existence of wolves and foxes in Scotland is afforded in Bellenden's translation of Boetius.* "The wolfis are right noisome to tame bestial in all parts of Scotland, except one part thereof, named Glenmorris, in which the tame bestial gets little damage of wild bestial, especially of tods (foxes); for each house nurses a young tod certain days, and mengis (mixes) the flesh thereof, after it be slain, with such meat as they give to their fowls or other small beasts, and so many as eat of this meat are preserved two months after from any damage of tods; for tods will eat no flesh that gusts of their own kind." The last wolf killed in Scotland is said to have fallen by the hand of Sir Ewen Cameron, about 1680; and singular to say, the skin of this venerable quadruped may yet be in existence: in a catalogue of Mr. Donovan's sale of the London Museum, in April, 1818, there occurs the following item, "Lot 832. Wolf, a noble animal in a large glass case. The last wolf killed in Scotland, by Sir E. Cameron." It would be interesting to know what became of this lot.

The pairing time is January, when after many battles with rivals, the strongest males attach themselves to the females. The female wolf prepares a warm nest for her young, of soft moss and her own hair, carefully blended together. The cubs are watched by the parents with tender solicitude, are gradually accustomed to flesh, and when sufficiently strong their education begins, and they are taken to join in the chase; not the least curious part is the discipline by which they are inured to suffering and taught to bear pain without complaint; their parents are said to bite, maltreat, and drag them by the tail, punishing them if they utter a cry, until they have learned to be mute. To this quality Macaulay alludes when speaking of a wolf in his "Prophecy of Capys:"

"When all the pack, loud baying,
Her bloody lair surrounds,
She dies in silence, biting hard,
Amidst the dying hounds."

It is curious to observe the cunning acquired by wolves in well inhabited districts, where they are eagerly sought for destruction; they then never quit cover to windward: they trot along just within the edges of the wood until they meet the wind from the open country, and are assured by their keen scent that no danger awaits them in that quarter—then they ad-

vance, keeping under cover of hedgerows as much as possible, moving in single file and treading in each other's track; narrow roads they bound across, without leaving a footprint. When a wolf contemplates a visit to a farm-yard, he first carefully reconnoitres the ground, listening, snuffing up the air, and smelling the earth; he then springs over the threshold without touching it and seizes on his prey. In retreat his head is low, turned obliquely, with one ear forward the other back, and the eyes glaring. He trots crouching, his brush obliterating the track of his feet till at some distance from the scene of his depredation, then feeling himself secure, he waves his tail erect in triumph, and boldly pushes on to cover.

In northern India, wolves together with jackals and pariah dogs, prowl about the dwellings of Europeans. Colonel Hamilton Smith relates a curious accident which befell a servant who was sleeping in a verandah with his head near the outer lattice: a wolf thrust his jaws between the bamboo, seized the man by the head, and endeavored to drag him through; the man's shrieks awakened the whole neighborhood, and assistance came, but though the wolf was struck at by many, he escaped. Wolves have even been known to attack sentries when single, as in the last campaign of the French armies in the vicinity of Vienna, when several of the videttes were carried off by them. During the retreat of Napoleon's army from Russia, wolves of the Siberian race followed the troops to the borders of the Rhine; specimens of these wolves shot in the vicinity, and easily distinguishable from the native breed, are still preserved in the museums of Neuwied, Frankfort, and Cassel.

Captain Lyon* relates the following singular instance of the cunning of a wolf which had been caught in a trap, and, being to all appearance dead, was dragged on board ship: "The eyes, however, were observed to wink whenever an object was placed near them, some precautions were, therefore, considered necessary, and the legs being tied the animal was hoisted up with his head downward. He then, to our surprise, made a vigorous spring at those near him, and afterward repeatedly turned himself upward so as to reach the rope by which he was suspended, endeavoring to gnaw it asunder, and making angry snaps at the persons who prevented him. Several heavy blows were struck on the back of his neck, and a bayonet was thrust through him, yet above a quarter of an hour elapsed before he died."

Hearne, in his journey to the Northern Ocean, says, that the wolves always burrow under ground at the breeding season, and though it is natural to suppose them very fierce at those times, yet he has frequently seen the Indians go to their dens, take out the cubs and play with them. These they never hurt, and always scrupulously put them in the den again, although they occasionally painted their faces with ver-

* Edit. Edin. 1541, quoted from Magazine of Natural History.

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

million and red ochre, in strange and grotesque patterns.

This statement is supported by incidents which have occurred in this metropolis; there was a bitch wolf in the Tower Menagerie, which, though excessively fond of her cubs, suffered the keepers to handle them, and even remove them from the den, without evincing the slightest symptom either of anger or alarm; and a still more remarkable instance is related from observation, by Mr. Bell: "There was a wolf at the Zoological Gardens (says that able naturalist) which would always come to the front bars of the den as soon as I or any other person whom she knew, approached; she had pups, too, and so eager, in fact, was she that her little ones should share with her in the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them in succession by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled."

During the last year, 8807 wolves' skins were imported by the Hudson's Bay Company from their settlements; of which 8784 came from the York Fort and Mackenzie River stations; we recently had the opportunity of examining the stock, and found it principally composed of white wolves' skins from the Churchill River, with black and gray skins of every shade. The most valuable are from animals killed in the depth of winter, and of these, the white skins, which are beautifully soft and fine, are worth about thirty shillings apiece, and are exported to Hungary, where they are in great favor with the nobles as trimming for pelisses and hussar jackets; the gray wolves' skins are worth from three shillings and sixpence upward, and are principally exported to America and the North of Europe, to be used as cloak-linings.

Colonel H. Smith mentions a curious instance of the treacherous ferocity of the wolf. A butcher at New York had brought up, and believed he had tamed, a wolf, which he kept for above two years chained up in the slaughter-house, where it lived in a complete superabundance of blood and offal. One night, having occasion for some implement which he believed was accessible in the dark, he went into this little Smithfield without thinking of the wolf. He was clad in a thick frieze coat, and while stooping to grope for what he wanted, he heard the chain rattle, and in a moment was struck down by the animal springing upon him. Fortunately, a favorite cattle-dog had accompanied his master, and rushed forward to defend him: the wolf had hold of the man's collar, and being obliged to turn in his own defense, the butcher had time to draw a large knife, with which he ripped his assailant open. The same able writer relates an incident which occurred to an English gentleman, holding a high public situation in the peninsula, during a wolf-hunt in the mountains, near Madrid. The sportsmen were placed in ambush, and the country-people drove the game toward them; presently an animal came bounding upward toward this gentleman, so large that he took it, while driving through

the high grass and bushes, for a donkey; it was a wolf, however, whose glaring eyes meant mischief, but, scared by the click of the rifle, he turned and made his escape, though a bullet whistled after him; at the close of the hunt seven were found slain, and so large were they that this gentleman, though of uncommon strength, could not lift one entirely from the ground.

The wolf of America is at times remarkable for cowardice, though bold enough when pressed by hunger, or with other wolves. Mr. R. C. Taylor, of Philadelphia, states that this animal, when trapped, is silent, subdued, and unresisting. He was present when a fine young wolf, about fifteen months old, was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The animal offered no resistance, but, crouching down in the supplicating manner of a dog, suffered himself to be knocked on the head. An old hunter told Mr. Taylor that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap, and compelled it by a few blows to lie down by his side, while he reset his trap.

The Esquimaux wolf-trap is made of strong slabs of ice, long and so narrow, that a fox can with difficulty turn himself in it, and a wolf must actually remain in the position in which he is taken. The door is a heavy portcullis of ice, sliding in two well-secured grooves of the same substance, and is kept up by a line which, passing over the top of the trap, is carried through a hole at the farthest extremity. To the end of the line is fastened a small hoop of whalebone, and to this any kind of flesh bait is attached. From the slab which terminates the trap, a projection of ice, or a peg of bone or wood, points inward near the bottom, and under this the hoop is slightly hooked; the slightest pull at the bait liberates it, the door falls in an instant, and the wolf is speared where he lies.

Sir John Richardson states that, when near the Copper Mines River in North America, he had more than once an opportunity of seeing a single wolf in pursuit of a reindeer, and especially on Point Lake, when covered with ice, when a fine buck reindeer was overtaken by a large white wolf, and disabled by a bite in the flank. An Indian, who was concealed, ran in and cut the deer's throat with his knife, the wolf at once relinquishing his prey and sneaking off. In the chase the poor deer urged its flight by great bounds, which for a time exceeded the speed of the wolf; but it stopped so frequently to gaze on its relentless enemy, that the latter, toiling on at a long gallop (so admirably described by Byron), with his tongue lolling out of his mouth, gradually came up. After each hasty look, the deer redoubled its efforts to escape, but, either exhausted by fatigue or enervated by fear, it became, just before it was overtaken, scarcely able to keep its feet.

Captain Lyon gives some interesting illustrations of the habits of the wolves of Melville Peninsula, which were sadly destructive to his dogs. "A fine dog was lost in the afternoon.

It had strayed to the hummocks ahead, without its master; and Mr. Elder, who was near the spot, saw five wolves rush at, attack, and devour it, in an incredibly short space of time: before he could reach the place, the carcass was torn in pieces, and he found only the lower part of one leg. The boldness of the wolves was altogether astonishing, as they were almost constantly seen among the hummocks, or lying quietly, at no great distance, in wait for the dogs. From all we observed, I have no reason to suppose that they would attack a single unarmed man, both English and Esquimaux frequently passing them, without a stick in their hands. The animals, however, exhibited no symptoms of fear, but rather a kind of tacit agreement not to be the beginners of a quarrel, even though they might have been certain of proving victorious.* Another time, when pressed by hunger, the wolves broke into a snow-hut, in which were a couple of newly-purchased Esquimaux dogs, and carried the poor animals off, but not without some difficulty; for even the ceiling of the hut was next morning found sprinkled with blood and hair. When the alarm was given, and the wolves were fired at, one of them was observed carrying a dead dog in his mouth, clear of the ground, and going, with ease, at a canter, notwithstanding the animal was of his own weight. It was curious to observe the fear these dogs seemed, at times, to entertain of wolves.

During Sir John Richardson's residence at Cumberland-house, in 1820, a wolf, which had been prowling round the fort, was wounded by a musket-ball, and driven off, but returned after dark, while the blood was still flowing from its wound, and carried off a dog from among fifty others, that had not the courage to unite in an attack on their enemy. The same writer says, that he has frequently observed an Indian dog, after being worsted in combat with a black wolf, retreat into a corner, and howl, at intervals, for an hour together; these Indian dogs, also, howl piteously when apprehensive of punishment, and throw themselves into attitudes strongly resembling those of a wolf when caught in a trap.

Foxes are frequently taken in the pitfalls set for wolves, and seem to possess more cunning. An odd incident is related by Mr. Lloyd: A fox was lying at the bottom of a pitfall, apparently helpless, when a very stout peasant, having placed a ladder, began to descend with cautious and creaking steps to destroy the vermin. Reynard, however, thought he might benefit by the ladder, as well as his corpulent visitor, and, just as the latter reached the ground, jumped, first, on his stern, then, on his shoulder, skipped out of the pit, and was off in a moment, leaving the man staring and swearing at his impudent escape!

Captain Lyon mentions an instance of the sagacity of the fox: he had caught and tamed one of these animals, which he kept on deck, in

a small hutch, with a scope of chain. Finding himself repeatedly drawn out of his hutch by this, the sagacious little fellow, whenever he retreated within his castle, took the chain in his mouth, and drew it so completely in after him, that no one, who valued his fingers, would endeavor to take hold of the end attached to the staple.

Mr. Lloyd mentions a curious contest that took place in the vicinity of Uddeholm. A peasant had just got into bed, when his ears were assailed by a tremendous uproar in his cattle-shed. On hearing this noise, he jumped up, and, though almost in a state of nudity, rushed into the building to see what was the matter: here he found an immense wolf, which he gallantly seized by the ears, and called out most lustily for assistance. His wife—the gallant Trulla—came to his aid, armed with a hatchet, with which she severely wounded the wolf's head; but it was not until she had driven the handle of the hatchet down the animal's throat, that she succeeded in dispatching him. During the conflict, the man's hands and wrists were bitten through and through; and, when seen by Mr. Lloyd, the wounds were not healed.

Like dogs, wolves are capable of strong attachment; but such instances are comparatively rare: the most striking, perhaps, was that recorded by M. Frederick Cuvier, as having come under his notice at the *Ménagerie du Roi*, at Paris. The wolf in question was brought up as a young dog, became familiar with persons he was in the habit of seeing, and, in particular, followed his master every where, evincing chagrin at his absence, obeying his voice, and showing a degree of submission scarcely differing, in any respect, from that of the most thoroughly-domesticated dog. His master, being obliged to be absent for a time, presented his pet to the menagerie, where he was confined in a den. Here he became disconsolate, pined, and would scarcely take food; at length, he was reconciled to his new situation, recovered his health, became attached to his keepers, and appeared to have forgotten "*auld lang syne*," when, after the lapse of eighteen months, his old master returned. At the first sound of his voice—that well-known, much-loved voice—the wolf, which had not perceived him in a crowd of persons, exhibited the most lively joy, and, being set at liberty, lavished upon him the most affectionate caresses, just as the most attached dog would have done. With some difficulty, he was enticed to his den. But a second separation was followed by similar demonstrations of sorrow to the former; which, however, again yielded to time. Three years passed away, and the wolf was living happily with a dog which had been placed with him, when his master again appeared—and again the long-lost, but well-remembered voice, was instantly replied to by the most impatient cries, redoubled as soon as the poor fellow was at liberty. Rushing to his master, he placed his fore-feet on his shoulders, licking his face with every mark of

* Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, 1824.

the most lively joy, and menacing the keepers who offered to remove him. A third separation, however, took place, but it was too much for the poor creature's temper: he became gloomy, refused his food, and, for some time, it was feared he would die. Time, however, which blunts the grief of wolves, as well as of men, brought comfort to his wounded heart, and his health gradually returned; but, looking upon mankind as false deceivers, he no longer permitted the caresses of any but his keepers, manifesting to all strangers the savageness and moroseness of his species.

Another instance of the attachment of wolves is mentioned by Mr. Lloyd, in his work on the Sports of the North. Mr. Greiff, who had studied the habits of wild animals, for which his position, as *ofvör jäg mästare*, afforded peculiar facilities, says: "I reared up two young wolves until they were full-grown: they were male and female. The latter became so tame, that she played with me, and licked my hands, and I had her often with me in the sledge, in winter. Once, when I was absent, she got loose from the chain, and was away three days. When I returned home, I went out on a hill, and called, 'Where's my Tussa?' as she was named, when she immediately came home, and fondled with me, like the most friendly dog."

Between the dog and the wolf there is a natural enmity, and those animals seldom encounter each other on at all equal terms without a combat taking place. Should the wolf prove victorious, he devours his adversary, but if the contrary be the case, the dog leaves untouched the carcass of his antagonist.

The wolf feeds on the rat, hare, fox, badger, roebuck, stag, rein-deer and elk; likewise upon blackcock and capercali. He is possessed of great strength, especially in the muscles of the neck and jaws, is said always to seize his prey by the throat, and when it happens to be a large animal, as the elk, he is often dragged for a considerable distance.

After a deep fall of snow the wolf is unusually ferocious; if he besmears himself with the blood of a victim, or is so wounded that blood flows, it is positively asserted that his companions will instantly kill and devour him.

In the year 1799 a peasant at Frederickshall in Norway was looking out of his cottage window, when he espied a large wolf enter his premises and seize one of his goats. At this time he had a child of eighteen months old in his arms; he incautiously laid her down in a small porch fronting the house, and, catching hold of a stick, the nearest weapon at hand, attacked the wolf, which was in the act of carrying off the goat. The wolf dropped this, and getting sight of the child, in the twinkling of an eye seized it, threw it across his shoulders, and was off like lightning. He made good his escape, and not a vestige was ever seen of the child.

Wolves are found all over Scandinavia, but are most common in the Midland and Northern Provinces of Sweden. Like "Elia," they are

very partial to young pig, a failing taken advantage of by sportsmen thus: they sew up in a sack a small porker, leaving only his snout free, and place him in a sledge, to the back of which is fastened by a rope about fifty feet long, a small bundle of straw, covered with black sheep skin; this, when the sledge is in motion, dangle about like a young pig.

During a very severe winter a party started in the vicinity of Forsbacka, well provided with guns, &c. On reaching a likely spot they pinched the pig, which squealed lustily, and, as they anticipated, soon drew a multitude of famished wolves about the sledge. When these had approached within range the party opened fire on them, and shot several; all that were either killed or wounded were quickly torn to pieces and devoured by their companions, but the blood with which the ravenous beasts had now glutted themselves only served to make them more savage than before, and, in spite of the fire kept up by the party, they advanced close to the sledge, apparently determined on making an instant attack. To preserve the party, therefore, the pig was thrown to the wolves, which had for a moment the effect of diverting their attention. While this was going forward, the horse, driven to desperation by the near approach of the wolves, struggled and plunged so violently that he broke the shafts to pieces, galloped off, and made good his escape. The pig was devoured, and the wolves again threatened to attack the sportsmen. The captain and his friends finding matters had become serious, turned the sledge bottom up and took shelter beneath it, in which position they remained many hours, the wolves making repeated attempts to get at them by tearing the sledge with their teeth, but at length the party were relieved by friends from their perilous position.

Lieutenant Oldenburg once witnessed a curious occurrence. He was standing near the margin of a large lake which at that time was frozen over. At some little distance from the land a small aperture had been made for the purpose of procuring water, and at this hole a pig was drinking. While looking toward the horizon, the lieutenant saw a mere speck or ball, as it were, rapidly moving along the ice: presently this took the form of a large wolf, which was making for the pig at top speed. Lieutenant Oldenburg now seized his gun, and ran to the assistance of the pig; but before he got up to the spot the wolf had closed with the porker, which, though of large size, he tumbled over and over in a trice. His attention was so much occupied, that Lieutenant Oldenburg was able to approach within a few paces and dispatch him with a shot. A piece as large as a man's foot had been torn out of the pig's hind quarters; and he was so terribly frightened that he followed the lieutenant home like a dog, and would not quit his heels for a moment.

Mr. Lloyd mentions an incident that befell him, in consequence of swine mistaking his dogs for wolves, to which they bear the most instinct-

ive antipathy. One day, in the depth of winter, accompanied by his Irish servant, he struck into the forest, in the vicinity of Carlstadt, for the purpose of shooting capercali. Toward evening they came to a small hamlet, situated in the recesses of the forest. Here an old sow with her litter were feeding; and immediately on seeing the two valuable pointers which accompanied the sportsman, she made a determined and most ferocious dash at them. The servant had a light spear in his hand, similar to that used by our lancers. This Mr. Lloyd seized, and directing Paddy to throw the dogs over a fence, received the charge of the pig with a heavy blow across the snout with the butt end of the spear. Nothing daunted, she made her next attack upon him; and, in self-defense, he was obliged to give her a home thrust with the blade of the spear. These attacks she repeated three several times, always getting the spear up to the hilt in her head or neck. Then, and not before, did she slowly retreat, bleeding at all points. The peasants, supposing Mr. Lloyd to be the aggressor, assumed a very hostile aspect, and it was only by showing a bold bearing, and menacing them with his gun, that he escaped in safety.

A poor soldier was one day, in the depth of winter, crossing the large lake called Storsjön, and was attacked by a drove of wolves. His only weapon was a sword, with which he defended himself so gallantly, that he killed and wounded several wolves, and succeeded in driving off the remainder. After a time, he was again attacked by the same drove, but was now unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation in the same manner as before, for having neglected to wipe the blood from his sword after the former encounter, it had become firmly frozen to the scabbard. The ferocious beasts therefore, quickly closed with him, killed and devoured him. If we remember aright, Captain Kincaid, the present gallant Exon of the Yeoman Guard, nearly lost his life at Waterloo, from a somewhat similar cause. He had been skirmishing all the earlier part of the day with the Rifles, when a sudden charge of French cavalry placed him in great danger. He essayed to draw his sabre, tugged and tugged, but the trusty steel had become firmly rusted to the scabbard; and we believe that he owed his life to an accidental diversion of the attention of the attacking troopers.

Closely resembling in many respects the wolf, the jackal is widely spread over India, Asia, and Africa. These animals hunt in packs, and there are few sounds more startling to the unaccustomed ear, than a chorus of their cries. "We hardly know," says Captain Beechey, "a sound which partakes less of harmony than that which is at present in question; and, indeed, the sudden burst of the answering long protracted scream, succeeding immediately to the opening note, is scarcely less impressive than the roll of the thunder clap immediately after a flash of lightning. The effect of this music is very

much increased when the first note is heard in the distance, a circumstance which often occurs, and the answering yell bursts out from several points at once, within a few yards or feet of the place where the auditors are sleeping."

Poultry and the smaller animals, together with dead bodies, are the ordinary food of jackals, but when rendered bold by hunger, they will occasionally attack the larger quadrupeds and even man.

A bold, undaunted presence and defiant aspect, generally proves the best protection when an unarmed man is threatened by these or other animals, but artifice is sometimes necessary. A ludicrous instance is related by an old quartermaster (whom we knew some years ago), in a small volume of memoirs. At Christmas, 1826, he was sent up the country to a mission, about thirty-two miles from San Francisco. He and the others erected a tent; after which they all lay down on the ground. "I slept like a top," says he, "till four the next morning, at which time I was awakened by the man whose duty it was to officiate as cook for the day, who told me if I would go up the village and get a light, he would have a good breakfast ready for the lads by the time they awoke. I must describe my dress, for that very dress saved my life. Over the rest of my clothing, as a seaman, I had a huge frock made from the skin of a rein-deer. It was long enough, when let down, to cover my feet well, and turned up at foot, buttoning all round the skirt. At the top was a hood, made from the skin, taken off the head of a bear, ears and all. In front was a square lappel, which, in the day, hung loosely over the breast, but at night, buttoned just behind the ears, leaving only the mouth, nose, and eyes free for respiration, so that one, with such a dress, might lie down any where and sleep, warm and comfortable. Mr. S—— had given eight dollars for it in Kamtschatka, and, on our return to more genial climes, forgot the future, and gave it to me. Fancy, then, my figure thus accoutred, issuing from under the canvas tent, with a lantern in my hand. I had not advanced twenty yards, when first only two or three, and then an immense number of jackals surrounded me. I was at first disposed to think but lightly of them: but seeing their numbers increase so rapidly, I grew alarmed, and probably gave way to fear sooner than I ought. A few shots from the tent would probably have sent them away with speed, but no one saw me. Every moment they drew closer and closer in a complete round, and seemed to look at me with determined hunger. For some moments I remained in a most dreadful state of alarm. It just then occurred to me that I once heard of a boy who had driven back a bull out of a field by walking backward on his hands and feet. Fortunate thought! I caught at the idea; in a moment I was on all fours, with my head as near the earth as I could keep it, and commenced cutting all the capers of which I was capable. The jackals, who no doubt had

never seen so strange an animal, first stopped, then retreated, and, as I drew near the tent, flew in all directions. The men awoke just in time to see my danger, and have a hearty laugh at me and the jackals."

Our old friend was more fortunate than a certain youth who attempted to rob an orchard by deluding a fierce bulldog with this approach *à posteriori*, but who, to his sorrow, found the dog too knowing, for he carried to his dying day the marks of the guardian's teeth in that spot where honor has its seat.

The same quartermaster told us a quaint story of a fright another of the crew received from these jackals.

While at San Francisco the ship's crew were laying in a store of provisions; a large tent was erected on shore for salting the meat; the cooper lived in it, and hung up his hammock at one end. The beef which had been killed during the day was also hung up all around, in readiness for salting. One night a large pack of jackals came down from the woods, and being attracted by the smell of the meat, soon got into the tent, and pulling at one of the sides of beef, brought it down with a crash, which woke the old cooper, who was a remarkably stout, and rather nervous man. Finding himself thus surrounded in the dead of the night by wild beasts, whose forms and size, dimly seen, were magnified by his fears, he fired off his musket, and clashing his arms, in an agony of terror, round a quarter of beef which hung close to his hammock, was found perfectly senseless by an officer who came to see the cause of the alarm. Some difficulty was experienced in getting him to relinquish his hold of the beef—which he stuck to like a Briton—and it was several days before his nerves recovered from the shock of the fright.

The wolf and the jackal tribes are by no means without their use in the economy of nature, though from their predatory habits they are justly regarded as pests in the countries they infest: that they will disturb the dead and rifle the graves is true, but they also clear away offal, and with vultures, are the scavengers of hot countries; they follow on the track of herds, and put a speedy end to the weak, the wounded, and the dying; they are the most useful, though most disgusting of camp followers, and after a battle, when thousands of corpses of men and horses are collected within a limited space, they are of essential service—

I stood in a swampy field of battle,
With bones and skulls I made a rattle
To frighten the wolf and carrion crow
And the homeless dog—but they would not go;
So off I flew—for how could I bear
To see them gorge their dainty fare.

COLERIDGE.

Revolted and heart-sickening though such scenes may be, the evil is less than would result from the undisturbed decay of the dead: were that to take place, the air would hang heavy with pestilence, and the winds of heaven laden with noisome exhalations would carry

death and desolation far and near, rendering still more terrible the horrors and calamities of war.

A SPECIMEN OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

AMONG the French prisoners taken at the battle of Vitebsk, during Napoleon's disastrous retreat in Russia, was a French general, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Being badly wounded, he was removed to the military hospital, but the ladies were received into the private house of Madame Strogno, whose husband held, at that time, a subordinate appointment under the Russian Government.

A certain Botwinko was then procureur at Vitebsk. Without the procureur's sanction nothing can be done in his department; for he represents the emperor himself, and is usually called "the eye of His Majesty." His salary is only about twenty-five pounds a year; but he makes, usually, a good income by receiving bribes. Among other duties, he had to visit the hospitals daily, and to report upon the condition of the prisoner patients. He paid great attention to the unhappy general, who required every consolation; for, despite his own deplorable condition, it was decreed that he should outlive his wife. That lady caught a contagious fever, which was raging at that time at Vitebsk, and died in a few hours. This event so distressed the general that he soon departed this world, with the only consolation, that Procureur Botwinko, a married but childless man, would adopt his daughter. This promise was actually fulfilled, and the little orphan was taken from Madame Strogno, and established under the procureur's roof. Her parents' property, consisting of a carriage, horses, jewelry, and no small sum of ready money, was also taken possession of by Botwinko in quality of guardian to the little orphan.

As the girl, whom they called "Sophie," grew up, she became very engaging, and was kindly treated by Mr. and Madame Botwinko. She never lost an opportunity, when any visitors were in the procureur's house, of praising her protectors for their kindness to her; and this, connected with other circumstances, contributed to the promotion of Mr. Botwinko, who obtained the more profitable situation of procureur-general at Vilna, the capital of Lithuania.

Removal from their old connections, and from those who knew all the circumstances of little Sophie's history, produced a change in the treatment of the new procureur-general and his wife toward the child. Their kindness rapidly diminished. Sophie was not allowed to appear in the drawing-rooms, in their new residence at Vilna. They incessantly found fault with her; and, ultimately, she was not only sent to the kitchen under the control of the cook, but, on the census of the population being taken, in 1816, her name was inscribed on the books as that of a serf.

As the poor girl grew up she became used to

the duties imposed upon her. Associating constantly with the servants, they considered her their equal, and taunted her when, relying on her infantine recollections, she laid claim to noble descent, by calling her in derision "Mademoiselle French General." She knew full well that she was entitled to better treatment, and that, in the absence of paternal authority, she had the right of disposing of herself according to her own will. A strong inducement to alter her condition was presented in the person of a young clerk in a government office, whose duty sometimes brought him with papers to the procureur for signature. While Botwinko was engaged with his breakfast and the perusal of the papers, this clerk was sometimes kept dangling for hours in the ante-chamber. After a time, these hours were agreeably spent in the society of Sophie, to whom he eventually made a proposal of marriage. She consented, but, unwilling to leave her guardian like a fugitive, she apprised him of her determination, and humbly requested an account of the property which she had been informed he had taken charge of at her parents' death.

The procureur-general at first excused himself from giving her an immediate answer. The next day he presented himself at the police office, the whole of whose functionaries were under his control. What he said or did is not known, but the result was that Sophie was taken into custody by the police, and committed to jail.

Many months elapsed before her fate was known at home. It was stated that she absconded. The clerk, banished the procureur's house, could not discover the cause of the girl's disappearance; and as all Russian criminal proceedings are conducted with great secrecy, he only ascertained by a mere accident that the girl had been sentenced, by a superior court, to receive a certain number of lashes by the knout, and to be sent to Siberia. The crime of which they accused her was that of attempting to poison her master and mistress.

Alarmed at this information, the young man, without waiting for more particulars, addressed a petition to the war governor of Vilna—the old General Korsakof—whose power in that province was almost omnipotent, and, if not misdirected, was very often beneficial to the inhabitants. The petitioner requested the general's interference, and an investigation of the case, assuring him that the girl was innocent, and that the legal authorities who condemned her had been corrupted.

The general was accustomed to decide every case *en militaire*. He had received from the police court an unfavorable opinion of the petitioner's character, which was described as "restless;" and was, moreover, rather offended at his authority having been appealed to by a subordinate. He therefore settled the business summarily, by sending the young petitioner to the military service for life, in virtue of the vagrant act.

Still the young man's petition produced a good effect: the poor girl was not flogged, lest that might have provoked some disturbance in the town. She was merely dressed in convict's apparel, and sent off to Siberia.

The transport of Russian convicts costs the government but very little. They go on foot, sleep in *étapes* or barracks, and the daily allowance for their subsistence amounts only to five kopecks—equal to a halfpenny in English money. This they, as well as the poor old soldiers who escort them, have to eke out by charity. For that purpose, the most attractive person among each party of exiles is delegated—box in hand, but with an armed soldier behind—to beg alms of the benevolent; and Sophie was appointed to be the suppliant for the rest of her wretched companions.

The road from Vilna to Siberia passes through Vitebsk. The convicts had not been long in the town before Sophie encountered Madame Strognof, who recognized the girl from her very great likeness to her mother, who had died in that lady's house. When she learned that Sophie had been living with the Botwinkos, she had no longer a doubt.

The girl asserted her innocence of the pretended crime for which she was on her way to Siberia, with tearful energy, and the good Madame S. believed her; but her husband, who was at that time the Vice-Governor of Vitebsk, to disabuse his wife's romantic dreams, as he called them, sent for the officer escorting the prisoners, and showed her the list of prisoners, which contained a full record, not only of the crime imputed to the orphan girl, but also of the punishment to which she had been condemned.

In the face of an official document which appeared to be regular, and which detailed the girl's presumed offense with circumstantial consistency, Madame Strognof began to waver in her belief of Sophie's protestations; but the unfortunate girl asserted her innocence so strongly and incessantly, that the vice-governor himself was at length induced to look into the facts. The first suspicion that entered his mind was derived from the circumstance of the document stating that the culprit had been punished with the knout, while it was evident from her appearance, that that dreadful torture had not been inflicted. He caused a medical man to examine her, who testified that not a scar appeared; yet the knout always leaves ineffaceable traces for life.

In consequence of this discrepancy, Sophie was allowed to remain for some time at Vitebsk under the plea of illness; which, at the request of the vice-governor, was readily certified by an official surgeon. After some delay, a memorial was forwarded by the unfortunate sufferer to the late Emperor Alexander, in consequence of which a court-messenger was sent immediately to Vilna. This gentleman brought back to St. Petersburg an enormous volume, containing the so-called depositions taken at the pseudo

trial. After careful inspection of them, the emperor decided that they proved the legality of the proceedings. So artfully were these infamous depositions framed; that, among them, appeared the formula of a chemical analysis of the poison which the girl was accused of administering, and a full confession; to which the culprit's signature was forged.

The answer, therefore, from the throne was not only unfavorable; but the authorities of Vitebsk were reprimanded for allowing the girl to importune his majesty without sufficient grounds.

Notwithstanding, Madame Strogno was not discouraged; and, to the great alarm of her husband, had another petition drawn up and forwarded with a suitable memorial to the Princess Maria Fedorowna, the emperor's mother, who was known to all the country as a pious and charitable lady. This petition, presented to his majesty by his own mother, had so great an influence over him, that he ordered the girl to be brought to St. Petersburg. He felt convinced that some unaccountable mystery was involved in the case.

In due time Sophie arrived at St. Petersburg, and underwent a rigid examination. She asseverated with the most earnest truthfulness, that all the depositions were fictitious; that the chemical analysis was a wicked invention; and that the signature to her fabricated confession was a forgery. She also denied that any trial had taken place, or that she had been examined in any court whatever. Upon this, the emperor appointed Mr. Getzewicz, the Governor of Minsk—who was known as a most trustworthy man—to go personally to Vilna; to investigate the case; and to report the result. For this purpose the papers and the girl were forwarded back to Vilna.

The mission of Mr. Getzewicz was by no means an easy or a pleasant one: he had to contend with a swarm of official insects; which, like Canadian mosquitoes when disturbed, attack the new comer from every side. However, Mr. Getzewicz stood his ground firmly. He soon discovered that the secretary of the police court who had drawn up the depositions was a convict, sentenced for life to Siberia for having been associated with highway robbers. He had escaped and was retained in his situation by merely changing his christian name, and by being reported "dead" by Mr. Botwinko. The components of the rest of the court were no less suspicious. In Russia, the police and sheriff's courts, and even the provincial senate itself, are the asylums for military veterans; who, during their long service, had never been trained up to the law. The secretaries draw documents for them, which they sign—very often without reading; that task being tiresome, and often incomprehensible to them.

The court which had promoted and confirmed Sophie's prosecution, consisted of illiterate, worn-out officers, who had no scruple in committing the procureur-general's victim for

trial to the First Criminal Court (Sond Grodoski).

But how was the deception carried on before the higher tribunals? This would puzzle the most ingenious rascality to guess. But Botwinko was a genius in his way: he actually brought before that court, as well as before the highest criminal tribunal, another young woman; who represented herself to be the girl in question, and confessed her supposed guilt with all the desired particulars. The extraordinary intrigue was the more easily accomplished from the secrecy with which criminal investigations in Russia are conducted. Whenever the culprit acknowledges his crime, the sentence follows without further inquiry; and, the jail being under the control of the police-office, and the judges of the criminal courts not knowing the prisoners personally, they were obliged to receive in this instance the confessions of any girl whom the police thought proper to send to them.

When the trial was over, the procureur paid his hireling well, dismissed her, and drew forth his victim from her cell; substituted her for the wretch who had stood at the bar, and sent her to Siberia. Villainy, however, be it ever so cunning, seldom half does its work of deception. If Botwinko had had the whole sentence carried into effect, and poor Sophie knouted, he would not, perhaps, have been discovered by his colleague at Vitebsk; and he might have lived a respected public officer to this day; for of such characters does the Russian system admit the prosperous existence. As it was, however, on the report of Mr. Getzewicz, Botwinko, the secretary of police, and many of his superiors, were thrown into prison.

The end of this dreadful story is melancholy; for in the end guilt triumphed. The procureur-general, having several partners in his guilty practices, had, if one may so abuse the expression, many friends. At first they tried most ingeniously to bribe Mr. Getzewicz, and to induce him to give up further proceedings; but, finding him inflexible, they put a stop to all that business by administering poison to the unfortunate Sophie. They even threatened the Governor of Minsk himself, in an anonymous letter, to do the same for him.

That threat, it seems, produced the desired effect on the honest but weak-minded man. Seeing with what desperate people he had to contend—so much so, that his own life was in danger—he sent his final report to the (at that time) lingering Emperor Alexander, with request for further instructions. In the mean time he retired to his own residence at Minsk, leaving the illustrious Vilna officials in their own prison.

Shortly afterward, the emperor died at Taganrog. His second brother, the present emperor, Nicholas I.—greeted, on his accession to the throne, with a formidable insurrection at St. Petersburg, and with alarming conspiracies and political intrigues in the army—had no time to direct his attention to so trifling an affair as that of our heroine. Political prisoners were

to be punished first, in order to spread terror among those who were not discovered as yet. The stability of the throne would not allow him to alarm the administrative servants and other criminals who never thought of subverting Romanoff's dynasty. Hence, with the exception of the political offenders, all others, whose actions were pending in different courts of justice, but not yet adjudicated, were amnestied by the emperor, on the occasion of his coronation, in 1826, at Moscow.

Thus, the procureur and his associates were released from prison, losing nothing but their former situations. The procureur, having scraped together a fortune by his bribes and graspings, did not care much at becoming an independent gentleman.

What became of Sophie's lover—the unfortunate clerk, who was sent to the army, for his honest but untimely application—could not be learned. He may now think that his punishment was deserved, and that the girl was really guilty; but it is more than probable that he will never again interfere to restrain the grossest injustice.

And here ends our melancholy tale, which the censorship of the press in Russia prevented from ever before being publicly related. Corroboration can, however, be derived from the inhabitants of Vilna, who lived there from 1816 to 1826; from the archives of criminal courts of that place, where M. Getzewicz's correspondence is preserved; from the list of all the crown servants of Russia, sent every year to the State Secretary of the Home Department at St. Petersburg; in which, for 1825 and 1826, Procureur Botwinko was reported to be imprisoned at Vilna for the above case, and that the Strapchy of Oszmiana was acting in his stead as procureur *pro tem*.

NAPOLÉON AND THE POPE.—A SCENE AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

IN the autumn of 1804, the court was at Fontainebleau. The Consulate had but recently merged in the Empire, with the consent of all the orders of the state. The senate by a decree had declared the First Consul to be Emperor of the French; and the people, to whom the question of succession had been deferred, had, by a majority of three millions to three thousand, decided that the imperial dignity should be hereditary in his family. History, as Alison observes when recording the fact, affords no instance of a nation having so unanimously taken refuge from the ills of agitation and anarchy under the cold shade of despotism.

A new order of things having commenced, all, as may easily be imagined, was in a state of transformation and change in the composition of the court, as well as in the arrangement of the imperial household. Under the republican régime, a great degree of simplicity had prevailed in the appointments of the various departments of the state, as well as in the domestic economy of family circles: it could not,

however, be called unpretending; there was a certain affectation in it, evidently assumed with a view to contrast, even in minute particulars, the system of the republic with that of the old monarchy—the plainness of the one with the profuseness of the other. But this was not fated to last long: it had already been giving way under the Consulate, and was now disappearing altogether in accordance with the views of the new monarch. Titles and dignities were to be restored; court formalities and ceremonials were being revived, and new ones instituted. The old nobility, sprung from the feudal system, and dating, as some of them did, from the Crusades, having been swept away by the revolutionary storm, their places were to be supplied, as supporters of the throne, by a new race of men. During this period of transition and change, the movement at the château was unceasing. Arrivals and departures were taking place almost every hour, to which very different degrees of importance were attached. One arrival, however, was spoken of as having a more than ordinary interest: it was that of the dignitary who, as it was then understood, was to place the imperial crown on the brow of the new sovereign. "To recall," observes Alison, "as Napoleon was anxious to do on every occasion, the memory of Charlemagne, the first French Emperor of the West, the Pope had been invited, with an urgency which it would not have been prudent to resist, to be present at the consecration, and had accordingly crossed the Alps for the purpose."

Whatever may have been the views which originally prompted the invitation—whether it was to play a mere secondary part in a court pageant, or a leading one, as the public at first supposed—or whether all such notions were swept away by some new deluge of ideas, as Châteaubriand somewhere says—"It is now pretty clear that the presence of the pontiff at the ceremony was a minor consideration, and that the real motive was that which came out in their interview, as will appear in the sequel." Be this as it may, it was evident to all that the emperor awaited his coming with impatience; and when his approach was announced—though preparations had been carefully made for their first meeting—the arrangements were such as to give it the air of an *imprévu*. It was on the road some distance from Fontainebleau that the emperor met the Pope: the potentate alighted from his horse, the pontiff from his traveling chaise, and a coach being at hand, as if accidentally, they ascended its steps at the same moment from opposite sides, so that precedence was neither taken nor given. How Italian the artifice!

They had not ridden long together when Bonaparte, quitting the coach, got on horseback, and returned to the château at a gallop, and with scarcely an attendant. The drum beat to arms, the guard turned out, but before they had time to fall in and salute, he had alighted, and was mounting the steps of the vestibule.

It was always so with him; he gave such

vivacity to all his movements, such energy to all his actions, that speed seemed a necessary condition of his existence. Still so natural was it to him, that it did not wear the semblance of hurry. Scarcely had the beat of the drum been heard at the gate, before the clatter of his heels resounded in the hall, as the flash of a cannon precedes the report.

This time, however, he seemed fitful and even agitated. On entering the saloon, he paced it like one who waited with impatience. Having taken a few turns from one end to the other, he moved to a window, and began beating a march with his fingers on the window-frame. The rolling of a carriage was heard in the court, he ceased to beat, and after a short pause stamped on the floor, as if impatient at seeing something done too slowly; then stepping hastily to the door, opened it—it was for the Pope.

Pius VII. entered alone; Bonaparte closed the door after him. The Pope was tall, but stooped somewhat; his countenance, elongated and sallow, wore an expression of suffering, which seemed to have been induced upon a habitual tone of elevation and courtesy. His eyes were black and large, and on his lips, which were slightly opened, played a smile indicative at once of urbanity and benevolence. He wore on his head a white calotte or headpiece, partially covering his hair, which was naturally black, but now blended with some silver locks; on his shoulders he had a camail, or cape of red velvet, and his long robe reached to his feet. Those who have seen his portrait by Lawrence, though taken ten or eleven years later, will recognize at once the correctness of this description. As he entered the room he moved slowly, with a calm and measured step like that of an aged female; and having taken his seat in an arm-chair, he turned his eyes toward the floor, and seemed to wait for what the other Italian was going to say.

Bonaparte, as all know, was short in stature, being below the middle height; but in all other respects he was, at the period here referred to, very different in personal appearance from what he became subsequently. Far from having that fullness which approached to corpulence—that sallow puffiness of cheek which verged on the unhealthy—or that heaviness of limb, or general obesity, which threatened infirmity—he was slender in frame, but firm and well-proportioned; yet there was something which indicated premature wear, by hardship in the field and toil in the cabinet; he was quick and nervous in every movement, rapid and almost convulsive in his gestures when excited. Still he could be at any time graceful in attitude, and elegant in manner. Even then he stooped a little, so that his shoulders inclined forward, which gave something of flatness to his chest. His face was thin and elongated; but what a forehead! What eyes! What beauty in the contour of his intellectual visage! In repose, its habitual expression was reflective and concentrated, with a strong tinge of melancholy.

Bonaparte ceased not to pace the room after the Pope had entered. After a while, altering his curve somewhat, and having taken a turn round the chair, as if making a *reconnaissance*, he stopped short, and resumed the thread of the conversation which had been commenced in the carriage, and abruptly broken off.

"I repeat, holy father, I am not an *esprit fort*, nor do I like word-spinners or idea-mongers. I assure you, that in spite of my old republicans I will go to mass."

These words he tossed off toward the Pope, as if he were giving him a dash of the incense-box; then paused to observe their effect. He seemed to imagine that, after the impieties of the republican *régime*, such an avowal ought to produce a decided effect.

Pius, however, remained unmoved; he continued as before to look steadily downward, and pressing firmly with his hands the eagle-heads that tipped the arms of his chair, seemed, in thus assuming the fixity of a statue, to say, "I must submit to listen to all the profane things which it may please him to say to me."

Seeing this, Bonaparte took a turn round the room, and another round the chair, which stood in the middle of it, appearing but little satisfied with his adversary, and still less with himself for the tone of levity with which he had resumed the conversation. He at once changed his manner, and began to speak more composedly, still continuing to pace the room. As he passed to and fro, he glanced at the mirrors which ornamented the walls, and reflected the grave visage of the pontiff, eying him now and then in profile, never in front, to avoid appearing anxious as to the impression his words may make.

"One thing I must say, holy father, hangs heavily upon me: it is that you seem to consent to the coronation by constraint, as you did formerly to the concordat. As you sit there before me, you have the air of a martyr, and assume an attitude of resignation, as if you were making an offering of your sorrows up to Heaven. But surely you are not a prisoner; such is not your position in any sense: grand Dieu! you are free as air."

Pius smiled, and looked him full in the face. He seemed to feel how enormous was the exigence of that despotic character, which requires—and all such natures do the like—not only obedience, but submission, absolute submission, and that, too, wearing the air of devotion to their will.

"Yes," continued Bonaparte with increasing energy, "you are free, perfectly free: you may return to Rome; the road is open to you; no one detains you."

Pius sighed, slightly raised his right hand, and looked upward without uttering a word; then slowly inclining his head downward, seemed to look attentively at a golden cross which hung from his neck. Bonaparte continued speaking, but his steps became slow, and at the same time he gave a marked degree of mildness to his tone, and of courtesy to his expression.

"Holy father," said he, "if the gravity of your character did not forbid me, I would say that you are somewhat ungrateful. You do not seem to retain a sufficient recollection of the services which France has rendered to you. If I am not much mistaken the conclave of Venice, which elected you, appeared to have taken its inspiration from my Italian campaign, and from some words which I let fall with regard to you. It can not be said that Austria behaved well to you; far from it; and I was really sorry for it. If my memory does not deceive me, you were obliged to return to Rome by sea, as you could not have ventured to cross the Austrian territories."

He stopped short, as if waiting for a reply from his silent guest. Pius, however, but slightly inclined his head, and then sunk back into a sort of apathy, which seemed inconsistent with even listening; while Bonaparte, putting his foot on the rim of a stool, pushed it near the Pope's chair, and thus continued, "It was, in good truth, as a Catholic that such an incident gave me pain; for though I have never had time to study theology, I have great confidence in the power of the church: it has a prodigious vitality. Voltaire did it some damage in his time, but I shall let loose upon him some unfrocked Oratorians: you'll be pleased, if I mistake not, at the result. Now see, you and I may do many things in common by-and-by, if you wish it." Then with an air at once juvenile and careless, he continued, "For my part I do not see—I am weary of conjecturing—what objection you can have to establish your see in Paris, as it formerly was in Avignon. I will cede to you the palace of the Tuilleries: I seldom occupy it. You will find there your apartments prepared for you, as at Monte Cavallo. Do you not see, padre, that Paris is the real capital of the world? As for me, I shall do whatever you desire. You will find in me more docility than people give me credit for. Provided that war and politics, with their fatigues, be left to me, you may settle the church as you please: I shall be a soldier at your orders. Do but consider what effect it would have, and how brilliant it would be, were we to hold our councils as Constantine and Charlemagne did in their time! I should merely open and close them, leaving the keys of the world in your hands. As with the sword I came, the sword I should retain, and with it the privilege of bringing it back for your benediction after every victory achieved by our arms." And saying these words he slightly bowed.

Pius, who up to that moment had remained motionless as a statue, slowly raised his head, smiled pensively, and drawing a deep sigh, breathed out one by one the syllables of the word, "*Com-me-di-an-te!*"

The word was scarcely half out, when Bonaparte made a bound on the floor like a wounded leopard. A towering passion seized him; he became yellow with ire. He bit his lips almost to bleeding as he strode to the end of the room. He no longer paced round in circles; he went

straight from end to end without uttering a word, stamping with his feet as he swept along, and making the room resound as he struck the floor with his spurred heels. Every thing around him seemed to vibrate; the very curtains waved like trees in a storm. At length the pent-up rage found vent, and burst forth like a bomb-shell which explodes, "Comedian, say you? Ah, ha! I am he that will play you comedies to make you weep like women and children. Comedian, indeed! But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can play off on me, with impunity, your cool-blooded insolence. Comedian! Where is my theatre, pray, and what? 'Tis the world, and the part which I play is that of master and author; while for actors I have the whole of you—popes, kings, and people; and the cord by which I move you all is—*fear!* Comedian, say you? But he who would dare to hiss me or applaud should be made of different stuff from you, Signor Chiaramonti! Know you not well that you would still be merely a poor curé but for me, and that if I did not wear a serious air when I salute you, France would laugh and scorn yourself and your tiara? Three or four years ago, who would pronounce aloud the name of the founder of your system? Pray, then, who would have spoken of the pope? Comedian, eh! Sire, ye take footing rather quickly among us. And so, forsooth, you are in ill-humor with me because I am not dolt enough to sign away the liberties of the Gallican church, as Louis XIV. did. But I am not to be duped in that fashion. In my grasp I hold you; by a nod I make you flit from north to south, from east to west, like so many puppets. And now, when it suits me to make-believe that I count you for something, merely because you represent an antiquated idea which I wish to revive, you have not the wit to see my drift, or affect not to perceive it. Seeing, then, that I must speak out my whole mind, and put the matter just under your nose, in order that you may see it—more particularly as you seem to think yourself indispensable to me, and lift up your head in consequence, as you drape yourself in your old dame's robe—I'll have you to know that such airs do not in the least impose on me; and if you persist in that course, I'll deal with your robe as Charles XII. did with that of the grand vizier—I'll rend it for you with a dash of my spur!"

He ceased. Throughout this tirade Pius maintained the same immobility of attitude, the same calm on his visage. At its close, however, he just looked up, smiled with something of bitterness, and sighed as he slowly articulated the word, "*Tra-je-di-an-te!*"

Bonaparte at that moment was at the further end of the room, leaning on the chimney-piece. Suddenly starting at the word, and turning round, his whole person seemed to dilate, and his features to expand as passion rose within him. His look became fixed, and his eyes flared; then with the swiftness of an arrow he rushed toward the old man, as if with some fell

purpose. But he stopped short, snatched from the table a porcelain vase, dashed it to pieces against the andirons, and stamped on its fragments as they flew along the floor! Then pausing for an instant, as if to catch breath, he flung himself on a seat in utter exhaustion. It would be difficult to say which was the more awful—his sudden outburst of rage, or his immobility and silence after it.

In some minutes the storm seemed gradually to subside, and a calm to succeed. His look and bearing changed; something of depression seemed to steal over him; his voice became deep and melancholy, and the first syllables which he uttered showed this Proteus recalled to himself, and tamed by two words. "Happy existence!" he exclaimed; then pausing, seemed to muse, and after a while continued, "'tis but too true; comedian or tragedian, all for me is an affair of acting and costume; so it has been hitherto, and such it is likely to continue. How fatiguing and how petty it is to pose—always to pose, in profile for this party, in full face for that, according to their notions! To guess at the imaginings of drivellers, and seem to be what they think one ought to be. To study how to place them between hope and fear—dazzle them with the prestige of names and distances, of dates and bulletins—be the master of all, and not know what to do with them; and after all this to be as weary as I am—'tis too bad! The moment I sit down"—he crossed his legs, and leaned back in his chair—"ennui seizes me. To be obliged to hunt for three days in yonder forest would throw me into a mortal languor. Activity is to me a necessity; I must keep moving myself, and make others move, but I'll be hanged if I know whither. You see, then, I disclose my inmost thoughts to you. Plans I have, enough and to spare, for the lives of a score of emperors. I make one every morning, and another every evening; my imagination wearies not; but before some three or four of my plans could be carried out, I should be used up body and mind: our little lamp of life burns not long before it begins to flicker. And now, to speak with entire frankness, am I sure that the world would be happier even if all my plans were put in execution? It would certainly be a somewhat finer thing than it is, for a magnificent uniformity would reign throughout it. I am not a philosopher; and in the affair of common sense, I am bound to own that the Florentine secretary was a master to us all. I am no proficient in theories: with me reflection precedes decision, and execution instantly follows: the shortness of life forbids us to stand still. When I shall have passed away, there will be comments enough on my actions to exalt me if I succeed, to disparage me if I fail. Paradoxes are already rife—they are never wanting in France—but I shall still them to silence while I live; and when I am gone—no matter. My object is to succeed; for that I have some capacity. My *Iliad* I compose in action; every day adds an episode "

As he spoke these latter words he rose from his seat with a light elastic movement, and seemed altogether another person. When relieved from the turmoil of passion, he became gay, cheerful, and at the same time unaffected and natural. He made no effort to pose, nor did he seek to exalt and idealize himself, as he did afterward in the conversations at St. Helena, to meet some philosophic conception, or to fill up the portrait of himself which he desired to bequeath to posterity. He was far from any thing of this sort: in simple reality, he was himself, as it were, turned inside out. After a slight pause he advanced a step or two toward the Pope, who had not moved, and smiling, with an expression half-serious, half-ironical, proceeded in a new vein, in which were blended something of the elevated and the petty, of the pompous and the trivial, as was often his usage—all the time speaking with the volubility so often exhibited by this most versatile genius.

"Birth is every thing: those who appear on this world's stage poor and friendless, have a desperate struggle to maintain. According to the quality of their minds they turn to action or to self-destruction. When they have resolution to set to work, as I have done, they often play the winning game. A man must live; he must conquer a position, and make for himself an abiding-place. I have made mine as a cannon-ball does; so much the worse for those who stood in my way. Some are content with little, others never have enough: men eat according to their appetites, and I have a large one. Mark me, when I was at Toulon, I had not the price of a pair of epaulets; but instead of them I had on my shoulders my mother, and I know not how many brothers. All these are now tolerably well provided for; and as to Josephine, who, it was said, married me from pity, we are about to crown her in the very teeth of Rague-deau, her notary, who once told her that I had lost my commission and my sword, and was not worth a ducat; and faith he was not far wrong! But now, what is it that rises up in perspective before me? An imperial mantle and a crown. To me what are such things? a costume, a mere actor's costume. I shall wear them for the occasion, that's enough: then resuming my military frock, I'll get on horseback. On horseback said I?—yes, and perhaps for life; but scarcely shall I have taken up my new position when I shall run the risk of being pushed off my pedestal. Is that a state to be envied? There are but two classes of men—those who have something, and those who have nothing. The first take their rest, the others remain awake. As I perceived this when starting in the race of life, I have reached the goal thus early. I know of but two men who attained it after having set out at the age of forty, and they were Cromwell and Rousseau. Had the one had but a farm, and the other a few hundred francs and a domestic, they would neither have commanded, preached, nor written. There are various sorts of artists—in building, in forms,

in colors, in phrases. I am an artist in battles; I had executed eighteen of what are called victories before the age of thirty-five. I have a right to be paid for my work, and if paid with a throne, it can not be called dear. But, after all, a throne, what is it? Two or three boards fashioned in this form or in that, and nailed together, with a strip of red velvet to cover them. By itself it is nothing; 'tis the man who sits upon it that makes its force. Still, throne or no throne, I shall follow my vocation: you shall see some more of my doings. You shall see all dynasties date from mine, 'parvenu' though I be; and elected, yes, elected like yourself, and chosen from the crowd. On that point, at all events, we may shake hands."

So saying, he advanced and held out his hand. The Pope did not decline the courtesy; but there was an evident constraint in his manner as he almost tremblingly reached to him the tips of his fingers. He seemed under the influence of a complex tide of emotion. He was moved somewhat, perhaps, by the tone of *bonhomie* that pervaded the latter remarks, and by the frankness of the advance which concluded them; but the dominant feeling was evidently of a sombre cast, arising from a reflection on his own position, and still more on that of so many Christian communities abandoned to the caprices of selfishness and hazard.

These movements of the inner man did not escape the scrutinizing glance of Bonaparte; a light and shadow passed rapidly across his face. He had carried one point—the coronation was tacitly conceded; the rest may be left to time. It was evident that, though not entirely without alloy, the feeling of satisfaction was uppermost as he strode from the room with all the *brusquerie* with which he had entered it.

[From Fraser's Magazine.]

GABRIELLE; OR, THE SISTERS.

Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter.
Ecclesia Græcæ Monumenta.

DIM voices haunt me from the past—for the dream of life is dreamed, and may now be revealed; the dreamer is loitering on the Bier Path leading to the green grass mounds, whence mouldering hands seem to point upward and say, "Look thy last on the blue skies, and come rest with us."

I have no happy childhood to recall; for I began to think so early, that pain and thought are linked together. I had a father, and a sister two years my senior; and our home was a small cottage, surrounded by a flower-garden, on the outskirts of a town, where the chime of church-bells was distinctly heard. These are sweet, romantic associations; but "garden flowers," and "silvery chimes," and "childhood's home," are words which awaken no answering chord in my heart—for Reality was stern, and Fancy wove no fabric of fairy texture wherewith to cover the naked truth.

My mother died when I was born; and my father was a thin, pale man, always wrapped

in flannels about the head and throat, and moving slowly with the aid of a stick. He never breakfasted with us—we were kept in the kitchen, to save firing—but he came down late in the forenoon, and when it was warm and sunshiny he would take a gentle stroll into the fields, never townward. We dined at a late hour, and there were always delicacies for my father; and after dinner he sat over his wine, smoking cigars and reading the newspapers, till it was time to go to bed. He took little notice of Gabrielle or me, except to command silence, or to send us for any thing he wanted. There were two parlors in the cottage, one at each side of the door; the furniture was scanty and mean, and the parlor on the left-hand side never had a fire in it, for my father always inhabited the other. It was bitter cold for Gabrielle and me in this left-hand room during the winter, for we were often turned in there to amuse ourselves; our sole domestic—an ancient Irish servitor, retained by my father solely on account of her culinary accomplishments—never admitted us poor shivering girls into the kitchen when she was cooking, for, said Nelly,

"If I am teased or narvous I shall, maybe, spoil the dinner, and then our Lady save us from the masther's growl."

No one ever came near us—we seemed utterly neglected, and our very existence unknown. The house was redolent with the fumes of tobacco, and the garden where we played was a wilderness of weeds, among which roses bloomed in summer, and Gabrielle and I watched for their coming with delight: those summer roses, on the great tangled bushes, were surely more beautiful to us than to other and more fortunate children—we gathered and preserved each leaf as it fell, and never was fragrance so delicious!

Now it may naturally be supposed, that from ignorance our impressions were not painful; but from the time when I first began to notice and comprehend, I also began to bitterly feel our condition, and Gabrielle felt it far more than I did. We knew that we were half-starved, half-clad, neglected, unloved creatures, and that our parent was a personification of Selfishness. We saw other children prettily dressed, walking past with their mothers or nurses—or trotting to school, healthful and happy; and our hearts yearned to be like them—yearned for a mother's kiss! Gabrielle was habitually silent and proud, though often passionate when we were at play together; but the outburst was soon over, and she hugged me again directly. I early learned to dislike all ugly things from gazing on her—her beauty was of a kind to dazzle a child—she was so brilliantly fair and colorless, with clustering golden hair falling to her waist, and large soft blue eyes, which always made me think of heaven and the angels; for, thanks to His mercy, I knew of them when I was yet a child.

Of course we were unacquainted with our father's history as we afterward heard it. He was of a decayed but noble family, and—alas! it is a commonplace tale—he had ruined his

fortunes and broken his wife's heart by gambling. Worse even than this, he was irretrievably disgraced and lost to society, having been detected as a cheat; and broken down in every sense of the word, with a trifling annuity only to subsist on, he lived, as I remember him, pampered, luxurious, and utterly forgetful of all save Self. And, oh! God grant there be none—poor or rich, high or low—who can repeat the sacred name of "father" as I do, without an emotion of tenderness, without the slightest gossamer thread of love or respect twined around the memory to bind the parental benediction thereto.

Nelly had followed our deceased mother from her native isle, for she too was Irish, and clung to our father, ministering to his habits and tastes, a good deal, I believe, for our sakes, and to keep near us. She was a coarse woman; and, unlike her race in general, exhibited but few outward demonstrations of attachment. When her work was done in the evening she sometimes taught us the alphabet and to spell words of three letters; the rest we mastered for ourselves, and taught each other, and so in process of time we were able to read. The like with writing: Nelly pointed out the rudiments, and Gabrielle, endowed with magical powers of swift perception, speedily wrought out lessons both for herself and me. The only books in the house were a cookery-book; a spelling-book which Nelly borrowed; a great huge History of England, which formed her usual foot-stool; and an ancient, equally large Bible, full of quaint pictures. Would that I had the latter blessed volume bound in gold now, and set with diamonds! A new epoch opened in my life. I had already thought, now I understood; and the light divine dawned on my soul as Nelly, the humble instrument of grace, in simple words explained all that was wanting: for our faith is very simple, notwithstanding the ineffable glories of Jesus and redemption. I dreamed by night of Jesus and of angels, and of shepherds watching their flocks "all seated on the ground;" and I used to ask Nelly if she did not think an angel must be just like Gabrielle, with shining wings, certainly? But Nelly would say that Miss Gabrielle was too proud for an angel, and never likely to become one unless she liked her Bible better; and it was too true that my darling sister had not the same love for holy things that I had then. She liked to read of Queen Bess and Bluff King Hal; but when we found our way to a church, and heard the chanting, her emotions far surpassed mine, and she sobbed outright. At length Gabrielle, who had been pondering many days without speaking, confided to me her determination to ask our father to send us to school.

"Why should I not ask him, Ruth?" she said. "I wonder we never thought of it before—only he is always poorly, or smoking, or drinking."

I observed her beautiful lip curl as she spoke in a contemptuous tone, and I thought that

Jesus taught *not so*; but I feared to speak—so I wept, and knelt down alone and prayed for my sister.

Gabrielle did ask him, and my father laid down his paper, and took the cigar from his mouth, gazing in dull amazement at the speaker, but I saw his gaze become more earnest and observant as he said,

"Why, girl, how old are you?"

"I was thirteen last month," replied Gabrielle.

"You are a monstrous tall girl of your age, then, I declare; and you have learned to read from Nelly, haven't you?"

"Yes, we have," was the quiet reply; "but we wish to learn something more than that."

"Then you must go to some charity school, miss, for I have no money to pay for such nonsense; you can read, and write, and sew, and what more would you have? Pass the claret nearer, and reach me those cigars; and take yourselves off, for my head is splitting."

I must draw a veil over Gabrielle's passion when we were alone.

"It is not for myself only that I sorrow," she exclaimed, as her sobs subsided; "but you, poor, little, delicate thing, with your lameness, what is to become of you in the big world if you are left alone? You can not be a servant; and what are we to do without education? for Nelly has told me our father's income dies with him."

Her expressions were incoherent; and when I tried to comfort her, by assurances that the blessed Saviour cared for the fatherless, she turned away and left me. So ended the first and last application to our parent.

When I remember Gabrielle's career from that period to her sixteenth year I much marvel at the precocity of intellect she exhibited, and the powers of mind with which she was endowed. We had no money to procure books—no means to purchase even the common necessities of clothing, which too often made us ashamed to appear in church. But suddenly Gabrielle seemed to become a woman, and I her trusting child. She was silent and cold; but not sullen or cold to me, though her mouth became compressed as if from bitter thought, and never lost that expression again, save when she smiled. Oh, that sunny smile of radiant beauty! I see it now—I see it now! I tried to win her, by coaxing and fondling, to read the Holy Book; but Gabrielle said we were outcasts, and deserted by God. When I heard that my wan cheeks burned with indignation, and I exclaimed, "You are wicked to say so;" but Gabrielle was not angry, for tears stood in her eyes as she fixed them on me, whispering,

"Poor little cripple—sweet, gentle, loving sister—the angels that whisper these good things to you pass me over. I hear them not, Ruth."

"Sister, sister, they speak and you will not hear: do you think the stupid, lame Ruth is favored beyond the clever, the beautiful, the noble Gabrielle?"

Then with an outburst of passionate love she would take me in her arms, and weep long and bitterly. I knew that I could not enter into the depths of her feelings, but I comprehended her haughty bearing and scornful glances; for the neighbors looked at us pitifully, and Gabrielle writhed beneath it: child as she was, there was something awful and grand in her lonely majesty of demeanor. Her self-denying, constant devotion toward me—often ailing and pining as I was—I repaid by an affection which I am sure is quite different from that entertained by sisters happily placed for each other: Gabrielle was as mother and sister, and friend and nurse, and playmate, all in one to me. She and the bright young roses in our neglected garden, were the only two beautiful creations I had ever seen. It was well for me, in my childish simplicity, that I knew not the wreck of mind—the waste of brilliant powers for want of cultivation—of which Gabrielle was the victim; but she knew it, brooded over it, and the festering poison of hatred and contempt changed her innocent, affectionate nature, toward all created things, except her own and only sister.

We never wearied of listening to Nelly's accounts of the former grandeur of our maternal ancestors, intermixed with wild legends of chivalrous love and gallant daring. She told us, too, of our ancient blood on the father's side, and that we were the great-grandchildren of a belted earl. Gabrielle's pale cheeks flushed not—her eyes were downcast; but I knew the sufferings of the proud, beautiful girl. I too, humble as I was, felt what we were—what we ought to have been, and the blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens mounted to my throbbing temples.

Gabrielle was a lady—a lady in each action, word, and look; poorly and insufficiently clad, her tall, graceful form bore the unmistakable mark of hereditary breeding, which neither poverty nor neglect could eradicate. It was not her exceeding loveliness which alone attracted observation, but it was a refinement and elegance which no education can bestow—it was Nature's stamp on one of her most peerless and exquisite productions. One evening, when we had been listening to Nelly's discourse by the kitchen fire, a sudden and a new thought took hold of my imagination, nor could I rest until I had imparted it to Gabrielle. It was this—that she might marry some great, rich man, and so release us from want and privation; for, of course, my home would always be with her!

Gabrielle looked gravely on my upturned face as I knelt beside her, and confided this "new plan."

"Ruth," she said, "you are a wise and a singular child, and you deserve to be trusted. I mean to become a rich man's wife if I have the opportunity; but how it is to be brought about, your good book, perhaps, may tell."

"Oh, darling," I cried, "do not smile so scornfully when you speak of that blessed, dear

book; it would comfort and lead you, indeed it would, if you would but open and read its pages."

"Well, well, Parson Ruth," she cried, laughing, "that will do. When the rich man comes down from the clouds to make me his bride, I promise you I'll have a book bound in gold like that; and you shall be educated, my darling Ruth, as the daughters of the De Courcys ought to be, and you shall forget that we have no father, no mother."

"Forget our father?" said I. "Never, never!"

Gabrielle was terribly shaken and agitated: little more than a child in years, injustice and sorrow had taught her the emotions of age, yet she was a guileless child in the world's ways, as events soon proved.

We used to ramble out into the adjacent meadows, and doubtless our roamings would have extended far and wide, had not my lameness precluded much walking, and Gabrielle never had a thought of leaving me. So we were contented to saunter by a shining stream that meandered amid the rich pasture-land near our home; this stream was frequented by those fortunate anglers only who obtained permission from the lady of the manor to fish in it, and this permit was not lavishly bestowed, consequently our favorite haunt was usually a solitary one. But soon after Gabrielle had completed her sixteenth year we noted a sickly youth, who patiently pursued his quiet sport by the hour together, and never looked round as we passed and repassed him. Some trifling "chance" (as it is called) led to his thanking Gabrielle for assisting to disentangle his line, which had caught amid the willow-branches overhanging the water; the same "chance" caused him to observe his beautiful assistant, and I saw his start of surprise and admiration. He was a silly-looking lad, we thought, dressed like a gentleman, and behaving as one; and he was never absent now from the meadows when we were there. He always bowed, and often addressed some passing observation to us, but timidly and respectfully, for Gabrielle was a girl to command both homage and respect. She pitied the lonely, pale young man, who seemed so pleased to find any one to speak to, and exhibited such extraordinary patience and perseverance, for he never caught a fish that we saw. Through the medium of a gossip of Nelly, who was kitchen-maid at the principal inn, we ascertained that our new acquaintance was staying there for his health's benefit, and for the purpose of angling; that his name was Erminstoun, only son of the rich Mr. Erminstoun, banker, of T——. Nelly's gossip had a sister who lived at Erminstoun Hall, so there was no doubt about the correctness of the information, both as regarded Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's identity, and the enormous wealth of which it was said his father was possessed. The informant added, that poor Mr. Thomas was a *leetle* soft maybe, but the idol of his parent; and that he squandered "money like

nothing," "being a generous, open-handed, good young gentleman."

I observed a great change in Gabrielle's manner, after hearing this, toward her admirer—for so he must be termed—as admiration was so evident in each word and look: by-and-by Gabrielle went out alone—there was no one to question or rebuke her; and in six weeks from the day that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun first saw her she became his wife. Yes, startling as it appears, it all seemed very natural and simple of accomplishment then; early one brilliant summer morning, Gabrielle woke me, and bade me rise directly, as she wished to confide something of great importance, which was about to take place in a few hours. Pale, but composed, she proceeded to array herself and me in plain white robes, and straw bonnets; new and purely white, yet perfectly simple and inexpensive, though far better than the habiliments we had been accustomed to wear. Gabrielle took them from a box, which must have come when I was sleeping; and when our toilet was completed, I compared her in my own mind to one of those young maidens whom I had seen in the church, when bands of fair creatures were assembled for confirmation. She looked not like a *bride*—there was no blushing, no trembling; but a calm self-possession, and determination of purpose, which awed me.

"My wise little sister Ruth," she said, "I am going to be married this morning to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, at——church. You are my bridesmaid, and the clerk gives me away. I shall not come back here any more, for a chaise and four waits in Yarrow Wood to convey us away directly after our marriage. You will come home, darling, and take off your marriage apparel to appear before *him*; and as I do not often dine with him, and he never asks for me, I shall not be missed. So say nothing—Nelly's tongue is tied—fear not her. Be patient, beloved one, till you hear from me: bright days are coming, Ruth, and we do not part for long."

Here she wept, oh, so bitterly, I thought she would die. Amazed and trembling, I ventured to ask if she loved Mr. Thomas Erminstoun better than me, for jealousy rankled, and at fourteen I knew nothing of *love*.

"Love *him*!" she cried vehemently, clasping her hands wildly; "I love only you on earth, my Ruth, my sister. He is a fool; and I marry him to save you and myself from degradation and misery. He buys me with his wealth. I am little more than sixteen"—she hung down her lovely head, poor thing—"but I am old in sorrow; I am hardened in sin, for I am about to commit a great sin. I vow to love, where I despise; to obey, when I mean to rule; and to honor, when I hold the imbecile youth in utter contempt!"

Vain were supplications and prayers to wait. Gabrielle led me away to the meadows, where a fly was in waiting, which conveyed us to the church. I saw her married; I signed some-

thing in a great book; I felt her warm tears and embraces, and I knew that Mr. Thomas Erminstoun kissed me too, as he disappeared with Gabrielle, and the clerk placed me in the fly alone, which put me down in the same place, in the quiet meadows by the shining water. I sat down and wept till I became exhausted. Was this all a dream? Had Gabrielle really gone? My child-sister married? Become rich and great? But I treasured her words, hurried home, and put on my old dark dress; and Nelly said not a word. Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's gold had secured her silence; and she was to "know nothing," but to take care of me for the present.

Ere my father retired to rest that night, a letter was brought addressed to him. I never knew the contents, but it was from Gabrielle and Gabrielle's husband. I did not see him again for some days, and then he never looked at me; and strange, strange it seemed, Gabrielle had disappeared like a snow wreath, in silence, in mystery; and I exclaimed in agony, "Was there ever any thing like this in the world before?"

My father made himself acquainted with the position of the young man whom his daughter had gone off with, and also of the legality of their marriage; that ascertained satisfactorily, he sank into the same hopeless slothfulness and indolence as heretofore, dozing life away, and considering he had achieved a prodigious labor in making the necessary inquiries.

Very soon after this I had my first letter—doubly dear and interesting because it was from Gabrielle. The inn servant brought it under pretext of visiting Nelly, so my father knew nothing about it. Ah, that first letter! shall I ever forget how I bathed it with tears, and covered it with kisses? It was short, and merely said they were in lodgings for the present, because Mr. Erminstoun had not yet forgiven his son: not a word about her happiness; not a word of her husband; but she concluded by saying, "that very soon she hoped to send for her darling Ruth—never to be parted more."

I know that my guardian angel whispered the thoughts that now came into my head as I read and pondered; because I had prayed to be led as a sheep by the shepherd, being but a simple, weakly child. I determined on two things—to show the letter I had received from Gabrielle to my father, for conscience loudly whispered concealment was wrong; and never to quit him, because the time might come when he, perhaps, would require, or be glad of my attendance. I felt quite happy after forming these resolutions on my knees; and I wrote to Gabrielle telling her of them. I know not if my father observed what I said, but he took no notice, for he was half asleep and smoking; so I left the letter beside him, as I ever did afterward, for I often heard from my beloved sister: and oh! but it *was* hard to resist her entreaties that I would come to her—that it was for my sake as well as her own she had taken so bold

a step; and that now she had a pleasant home for me, and I refused. It was hard to refuse; but God was with me, or I never could have had strength of myself to persevere in duty, and "*deny myself*." When Gabrielle found arguments and entreaties vain, she gave way to bursts of anguish that nearly overcame me; but when "I was weak, then I was strong," and I clasped my precious Bible, and told her I *dared* not leave my father.

Then came presents of books, and all kinds of beautiful and useful things, to add to my comfort or improvement. Gabrielle told me they were settled in a pretty cottage near the Hall, and that Mr. Erminstoun had forgiven his son. Mr. Erminstoun was a widower, and had five daughters by a former marriage—Gabrielle's husband being the only child of his second union: the Misses Erminstoun were all flourishing in single blessedness, and were known throughout the country-side as the "proud Miss Erminstouns." These ladies were tall, and what some folks call "dashing women;" wearing high feathers, bright colors, and riding hither and thither in showy equipages, or going to church on the Sabbath with a footman following their solemn and majestic approach to the house of prayer, carrying the richly-embazoned books of these "miserable sinners."

How I pined to hear from Gabrielle that she was happy, and cherished by her new connections; that she was humbled also, in some measure—abashed at the bold step she had taken. So young—so fair—so determined. I trembled, girl as I was, when I thought that God's wrath might fall on her dear head, and chasten her rebellious spirit.

Six months subsequent to Gabrielle's departure our father died, after but a few days' severe suffering. Dying, he took my hand and murmured, "Good child!" and those precious words fell as a blessing on my soul; and I know he listened to the prayers which God put into my heart to make for his departing spirit. I mourned for the dead, because he was my father and I his child.

Nelly accompanied me to my sister's home; and fairyland seemed opening to my view when I embraced Gabrielle once more. What a pleasant home it was!—a cottage not much larger than the one I had left—but how different! Elegance and comfort were combined; and when I saw the rare exotics in the tasteful conservatory I remembered the roses in our wilderness. Ah, I doubt if we ever valued flowers as we did those precious dewy buds. Wood End Cottage stood on the brow of a hill, commanding a fair prospect of sylvan quietude; the old parsonage was adjacent, inhabited by a bachelor curate, "poor and pious," the church tower peeping forth from a clump of trees. The peal of soft bells in that mouldering tower seemed to me like unearthly music: my heart thrilled as I heard their singular, melancholy chime. There were fine monuments within the church, and it had a superb painted

window, on which the sun always cast its last gleams during the hours of summer-evening service.

My brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Erminstoun, was paler and thinner than when I had seen him last, and I was shocked and alarmed at his appearance. His love for Gabrielle amounted to idolatry; and for her sake he loved and cherished me. She was colder and haughtier in manner than ever, receiving passively all the devoted tenderness lavished by her husband: this pained me sadly; for though he was assuredly simple, there was an earnest truthfulness and kindliness about him, which won on the affections amazingly. He would speak to me of Gabrielle by the hour together, with ever-increasing delight; we both marveled at her surpassing beauty, which each week became more angelic and pure in character.

On me alone all my sister's caresses were bestowed; all the pent-up love of a passionate nature found vent in my arms, which were twined around her with strange enthusiastic love; therefore it was, her faults occasioned me such agony—for I could not but see them—and I alone, of all the world, knew her noble nature—knew what she "might have been." I told her that I expected to have found her cheerful, now she had a happy home of her own.

"Happy! cheerful!" she cried, sadly. "A childhood such as mine was, flings dark shadows over all futurity, Ruth."

"Oh, speak not so, beloved," I replied; "have you not a good husband, your error mercifully forgiven? are you not surrounded by blessings?"

"And dependent," she answered, bitterly

"But dependent on your husband, as the Bible says every woman should be."

"And my husband is utterly dependent on his father, Ruth; he has neither ability nor health to help himself, and on his father he depends for our bread. I have but exchanged one bondage for another; and all my hope is now centred in you, dearest, to educate you—to render you independent of this cold, hard world."

"Why, Gabrielle," I said, "you are not seventeen yet—it is not too late, is it, for you also to be educated?"

"Too late, too late," answered Gabrielle, mournfully. "Listen, wise Ruth, I shall be a mother soon; and to my child, if it is spared, and to you, I devote myself. You have seen the Misses Erminstoun—you have seen vulgarity, insolence, and absurd pretension; they have taunted me with my ignorance, and I will not change it now. The blood of the De Courcys and O'Briens has made me a lady; and all the wealth of the Indies can not make them so. No, Ruth, I will remain in ignorance, and yet tower above them, high as the clouds above the dull earth, in innate superiority and power of mind!"

"Oh, my sister," I urged timidly, "it is not well to think highly of one's self—the Bible teaches not so."

"Ruth! Ruth!" she exclaimed, impatiently, "it is not that I think highly of myself, as you well know; you well know with what anguish I have deplored our wants; it is pretension I despise, and rise above; talent, and learning, and virtue, and nobleness, that I revere, and could worship!"

"But, beloved," I urged, "people may be very kind and good, without being so mighty clever."

"The Erminstouns female are not kind, are not good," she haughtily replied: "the Erminstouns male are fools! Ruth, I have changed one bondage for another, and the sins of the father fall on the innocent child. I have changed starvation, and cold, and degradation, for hateful dependence on the vulgar and despised. Woe is me, woe is me! If I can but save you, my sister, and make you independent, I can bear my lot."

My education commenced, and they called me a "wise child:" every one was kind to the poor cripple, even the "proud Miss Erminstouns," who cast envious and disdainful glances on my beautiful sister, which she repaid with unutterable scorn—silent, but sure. Oh, how I prayed Gabrielle to *try* and win their love; to read her Bible, and therein find that "a kind word turneth away wrath;" but Gabrielle was proud as Lucifer, and liked not to read of humility and forbearance. I found a zealous friend and instructor in Mr. Dacre, the "poor, pious curate;" he was a college friend of my brother-in-law, and a few years his senior. I felt assured that Mr. Dacre thought Mr. Thomas's life a very precarious one, from the way in which he spoke to him on religious subjects, and the anxiety he evinced as to his spiritual welfare. Mr. Dacre used also to call me his "wise little friend;" and we were wont to speak of passages in the book I loved best. What thought I of him? Why, sometimes in my own mind I would compare him to an apostle—St. Paul, for instance, sincere, learned, and inspired; but then St. Paul haunted my day-dreams as a reverend gentleman with a beard and flowing robes, while Mr. Dacre was young, handsome, and excessively neat in his ecclesiastical costume and appointments generally. Mr. Dacre had serious dark eyes—solemn eyes they were, in my estimation, but the very sweetest smile in the world; and one of the Misses Erminstoun seemed to think so too: but people said that the pious young minister was vowed to celibacy.

There was also another frequent visitor at Erminstoun Hall, who not seldom found his way to Wood End Cottage; and this was no less a personage than Lord Treherne, who resided at Treherne Abbey in princely magnificence, and had lately become a widower. This nobleman was upward of sixty, stately, cold, and reserved in manner, and rarely warmed into a smile, except in contemplation of woman's beauty; of which, indeed, he was an enthusiastic admirer. The late Lady Treherne had presented her lord with no family; and the dis-

appointment was bitterly felt by Lord Treherne, who most ardently desired an heir to succeed to his ancient title and immense possessions. It was rumored abroad that the eldest Miss Erminstoun was likely to become the favored lady on whom his lordship's second choice might fall: she was still a handsome woman, and as cold and haughty as Lord Treherne himself; but, notwithstanding her smiles and encouragement, the ancient cavalier in search of a bride did not propose. Nay, on the contrary, he evinced considerable interest in Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's failing health; he was the poor young gentleman's godfather, and it seemed not improbable that, in the event of his lordship dying childless, his godson might inherit a desirable fortune. Rare fruits and flowers arrived in profusion from the Abbey; and my lord showed great interest in my progress, while Gabrielle treated him with far more freedom than she did any one else, and seemed pleased and gratified by his fatherly attentions.

At length the time arrived when Gabrielle became the mother of as lovely a babe as ever entered this world of woe; and it was a fair and touching sight to behold the young mother caressing her infant daughter. I have often wondered that I felt no pangs of jealousy, for the beauteous stranger more than divided my sister's love for me—she engaged it nearly all: and there was something fearful and sublime in the exceeding idolatry of Gabrielle for her sweet baby. Self was immolated altogether; and when she hung over the baby's couch each night, watching its happy, peaceful slumbers, it was difficult to say which of the twain was the more beautiful. Repose marked the countenance of each—Gabrielle's was imbued with the heavenly repose of parental love.

In less than twelve months after its birth, that poor baby was fatherless. I had anticipated and foreseen this calamity; and Gabrielle conducted herself, as I believed she would, without hypocrisy, but with serious propriety. Sad scenes followed this solemn event; the Misses Erminstoun wished to take her child from Gabrielle, to bring it up at the Hall. Mr. Erminstoun urged her compliance, and recommended my sister to seek "a situation" for me, as "he had already so expensive an establishment to keep up; and now poor Thomas was gone, there was really no occasion for Wood End Cottage to be on his hands. Gabrielle must find a home in some farm-house."

All this came about in a few months, from one thing to another; and the young widow, who had been ever hated as a wife, was grudging her daily support by her deceased husband's family. "Give up her child?" Gabrielle only laughed when they spoke of that; but her laugh rings in my ears yet! though it was as soft and musical as the old church bells.

We left Wood End Cottage, and found refuge in a retired farm-house, as Mr. Erminstoun proposed; but we were together: and there were many who cried "shame" on the rich banker,

for thus casting off his daughter-in-law and his grandchild. Small was the pittance he allowed for our subsistence; and the Misses Erminstoun never noticed Gabrielle on her refusal to part with the child. "She was not fit," they bruited about, "to bring up their poor brother's daughter. She was ignorant, uneducated, and unamiable, besides being basely ungrateful for kindness lavished; she had a cold heart and repellant manner, which had steeled their sympathies toward her." They thought themselves ill-used at Erminstoun Hall; and the five Misses Erminstoun regarded Gabrielle and her poor little daughter as mere interlopers, who were robbing them of their father's money.

Well might Gabrielle say—"I have changed one bondage for another!" but I never heard her repeat that now. She was silent, even to me. No murmur escaped her lips; and what she felt or suffered I knew not. Little Ella was a pale flower, like her mother; but as similar to the parent rose as an opening rosebud.

"What could I do?" were the words I was continually repeating to myself. "I must not be an added burden to Mr. Erminstoun. I have already profited by my sister's union with his son, by having gratefully received instruction in various branches of learning, and can I not do something for myself?" What this *something* was to be, I could not define. My lameness precluded active employment, and I was too young to become a "companion." I confided my thoughts and wishes to Mr. Dacre, who often visited us, speaking words of balm and consolation to the afflicted. Gabrielle listened to his words, as she never had done to mine; and he could reprove, admonish, exhort, or cheer, when all human hope seemed deserting us. For where were we to look for a shelter, should it please Mr. Erminstoun to withdraw his allowance, to force Gabrielle to abandon her child to save it from want? I verily believe, had it not been for that precious babe, she would have begged her bread, and suffered me to do so, rather than be dependent on the scantily-doled-out bounty of Mr. Erminstoun.

During the twelve months that elapsed after her husband's death there was a "great calm" over Gabrielle—a tranquillity, like that exhibited by an individual walking in sleep. I had expected despair and passion when her lofty spirit was thus trampled to the dust; but no, as I have said, she was strangely tranquil—strangely silent. There was no resignation—that is quite another thing; and, except when my sister listened to Mr. Dacre, she never read her Bible, or suffered me to read it to her: but his deep, full, rich voice, inexpressibly touching and sweet in all its modulations, ever won her rapt, undivided attention. She attended the church where he officiated; and though the Erminstouns had a sumptuously-decorated pew there, it was not to that the young widow resorted; she sat amid the poor in the aisle, beneath a magnificent monument of the Treherne

family, where the glorious sunset rays, streaming through the illuminated window, fell full upon her clustering golden hair and downcast eyes.

There was pride in this, not humility; and Gabrielle deceived herself, as, with a quiet grace peculiarly her own, she glided to her lowly seat, rejecting Lord Treherne's proffered accommodation, as he courteously stood with his pew door open, bowing to the fair creature as if she had been a queen. The five Misses Erminstoun knelt on their velvet cushions, arrayed in feathers and finery, and strong in riches and worldly advantages; but my pale sister, in her coarsely-fashioned mourning-garb, seated on a bench, and kneeling on the stone, might have been taken for the regal lady, and they her plebeian attendants.

Spiteful glances they cast toward Gabrielle, many a time and oft, when my Lord Treherne so pointedly paid his respectful devoirs; and there was as much pride and haughtiness in Gabrielle's heart as in theirs. Poor thing! she said truly, that "early shadows had darkened her soul," and what had she left but *pride*? Not an iota of woman's besetting littleness had my sister—noble, generous, self-denying, devoted where she loved; her sweetness had been poisoned, nor had she sought that fountain of living water which alone can purify such bitterness. Gentle in manner, pure in heart, affectionate in disposition, Gabrielle's pride wrought her misery. Lord Treherne never came in person to our humble home—he had but once paid his respects to Gabrielle since her widowhood; but the rarest exotics continued to decorate our poor room, constantly replenished from Treherne Abbey, and sent, with his lordship's card, by a confidential domestic. He was always at church now, and people remarked "how pious my lord had latterly become." I was far too young and inexperienced then to understand or appreciate this delicacy and propriety on Lord Treherne's part. But Mr. Dacre understood it; nor would he have intruded on our privacy, save in his ministerial capacity, and for the purpose of aiding and assisting me in the studies I endeavored to pursue. There was a "halo of sanctity" around Mr. Dacre, which effectually precluded any approach to freedom or frivolous conversation, in any society wherein he might be placed. He gave the tone to that society, and the gay and dashing Misses Erminstoun became subdued in his presence; while Lord Treherne, with excellent taste, not only showed the outward respect due to Mr. Dacre's sacred and high office, but the regard which his personal qualities deserved.

I have often looked back on that time immediately after my brother-in-law's decease, with wonder at our serenity—nay, almost contentment and happiness; despite the anguish and humiliation I knew Gabrielle must endure, her smile was ever beautiful and sweet, and illumined our poor home with the sunshine of heaven.

Our baby was, I think I may say, almost equally dear to us both—it had two mothers, Gabrielle said; and what with nursing the darling little thing, and learning my lessons, and Mr. Dacre's visits, time flew rapidly.

On the appearance of each fresh token of Lord Treherne's remembrance, I observed an expression flit across my sister's face which I could not define; it was of triumph and agony combined, and she always flew to her baby, clasping it convulsively to her bosom, and whispering words of strange import. On Mr. Dacre's expressive, serious countenance, also, I noticed passing clouds, as Gabrielle bestowed enthusiastic admiration on the superb exotics. Why this was I could by no means satisfactorily decide, as Mr. Dacre, so kind and generous, must approve the disinterested delicacy exhibited by Lord Treherne, in his offerings to the fatherless and widow. But the disinterestedness of my lord's attentions was a myth which I soon discarded: for in twelve months subsequent to Mr. Thomas Erminstoun's decease, a letter from Treherne Abbey was brought to Gabrielle, sealed with the armorial bearings of the Trehernes, and signed by the present representative of that noble race. We were seated at our fireside, busy with domestic needlework, and I saw Gabrielle's hands tremble as she opened it, while that strange, wild expression of triumph and pain, flitted more than once over her face as she perused the missive. She silently gave it to me, and with amazement I read its contents—such an idea had never once entered my simple brain. Lord Treherne made Gabrielle an offer of his hand and heart, signifying that if she would graciously incline her ear to his suit, a brilliant destiny awaited her infant daughter—on whom, and on its lovely mother, the most munificent settlements should be made. I laughed heartily as I read his lordship's rhapsodies, becoming a young lover; and I said, returning the epistle to Gabrielle, "What a pity, dearest, that we can not have such a noble father for our little Ella!" the possibility of Gabrielle's marrying a man of nearly seventy never entered into my calculations for a moment. Therefore my astonishment was overwhelming when she seriously answered,

"Why can not Lord Treherne be a father to my child, Ruth?"

"Because, dearest, you could not marry him—he is so old."

"But I mean to marry him, Ruth: could you doubt it? Could I have lived on as I have done without prophetic hope to support me? Think you, if Lord Treherne were double the age, I would refuse rank, wealth and power? Oh, Ruth, were I alone, it might be different." She spoke in a tone of suppressed anguish and passionate regret. "But look on her," pointing to the sleeping cherub, "for her sake I would immolate myself on any altar of sacrifice. Her fate shall be a brighter one than her mother's—if that mother has power to save and to bless! *She* must not be doomed to poverty or

dependence. No, no! I give her a father who can restore in her the ancient glories of our race; for my Ella is a descendant of the chivalrous O'Briens and the noble De Courcys."

"And of the Erminstouns of Erminstoun Hall," I gently suggested, for Gabrielle was greatly excited.

"Name them not, Ruth; name them not, if you love me. To change their hated name, what would I not do?"

Alas! thought I, you are deceiving yourself, my poor sister, in this supposed immolation on an altar of sacrifice; it is not for your child's sake alone, though you fancy so. But Blanche Erminstoun will be disappointed, revenge obtained, and pride amply gratified, and truly "the heart is deceitful above all things."

Mr. Dacre entered the apartment as Gabrielle ceased speaking, for we had not heard his modest signal, and he was unannounced. My sister colored to the very temples on seeing the young pastor, and her hands trembled in the vain endeavor to fold Lord Treherne's letter, which at length she impatiently crushed together. I heard a half-smothered hysterical sob, as, with a faltering voice, she bade our guest "Good-evening." Ah! when the heart is aching and throbbing with agony, concealed and suppressed, it requires heroic self-command to descend to the commonplaces of this workaday world; but women early learn to conceal and subdue their feelings, when premature sorrows have divided them from real or pretended sympathies.

I read my sister's heart, I knew her secret, and I inwardly murmured, "Alas for woman's love, it is cast aside!"

My sister's marriage with Lord Treherne was a strictly private one (Gabrielle had stipulated for this), his lordship's chaplain performing the ceremony. My thoughts reverted to Gabrielle's first marriage, when the clerk gave her away, and she was clad in muslin; now she was arrayed in satin and glittering gems, and a peer of the realm, an old friend of the bridegroom, gave her lily hand at the altar to her noble lover. Twice she was forsworn; but the desecration to her soul was not so great on the first as on the present occasion, for then her heart was still her own; while now, alas for woman's love, it was cast aside!

In a few weeks after the marriage we all departed for the Continent, where we remained for the six following years, Gabrielle and myself receiving instructions in every accomplishment suitable to our position. It was charming to witness with what celerity my beautiful sister acquired every thing she undertook, for she was as anxious as her lord to adorn the high station to which she now belonged. Wherever we went the fame of Lady Treherne's beauty went with us, while her fascination of manner and high-bred elegance perfectly satisfied her fastidious husband that he had made a wise and prudent choice. There was one

drawback to his lordship's perfect contentment, and this was the absence of the much-wished-for heir, for Gabrielle presented no children to her husband; and our little Ella, a fairy child, of brilliant gifts and almost superhuman loveliness, became as necessary to Lord Treherne's happiness as she was to her doting mother's. It was settled ere we returned to England, that Ella was to drop the name of Erminstoun, and as Lord Treherne's acknowledged heiress, legal forms were to be immediately adopted in order to ratify the change of name to that of the family appellation of the Trehernes.

With a murmur of grateful feeling I saw Gabrielle kneel beside her aged husband, and thank him fondly for this proof of regard; triumph sparkled in her eyes, and Lord Treherne laid his hand on her fair head, blessing her as he did so. She had made him a good wife, in every sense of the term: he had never forgot that her blood equaled his own. But Gabrielle did, for that very reason; her gratitude made her humble toward him, because he was humble toward her: nor did Lord Treherne ever cease to think that Gabrielle had conferred a favor in marrying him.

A succession of *fêtes* and entertainments were given at Treherne Abbey after our return, and Gabrielle was the star on whom all gazed with delighted admiration. All the country families flocked to pay their homage, but the Erminstouns came not until Lady Treherne extended a hand of welcome to her first husband's family; she was too exalted, both in station and mind, to cherish the pitiful remembrances of their former unkindness. There were but two Misses Erminstoun now, the others were well married (according to the world's notion, that is); and the youngest, who had not given up hopes of yet becoming Mrs. Dacre, had transformed herself into a nun-like damsel, something between a Sister of Charity and a Quakeress in exterior: perhaps Mr. Dacre read the interior too well; and, notwithstanding the lady's assiduous visits to the poor, and attendance on the charity-schools, and regular loud devotions at church, Mr. Dacre remained obdurate and wedded to celibacy. It might be that he disapproved of the marriage of the clergy, but I think he was at one time vulnerable on that point.

How delighted I was to see him once more, to hear him call me his "wise little friend," with his former sweet smile and affectionate manner; six years had changed him—he looked rather careworn, and well he might, for he was a true worker in the Lord's vineyard: nor was his mission confined to the poor; the rich and noble also felt his influence. Lord and Lady Treherne greeted him as an old and valued friend; nor could I detect the slightest agitation in Gabrielle's manner, and my former suspicions almost faded away. She brought our fair Ella to welcome "papa and mamma's friend" to Treherne; and Ella, with her winning, gentle ways, soon made Mr. Dacre understand that

she loved him very much indeed: she was a holy child, and the principal joy of her innocent life was to hear me tell her those stories in which I used to take delight in my early days—how contrasted to hers! She would sing her pretty hymns, seated on a low footstool at Lord Treherne's feet; and the stately nobleman, with tears in his eyes, used to exclaim with pathos,

"Sister Ruth, sister Ruth, my heart mis-gives me; the angels surely will take this child to themselves, and leave us desolate."

Mr. Dacre came not frequently to Treherne, but he was a quick observer, and he saw we had set up an idol for ourselves in this child; he cautioned us, but Gabrielle shivered—yes, *shivered* with dismay, at the bare suggestion he hinted at—that God was a "jealous God," and permitted no idolatrous worship to pass unproved.

Poor young mother, how can I relate the scenes I lived to witness!

Ella died, aged ten years. The mother sat by her coffin four days and nights, speechless and still; we dared not attempt to remove her, there was an alarming expression in her eyes if we did, that made the medical men uncertain how to act. She had tasted no food since the child died; she was hopeful to the last: it was impossible, she said, that her child could die; her faculties could not comprehend the immensity of the anguish in store for her. So there she sat like stone—cold, and silent, and wan, as the effigy she watched. Who dared to awaken the mother?

Mr. Dacre undertook the awful task, but it was almost too much for his tender, sympathizing heart; nerved by strength from above he came to us—for I never left my sister—and we three were alone with the dead.

It harrows my soul to dwell on this subject, and it seemed cruel to awaken the benumbed mother to reality and life again, but it was done; and then words were spoken far too solemn and sacred to repeat here, and hearts were opened that otherwise might have remained sealed till the judgment day. Gabrielle, for the first time in her life, knew herself as she was; and, prostrate beside her dead child, cried, "I have deserved thy chastening rod, for thou art the Lord, and I thy creature; deal with me as thou seest best." Pride abased, hope crushed, heart contrite and broken, never, never had Gabrielle been so dear to me; and during many weeks that I watched beside her couch, as she fluctuated between life and death, I knew that she was an altered being, and that this bitter affliction had not been sent in vain. She came gently home to God, and humbly knelt a suppliant at the mercy-throne, forever crying,

"Thou art wisest! Thou art best! Thou alone knowest what is good for us! Thy will be done!"

The blow had fallen heavily on Lord Treherne, but for two years my sister lived to bless and comfort him; then it became evident to all that

the mother was about to rejoin her child in the mansions of the blessed. She expressed a wish that Mr. Dacre should read the funeral service over her, and he administered the last blessed consolations to her departing spirit; no remnants of mortal weakness lurked in his heart as he stood beside the dying, for he knew that in this world they were as pilgrims and strangers, but in that to which Gabrielle was hastening they would be reunited in glory—no more partings, no more tears. She died calmly, with her hands clasped in Lord Treherne's and mine; while Mr. Dacre knelt absorbed in prayer she passed away, and we looked on each other in speechless sorrow, and then on what had been my young and beautiful sister.

Of my own deep grief and lacerated heart I will not speak; Lord Treherne required all my care and attention, nor would he hear of my quitting him—indeed, he could scarcely bear me to be out of his sight; the heavy infirmities of advanced years had suddenly increased since his double bereavement, and I felt very grateful that to my humble efforts he owed any glimpse of sunshine.

He was a severe bodily sufferer for many years, but affliction was not sent in vain, for Lord Treherne became perfectly prepared for the awful change awaiting him, trusting in His merits alone. Those were blessed hours when Mr. Dacre spoke to him of the dear departed, who had only journeyed on before—of God's ways in bringing us to Himself, chastening pride and self-reliance, and tolerating no idol worship. Lord Treherne, with lavish generosity, made an ample provision for his "wise little Ruth," as he ever smilingly called me to the last. He died peacefully, and the Abbey came into the possession of a distant branch of the Treherne family.

Wood End Cottage was vacant, and I purchased it; and assisted by Mr. Dacre in the labor of love for our blessed Master, life has not passed idly, and, I humbly trust, not entirely without being of use in my generation. Previous to his decease, Lord Treherne caused a splendid monument to be erected in Wood End church to the memory of Gabrielle, and Ella his adopted daughter: the spotless marble is exquisitely wrought, the mother and child reposing side-by-side as if asleep, with their hands meekly folded on their breasts, and their eyes closed, as if weary—weary.

The last fading hues of sunset, which so often rested on Gabrielle's form as she knelt in her widowhood beneath the monumental glories of the Trehernes, now illumines the sculptured stone, which mysteriously hints of hidden things—corruption and the worm.

I love to kneel in the house of prayer where Gabrielle knelt: dim voices haunt me from the past: my place is prepared among the green grass mounds, for no tablet or record shall mark the spot where "Ruth the cripple" reposes, sweetly slumbering with the sod on her bosom, "dust to dust."

THE WASTE OF WAR.

GIVE me the gold that war has cost,
Before this peace-expanding day;
The wasted skill, the labor lost—
The mental treasure thrown away;
And I will buy each rood of soil
In every yet discovered land;
Where hunters roam, where peasants toil,
Where many-peopled cities stand.
I'll clothe each shivering wretch on earth,
In needful; nay, in brave attire;
Vesture befitting banquet mirth,
Which kings might envy and admire:
In every vale, on every plain,
A school shall glad the gazer's sight;
Where every poor man's child may gain
Pure knowledge, free as air and light.

I'll build asylums for the poor,
By age or ailment made forlorn;
And none shall thrust them from the door,
Or sting with looks and words of scorn.
I'll link each alien hemisphere;
Help honest men to conquer wrong;
Art, Science, Labor, nerve and cheer;
Reward the Poet for his song.

In every crowded town shall rise
Halls Academic, amply graced;
Where Ignorance may soon be wise,
And Coarseness learn both art and taste
To every province shall belong
Collegiate structures, and not few—
Fill'd with a truth-exploring throng,
And teachers of the good and true.

In every free and peopled clime
A vast Walhalla hall shall stand;
A marble edifice sublime,
For the illustrious of the land;
A Pantheon for the *truly* great,
The wise, beneficent, and just;
A place of wide and lofty state
To honor or to hold their dust.

A temple to attract and teach
Shall lift its spire on every hill,
Where pious men shall feel and preach
Peace, mercy, tolerance, good-will;
Music of bells on Sabbath days,
Round the whole earth shall gladly rise;
And one great Christian song of praise
Stream sweetly upward to the skies!

A NIGHT WITH AN EARTHQUAKE.*

THE sound had not quite died away, when the feet I stood on seemed suddenly seized with the cramp. Cup and coffee-pot dropped as dead from Don Marzio's hand as the ball from St. Francis's palm. There was a rush as if of many waters, and for about ten seconds my head was overwhelmed by awful dizziness, which numbed and paralyzed all sensation. Don Marzio, in form an athlete, in heart a lion, but a man of sudden, sanguine temperament,

* From a work entitled "Scenes of Italian Life," by L. Mariotti, just published in London.

bustled up and darted out of the room with the ease of a man never burdened with a wife, with kith or kin. Donna Betta, a portly matron, also rose instinctively; but I—I never could account for the odd freak—laid hold of her arm, bidding her stay. The roar of eight hundred houses—or how many more can there be in Aquila?—all reeling and quaking, the yells of ten thousand voices in sudden agony, had wholly subsided ere I allowed the poor woman calmly and majestically to waddle up to her good man in the garden. That, I suppose, was my notion of an orderly retreat. Rosalbina had flown from a window into the lawn, like a bird. Thank God, we found ourselves all in the open air under the broad canopy of heaven. We began to count heads. Yes, there we all stood—cook, laundry-maid, dairy-maids, stable-boys, all as obedient to the awful summons as the best disciplined troops at the first roll of the drum.

It was February, as I have twice observed; and we were in the heart of the highest Apennines. The day was rather fine, but pinching cold; and when the fever of the first terror abated, the lady and young lady began to shiver in every limb. No one dared to break silence; but Don Marzio's eye wandered significantly enough from one to another countenance in that awe-stricken group. There was no mistaking his appeal. Yet, one after another, his menials and laborers returned his gaze with well-acted perplexity. No one so dull of apprehension as those who will not understand. My good friends, I was three-and-twenty. I had had my trials, and could boast of pretty narrow escapes. I may have been reckless, perhaps, in my day. I smiled dimly, nodded to the old gentleman, clapped my hands cheerily, and the next moment was once more where no man in Aquila would at that moment have liked to be for the world—under a roof. I made a huge armful of cloaks and blankets, snapped up every rag with all the haste of a marauding party, and moved toward the door, tottering under the encumbrance. But now the dreadful crisis was at hand.

Earthquakes, it is well known, proceed by action and re-action. The second shock, I was aware, must be imminent. I had just touched the threshold, and stood under the porch, when that curious spasmodic sensation once more stiffened every muscle in my limbs. Presently I felt myself lifted up from the ground. I was now under the portico, and was hurled against the pillar on my right; the rebound again drove me to the post on the opposite side; and after being thus repeatedly tossed and buffeted from right to left like a shuttlecock, I was thrust down, outward, on the ground on my head, with all that bundle of rags, having tumbled headlong the whole range of the four marble steps of entrance. The harm, however, was not so great as the fright; and, thanks to my gallant devotion, the whole party were wrapped and blanketed, till they looked like a party of wild

Indians; we stood now on comparatively firm ground, and had leisure to look about us. Don Marzio's garden was open and spacious, being bounded on three sides by the half-crumbling wall of the town. On the fourth side was the house—a good, substantial fabric, but now miserably shaky and rickety. Close by the house was the chapel of the Ursuline convent, and above that its slender spire rose chaste and stainless, “pointing the way to heaven.” Any rational being might have deemed himself sufficiently removed from brick and mortar, and, in so far, out of harm's way. Not so Don Marzio. He pointed to the shadow of that spire, which, in the pale wintry sunset, stretched all the way across his garden, and by a strange perversion of judgment, he contended that so far as the shadow extended, there might also the body that cast it reach in its fall, for fall it obviously must; and as the danger was pressing, he deemed it unwise to discuss which of the four cardinal points the tower might feel a leaning toward, whenever, under the impulse of the subterranean scourge, it would “look around and choose its ground.” Don Marzio was gifted with animal courage, and even nerve, proportionate to the might of his stalwart frame. But then his was merely a combative spirit. Thews and sinews were of no avail in the case. The garden was no breathing ground for him, and he resolved upon prompt emigration.

The people of Aquila, as indeed you may well know, of most towns in Southern Italy, have the habit of—consequently a peculiar talent for—earthquakes. They know how to deal with them, and are seldom caught unprepared. Two hundred yards outside the town gate, there is half a square mile of table-land on the summit of a hill—a market-place in days of ease, a harbor of refuge in the urgency of peril. From the first dropping of the earth-ball from the hand of their guardian saint, the most far-sighted among the inhabitants had been busy pitching their tents. The whole population—those, that is, who had escaped unscathed by flying tiles and chimney-pots—were now swarming there, pulling, pushing, hauling, and hammering away for very life; with women fainting, children screeching, Capuchins preaching. It was like a little rehearsal of doomsday. Don Marzio, a prudent housekeeper, had the latch-key of a private door at the back of the garden. He threw it open—not without a misgiving at the moss-grown wall overhead. That night the very stars did not seem to him sufficiently firm-nailed to the firmament! His family and dependents trooped after him, eager to follow. Rosalbina looked back—at one who was left behind. Don Marzio felt he owed me at least one word of leave-taking. He hemmed twice, came back two steps, and gave me a feverish shake of the hand.

“I am heartily sorry for you, my boy,” he cried. “A *fuoruscito*, as I may say, a bird-in-the-bush—you dare not show your nose outside the door. You would not compromise yourself

alone, you know, but all of us and our friends; we must leave you—safe enough here, I dare say," with a stolen glance at the Ursuline spire, "but—you see—imperative duties—head of a family—take care of the females—and so, God bless you!"

With this he left me there, under the deadly shade of the steeple—deadlier to him than the upas-tree; ordered his little household band out, and away they filed, one by one, the head of the family manfully closing the rear. . . .

I was alone—alone with the earthquake. . . .

There was a wood-cellar in one of the out-houses, access to which was easy and safe. One of my host's domestics had slipped flint and steel into my hands. In less than half-an-hour's time, a cheerful fire was crackling before me. I drew forth an old lumbering arm-chair from the wood-cellar, together with my provision of fuel. I shrouded myself in the ample folds of one of Don Marzio's riding-cloaks; I sat with folded arms, my eyes riveted on the rising blaze, summoning all my spirits round my heart, and bidding it to bear up. The sun had long set, and the last gleam of a sickly twilight rapidly faded. A keen, damp, north-east wind swept over the earth; thin, black, ragged clouds flitted before it, like uneasy ghosts. A stray star twinkled here and there in the firmament, and the sickle-shaped moon hung in the west. But the light of those pale luminaries was wan and fitful. They seemed to be aware of the hopelessness of their struggle, and to mourn in anticipation of the moment when they should faint in fight, and unrelieved darkness should lord it over the fields of the heavens.

The town of Aquila, or the Eagle, as the natives name it, is perched, eagle-like, on the brow of an abrupt cliff in the bosom of the loftiest Apennines. Monte Reale, Monte Velino, and the giant of the whole chain, the "Gran Sasso d'Italia," look down upon it from their exalted thrones. Within the shelter of that massive armor, the town might well seem invulnerable to time and man. But now, as I gazed despondingly round, the very hills everlasting seemed rocking from their foundation, and their crests nodding to destruction. Which of those mighty peaks was to open the fire of hell's artillery upon us? Was not Etna once as still and dark as yonder great rock? and yet it now glares by night with its ominous beacon, and cities and kingdoms have been swept away at its base.

Two hours passed away in gloomy meditation. The whole town was a desert. The camp meeting of the unhoused Aquilani was held somewhere in the distance: its confused murmur reached me not. Only my neighbors, the Ursuline nuns, were up and awake. With shrinking delicacy, dreading the look and touch of the profane even more than the walls of their prison-house, they had stood their ground with the heroism of true faith, and reared their temporary asylum under their vine-canopied bowers,

within the shade of the cloisters. A high garden-wall alone separated me from the holy virgins. They were watching and kneeling. Every note from their silver voices sank deep in my heart, and impressed me with something of that pious confidence, of that imploring fervor, with which they addressed their guardian angels and saints. Two hours had passed. The awfulness of prevailing tranquillity, the genial warmth of my fire, and the sweet monotony of that low, mournful chanting, were by degrees gliding into my troubled senses, and lulling them into a treacherous security. "Just so," I reasoned, "shock and countershock. The terrible scourge has by this time exhausted its strength. It was only a farce, after all. Much ado about nothing. The people of this town have become so familiar with the earthquake that they make a carnival of it. By this time they are perhaps feasting and rioting under their booths. Ho! am I the only craven here? And had I not my desire? Am I not now on speaking terms with an earthquake?"

Again my words conjured up the waking enemy. A low, hollow, rumbling noise, as if from many hundred miles' distance, was heard coming rapidly onward along the whole line of the Apennines. It reached us, it seemed to stop underneath our feet, and suddenly changing its horizontal for a vertical direction, it burst upward. The whole earth heaved with a sudden pang; it then gave a backward bound, even as a vessel shipping a sea. The motion then became undulatory, and spread far and wide as the report of a cannon, awakening every echo in the mountain. There was a rattle and clatter in the town, as if of a thousand wagons shooting down paving stones. The Ursuline steeple waved in the air like a reed vexed by the blast. The chair I stood on was all but capsized, and the fire at my feet was overthrown. The very vault of heaven swung to and fro, ebbing and heaving with the general convulsion. The doleful psalmody in the neighboring ground broke abruptly. The chorus of many feminine voices sent forth but one rending shriek. The clamor of thousands of the town-folk from their encampment gave its wakeful response. Then the dead silence of consternation ensued. I picked up every stick and brand that had been scattered about, steadied myself in my chair, and hung down my head. "These black hounds," I mused, "hunt in couples. Now for the repercussion."

I had not many minutes to wait. Again the iron-hoofed steeds and heavy wheels of the state chariot of the prince of darkness were heard tramping and rattling in their course. Once more the subterranean avalanche gathered and burst. Once more the ground beneath throbbed and heaved as if with rending travail. Once more heaven and earth seemed to yearn to each other; and the embers of my watch-fire were cast upward and strewn asunder. It was an awful long winter night. The same sable clouds rioting in the sky, the same cruel wind

moaning angrily through the chinks and crevices of many a shattered edifice. Solitude, the chillness of night, and the vagueness, even more than the inevitableness, of the danger, wrought fearfully on my exhausted frame. Stupor and lethargy soon followed these brief moments of speechless excitement. Bewildered imagination peopled the air with vague, unutterable terrors. Legions of phantoms sported on those misshapen clouds. The clash of a thousand swords was borne on the wind. Tongues of living flame danced and quivered in every direction. The firmament seemed all burning with them. I saw myself alone, helpless, hopeless, the miserable butt of all the rage of warring elements. It was an uncomfortable night. Ten and twelve times was the dreadful visitation reproduced between sunset and sunrise, and every shock found me more utterly unnerved; and the sullen, silent resignation with which I recomposed and trimmed my fire had something in it consummately abject, by the side of the doleful accents with which the poor half-hoarse nuns, my neighbors, called on their blessed Virgin for protection.

The breaking morn found me utterly prostrated; and when Don Marzio's servants had so far recovered from their panic as to intrude upon my solitude, and offer their services for the erection of my tent in the garden, I had hardly breath enough left to welcome them. Under that tent I passed days and nights during all the remainder of February. The shocks, though diminished in strength, almost nightly roused us from our rest. But the people of Aquila soon learned to despise them. By one, by two, by three they sought the threshold of their dismantled homes. Last of all, Don Marzio folded his tent. His fears having, finally, so far given way, as to allow him to think of something beside himself, he exerted himself to free me from confinement. He furnished me with faithful guides, by whose aid I reached the sea-coast. Here a Maltese vessel was waiting to waft me to a land of freedom and security. I can tell you, my friends, that from that time I was cured forever of all curiosity about earthquakes.

A PLEA FOR BRITISH REPTILES.

WHAT the flourishing tradesman writes with pride over his shop, we might in most cases write over our storehouse of antipathies—established in 1720, or 1751. For what good reason we, in 1851, should shudder at the contact of a spider, or loathe toads, it would be hard to say. Our forefathers in their ignorance did certainly traduce the characters of many innocent and interesting animals, and many of us now believe some portions of their scandal. To be a reptile, for example, is perhaps the greatest disgrace that can attach to any animal in our eyes. Reptile passes for about the worst name you can call a man. This is unjust—at any rate, in England. We have no thought of patting crocodiles under the chin, or of embracing boa constrictors; but for our English reptiles

we claim good words and good-will. We beg to introduce here, formally, our unappreciated friends to any of our human friends who may not yet have cultivated their acquaintance.

The Common Lizard—surely you know the Common Lizard, if not by his name of state—*Zootoca vivipara*. He wears a brilliant jacket, and you have made friends with him, as a nimble, graceful fellow; as a bit of midsummer. His very name reminds you of a warm bank in the country, and a sunny day. Is he a reptile? Certainly; suppose we stop two minutes to remember what a reptile is.

The heart of a reptile has three cavities; that is to say, it is not completely double, like our own. It sends only a small part of the blood which comes into it for renovation into the air-chambers—the lungs; while the remainder circulates again unpurified. That change made in the blood by contact with the oxygen of air, is chiefly the cause of heat in animals. Aëration, therefore, being in reptiles very partial, the amount of heat evolved is small; reptiles are therefore called cold-blooded. They are unable to raise their heat above the temperature of the surrounding air. Fishes are cold-blooded, through deficient aëration in another way; in them, all the blood passes from the heart into the place where air shall come in contact with it; but, then there is a limitation to the store of air supplied, which can be no more than the quantity extracted from the water. The temperature of water is maintained below the surface, and we know how that of the air varies, since a certain quantity of heat is necessary to the vital processes; reptiles, depending upon air for heat, hibernate or become torpid when the temperature falls below a certain point. The rapidity of all their vital actions will depend upon the state of the thermometer; they digest faster in the heat of summer than in the milder warmth of spring. Their secretions (as the poison of the adder) are in hot weather more copious, and in winter are not formed at all. The reptiles breathe, in all cases, by lungs; but we must except here those called *Batrachians*, as frogs or newts, which breathe, in the first stage, by gills, and afterward by gills and lungs, or by lungs only. The *Batrachians*, again, are the only exception to another great characteristic of the reptile class, the hard, dry covering of plates or scales. The reptiles all produce their young from eggs, or are “oviparous”—some hatch their eggs within the body, and produce their young alive, or are “ovo-viviparous.” These are the characters belonging to all members of the reptile-class. The class is subdivided into orders somewhat thus: 1. The *Testudinate* (tortoises and turtles). 2. *Enaliosaurian* (all fossil, the *Ichthyosaurus* and his like). 3. *Loricæ* (crocodiles and alligators). 4. *Saurian* (lizards). 5. *Ophidian* (serpents); and the last order, *Batrachian* (frogs, toads, &c.); which is, by some, parted from the reptiles, and established as another class.

Now we have in England no tortoises or tur-

tles, and no crocodiles: and the fossil order is, in all places, extinct; so our reptiles can belong only to the three last-named orders, Lizards, Serpents, and Batrachians.

Thus we come back, then, to our Lizards, of which we have among us but two genera, a single species of each. These are the Common Lizard, well known to us all, and the Sand Lizard, known only to some of us who happen to live upon the southern coast. The species of lizard so extremely common in this country, has not been found in countries farther south, and is, in fact, peculiar to our latitude. We, therefore, may love him as a sympathetic friend. The sand lizard (*Lacerta agilis*) is found as far north as the country of Linnæus, and as far south as the northern part of France; in England, however, it seems to be rare, and has been detected only in Dorsetshire—chiefly near Poole, or in some other southern counties. It frequents sandy heaths, and is of a brown sandy color, marked and dotted; but there is a green variety said to be found among the verdure of marshy places. It is larger than our common lizard, averaging seven inches long, is very timid, and when made a prisoner pines and dies. Its female lays eggs, like a turtle, in the sand, covers them over, and leaves them to be hatched by the summer sun. This kind of lizard, therefore, is oviparous. The eggs of our common lizard are hatched also by the sun; for, reptiles having no heat of their own, can not provide that which is necessary to the development of an embryo; but in this case the sun hatches them within the parent's body. The female of this lizard stretches herself out upon a sunny bank, and lets the bright rays fall upon her body while she lies inactive. At this period, she will not move for any thing less than a real cause of alarm. She is not sunning herself lazily, however, but fulfilling an ordinance of God. The eggs break as the young lizards—three to six—are born. This lizard is, therefore, ovo-viviparous. The little ones begin at once to run about, and soon dart after insects, their proper food; but they accompany the mother with some instinct of affection for a little time. These lizards are very various in size and color; difference in these respects does not denote difference in kind. The little scales which cover them are arranged in a peculiar manner on the head, under the neck, &c.; and some differences of arrangement, in such respects, are characteristic. The best distinction between the only two species of lizard known in this country has been pointed out by Mr. Bell. In the hind legs, under each thigh, there is a row of openings, each opening upon a single scale. In sand lizards, the opening is obviously smaller than the scale; in our common lizards, the opening is so comparatively large that the scale seems to be the mere edge of a tube around it.

These are our lizards, then, our Saurian reptiles; and they do not merit any hate. Suffer an introduction now to English Snakes.

The first snake, the Blindworm, is not a snake, nor yet a worm. It is a half-way animal—between a lizard and a snake. The lizards shade off so insensibly into the snakes, even the boa preserving rudimentary hind legs, that some naturalists counsel their union into a single class of Squamate, or scaled reptiles. By a milder process of arrangement, all those animals which dwell upon the frontier ground between Lizards or Saurians, and Ophidians or Snakes, are to be called Saurophidian. The blindworm then, is Saurophidian; it is quite as much a lizard as a snake. Snakes have the bones of their head all movable, so that their jaws can be dilated, until, like carpet-bags, they swallow any thing. The lizard has its jaws fixed; so has the blindworm. Snakes have a long tongue, split for some distance, and made double-forked; the blindworm's tongue has nothing but a little notch upon the tip. It has a smooth round muzzle, with which it can easily wind its way under dry soil to hybernate; or else it takes a winter nap in any large heap of dead leaves. It comes out early in the spring; for it can bear more cold than reptiles generally like, and it is found all over Europe, from Sweden to the south of Italy. It feeds upon worms, slugs, and insects. Like the snakes, it gets a new coat as it grows, and takes the old one off, by hooking it to some fixed point, and crawling from it, so that the cast skin is dragged backward, and turned inside out. The slow-worm is of a dark gray color, silvery, and about a foot long on the average. It is ovo-viviparous. It is extremely gentle; very rarely thinks of biting those who handle it, and, when it does bite, inflicts no wound with its little teeth. Of course it has no fangs and is not poisonous. Shrinking with fear when taken, it contracts its body and so stiffens it that it will break if we strike or bend it. Therefore it bears the name Linnæus gave it—*Anguis fragilis*.

We have found nothing yet to shudder at among our reptiles. "O! but," you say perhaps, "that was not a real snake." Well, here is our real snake. *Natrix torquata*—our common Ringed Snake; he is very common. He may be three or four feet long, and brownish-gray above, with a green tinge, yellow marks upon the neck, and rows of black spots down the back and sides, alternating, like London lamp-posts, with each other. You will find him any where in England, almost any where in Europe, below the latitude of Scotland. You will find him most frequently in a moist place, or near water, for he is rather proud of himself as a swimmer. He has a handsome coat, and gets a new one two, three, four, or five times in a season, if his growth require it. When the new coat is quite hard and fit for use under the old, he strips the old one off among the thorn-bushes. He and his lady hybernate. The lady leaves her sixteen or twenty eggs, all glued together, for the sun to vivify. The snake's tongue, as we have said, is forked, the jaws dilatable; he prefers frogs for his dinner, but is satisfied with

mice, or little birds, or lizards. He swallows his prey whole. Catching it first, as Mrs. Glasse would say, between his teeth, which are in double rows upon each jaw, and directed backward that they may act more effectually, he first brings the victim to a suitable position—head first he prefers, then, leaving one set of teeth, say the lower, fixed, he advances the upper jaw, fixes its teeth into the skin, and leaves them there while he moves forward the lower jaw, and so continues till the bird or frog is worked into his throat; it is then swallowed by the agency of other muscles. This power of moving each jaw freely and in independence of the other, is peculiar to Ophidian reptiles. The frog may reach the stomach both alive and active, so that, if afterward, the snake gapes, as he is apt to do, a frog has been seen to leap out again. The processes of life are so slow in reptiles, that one meal will not be digested by the snake for many days. He is unable to digest vegetable matter. Our snake is very harmless, and if kept and fed, will quickly learn to recognize its patron, will feed out of his hand, and nestle up his sleeve; but he shows a dread of strangers.

We have Adders? Yes, we have a Viper—*Pelias Berus* is the name he goes by, and his fangs are undeniable. This is the only native reptile that can, in any degree whatever, hurt a man. It is common in England, and, unlike the snake, prefers a dry place to a moist one. "Adder" and "viper" are two words applied to the same thing—adder being derived from the Saxon word for "nether," and viper from viviper; because this reptile, like our common lizard, hatches her eggs within the body, or is viviparous. Our viper is found all over Europe; not in Ireland. As for Ireland, it is an old boast with the Irish that Saint Patrick banned away all reptiles. The paucity of reptiles in Ireland is remarkable, but they are not altogether absent. Our common lizard has a large Irish connection, and frogs were introduced into Ireland years ago. Their spawn was taken over, put into water, thrived, and thereafter frogs have multiplied. An attempt was also made to introduce our common snake, but the country-people, with great horror, killed the importers; a reward even was offered for one that was known to remain uncaptured. Ireland is free from adders.

The most ready distinction between a common snake and an adder, to unfamiliar eyes, is founded on the difference of marking. While the snake has separate alternate spots, the adder has, down its back, a chain of dark spots, irregularly square, and joined to one another. Adders are generally brown, but differ very much in color. They have on their upper jaw, instead of their lower, a row of teeth, the well-known fangs. These are long, curved teeth, fixed into a movable piece of bone, and hollow. The hollow is not made out of the substance of the tooth; it is as if a broad flat tooth had been bent round upon itself to form a tube.

The tube is open below and behind, in the curve, by a little slit. Above, it is open, and rests upon a tiny bag connected with a gland that corresponds to a gland in man for the secretion of saliva; but which, in the present case, secretes a poison. The fang, when out of use, is bent and hidden in a fleshy case; in feeding, it is rarely used. The viper catches for himself his birds or mice, after the manner of a harmless serpent. But, when hurt or angered, he throws back his neck, drops his fang ready for service, bites, and withdraws his head immediately. The fang in penetrating, of necessity, was pressed upon the little bag of poison at its root, and forced a drop along the tube into the wound. After a few bites, the bag becomes exhausted, and the adder must wait for a fresh secretion. The poison has no taste or smell, and may be swallowed with impunity, if there be no raw surface in the mouth, or sore upon the throat, or in the stomach. It is only through a wound that it can act like poison. The bite of an adder in this country never yet proved fatal; but, according to the health of the person bitten, and according to the greater or less heat of the weather (for in very hot weather a more active poison is secreted), the wound made will be more or less severe. It is advisable to get out of an adder's way.

All the remaining reptiles in this country are two species of Frog, two species of Toad, and four Newts. They are not only most absolutely harmless, but, the frogs, at any rate, and toads, are ministers to man; and they belong to a class of animals more interesting than any other, perhaps, in the whole range of natural history. We are all well acquainted with the common frog, whose grander name is *Rana temporaria*. We see it—and it is to be feared some of us kill it—in our gardens, among strawberry-beds and damp vegetation. But, whereas frogs feed upon those slugs and insects which are in the habit of pasturing upon our plants, and are themselves indebted to us for not a grain of vegetable matter, we ought by all means to be grateful to them. So industrious are frogs in slug-hunting, that it would be quite worth while to introduce them as sub-gardeners upon our flower-beds. In catching insects, the frog suddenly darts out his tongue, which, at the hinder part, is loose, and covered with a gummy matter. The insect is caught, and the tongue returned with wonderful rapidity. The frog, when it is first hatched, has the constitution of a fish: it is purely aquatic; has a fish's heart, a fish's circulation, and a fish's gills. The tadpole swims as a fish does—by the movement, sideways, of its tail. For the unassisted eye, and still more for the microscope, what spectacle can be more marvelous than the gradual process of change by which this tiny fish becomes a reptile? Legs bud; the fish-like gills dwindle by a vital process of absorption; the fish-like air-bladder becomes transmuted, as by a miracle, into the celled structure of lungs; the tail grows daily shorter, not broken off, but

absorbed; the heart adds to its cells; the fish becomes a reptile as the tadpole changes to a frog. The same process we observe in toads; and it is also the same in our newts, excepting that in newts the tail remains. There is no parallel in nature to this marvelous and instructive metamorphosis.

The perfectly-formed frog does not live of necessity in water, or near it, but requires damp air occasionally. It breathes by lungs, as we have said; but, as it has no ribs, there is no chest to heave mechanically. The frog's air has to be swallowed, to be gulped down into the lungs. That is not possible unless the mouth is shut; and, therefore, as we might suffocate a man by keeping his mouth shut, so we should suffocate a frog by keeping his mouth open. Yet we should not suffocate him instantly; we should disable the lungs; but, in this class of animals the whole skin is a breathing surface. A frog has lived a month after his lungs had been extracted. All respiratory surfaces, like the inside of our own lungs, can act only when they are relaxed and moist. That is the reason why a frog's skin is always moist, and why a frog requires moist air. It does not need this constantly, because, when moisture is abundant, there is a bag in which it stores up superfluity of water, to be used in any day of need. It is this water—pure and clear—which frogs or toads expel when they are alarmed by being handled. Is not enough said here, to rescue frogs from our contempt? We may add, that they are capable of understanding kindness—can be tamed. Frogs hibernate under the mud of ponds, where they lie close together, in a stratum, till the spring awakens them to a renewal of their lives and loves. They lay a vast number of eggs, at the bottom of the water; and the multitudes of young frogs that swarm upon the shore when their transformation is complete, has given rise to many legends of a shower of frogs. These multitudes provide food for many animals, serpents, as we have seen, birds, fish. And the survivors are our friends.

The other species of frog found in this country is the Edible Frog (*Rana esculenta*). It has for a long time had a colony in Foulmire Fen, in Cambridgeshire, although properly belonging to a continental race. It differs from our common frog in wanting a dark mark that runs from eye to shoulder, and in having, instead of it, a light mark—a streak—from head to tail along the centre of the back. The male is a more portentous croaker than our own familiar musicians, by virtue of an air-bladder on each cheek, into which air is forced, and in which it vibrates powerfully during the act of croaking. This kind of frog is always in or near the water, and being very timid, plunges out of sight if any one approaches.

These are our frogs; as for our two Toads, they are by no means less innocent. They are the Common Toad, by style and title *Bufo vulgaris*, and a variety of the Natter Jack Toad, to be found on Blackheath, and in many places about

London, and elsewhere. The toad undergoes transformations like the frog. It is slower in its movements, and less handsome in appearance: similar in structure. There is a somewhat unpleasant secretion from its skin, a product of respiration. There is nothing about it in the faintest degree poisonous. It is remarkably sensible of kindness; more so than the frog. Examples of tame toads are not uncommon. Stories are told of the discovery of toads alive, in blocks of marble, where no air could be; but, there has been difficulty, hitherto, in finding one such example free from the possibility of error. It may be found, however, that toads can remain for a series of years torpid. It has been proved that snails, after apparent death of fifteen years, have become active on applying moisture. A proof equally distinct is at present wanting in the case of toads. The toad, like other reptiles, will occasionally cast its skin. The old skin splits along the back, and gradually parts, until it comes off on each side, with a little muscular exertion on the toad's part. Then, having rolled his jacket up into a ball, he eats it!

No reptiles remain now to be mentioned, but four species of Newt. These little creatures are abundant in our ponds and ditches, and some are most falsely accused of being poisonous. They are utterly harmless. Their transformations, their habits, their changes of skin, their laying of eggs, can easily be watched by any who will keep them in a miniature pond. A large pan of water, with sand and stones at the bottom, decayed vegetable matter for food, and a few living water-plants, extracted from their native place, will keep a dozen newts in comfort. The water-plants are needed, because a newt prefers to lay her egg upon a leaf. She stands upon it, curls it up with her hind legs, and puts an egg between the fold, where it remains glued. These being our reptiles, are they proper objects of abhorrence? At this season they are all finishing their winter nap. In a few weeks they will come among us, and then, when

"the songs, the stirring air,
The life re-orient out of dust,
Cry through the sense to hearten trust
In that which made the world so fair"—

may we not permit our hearts to be admonished by the reptiles also?

[From Leigh Hunt's Journal.]

A DREAM, AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

THEY stood by her bedside—the father and mother of the maiden—and watched her slumbers. For she had returned weary from Seville, after a long absence from this her Lisbon home. They had not gazed on that fair innocent face for many a month past; and *they*, too, smiled, and pressed each the other's hand as they marked a radiant smile playing round the mouth of the sleeper. It was a smile brimful of happiness—the welling-up of a heart at per-

fect peace. And it brought gladness to the hearts of the parents, who would fain have kissed the cheek of their gentle girl, but refrained, lest it should break the spell—lest even a father's and a mother's kiss should dull the blessedness of the dreamer. So sleep on, Luise! and smile ever as thou sleepest—though it be the sleep of death.

These people were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the things of home and heart. Luise, the first-born, had been staying with a Spanish relative, who had taken charge of her education, and had now come back to her native Lisbon "for good." Three younger children there were—blithe, affectionate prattlers—whose glee at the recovery of Luise had been so exuberant, so boisterous, that they were now sent to play in the neighboring vineyards, that they might not disturb their tired sister's repose.

Long played that smile upon her face; and never were the two gazers tired of gazing, and of smiling as they gazed. Luise, they thought, had seemed a little sad as well as weary when she alighted at the dear familiar door. But this smile was so full of joy unspeakable, so fraught with beatific meaning, so reflective of beatific vision, that it laughed their fears away, and spoke volumes where the seeming sorrow had not spoken even words.

The shrill song of a mule-driver passing by the window aroused the sleeper. The smile vanished, and as she started up and looked hastily and inquiringly around, a shade of mingled disappointment and bewilderment gathered darkly on her brow.

"You must turn and go to sleep again, my child," whispered the mother. "I wish Pedro were not so proud of his voice, and then you might still be dreaming of pleasant things."

"I *was* dreaming, then?" said Luise, somewhat sadly. "I thought it was real, and it made me so happy! Ah, if I could dream it again, and again—three times running, you know—till it became true!"

"What was it, Luise?" asked her father.

"We must know what merry thought made you so joyful. It will be a dream worth knowing, and, therefore, worth telling."

"Not at present," interrupted his wife. "Let her get some more rest; and then, when she is thoroughly refreshed after such a tedious journey, she will make us all happy with realities as well as dreams."

"And are dreams never realities?" asked the girl, with a sigh.

"Child! child! if we're going to be philosophical, and all that, we shall never get you to sleep again. Don't talk any more, my Luise; but close your eyes, and see if *you* can't realize a dream; that will be the best answer to your question."

"I can't go to sleep again," she answered. "See, I'm quite awake, and it's no use trying. And with the sun so high too! No; you shall send me to bed an hour or two earlier to-night, and to-morrow morning will find me as brisk as a bee. I've so much to hear, and so much to

tell, that to sleep again before dusk is out of the question."

So she arose; and they went all three and sat down in the little garden. Luise eyed eagerly every flower and every fruit-tree, and had something to say about every change since she had been there last. But ever and anon she would look earnestly into the faces of her parents—and never without something like a tear in her large lustrous eyes.

Of course, they questioned her upon this. And she, who had never concealed a thought or a wish from *them*, told them in her own frank, artless way, why she looked sorrowful when she first saw them, after a prolonged separation, and how it was that, in her sleep, thoughts had visited her which were messengers of peace and gladness—whose message it had saddened her to find, on waking, but airy and unreal.

At Seville she had been as happy as kindness and care could make one so far from and so fond of home. But a childish fancy, she said, had troubled her—childish she knew, and a thing to be ashamed of, but haunting her none the less—visiting her sleeping and waking hours; a feeling it was of dejection at the idea of her parents growing old, and of change and chance breaking up the wonted calm of her little household circle. That the march of Time should be so irresistible, that his flight could not be stayed or slackened by pope or kaiser, that his decrees should be so immutable, his destiny so inexorable, and that the youngest must soon cease to be young, and the middle-aged become old—or die! this was the thought that preyed on her very soul. She could not endure the conviction that her own father must one day walk with a less elastic step, and smile on her with eyes ever loving indeed, but more and more dimmed with age—and that her own mother must one day move to and fro with tottering gait, and speak with the tremulous accents of those old people who, it seemed to Luise, could never have been children at all. It was a weak, fantastic thought, this; but she could not master it, nor escape its presence.

And when she met them on the threshold of the beloved home—ah, the absentee's rapid glance saw a wrinkle on her father's cheek that was new to her, and it saw a clustering of gray hairs on her mother's brow, where all had been raven black when Luise departed for Seville. Poor Luise! The sorrows of her young heart were enlarged. Time had not been absent with the pensive absentee.

True, he had stolen no charm from her little playmates. Carlos was a brighter boy than ever; and as for that merry Zingara-like Isabel, and the yet merrier Manuel—they were not a whit changed, unless for the better, in look, and manner, and love. Still the too-sensitive Luise was hurt at the thought that they could not always be children—that Time was bent on effacing her earliest and dearest impressions, removing from her home that ideal of family relationship to which all her affections clung with

passionate entreaty. Whatever the future might have to reveal of enjoyment and endearment, the past could never be lived over again; the past could never be identified with things present and things to come; and it was to the past that her heart was betrothed—a past that had gone the way of all living, and left her as it were widowed and not to be comforted.

"And now I will tell you my dream," said poor foolish Luise; "and you will see why I looked happy in sleeping, and sorry in waking. I thought I was sitting here in the garden—crying over what I have been telling you—and suddenly an angel stood before me, and bade me weep not. Strange as was his form, and sunny in its exceeding brightness, I was not frightened; for his words were very, very gentle, and his look too full of kindness to give me one thrill of alarm. And he said that what I had longed for so much should be granted; that my father and mother should *not* grow old, nor Carlos cease to be the boy he now is, nor Isabel grow up into a sedate woman, nor Manuel lose the gay childishness for which we all pet him, nor I feel myself forsaking the old familiar past, and launching into dim troublous seas of perpetual change. He promised that we should one and all be freed from the great law of time; and that as we are this day parents and children, so we should continue forever—while vicissitude and decay must still have sway in the great world at large. Can you wonder that I smiled? Or that it pained me when I awoke, and found that the bright angel and the sweet promise were only—a dream?"

There was no lack of conversation that evening in that Lisbon cottage. All loved Luise; and she, in the midst of so many artless tokens of affection and of triumph at her return, forgot all the morbid fancies that had given rise to her dream, and was as light-hearted, and as light-footed, as in days of yore. All gave themselves up to the reality of present gladness; every voice trembled with the music of joy; every eye looked and reflected love. There was no happier homestead that evening in Lisbon, nor in the world.

But ere many hours, Lisbon itself was tossing and heaving with the throes of dissolution. The sea arose tumultuously against the tottering city; the ground breathed fire, and quaked, and burst asunder; the houses reeled and fell, and thousands of inhabitants perished in the fall. Among them, at one dire swoop, the tenants of that happy cottage home. Together did these mortals put on immortality.

And thus was the dream fulfilled.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THO^s MORE.*

LIBELLUS A MARGARETA MORE,
QUINDECIM ANNOS NATA, CHELSEIÆ INCEPTVS.

"Nulla dies sine linea."

THIS morn, hinting to Bess that she was lacing herself too straightlie, she brisklie replied, "One w^d think 'twere as great meritt

* Continued from the April Number.

to have a thick waiste as to be one of y^e earlie Christians!"

These humourous retorts are ever at her tongue's end; and, albeit, as Jacky one day anglie remarked, when she had beene teasing him, "Bess, thy witt is stupidnesse;" yet, for one who talks soe much at random, no one can be more keene when she chooseth. Father sayd of her, half fondly, half apologeticallie to Erasmus, "Her wit has a fine subtiltie that eludes you almoste before you have time to recognize it for what it really is." To which, Erasmus readilie assented, adding, that it had y^e rare meritt of playing less on persons than things, and never on bodilie defects.

Hum!—I wonder if they ever sayd as much in favour of me. I know, indeede, Erasmus calls me a forward girl. Alas! that may be taken in two senses.

Grievous work, overnichte, with y^e churning. Nought w^d persuade Gillian but that y^e creame was bewitched by Gammer Gurney, who was dissatisfyde last Friday with her dole, and hobbled away mumping and cursing. At alle events, y^e butter w^d not come; but mother was resolute not to have soe much goode creame wasted; soe sent for Bess and me, Daisy and Mercy Giggs, and insisted on our churning in turn till y^e butter came, if we sate up all night for't. 'Twas a hard saying; and mighte have hampered her like as Jephtha his rash vow: howbeit, soe soone as she had left us, we turned it into a frolick, and sang Chevy Chase from end to end, to beguile time; ne'erthelesse, the butter w^d not come; soe then we grew sober, and, at y^e instance of sweete Mercy, chaunted y^e 119th Psalme; and, by the time we had attayned to "*Lucerna pedibus*," I hearde y^e buttermilk separating and splashing in righte earnest. 'Twas neare midnichte, however; and Daisy had fallen asleep on y^e dresser. Gillian will ne'er be convinced but that our Latin brake the spell.

Erasmus went to Richmond this morning with Polus (for so he Latinizes Reginald Pole, after his usual fashion), and some other of his friends. On his return, he made us laugh at y^e following. They had clomb y^e hill, and were admiring y^e prospect, when Pole, casting his eyes aloft, and beginning to make sundrie gesticulations, exclaimed, "What is it I beholde? May heaven avert y^e omen!" with suchlike exclamations, which raised y^e curiositie of alle. "Don't you beholde," cries he, "that enormous dragon flying through y^e sky? his horns of fire? his curly tail?"

"No," says Erasmus, "nothing like it. The sky is as cleare as unwritten paper."

Howbeit, he continued to affirme and to stare, untill at lengthe, one after another, by dint of straying their eyes and their imaginations, did admitt, first, that they saw something; nexte, that it mighte be a dragon; and last, that it was. Of course, on their passage homeward, they c^d talk of little else—some made

serious reflections; others, philosophicall speculations; and Pole waggishly triumphed in having beene y^e firste to discern the spectacle.

"And you trulie believe there was a signe in y^e heavens?" we inquired of Erasmus.

"What know I?" returned he, smiling; "you know, Constantine saw a cross. Why shoulde Polus not see a dragon? We must judge by the event. Perhaps its mission may be to fly away with *him*. He swore to y^e curly tail."

How difficulte it is to discern y^e supernatural from y^e incredible! We laughe at Gillian's faith in our Latin; Erasmus laughs at Polus his dragon. Have we a righte to believe noughte but what we can see or prove? Nay, that will never doe. Father says a capacitie for reasoning increaseth a capacitie for believing. He believes there is such a thing as witchcraft, though not that poore olde Gammer Gurney is a witch; he believes that saints can work miracles, though not in alle y^e marvels reported of y^e Canterbury shrine.

Had I beene justice of y^e peace, like y^e king's grandmother, I w^d have beene very jealous of accusations of witchcraft; and have taken infinite payns to sift out y^e causes of malice, jealousy, &c., which mighte have wroughte with y^e poore olde women's enemies. Holie Writ sayth, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live;" but, questionlesse, manie have suffered hurte that were noe witches; and for my part, I have alwaies helde ducking to be a very uncertayn as well as very cruel teste.

I cannot helpe smiling, whenever I think of my rencounter with William this morning. Mr. Gunnell had set me Homer's tiresome list of ships; and, because of y^e excessive heate within doors, I took my book into y^e nuttury, to be beyonde y^e wrath of far-darting Phœbus Apollo, where I clomb into my favourite filbert seat. Anon comes William through y^e trees without seeing me; and seats him at the foot of my filbert; then, out with his tablets, and, in a posture I s^d have called studded, had he known anie one within sighte, falls a poetizing, I question not. Having noe mind to be interrupted, I lett him be, thinking he w^d soon exhauste y^e vein; but a caterpillar dropping from y^e leaves on to my page, I was fayn for mirth sake, to shake it down on his tablets. As ill luck w^d have it, however, y^e little reptile onlie fell among his curls; which soe took me at vantage, that I could not helpe hastilie crying, "I beg your pardon." 'Twas worth a world to see his start! "What!" cries he, looking up, "are there indeede Hamadryads?" and would have gallanted a little, but I bade him hold down his head, while that with a twig I switched off y^e caterpillar. Neither could forbear laughing; and then he sued me to step downe, but I was minded to abide where I was. Howbeit, after a minute's pause, he sayd, in a grave, kind tone, "Come, little wife;" and taking mine arm steadilie in his hand, I lost my balance and was faine to come down whether

or noe. We walked for some time, *juxta fluvium*; and he talked not badlie of his travels, inasmuch as I founde there was really more in him than one w^d think.

—Was there ever anie-thing soe perverse, unluckie, and downright disagreeable? We hurried our afternoone tasks, to goe on y^e water with my fater; and, meaning to give Mr. Gunnell my Latin traduction, which is in a book like unto this, I never knew he had my journalle instead, untill that he burst out a laughing. "Soe this is y^e famous *libellus*," quoth he, . . . I never waited for another word, but snatcht it out of his hand; which he, for soe strict a man, bore well enow. I do not believe he c^d have read a dozen lines, and they were toward y^e beginning; but I s^d hugelie like to know which dozen lines they were.

Hum! I have a mind never to write another word. That will be punishing myselfe, though, insteade of Gunnell. And he bade me not take it to heart like y^e late Bishop of Durham, to whom a like accident befel, which soe annoyed him that he died of chagrin. I will never again, howbeit, write anieathing savouring ever soe little of levitie or absurditie. The saints keepe me to it! And, to know it from my exercise book, I will henceforthe bind a blue ribbon round it. Furthermore, I will knit y^e sayd ribbon in soe close a knot, that it shall be worth noe one else's payns to pick it out. Lastlie, and for entire securitie, I will carry the same in my pouch, which will hold bigger matters than this.

This daye, at dinner, Mr. Clement took y^e Pistoller's place at y^e reading-desk; and insteade of continuing y^e subject in hand, read a paraphrase of y^e 103rde Psalm; ye faithfullenesse and elegant turne of which, Erasmus highlie commended, though he took exceptions to y^e phrase "renewing thy youth like that of y^e Phœnix," whose fabulous story he believed to have been unknown to y^e Psalmist, and, therefore, however poetically, was unfitt to be introduced. A deepe blush on sweet Mercy's face ledd to y^e detection of y^e paraphrast, and drew on her some deserved commendations. Erasmus, turning to my fater, exclaymed with animation, "I woulde call this house the academy of Plato, were it not injustice to compare it to a place where the usuall disputations concerning figures and numbers were onlie occasionallie intersperst with disquisitions concerning y^e moral virtues." Then, in a graver mood, he added, "One mighte envie you, but that your precious privileges are bound up with soe paynfull anxieties. How manie pledges have you given to fortune!"

"If my children are to die out of y^e course of nature, before theire parents," fater firmly replied, "I w^d rather they died well-instructed than ignorant."

"You remind me," rejoyns Erasmus, "of Phocion; whose wife, when he was aboute to

drink y^e fatal cup, exclaimed, 'Ah, my husband! you die innocent.' 'And woulde you, my wife,' he returned, 'have me die guilty?' "

Awhile after, Gonellus askt leave to see Erasmus his signet-ring, which he handed down to him. In passing it back, William, who was occupyde in carving a crane, handed it soe negligentlie that it felle to y^e ground. I never saw such a face as Erasmus made, when 'twas picked out from y^e rushes! And yet, ours are renewed almoste daylie, which manie think over nice. He took it gingerlie in his faire, woman-like hands, and washed and wiped it before he put it on; which escaped not my step-mother's displeased notice. Indee, these Dutchmen are scrupulouslie cleane, though mother calls 'em swinish, because they will eat raw sallets; though, for that matter, father loves cresses and ramps. She alsoe mislikes Erasmus for eating cheese and butter together with his manchet; or what he calls *boetram*; and for being, generallie, daintie at his sizes, which she sayth is an ill example to soe manie young people, and becometh not one with soe little money in's purse: howbeit, I think 'tis not nicetie, but a weak stomach, which makes him loathe our salt-meat commons from Michaelmasse to Easter, and eschew fish of y^e coarser sort. He cannot breakfaste on colde milk like father, but liketh furnity a little spiced. At dinner, he pecks at, rather than eats, ruffs and reeves, lapwings, or anie smalle birds it may chance; but affects sweets and subtilties, and loves a cup of wine or ale, stirred with rosemary. Father never toucheth the wine-cup but to grace a guest, and loves water from the spring. We growing girls eat more than either; and father says he loves to see us slice away at the cob-loaf; it does him goode. What a kind father he is! I wish my step-mother were as kind. I hate alle sneaping and snubbing, flowting, fltering, pinching, nipping, and such-like; it onlie creates resentment insteade of penitence, and lowers y^e minde of either partie. Gillian throws a rolling-pin at y^e turnspit's head, and we call it low-life; but we looke for such unmannerliness in the kitchen. A whip is onlie fit for Tisiphone.

As we rose from table, I noted Argus pearcht on y^e window-sill, eagerlie watching for his dinner, which he looketh for as punctuallie as if he c^d tell the diall; and to please the good, patient bird, till the scullion brought him his mess of garden-stuff, I fetched him some pulse, which he took from mine hand, taking good heede not to hurt me with his sharp beak. While I was feeding him, Erasmus came up, and asked me concerning Mercy Giggs; and I tolde him how that she was a friendlesse orphan, to whom deare father afforded protection and the run of y^e house; and tolde him of her gratitude, her meekness, her patience, her docilitie, her aptitude for alle goode works and alms-deeds; and how, in her little chamber, she improved eache spare moment in y^e way of studdy and prayer. He repeated "Friendlesse? she cannot be called

friendlesse, who hath More for her protector, and his children for companions,' and then woulde heare more of her parents' sad story. Alsoe, would hear somewhat of Rupert Allington, and how father gained his law-suit. Alsoe, of Daisy, whose name he tooke to be y^e true abbreviation for Margaret, but I tolde him how that my step-sister, and Mercy, and I, being all three of a name, and I being alwaies called Meg, we had in sport given one the significative of her characteristic virtue, and the other that of y^e French Marguerite, which may indeed be rendered either pearl or daisy. And Chaucer, speaking of our English daisy, saith

"Si douce est la Marguerite."

Since y^e little wisdom I have capacitie to acquire, soe oft gives me y^e headache to distraction, I marvel not at Jupiter's payn in his head, when the goddess of wisdom sprang therefrom full grown.

This morn, to quiet y^e payn brought on by too busie application, Mr. Gunnell would have me close my book and ramble forth with Cecy into y^e fields. We strolled towards Walham Greene; and she was seeking for shepherd's purses and shepherd's needles, when she came running back to me, looking rather pale. I askt what had scared her, and she made answer that Gammer Gurney was coming along y^e hedge. I bade her set aside her fears; and anon we come up with Gammer, who was pulling at y^e purple blossoms of y^e deadly nightshade. I sayd, "Gammer, to what purpose gather that weed? knowest not 'tis evill?"

She sayth, mumbling, "What God hath created, that call not thou evill."

"Well, but," quo' I, "'tis poison."

"Aye, and medicine, too," returns Gammer, "I wonder what we poor souls might come to, if we tooke nowt for our ails and aches but what we could buy o' the potticary. We've got noe Dr. Clement, we poor folks, to be our leech o' the household."

"But hast no feare," quo' I, "of an overdose?"

"There's manie a doctor," sayth she, with an unpleasant leer, "that hath given that at first. In time he gets his hand in; and I've had a plenty o' practice—thanks to self and sister."

"I knew not," quoth I, "that thou hadst a sister."

"How should ye, mistress," returns she, shortlie, "when ye never comes nigh us? We've grubbed on together this many a year."

"'Tis soe far," I returned, half ashamed.

"Why, soe it be," answers Gammer; "far from neighbours, far from church, and far from priest; howbeit, my old legs carries me to *your* house o' Fridays; but I know not whether I shall e'er come agayn—the rye bread was soe hard last time; it may serve for young teeth, and for them as has got none; but mine, you see, are onlie on the *goe*," and she opened her mouth with a ghastly smile. "'Tis not," she

added, "that I'm ungratefulle; but thou sees, mistress, I really *can't* eat crusts."

After a moment, I asked, "Where lies your dwelling?"

"Out by yonder," quoth she, pointing to a shapeless mass like a huge bird's nest in y^e corner of the field. "There bides poor Joan and I. Wilt come and looke within, mistress, and see how a Christian can die?"

I mutelie complied, in spite of Cecy's pulling at my skirts. Arrived at y^e wretched abode, which had a hole for its chimney, and another for door at once and window, I found, sitting in a corner, propped on a heap of rushes, dried leaves, and olde rags, an aged sick woman, who seemed to have but a little while to live. A mug of water stode within her reach; I saw none other sustenance; but, in her visage, oh, such peace! . . . Whispers Gammer with an awfulle look, "She sees 'em now!"

"Sees who?" quoth I.

"Why, angels in two long rows, afore y^e throne of God, a bending of themselves, this way, with their faces to th' earth; and arms stretched out afore 'em."

"Hath she seen a priest?" quoth I.

"Lord love ye," returns Gammer, "what coulde a priest doe for her? She's in in heaven already. I doubt if she can heare me." And then, in a loud, distinct voyce, quite free from her usuall mumping, she beganne to recite in *English*, "Blessed is every one that feareth y^e Lord, and walketh in his ways," etc.; which y^e dying woman hearde, although already speechlesse; and reaching out her feeble arm unto her sister's neck, she dragged it down till their faces touched; and then, looking up, pointed at somewhat she aimed to make her see . . . and we alle looked up, but saw nought. Howbeit, she pointed up three severall times, and lay, as it were, transfigured before us, a gazing at some transporting sight, and ever and anon turning on her sister looks of love; and, the while we stode thus agaze, her spirit passed away without even a thrill or a shudder. Cecy and I beganne to weepe; and, after a while, soe did Gammer; then, putting us forthe, she sayd, "Goe, children, goe; 'tis noe goode crying; and yet I'm thankfulle to ye for your teares."

I sayd, "Is there aught we can doe for thee?"

She made answer, "Perhaps you can give me tuppence, mistress, to lay on her poor eyelids and keep 'em down. Bless 'ee, bless 'ee! You're like y^e good Samaritan—he pulled out two-pence. And maybe, if I come to 'ee to-morrow, you'll give me a sapfulle of rosemarie, to lay on her poor corpse . . . I know you've plenty. God be with 'ee, children; and be sure ye mind how a Christian can die."

Soe we left, and came home sober enow. Cecy sayth, "To die is not soe fearfulle, Meg, as I thoughte, but shoulde *you* fancy dying without a priest? I shoulde not; and yet Gammer sayd she wanted not one. Howbeit, for certayn, Gammer Gurney is noe witch, or she woulde not so prayse God."

To conclude, father, on hearing alle, hath given Gammer more than enow for her present needes; and Cecy and I are y^e almoners of his mercy.

June 24.

Yesternighte, being St. John's Eve, we went into town to see y^e mustering of y^e watch. Mr. Rastall had secured us a window opposite y^e King's Head, in Chepe, where their M^{rs}. went in state to see the show. The streets were a marvell to see, being like unto a continuation of fayr bowres or arbours, garlanded across and over y^e doors with greene birch, long fennel, orpin, St. John's wort, white lilies, and such like; with innumerable candles intersperst, the which, being lit up as soon as 'twas dusk, made the whole look like enchanted land; while at y^e same time, the leaping over bon-fires commenced, and produced shouts of laughter. The youths woulde have father goe downe and joyn 'em; Rupert, specialle, begged him hard, but he put him off with, "Sirrah, you goosecap, dost think 'twoulde befit y^e Judge of the Sheriffs' Court?"

At length, to y^e sound of trumpets, came marching up Cheapside two thousand of the watch, in white fustian, with the City badge; and seven hundred cressett bearers, each with his fellow to supplie him with oyl, and making, with their flaring lights, the night as cleare as daye. After 'em, the morris-dancers and City waites; the Lord Mayor on horseback, very fine, with his giants and pageants: and the Sheriff and his watch, and *his* giants and pageants. The streets very uproarious on our way back to the barge, but the homeward passage delicious; the night ayre cool; and the stars shining brightly. Father and Erasmus had some astronomick talk; howbeit, methought Erasmus less familiar with y^e heavenlie bodies than father is. Afterwards, they spake of y^e King, but not over-freele, by reason of y^e bargemen overhearing. Thence, to y^e ever-vest question of Martin Luther, of whome Erasmus spake in terms of earnest, yet qualifide prayse.

"If Luther be innocent," quoth he, "I woulde not run him down by a wicked faction; if he be in error, I woulde rather have him reclaymed than destroyed; for this is most agreeable to the doctrine of our deare Lord and Master, who woulde not bruise y^e broken reede, nor quenche y^e smoaking flax." And much more to same purpose.

We younger folks felle to choosing our favourite mottoes and devices, in which y^e elders at length joyned us. Mother's was loyal—"Cleave to y^e crown though it hang on a bush." Erasmus's pithie—"Festina lente." William sayd he was indebted for his to St. Paul—"I seeke not yours, but you." For me, I quoted one I had seene in an olde cuntry church, "*Mieux être que paroître*," which pleased father and Erasmus much.

Poor Erasmus caughte colde on y^e water last nighte, and keeps house to-daye, taking warm

possets. 'Tis my week of housekeeping under mother's guidance, and I never had more pleasure in it; delighting to suit his taste in sweet things, which, methinks, all men like. I have enow of time left for studdy, when alle's done.

He hath been the best part of the morning in our academia, looking over books and manuscripts, taking notes of some, discoursing with Mr. Gunnell and others; and, in some sorte, interrupting our morning's work; but how pleasant! Besides, as father sayth, "varietie is not always interruption. That which occasionallie lets and hinders our accustomed studdies, may prove to y^e ingenious noe less profitable than theire studdies themselves."

They beganne with discussing y^e pronunciation of Latin and Greek, on which Erasmus differeth much from us, though he holds to our pronunciation of y^e *theta*. Thence, to y^e absurde partie of the Ciceronians now in Italie, who will admit noe author save Tully to be read nor quoted, nor anie word not in his writings to be used. Thence, to y^e Latinitie of y^e Fathers, of whose style he spake slightlie enow, but rated Jerome above Augustine. At length, to his Greek and Latin Testament, of late issued from y^e presse, and y^e incredible labour it hath cost him to make it as perfect as possible: on this subject he soe warmed, that Bess and I listened with suspended breath. "May it please God," sayth he, knitting ferventlie his hands, "to make it a blessing to all Christendom! I look for noe other reward. Scholars and believers yet unborn, may have reason to thank, and yet may forget Erasmus." He then went on to explain to Gunnell what he had much felt in want of, and hoped some scholar might yet undertake; to wit, a sort of Index Bibliorum, showing in how manie passages of holy writ occurreth anie given word, etc.; and he e'en proposed it to Gunnell, saying 'twas onlie y^e work of patience and industry, and mighte be layd aside, and resumed as occasion offered, and completed at leisure, to y^e great thankfulness of scholars. But Gunnell onlie smiled and shooke his head. Howbeit, Erasmus set forth his scheme soe playnlie, that I, having a pen in hand, did privilie note down alle y^e heads of y^e same, thinking, if none else w^d undertake it, why s^d not I? since leisure and industrie were alone required, and since 'twoulde be soe acceptable to manie, 'speciallie to Erasmus.

THE STOLEN FRUIT.—A STORY OF NAPOLEON'S CHILDHOOD.

ON the 15th of August, 1777, two little girls of seven or eight years old were playing in a garden near Ajaccio in Corsica. After running up and down among the trees and flowers, one of them stopped the other at the entrance to a dark grotto under a rock.

"Eliza," she said, "don't go any further: it frightens me to look into that black cave."

"Nonsense! 'Tis only Napoleon's Grotto."

"This garden belongs to your uncle Fesch: has he given this dark hole to Napoleon?"

"No, Panoria; my great-uncle has not given him this grotto. But as he often comes and spends hours in it by himself, we all call it *Napoleon's Grotto*."

"And what can he be doing there?"

"Talking to himself."

"What about?"

"Oh, I don't know: a variety of things. But come, help me to gather a large bunch of flowers."

"Just now, when we were on the lower walk, you told me not to pull any, although there was abundance of sweet ones."

"Yes; but that was in my uncle the canon's garden."

"And are his flowers more sacred than those of uncle Fesch?"

"They are indeed, Panoria."

"And why?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but when any one wants to prevent our playing, they say, 'That will give your uncle the canon a headache!' When we are not to touch something, 'tis always, 'That belongs to the canon!' If we want to eat some fine fruit, 'Don't touch that; 'tis for your uncle the canon!' And even when we are praised or rewarded, 'tis always because the canon is pleased with us!"

"Is it because he is archdeacon of Ajaccio that people are so much afraid of him?"

"Oh, no, Panoria; but because he is our tutor. Papa is not rich enough to pay for masters to teach us, and he has not time to look after our education himself; so our uncle the canon teaches us every thing. He is not unkind, but he is very strict. If we don't know our lessons, he slaps us smartly."

"And don't you call that unkind, Eliza?"

"Not exactly. Do you never get a whipping yourself, Panoria?"

"No, indeed, Eliza. It is the Corsican fashion to beat children; but our family is Greek, and mamma says Greeks must not be beaten."

"Then I'm sure, Panoria, I wish I were a Greek; for 'tis very unpleasant to be slapped!"

"I dare say your brother Napoleon does not like it either."

"He is the only one of my brothers who does not cry or complain when he is punished. If you heard what a noise Joseph and Lucien make, you would fancy that uncle was flaying them alive!"

"But about Napoleon. What can he be talking about alone in the grotto?"

"Hush! Here he is! Let us hide ourselves behind this lilac-tree, and you'll hear."

"I see Severia coming to call us."

"Ah! it will take her an hour to gather ripe fruit for uncle the canon. We shall have time enough. Come!"

And the little girls, gliding between the rock and the overhanging shrubs, took up their position in perfect concealment.

The boy who advanced toward the grotto differed from the generality of children of his age in the size of his head, the massive form

of his noble brow, and the fixed *examining* expression of his eyes. He walked slowly—looking at the bright blue sea—and unconscious that his proceedings were closely watched by two pair of little bright black eyes.

"Here I am my own master!" he said as he entered the grotto. "No one commands me here!" And seating himself royally on a bench within the dark entrance, he continued, "This is my birthday. I am eight years old to-day. I wish I lived among the Spartans, then I should be beyond the control of women; but now I have to obey such a number of people—old Severia among the rest. Ah, if I were the master!"

"Well, and if you were the master, what would you do?" cried Eliza, thrusting forward her pretty little head.

"First of all, I'd teach you not to come listening at doors," replied Napoleon, disconcerted at being overheard.

"But, brother, there's no door that I can see."

"No matter, you have been eaves-dropping all the same."

"Eliza!—Panoria!" cried a loud voice. "Where can these children have gone to?"

The young ladies came out of their leafy lurking-place in time to meet the little Bonapartes' nurse, Severia—a tall old woman, who carried on her arm a basket filled with the most luscious tempting pears, grapes, and figs.

"A pear, Severia!" cried Napoleon, darting forward, and thrusting his hand into the basket.

"The saints forbid, child!" exclaimed Severia.

"They are for your uncle the canon!"

"Ah!" said Napoleon, drawing back his hand as quickly as if a wasp had stung him.

Panoria burst out laughing.

"I never saw such people!" she said, as soon as her mirth allowed her to speak. "My uncle the canon seems the bugbear of the whole family. Is Severia afraid of him, too?"

"Not more than I am," said Napoleon, boldly.

"And yet you were afraid to take a pear?"

"Because I did not wish to do it, Panoria."

"Did not *dare* do it, Napoleon!"

"Did not *wish* to do it, Panoria."

"And if you wished it, would you do it?"

"Certainly I would."

"I think you are a boaster, Napoleon; and in your uncle's presence would be just as great a coward as Eliza or Pauline?"

"Come, children, follow me," said Severia, walking on.

"You think I am a coward?" whispered Eliza to her little friend. "Come into the house, and see if I don't eat as much of uncle's fruit as I please. Mamma is gone out to pay a visit, and will not be home until to-morrow."

"Then I'll help you," said Panoria. And the little girls, fixing their wistful eyes on the tempting fruit, followed Severia to the house.

Napoleon remained some time longer in his grotto; and when supper-time approached, he went into the house. Feeling very thirsty, he

entered the dining-room, in which was a large cupboard, where fresh water was usually kept. Just as he was going in, he heard a noise: the cupboard doors were quickly shut, and he caught a glimpse of a white frock disappearing through the open window. Instead, however, of looking after the fugitive, he went quietly to get a glass of water in the cupboard. Then, to his dismay, he saw his uncle's basket of fruit half empty! While, forgetting his thirst, he looked with astonishment at the fruit, considering who could have been the hardy thief, a voice behind him roused him from his reverie.

"What are you doing there, Napoleon? You know you are not permitted to help yourself to supper."

This was uncle the canon himself—a short, stout old man with a bald head, whose otherwise ordinary features were lighted up with the eagle glance which afterward distinguished his grand-nephew.

"I was not taking any thing, uncle," replied Napoleon. And then suddenly the idea occurring to him that he might be accused of having taken the fruit, the blood rushed hotly to his cheeks.

His confusion was so evident, that the canon said, "I hope you are not telling a falsehood, Napoleon?"

"I never tell falsehoods," said the boy, proudly.

"What were you doing?"

"I was thirsty; I came to get some water."

"No harm in that—and then, my boy?"

"That was all, uncle."

"Have you drunk the water?"

"No, uncle; not yet."

The archdeacon shook his head. "You came to drink, and you did not drink; that does not hang well together. Napoleon, take care. If you frankly confess your fault, whatever it may be, you shall be forgiven; but if you tell a lie, and persist in it, I warn you that I shall punish you severely."

The entrance of M. Bonaparte, M. Fesch, and Joseph, Napoleon's eldest brother, interrupted the conversation; and for some minutes the elder gentlemen spoke to each other on political subjects; when a sudden exclamation from Severia, as she opened the cupboard, attracted the attention of all.

"Santa Madona! who has taken the fruit?"

"This is the mystery discovered!" said the canon, turning toward Napoleon. "So you stole the fruit?"

"I never touched it," replied the boy.

"Call in the other children," said the archdeacon.

In a few minutes five beautiful children, three boys and two girls, formed a group round their father, who, looking at each one in turn, asked, "Which of you has taken the fruit that was gathered in your uncle the canon's garden?"

"I did not!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" cried they all. But Eliza's voice was lower and less assured than those of the others.

"And you, Napoleon?"

"I have said, papa, that I did not do it."

"That's a falsehood!" exclaimed Severia, who, being an old domestic, took great liberties.

"If you were not a woman!" said Napoleon, shaking his small clenched hand at her.

"Silence! Napoleon," said his father, sternly.

"It must have been you, Napoleon," said Severia; "for after putting the fruit into the cupboard, I never left the ante-room, and not a soul passed through except the archdeacon and yourself. If he has not taken them—"

"I wish truly I had," said the old gentleman, "and then I should not have the grief of seeing one of my children persist in a lie."

"Uncle, I am not guilty," repeated Napoleon firmly.

"Do not be obstinate, but confess," said his father.

"Yes," added the canon; "'tis the only way to escape punishment."

"But I never touched the fruit—indeed, I did not."

"Napoleon," said his uncle, "I can not believe you. I shall give you five minutes; and if, at the end of that time, you do not confess, and ask for pardon, I shall whip you."

"A whip is for horses and dogs, not for children!" said the boy.

"A whip is for disobedient, lying children," replied his father.

"Then 'tis unjust to give it me, for I am neither a liar nor disobedient." So saying, Napoleon crossed his arms on his chest, and settled himself in a firm attitude.

Meantime his brothers and his sister Pauline came close to him, and whispered good-natured entreaties that he would confess.

"But how can I, when I have not done wrong?"

"So you are still obstinate?" said his uncle. And taking him by the arm, he led him into the next room. Presently the sound of sharp repeated blows was heard, but not a cry or complaint from the little sufferer.

Madame Bonaparte was away from home, and in the evening her husband went to meet her, accompanied by Joseph, Lucien, and Eliza. M. Fesch and the canon were also about to depart, and in passing through the ante-room, they saw Napoleon standing, pale and grave, but proud, and firm-looking as before.

"Well, my child," said his father, "I hope you will now ask your uncle's pardon?"

"I did not touch the fruit, papa."

"Still obstinate! As the rod will not do, I shall try another method. Your mother, brothers, Eliza, and I, will be away for three days, and during that time you shall have nothing but bread and water, unless you ask your uncle's forgiveness."

"But, papa, won't you let him have some cheese with his bread?" whispered little Pauline.

"Yes, but not *broccio*."

"Ah do, papa, please let him have *broccio* 'tis the nicest cheese in Corsica!"

"That's the reason he does not deserve it," said his father, looking at the boy with an anxious expression, as if he hoped to see some sign of penitence on his face. But none such appearing, he proceeded toward the carriage.

Joseph and Lucien took a kind leave of their brother, but Eliza seemed unwilling and afraid to go near or look at him.

The three days passed on, heavily enough for poor Napoleon, who was in disgrace, and living on bread, water, and cheese, which was not *broccio*. At length the party returned, and little Panoria, who was watching for her friend Eliza, came with them into the house.

"Good-morning, uncle," said Madame Bonaparte to the archdeacon, "how are you? And where are Napoleon and Pauline?"

"Here I am, mamma," said the latter throwing her arms around her mother's neck.

"And Napoleon?"

"He is here," said the canon.

"Has he confessed?" asked his father.

"No," replied the uncle. "I never before witnessed such obstinacy."

"What has he done?" asked his mother.

The canon, in reply, related the story of the fruit; but before he could finish it, Panoria exclaimed—

"Of course, poor fellow, he would not confess what he never did!"

"And who did take the fruit?" asked the canon.

"I and Eliza," replied the little girl without hesitation.

There was a universal exclamation

"My poor child," said the archdeacon, embracing Napoleon tenderly, "why did you not undeceive us?"

"I suspected it was Eliza," replied Napoleon; "but I was not sure. At all events, I would not have told, for Panoria's sake, who is not a liar."

The reader may imagine how Napoleon was caressed and rewarded to make him amends for the pain he had unjustly suffered. As to Eliza, she was severely and rightly punished: first for her gluttony; and then for what was much worse—her cowardice and deceit in allowing her innocent brother to suffer for her fault.

WILBERFORCE AND CHALMERS.

I HAVE seldom observed a more amusing and pleasing contrast between two great men than between Wilberforce and Chalmers. Chalmers is stout and erect, with a broad countenance—Wilberforce minute, and singularly twisted: Chalmers, both in body and mind, moves with a deliberate step—Wilberforce, infirm as he is in his advanced years, flies about with astonishing activity, and while, with nimble finger, he seizes on every thing that adorns or diversifies his path, his mind flits from object to object with unceasing versatility. I often think that particular men bear about

with them an analogy to particular animals: Chalmers is like a good-tempered lion—Wilberforce is like a bee: Chalmers can say a pleasant thing now and then, and laugh when he has said it, and he has a strong touch of humor in his countenance, but in general he is *grave*, his thoughts grow to a great size before they are uttered—Wilberforce sparkles with life and wit, and the characteristic of his mind is “rapid productiveness.” A man might be in Chalmers’s company for an hour, especially in a party, without knowing who or what he was—though in the end he would be sure to be detected by some unexpected display of powerful originality. Wilberforce, except when fairly asleep, is never latent. Chalmers knows how to veil himself in a decent cloud—Wilberforce is always in sunshine. Seldom, I believe, has any mind been more strung to a perpetual tune of love and praise. Yet these persons, distinguished as they are from the world at large, and from each other, present some admirable points of resemblance. Both of them are broad thinkers, and liberal feelers; both of them are arrayed in humility, meekness, and charity: both appear to hold self in little reputation: above all, both love the Lord Jesus Christ, and reverently acknowledge him to be their *only Saviour*.—*Hanna’s Memoirs of Chalmers*.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

(Continued from page 698.)

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. DALE had been more than a quarter of an hour conversing with Mrs. Avenel, and had seemingly made little progress in the object of his diplomatic mission, for now, slowly drawing on his gloves, he said,

“I grieve to think, Mrs. Avenel, that you should have so hardened your heart—yes—you must pardon me—it is my vocation to speak stern truths. You can not say that I have not kept faith with you, but I must now invite you to remember that I specially reserved to myself the right of exercising a discretion to act as I judged best, for the child’s interests, on any future occasion; and it was upon this understanding that you gave me the promise, which you would now evade, of providing for him when he came into manhood.”

“I say I will provide for him. I say that you may ’prentice him in any distant town, and by-and-by we will stock a shop for him. What would you have more, sir, from folks like us, who have kept shop ourselves? It ain’t reasonable what you ask, sir?”

“My dear friend,” said the Parson, “what I ask of you at present is but to see him—to receive him kindly—to listen to his conversation—to judge for yourselves. We can have but a common object—that your grandson should succeed in life, and do you credit. Now, I doubt very much whether we can effect this by making him a small shopkeeper.”

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“And has Jane Fairfield, who married a common carpenter, brought him up to despise small shopkeepers?” exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, angrily. “Heaven forbid! Some of the first men in England have been the sons of small shopkeepers. But is it a crime in them, or their parents, if their talents have lifted them into such rank or renown as the haughtiest duke might envy? England were not England if a man must rest where his father began.”

“Good!” said, or rather grunted, an approving voice, but neither Mrs. Avenel nor the Parson heard it.

“All very fine,” said Mrs. Avenel, bluntly. “But to send a boy like that to the university—where’s the money to come from?”

“My dear Mrs. Avenel,” said the Parson, coaxingly, “the cost need not be great at a small college at Cambridge; and if you will pay half the expense, I will pay the other half. I have no children of my own, and can afford it.”

“That’s very handsome of you, sir,” said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat touched, yet still not graciously. “But the money is not the only point.”

“Once at Cambridge,” continued Mr. Dale, speaking rapidly, “at Cambridge, where the studies are mathematical—that is, of a nature for which he has shown so great an aptitude—and I have no doubt he will distinguish himself; if he does, he will obtain, on leaving, what is called a fellowship—that is a collegiate dignity accompanied by an income on which he could maintain himself until he made his way in life. Come, Mrs. Avenel, you are well off; you have no relations nearer to you in want of your aid. Your son, I hear, has been very fortunate.”

“Sir,” said Mrs. Avenel, interrupting the Parson, “it is not because my son Richard is an honor to us, and is a good son, and has made his fortune, that we are to rob him of what we have to leave, and give it to a boy whom we know nothing about, and who, in spite of what you say, can’t bring upon us any credit at all.”

“Why? I don’t see that.”

“Why?” exclaimed Mrs. Avenel, fiercely—“why? you know why. No, I don’t want him to rise in life: I don’t want folks to be speiring and asking about him. I think it is a very wicked thing to have put fine notions in his head, and I am sure my daughter Fairfield could not have done it herself. And now, to ask me to rob Richard, and bring out a great boy—who’s been a gardener, or plowman, or such like—to disgrace a gentleman who keeps his carriage, as my son Richard does—I would have you to know, sir, no! I won’t do it, and there’s an end to the matter.”

During the last two or three minutes, and just before that approving “good” had responded to the Parson’s popular sentiment, a door communicating with an inner room had been gently opened, and stood ajar; but this incident neither party had even noticed. But now the door was thrown boldly open, and the traveler whom the Parson had met at the inn walked up to Mr.

Dale, and said, "No! that's not the end of the matter. You say the boy's a 'cute clever lad?"

"Richard, have you been listening?" exclaimed Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, I guess, yes—the last few minutes."

"And what have you heard?"

"Why, that this reverend gentleman thinks so highly of my sister Fairfield's boy that he offers to pay half of his keep at college. Sir, I'm very much obliged to you, and there's my hand, if you'll take it."

The Parson jumped up, overjoyed, and, with a triumphant glance toward Mrs. Avenel, shook hands heartily with Mr. Richard.

"Now," said the latter, "just put on your hat, sir, and take a stroll with me, and we'll discuss the thing business-like. Women don't understand business; never talk to women on business."

With these words, Mr. Richard drew out a cigar-case, selected a cigar, which he applied to the candle, and walked into the hall.

Mrs. Avenel caught hold of the Parson. "Sir, you'll be on your guard with Richard. Remember your promise."

"He does not know all, then?"

"He? No! And you see he did not overhear more than what he says. I'm sure you're a gentleman, and won't go agin your word."

"My word was conditional; but I will promise you never to break the silence without more reason than I think there is here for it. Indeed, Mr. Richard Avenel seems to save all necessity for that."

"Are you coming, sir?" cried Richard, as he opened the street door.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Parson joined Mr. Richard Avenel on the road. It was a fine night, and the moon clear and shining.

"So, then," said Mr. Richard thoughtfully, "poor Jane, who was always the drudge of the family, has contrived to bring up her son well; and the boy is really what you say, eh?—could make a figure at college?"

"I am sure of it," said the Parson, hooking himself on to the arm which Mr. Avenel proffered.

"I should like to see him," said Richard. "Has he any manner? Is he genteel? or a mere country lout?"

"Indeed he speaks with so much propriety, and has so much modest dignity, I might say, about him, that there's many a rich gentleman who would be proud of such a son."

"It is odd," observed Richard, "what difference there is in families. There's Jane now—who can't read nor write, and was just fit to be a workman's wife—had not a thought above her station; and when I think of my poor sister Nora—you would not believe it, sir, but *she* was the most elegant creature in the world—yes, even as a child (she was but a child when I went off to America). And often, as I was getting on

in life, often I used to say to myself, 'My little Nora shall be a lady after all.' Poor thing—but she died young."

Richard's voice grew husky.

The Parson kindly pressed the arm on which he leaned, and said, after a pause,

"Nothing refines us like education, sir. I believe your sister Nora had received much instruction, and had the talents to profit by it; it is the same with your nephew."

"I'll see him," said Richard, stamping his foot firmly on the ground, "and if I like him, I'll be as good as a father to him. Look you, Mr.—what's your name, sir?"

"Dale."

"Mr. Dale, look you, I'm a single man. Perhaps I may marry some day; perhaps I shan't. I'm not going to throw myself away. If I can get a lady of quality, why—but that's neither here nor there; meanwhile, I should be glad of a nephew whom I need not be ashamed of. You see, sir, I'm a new man, the builder of my own fortunes; and, though I have picked up a little education—I don't well know how—as I scrambled on, still, now I come back to the old country, I'm well aware that I am not exactly a match for those d—d aristocrats; don't show so well in a drawing-room as I could wish. I could be a Parliament man if I liked, but I might make a goose of myself; so, all things considered, if I can get a sort of junior partner to do the polite work, and show off the goods, I think the house of Avenel & Co. might become a pretty considerable honor to the Britishers. You understand me, sir?"

"Oh, very well," answered Mr. Dale smiling, though rather gravely.

"Now," continued the New Man, "I'm not ashamed to have risen in life by my own merits; and I don't disguise what I've been. And, when I'm in my own grand house, I'm fond of saying, 'I landed at New York with £10 in my purse, and here I am!' But it would not do to have the old folks with me. People take you with all your faults, if you're rich; but they won't swallow your family into the bargain. So if I don't have my own father and mother, whom I love dearly, and should like to see sitting at table, with my servants behind their chairs, I could still less have sister Jane. I recollect her very well, and she can't have got genteeler as she's grown older. Therefore I beg you'll not set her on coming after me; it won't do by any manner of means. Don't say a word about me to her. But send the boy down here to his grandfather, and I'll see him quietly, you understand."

"Yes, but it will be hard to separate her from the boy."

"Stuff! all boys are separated from their parents when they go into the world. So that's settled! Now, just tell me. I know the old folks always snubbed Jane—that is, mother did. My poor dear father never snubbed any of us. Perhaps mother has not behaved altogether well

to Jane. But we must not blame her for that; you see this is how it happened. There were a good many of us, while father and mother kept shop in the High-street, so we were all to be provided for anyhow; and Jane, being very useful and handy at work, got a place when she was a little girl, and had no time for learning. Afterward my father made a lucky hit, in getting my Lord Lansmere's custom after an election, in which he did a great deal for the Blues (for he was a famous electioneerer, my poor father). My Lady stood godmother to Nora; and then most of my brothers and sisters died off, and father retired from business; and when he took Jane from service, she was so common-like that mother could not help contrasting her with Nora. You see Jane was their child when they were poor little shop-people, with their heads scarce above water; and Nora was their child when they were well off, and had retired from trade, and lived genteel: so that makes a great difference. And mother did not quite look on her as her own child. But it was Jane's own fault; for mother would have made it up with her if she had married the son of our neighbor the great linendraper, as she might have done; but she would take Mark Fairfield, a common carpenter. Parents like best those of their children who succeed best in life. Natural. Why, they did not care for me till I came back the man I am. But to return to Jane: I'm afraid they've neglected her. How is she off?"

"She earns her livelihood, and is poor, but contented."

"Ah, just be good enough to give her this," (and Richard took a bank-note of £50 from his pocket-book). "You can say the old folks sent it to her; or that it is a present from Dick, without telling her he had come back from America."

"My dear sir," said the Parson, "I am more and more thankful to have made your acquaintance. This is a very liberal gift of yours; but your best plan will be to send it through your mother. For, though I don't want to betray any confidence you place in me, I should not know what to answer if Mrs. Fairfield began to question me about her brother. I never had but one secret to keep, and I hope I shall never have another. A secret is very like a lie!"

"You had a secret, then," said Richard, as he took back the bank-note. He had learned, perhaps, in America, to be a very inquisitive man. He added point-blank, "Pray what was it?"

"Why, what it would not be if I told you," said the Parson, with a forced laugh—"a secret!"

"Well, I guess we're in a land of liberty—do as you like. Now, I dare say you think me a very odd fellow to come out of my shell to you in this off-hand way. But I liked the look of you, even when we were at the inn together. And just now I was uncommonly pleased to find

that, though you are a parson, you don't want to keep a man's nose down to a shop-board, if he has any thing in him. You're not one of the aristocrats—"

"Indeed," said the Parson, with imprudent warmth, "it is not the character of the aristocracy of this country to keep people down. They make way among themselves for any man, whatever his birth, who has the talent and energy to aspire to their level. That's the especial boast of the British constitution, sir!"

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said Mr. Richard, looking sourly at the parson. "I dare say those are the opinions in which you have brought up the lad. Just keep him yourself, and let the aristocracy provide for him!"

The Parson's generous and patriotic warmth evaporated at once, at this sudden inlet of cold air into the conversation. He perceived that he had made a terrible blunder; and, as it was not his business at that moment to vindicate the British constitution, but to serve Leonard Fairfield, he abandoned the cause of the aristocracy with the most poltroon and scandalous abruptness. Catching at the arm which Mr. Avenel had withdrawn from him, he exclaimed:

"Indeed, sir, you are mistaken; I have never attempted to influence your nephew's political opinions. On the contrary, if, at his age, he can be said to have formed any opinion, I am greatly afraid—that is, I think his opinions are by no means sound—that is, constitutional. I mean, I mean—" And the poor Parson, anxious to select a word that would not offend his listener, stopped short in lamentable confusion of idea.

Mr. Avenel enjoyed his distress for a moment, with a saturnine smile, and then said,

"Well, I calculate he's a Radical. Natural enough, if he has not got a sixpence to lose—all come right by-and-by. I'm not a Radical—at least not a destructive—much too clever a man for that, I hope. But I wish to see things very different from what they are. Don't fancy that I want the common people, who've got nothing, to pretend to dictate to their betters, because I hate to see a parcel of fellows, who are called lords and squires, trying to rule the roast. I think, sir, that it is men like me who ought to be at the top of the tree! and that's the long and short of it. What do you say?"

"I've not the least objection," said the crest-fallen Parson, basely. But, to do him justice, I must add that he did not the least know what he was saying!

CHAPTER XV.

UNCONSCIOUS of the change in his fate which the diplomacy of the Parson sought to effect, Leonard Fairfield was enjoying the first virgin sweetness of fame; for the principal town in his neighborhood had followed the then growing fashion of the age, and set up a Mechanics' Institute; and some worthy persons interested in the formation of that provincial Athenæum had

offered a prize for the best Essay on the Diffusion of Knowledge—a very trite subject, on which persons seem to think they can never say too much, and on which there is, nevertheless, a great deal yet to be said. This prize Leonard Fairfield had recently won. His Essay had been publicly complimented by a full meeting of the Institute; it had been printed at the expense of the Society, and had been rewarded by a silver medal—delineative of Apollo crowning Merit (poor Merit had not a rag to his back; but Merit, left only to the care of Apollo, never is too good a customer to the tailor!) And the County Gazette had declared that Britain had produced another prodigy in the person of Dr. Riccabocca's self-educated gardener.

Attention was now directed to Leonard's mechanical contrivances. The Squire, ever eagerly bent on improvements, had brought an engineer to inspect the lad's system of irrigation, and the engineer had been greatly struck by the simple means by which a very considerable technical difficulty had been overcome. The neighboring farmers now called Leonard "*Mr. Fairfield*," and invited him on equal terms to their houses. Mr. Stirn had met him on the high road, touched his hat, and hoped that "he bore no malice." All this, I say, was the first sweetness of fame; and if Leonard Fairfield comes to be a great man, he will never find such sweets in the after fruit. It was this success which had determined the Parson on the step which he had just taken, and which he had long before anxiously meditated. For, during the last year or so, he had renewed his old intimacy with the widow and the boy; and he had noticed, with great hope and great fear, the rapid growth of an intellect, which now stood out from the lowly circumstances that surrounded it in bold and unharmonizing relief.

It was the evening after his return home that the Parson strolled up to the Casino. He put Leonard Fairfield's Prize Essay in his pocket. For he felt that he could not let the young man go forth into the world without a preparatory lecture, and he intended to scourge poor Merit with the very laurel wreath which it had received from Apollo. But in this he wanted Riccabocca's assistance; or rather, he feared that, if he did not get the Philosopher on his side, the Philosopher might undo all the work of the Parson.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SWEET sound came through the orange boughs, and floated to the ears of the Parson, as he wound slowly up the gentle ascent—so sweet, so silvery, he paused in delight—unaware, wretched man! that he was thereby conniving at Papistical errors. Soft it came, and sweet: softer and sweeter—"Ave Maria!" Violante was chanting the evening hymn to the Virgin Mother. The Parson at last distinguished the sense of the words, and shook his head with the

pious shake of an orthodox Protestant. He broke from the spell resolutely, and walked on with a sturdy step. Gaining the terrace, he found the little family seated under an awning. Mrs. Riccabocca knitting; the Signor with his arms folded on his breast: the book he had been reading a few moments before had fallen on the ground, and his dark eyes were soft and dreamy. Violante had finished her hymn, and seated herself on the ground between the two, pillowing her head on her step-mother's lap, but with her hand resting on her father's knee, and her gaze fixed fondly on his face.

"Good evening," said Mr. Dale. Violante stole up to him, and, pulling him so as to bring his ear nearer to her lip, whispered, "Talk to papa, do—and cheerfully; he is sad."

She escaped from him, as she said this, and appeared to busy herself with watering the flowers arranged on stands round the awning. But she kept her swimming, lustrous eyes wistfully on her father.

"How fares it with you, my dear friend?" said the Parson, kindly, as he rested his hand on the Italian's shoulder. "You must not let him get out of spirits, Mrs. Riccabocca."

"I am very ungrateful to her if I ever am so," said the poor Italian, with all his natural gallantry. Many a good wife, who thinks it is a reproach to her if her husband is ever "out of spirits," might have turned peevishly from that speech more elegant than sincere, and so have made bad worse. But Mrs. Riccabocca took her husband's proffered hand affectionately, and said with great *naïveté*—

"You see I am so stupid, Mr. Dale; I never knew I was so stupid till I married. But I am very glad you are come. You can get on some learned subject together, and then he will not miss so much his—"

"His what?" asked Riccabocca inquisitively.

"His country. Do you think that I can not sometimes read your thoughts?"

"Very often. But you did not read them just then. The tongue touches where the tooth aches, but the best dentist can not guess at the tooth unless one opens one's mouth.—*Basta!* Can we offer you some wine of our own making, Mr. Dale? it is pure."

"I'd rather have some tea," quoth the Parson hastily.

Mrs. Riccabocca, too pleased to be in her natural element of domestic use, hurried into the house to prepare our national beverage. And the Parson, sliding into her chair, said:

"But you are dejected, then? Fie! If there's a virtue in the world at which we should always aim, it is cheerfulness."

"I don't dispute it," said Riccabocca, with a heavy sigh. "But though it is said by some Greek, who, I think, is quoted by your favorite Seneca, that a wise man carries his country with him at the soles of his feet, he can't carry also the sunshine."

"I tell you what it is," said the Parson,

bluntly. "You would have a much keener sense of happiness if you had much less esteem for philosophy."

"*Cospetto!*" said the Doctor, rousing himself. "Just explain, will you?"

"Does not the search after wisdom induce desires not satisfied in this small circle to which your life is confined? It is not so much your country for which you yearn, as it is for space to your intellect, employment for your thoughts, career for your aspirations."

"You have guessed at the tooth which aches," said Riccabocca, with admiration.

"Easy to do that," answered the Parson. "Our wisdom teeth come last, and give us the most pain. And if you would just starve the mind a little, and nourish the heart more, you would be less of a philosopher, and more of a—"
The Parson had the word "Christian" at the tip of his tongue: he suppressed a word that, so spoken, would have been exceedingly irritating, and substituted, with inelegant antithesis, "and more of a happy man!"

"I do all I can with my heart," quoth the Doctor.

"Not you! For a man with such a heart as yours should never feel the want of the sunshine. My friend, we live in an age of over mental cultivation. We neglect too much the simple, healthful outer life, in which there is so much positive joy. In turning to the world within us, we grow blind to this beautiful world without; in studying ourselves as men, we almost forget to look up to heaven, and warm to the smile of God."

The philosopher mechanically shrugged his shoulders, as he always did when another man moralized—especially if the moralizer were a priest; but there was no irony in his smile, as he answered thoughtfully:

"There is some truth in what you say. I own that we live too much as if we were all brain. Knowledge has its penalties and pains, as well as its prizes."

"That is just what I want you to say to Leonard."

"How have you settled the object of your journey?"

"I will tell you as we walk down to him after tea. At present, I am rather too much occupied with you."

"Me? The tree is formed—try only to bend the young twig!"

"Trees are trees, and twigs twigs," said the Parson, dogmatically; "but man is always growing till he falls into the grave. I think I have heard you say that you once had a narrow escape of a prison?"

"Very narrow."

"Just suppose that you were now in that prison, and that a fairy conjured up the prospect of this quiet home in a safe land; that you saw the orange-trees in flower, felt the evening breeze on your cheek; beheld your child gay or sad, as you smiled or knit your brow; that with-

in this phantom home was a woman, not, indeed all your young romance might have dreamed of, but faithful and true, every beat of her heart all your own—would you not cry from the depth of the dungeon, 'O fairy! such a change were a paradise.' Ungrateful man! you want interchange for your mind, and your heart should suffice for all!"

Riccabocca was touched and silent.

"Come hither, my child," said Mr. Dale, turning round to Violante, who still stood among the flowers, out of hearing, but with watchful eyes. "Come hither," he said, opening his arms.

Violante bounded forward, and nestled to the good man's heart.

"Tell me, Violante, when you are alone in the fields or the garden, and have left your father looking pleased and serene, so that you have no care for him at your heart—tell me, Violante, though you are all alone, with the flowers below and the birds singing overhead, do you feel that life itself is happiness or sorrow?"

"Happiness!" answered Violante, half shutting her eyes, and in a measured voice.

"Can you explain what kind of happiness it is?"

"Oh, no, impossible! and it is never the same. Sometimes it is so still—so still—and sometimes so joyous, that I long for wings to fly up to God, and thank him!"

"O, friend," said the Parson, "this is the true sympathy between life and nature, and thus we should feel ever, did we take more care to preserve the health and innocence of a child. We are told that we must become as children to enter into the kingdom of heaven; methinks we should also become as children to know what delight there is in our heritage of earth!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE maid-servant (for Jackeymo was in the fields) brought the table under the awning, and, with the English luxury of tea, there were other drinks as cheap and as grateful on summer evenings—drinks which Jackeymo had retained and taught from the customs of the south—unebriate liquors, pressed from cooling fruits, sweetened with honey, and deliciously iced; ice should cost nothing in a country in which one is frozen up half the year! And Jackeymo, too, had added to our good, solid, heavy English bread, preparations of wheat much lighter, and more propitious to digestion—with those crisp *grissins*, which seem to enjoy being eaten, they make so pleasant a noise between one's teeth.

The Parson esteemed it a little treat to drink tea with the Riccaboccas. There was something of elegance and grace in that homely meal, at the poor exile's table, which pleased the eye as well as taste. And the very utensils, plain Wedgewood though they were, had a classical simplicity, which made Mrs. Hazeldean's

old India delf, and Mrs. Dale's best Worcester china, look tawdry and barbarous in comparison. For it was Flaxman who gave designs to Wedgwood, and the most truly refined of all our manufactures in porcelain (if we do not look to the mere material) is in the reach of the most thrifty.

The little banquet was at first rather a silent one; but Riccabocca threw off his gloom, and became gay and animated. Then poor Mrs. Riccabocca smiled, and pressed the *grissins*; and Violante, forgetting all her stateliness, laughed and played tricks on the parson, stealing away his cup of warm tea when his head was turned, and substituting iced cherry-juice. Then the Parson got up and ran after Violante, making angry faces, and Violante dodged beautifully, till the Parson, fairly tired out, was too glad to cry "Peace," and come back to the cherry-juice. Thus time rolled on, till they heard afar the stroke of the distant church-clock, and Mr. Dale started up and cried, "But we shall be too late for Leonard. Come, naughty little girl, get your father his hat."

"And umbrella!" said Riccabocca, looking up at the cloudless moonlit sky.

"Umbrella against the stars?" asked the Parson, laughing.

"The stars are no friends of mine," said Riccabocca, "and one never knows what may happen!"

The Philosopher and the Parson walked on amicably.

"You have done me good," said Riccabocca, "but I hope I am not always so unreasonably melancholic as you seem to suspect. The evenings will sometimes appear long, and dull too, to a man whose thoughts on the past are almost his sole companions."

"Sole companions?—your child?"

"She is so young."

"Your wife?"

"She is so—," the bland Italian appeared to check some disparaging adjective, and mildly added, "so good, I allow; but you must own that we can not have much in common."

"I own nothing of the sort. You have your house and your interests, your happiness and your lives, in common. We men are so exacting, we expect to find ideal nymphs and goddesses when we condescend to marry a mortal; and if we did, our chickens would be boiled to rags, and our mutton come up as cold as a stone."

"Per Bacco, you are an oracle," said Riccabocca, laughing. "But I am not so skeptical as you are. I honor the fair sex too much. There are a great many women who realize the ideal of men to be found in—the poets!"

"There's my dear Mrs. Dale," resumed the Parson, not heeding this sarcastic compliment to the sex, but sinking his voice into a whisper, and looking round cautiously—"there's my dear Mrs. Dale, the best woman in the world—an angel I would say, if the word was not profane; BUT—"

"What's the BUT?" asked the Doctor demurely

"BUT I too might say that 'we have not much in common,' if I were only to compare mind to mind, and, when my poor Carry says something less profound than Madame de Stael might have said, smile on her in contempt from the elevation of logic and Latin. Yet, when I remember all the little sorrows and joys that we have shared together, and feel how solitary I should have been without her—oh, then, I am instantly aware that there *is* between us in common something infinitely closer and better than if the same course of study had given us the same equality of ideas; and I was forced to brace myself for a combat of intellect, as I am when I fall in with a tiresome sage like yourself. I don't pretend to say that Mrs. Riccabocca is a Mrs. Dale," added the Parson, with lofty candor—"there is but one Mrs. Dale in the world; but still, you have drawn a prize in the wheel matrimonial! Think of Socrates, and yet he was content even with his—Xantippe!"

Dr. Riccabocca called to mind Mrs. Dale's "little tempers," and inly rejoiced that no second Mrs. Dale had existed to fall to his own lot. His placid Jemima gained by the contrast. Nevertheless, he had the ill grace to reply, "Socrates was a man beyond all imitation!—Yet I believe that even he spent very few of his evenings at home. But, *revenons à nos moutons*, we are nearly at Mrs. Fairfield's cottage, and you have not yet told me what you have settled as to Leonard."

The Parson halted, took Riccabocca by the button, and informed him, in very few words, that Leonard was to go to Lansmere to see some relations there, who had the fortune, if they had the will, to give full career to his abilities.

"The great thing, in the mean while," said the Parson, would be to enlighten him a little as to what he calls—enlightenment."

"Ah!" said Riccabocca, diverted, and rubbing his hands, "I shall listen with interest to what you say on that subject."

"And must aid me; for the first step in this modern march of enlightenment is to leave the poor Parson behind; and if one calls out, 'Hold! and look at the sign-post,' the traveler hurries on the faster, saying to himself, 'Pooh, pooh!—that is only the cry of the Parson!' But my gentleman, when he doubts me, will listen to you—you're a philosopher!"

"We philosophers are of some use now and then, even to Parsons!"

"If you were not so conceited a set of deluded poor creatures already, I would say 'Yes,'" replied the Parson generously; and, taking hold of Riccabocca's umbrella, he applied the brass handle thereof, by way of a knocker, to the cottage door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CERTAINLY it is a glorious fever that desire To Know! And there are few sights in the moral

world more sublime than that which many a garret might afford, if Asmodeus would bare the roofs to our survey—viz., a brave, patient, earnest human being, toiling his own arduous way, athwart the iron walls of penury, into the magnificent Infinite, which is luminous with starry souls.

So there sits Leonard, the self-taught, in the little cottage alone; for, though scarcely past the hour in which great folks dine, it is the hour in which small folks go to bed, and Mrs. Fairfield has retired to rest, while Leonard has settled to his books. He had placed his table under the lattice, and from time to time he looked up and enjoyed the stillness of the moon. Well for him that, in reparation for those hours stolen from night, the hardy physical labor commenced with dawn. Students would not be the sad dyspeptics they are, if they worked as many hours in the open air as my scholar-peasant. But even in him you could see that the mind had begun a little to affect the frame. They who task the intellect must pay the penalty with the body. Ill, believe me, would this work-day world get on if all within it were hard-reading, studious animals, playing the deuce with the ganglionic apparatus.

Leonard started as he heard the knock at the door; the Parson's well-known voice reassured him. In some surprise, he admitted his visitors.

"We are come to talk to you, Leonard," said Mr. Dale, "but I fear we shall disturb Mrs. Fairfield."

"Oh, no, sir! the door to the staircase is shut, and she sleeps soundly."

"Why, this is a French book—do you read French, Leonard?" asked Riccabocca.

"I have not found French difficult, sir. Once over the grammar, and the language is so clear; it seems the very language for reasoning."

"True. Voltaire said justly, 'Whatever is obscure is not French,'" observed Riccabocca.

"I wish I could say the same of English," muttered the Parson.

"But what is this?—Latin too?—Virgil?"

"Yes, sir. But I find I make little way there without a master. I fear I must give it up" (and Leonard sighed).

The two gentlemen exchanged looks and seated themselves. The young peasant remained standing modestly, and in his air and mien there was something that touched the heart while it pleased the eye. He was no longer the timid boy who had sunk from the frown of Mr. Stirn, nor that rude personation of simple physical strength, roused to undisciplined bravery, which had received its downfall on the village-green of Hazeldean. The power of thought was on his brow—somewhat unquiet still, but mild and earnest. The features had attained that refinement which is often attributed to race, but comes, in truth, from elegance of idea, whether caught from our parents or learned from books. In his rich brown hair, thrown carelessly from

his temples, and curling almost to the shoulders in his large blue eye, which was deepened to the hue of the violet by the long dark lash—in that firmness of lip which comes from the grapple with difficulties, there was considerable beauty, but no longer the beauty of the mere peasant. And yet there was still about the whole countenance that expression of goodness and purity which a painter would give to his ideal of the peasant lover—such as Tasso would have placed in the *Aminta*, or Fletcher have admitted to the side of the Faithful Shepherdess.

"You must draw a chair here, and sit down between us, Leonard," said the Parson.

"If any one," said Riccabocca, "has a right to sit, it is the one who is to hear the sermon; and if any one ought to stand, it is the one who is about to preach it."

"Don't be frightened, Leonard," said the Parson, graciously; "it is only a criticism, not a sermon," and he pulled out Leonard's Prize Essay.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARSON.—"You take for your motto this aphorism*—'*Knowledge is Power.*—BACON.'"

RICCABOCCA.—"Bacon make such an aphorism! The last man in the world to have said any thing so pert and so shallow."

LEONARD (astonished).—"Do you mean to say, sir, that that aphorism is not in Lord Bacon! Why, I have seen it quoted as his in almost every newspaper, and in almost every speech in favor of popular education."

RICCABOCCA.—"Then that should be a warning to you never again to fall into the error of the would-be scholar—viz., quote second-hand. Lord Bacon wrote a great book to show in what knowledge is power, how that power should be defined, in what it might be mistaken. And, pray, do you think so sensible a man would ever have taken the trouble to write a great book upon the subject, if he could have packed up all he had to say into the portable dogma, '*Knowledge is power*?' Pooh! no such aphorism is to be found in Bacon from the first page of his writings to the last."

PARSON (candidly).—"Well, I supposed it was Lord Bacon's, and I am very glad to hear that the aphorism has not the sanction of his authority."

* This aphorism has been probably assigned to Lord Bacon upon the mere authority of the index to his works. It is the aphorism of the index-maker, certainly not of the great master of inductive philosophy. Bacon has, it is true, repeatedly dwelt on the power of knowledge, but with so many explanations and distinctions, that nothing could be more unjust to his general meaning than to attempt to cramp into a sentence what it costs him a volume to define. Thus, if in one page he appears to confound knowledge with power, in another he sets them in the strongest antithesis to each other; as follows, "*Adeo, signanter Deus opera potentiae et sapientiae discriminavit.*" But it would be as unfair to Bacon to convert into an aphorism the sentence that discriminates between knowledge and power as it is to convert into an aphorism any sentence that confounds them.

LEONARD (recovering his surprise).—"But why so?"

PARSON.—"Because it either says a great deal too much, or just—nothing at all."

LEONARD.—"At least, sir, it seems to me undeniable."

PARSON.—Well, grant that it is undeniable. Does it prove much in favor of knowledge? Pray, is not ignorance power too?"

RICCABOCCA.—"And a power that has had much the best end of the quarter-staff."

PARSON.—"All evil is power, and does its power make it any thing the better?"

RICCABOCCA.—"Fanaticism is power—and a power that has often swept away knowledge like a whirlwind. The Mussulman burns the library of a world—and forces the Koran and the sword from the schools of Byzantium to the colleges of Hindostan."

PARSON (bearing on with a new column of illustration).—"Hunger is power. The barbarians, starved out of their energy by their own swarming population, swept into Italy and annihilated letters. The Romans, however degraded, had more knowledge, at least, than the Gaul and the Visigoth."

RICCABOCCA (bringing up the reserve).—"And even in Greece, when Greek met Greek, the Athenians—our masters in all knowledge—were beat by the Spartans, who held learning in contempt."

PARSON.—"Wherefore you see, Leonard, that though knowledge be power, it is only *one* of the powers of the world; that there are others as strong, and often much stronger; and the assertion either means but a barren truism, not worth so frequent a repetition, or it means something that you would find it very difficult to prove."

LEONARD.—"One nation may be beaten by another that has more physical strength and more military discipline; which last, permit me to say, sir, is a species of knowledge—"

RICCABOCCA.—"Yes; but your knowledge-mongers at present call upon us to discard military discipline, and the qualities that produce it, from the list of the useful arts. And in your own essay, you insist upon knowledge as the great disbander of armies, and the foe of all military discipline."

PARSON.—"Let the young man proceed. Nations, you say, may be beaten by other nations less learned and civilized?"

LEONARD.—"But knowledge elevates a class. I invite my own humble order to knowledge, because knowledge will lift them into power."

RICCABOCCA.—"What do you say to that, Mr. Dale?"

PARSON.—"In the first place, is it true that the class which has the most knowledge gets the most power? I suppose philosophers, like my friend Dr. Riccabocca, think they have the most knowledge. And pray, in what age have philosophers governed the world? Are they not always grumbling that nobody attends to them?"

"Per Bacco," said Riccabocca, "if people

had attended to us, it would have been a droll sort of world by this time!"

PARSON.—"Very likely. But, as a general rule, those have the most knowledge who give themselves up to it the most. Let us put out of the question philosophers (who are often but ingenious lunatics), and speak only of erudite scholars, men of letters and practical science, professors, tutors, and fellows of colleges. I fancy any member of Parliament would tell us that there is no class of men which has less actual influence on public affairs. They have more knowledge than manufacturers and ship-owners, squires and farmers; but, do you find that they have more power over the Government and the votes of the House of Commons?"

"They ought to have," said Leonard.

"Ought they?" said the Parson: "we'll consider that later. Meanwhile, you must not escape from your own proposition, which is, that knowledge *is* power—not that it *ought* to be. Now, even granting your corollary, that the power of a class is therefore proportioned to its knowledge—pray, do you suppose that while your order, the operatives, are instructing themselves, all the rest of the community are to be at a stand-still? Diffuse knowledge as you may, you will never produce equality of knowledge. Those who have most leisure, application, and aptitude for learning, will still know the most. Nay, by a very natural law, the more general the appetite for knowledge, the more the increased competition would favor those most adapted to excel by circumstance and nature. At this day, there is a vast increase of knowledge spread over all society, compared with that in the Middle Ages; but is there not a still greater distinction between the highly-educated gentleman and the intelligent mechanic, than there was then between the baron who could not sign his name and the churl at the plow? between the accomplished statesman, versed in all historical lore, and the voter whose politics are formed by his newspaper, than there was between the legislator who passed laws against witches, and the burgher who defended his guild from some feudal aggression? between the enlightened scholar and the dunce of to-day, than there was between the monkish alchemist and the blockhead of yesterday? Peasant, voter, and dunce of this century are no doubt wiser than the churl, burgher, and blockhead of the twelfth. But the gentleman, statesman, and scholar of the present age are at least quite as favorable a contrast to the alchemist, witch-burner, and baron of old. As the progress of enlightenment has done hitherto, so will it ever do. Knowledge is like capital: the more there is in a country, the greater the disparities in wealth between one man and another. Therefore, if the working class increase in knowledge, so do the other classes; and if the working class rise peacefully and legitimately into power, it is not in proportion to their own knowledge alone, but rather according as it seems to the knowledge of the other orders of

the community, that such augmentation of proportional power is just, and safe, and wise."

Placed between the Parson and the Philosopher, Leonard felt that his position was not favorable to the display of his forces. Insensibly he edged his chair somewhat away, and said mournfully—

"Then, according to you, the reign of knowledge would be no great advance in the aggregate freedom and welfare of man?"

PARSON.—"Let us define. By knowledge, do you mean intellectual cultivation?—by the reign of knowledge, the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds?"

LEONARD, (after a pause.)—"Yes."

RICCABOCCA.—"Oh indiscreet young man, that is an unfortunate concession of yours; for the ascendancy of the most cultivated minds would be a terrible oligarchy!"

PARSON.—"Perfectly true; and we now reply to your exclamation, that men who, by profession, have most learning ought to have more influence than squires and merchants, farmers and mechanics. Observe, all the knowledge that we mortals can acquire, is not knowledge positive and perfect, but knowledge comparative, and subject to all the errors and passions of humanity. And suppose that you could establish, as the sole regulators of affairs, those who had the most mental cultivation, do you think they would not like that power well enough to take all means their superior intelligence could devise to keep it to themselves? The experiment was tried of old by the priests of Egypt; and in the empire of China, at this day, the aristocracy are elected from those who have most distinguished themselves in learned colleges. If I may call myself a member of that body, 'the people,' I would rather be an Englishman, however much displeased with dull Ministers and blundering Parliaments, than I would be a Chinese under the rule of the picked sages of the Celestial Empire. Happily, therefore, my dear Leonard, nations are governed by many things besides what is commonly called knowledge; and the greatest practical ministers, who, like Themistocles, have made small states great—and the most dominant races who, like the Romans, have stretched their rule from a village half over the universe—have been distinguished by various qualities which a philosopher would sneer at, and a knowledge-monger would call 'sad prejudices,' and 'lamentable errors of reason.'"

LEONARD (bitterly).—"Sir, you make use of knowledge itself to argue against knowledge."

PARSON.—"I make use of the little I know to prove the foolishness of idolatry. I do not argue against knowledge; I argue against knowledge-worship. For here, I see in your Essay, that you are not contented with raising human knowledge into something like divine omnipotence, you must also confound her with virtue. According to you, we have only to diffuse the

intelligence of the few among the many, and all at which we preachers aim is accomplished.—Nay more; for whereas we humble preachers have never presumed to say, with the heathen Stoic, that even virtue is sure of happiness below (though it be the best road to it), you tell us plainly that this knowledge of yours gives not only the virtue of a saint, but bestows the bliss of a god. Before the steps of your idol, the evils of life disappear. To hear you, one has but 'to know,' in order to be exempt from the sins and sorrows of the ignorant. Has it ever been so? Grant that you diffuse among the many all the knowledge ever attained by the few. Have the wise few been so unerring and so happy? You supposed that your motto was accurately cited from Bacon. What was Bacon himself? The poet tells you—

'The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.'

Can you hope to bestow upon the vast mass of your order the luminous intelligence of this 'Lord Chancellor of nature?' Grant that you do so—and what guarantee have you for the virtue and the happiness which you assume as the concomitants of the gift? See Bacon himself; what black ingratitude! what miserable self-seeking! what truckling servility! what abject and pitiful spirit! So far from intellectual knowledge, in its highest form and type, insuring virtue and bliss, it is by no means uncommon to find great mental cultivation combined with great moral corruption." (Aside to Riccabocca).—"Push on, will you?"

RICCABOCCA.—"A combination remarkable in eras as in individuals. Petronius shows us a state of morals at which a commonplace devil would blush, in the midst of a society more intellectually cultivated than certainly was that which produced Regulus or the Horatii. And the most learned eras in modern Italy were precisely those which brought the vices into the most ghastly refinement."

LEONARD (rising in great agitation, and clasping his hands).—"I can not contend with you, who produce against information so slender and crude as mine the stores which have been locked from my reach. But I feel that there must be another side to this shield—a shield that you will not even allow to be silver. And oh, if you thus speak of knowledge, why have you encouraged me to know?"

CHAPTER XX.

"Ah, my son!" said the parson, "if I wished to prove the value of Religion, would you think I served it much, if I took as my motto, 'Religion is power?' Would not that be a base and sordid view of its advantages? And would you not say he who regards religion as a power, intends to abuse it as a priestcraft?"

"Well put!" said Riccabocca.

"Wait a moment—let me think. Ah—I see, sir!" said Leonard.

PARSON.—"If the cause be holy, do not weigh

it in the scales of the market; if its objects be peaceful, do not seek to arm it with the weapons of strife; if it is to be the cement of society, do not vaunt it as the triumph of class against class."

LEONARD (ingenuously).—"You correct me nobly, sir. Knowledge is power, but not in the sense in which I have interpreted the saying."

PARSON.—"Knowledge is *one* of the powers in the moral world, but one that, in its immediate result, is not always of the most worldly advantage to the possessor. It is one of the slowest, because one of the most durable, of agencies. It may take a thousand years for a thought to come into power; and the thinker who originated it might have died in rags or in chains."

RICCABOCCA.—"Our Italian proverb saith that 'the teacher is like the candle, which lights others in consuming itself.'"

PARSON.—"Therefore he who has the true ambition of knowledge should entertain it for the power of his idea, not for the power it may bestow on himself; it should be lodged in the conscience, and, like the conscience, look for no certain reward on this side the grave. And since knowledge is compatible with good and with evil, would it not be better to say, 'Knowledge is a trust?'"

"You are right, sir," said Leonard, cheerfully, "pray proceed."

PARSON.—"You ask me why we encourage you to know. First, because (as you say yourself in your Essay) knowledge, irrespective of gain, is in itself a delight, and ought to be something far more. Like liberty, like religion, it may be abused; but I have no more right to say that the poor shall be ignorant, than I have to say that the rich only shall be free, and that the clergy alone shall learn the truths of redemption. You truly observe in your treatise that knowledge opens to us other excitements than those of the senses, and another life than that of the moment. The difference between us is this, that you forget that the same refinement which brings us new pleasures exposes us to new pains—the horny hand of the peasant feels not the nettles which sting the fine skin of the scholar. You forget also, that whatever widens the sphere of the desires, opens to them also new temptations. Vanity, the desire of applause, pride, the sense of superiority—gnawing discontent where that superiority is not recognized—morbid susceptibility, which comes with all new feelings—the underrating of simple pleasures apart from the intellectual—the chase of the imagination, often unduly stimulated, for things unattainable below—all these are surely among the first temptations that beset the entrance into knowledge."

Leonard shaded his face with his hand.

"Hence," continued the Parson, benignantly—"hence, so far from considering that we do all that is needful to accomplish ourselves as men, when we cultivate only the intellect, we

should remember that we thereby continually increase the range of our desires, and, therefore, of our temptations; and we should endeavor, simultaneously, to cultivate both those affections of the heart, which prove the ignorant to be God's children no less than the wise, and those moral qualities which have made men great and good when reading and writing were scarcely known—to wit, patience and fortitude under poverty and distress; humility and beneficence amidst grandeur and wealth; and, in counteraction to that egotism, which all superiority, mental or worldly, is apt to inspire, Justice, the father of all the more solid virtues, softened by Charity, which is their loving mother. Thus accompanied, knowledge, indeed, becomes the magnificent crown of humanity—not the imperious despot, but the checked and tempered sovereign of the soul."

The Parson paused, and Leonard, coming near him, timidly took his hand, with a child's affectionate and grateful impulse.

RICCABOCCA.—"And if, Leonard, you are not satisfied with our Parson's excellent definitions, you have only to read what Lord Bacon himself has said upon the true ends of knowledge, to comprehend at once how angry the poor great man, whom Mr. Dale treats so harshly, would have been with those who have stinted his elaborate distinctions and provident cautions, into that coxcombical little aphorism, and then misconstrued all he designed to prove in favor of the commandant, and authority of learning. For," added the sage, looking up as a man does when he is tasking his memory, "I think it is thus that, after saying the greatest error of all is the mistaking or misplacing the end of knowledge, and denouncing the various objects for which it is vulgarly sought;—I think it is thus that he proceeds. . . . 'Knowledge is not a shop for profit or sale, but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate.'"

PARSON (remorsefully).—"Are those Lord Bacon's words? I am very sorry I spoke so uncharitably of his life. I must examine it again. I may find excuses for it now, that I could not when I first formed my judgment. I

* "But the greatest error of all the rest is the mistaking or misplacing of the last or farthest end of knowledge:—for men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to victory of wit and contradiction; and most times for lucre and profession;" [that is, for most of those objects which are meant by the ordinary citers of the saying, 'Knowledge is power;'] "and seldom, sincerely, to give a true account of these gifts of reason to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought in knowledge a couch whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale—and not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of men's estate."—ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING, BOOK I.

was then a raw lad at Oxford. But I see, Leonard, there is still something on your mind."

LEONARD.—"It is true, sir. I would but ask whether it is not by knowledge that we arrive at the qualities and virtues you so well describe, but which you seem to consider as coming to us through channels apart from knowledge?"

PARSON.—"If you mean by the word knowledge something very different from what you express in your essay—and which those contending for mental instruction, irrespective of religion and ethics, appear also to convey by the word—you are right;—but, remember, we have already agreed that by the word knowledge we mean culture purely intellectual."

LEONARD.—"That is true—we so understood it."

PARSON.—"Thus, when this great Lord Bacon erred, you may say that he erred from want of knowledge—the knowledge that moralists and preachers would convey. But Lord Bacon had read all that moralists and preachers could say on such matters; and he certainly did not err from want of intellectual cultivation. Let me here, my child, invite you to observe, that He who knew most of our human hearts and our immortal destinies, did not *insist* on this intellectual culture as essential to the virtues that form our well-being here, and conduce to our salvation hereafter. Had it been essential, the All-wise One would not have selected humble fishermen for the teachers of his doctrine, instead of culling his disciples from Roman Portico, or Athenian Academy. And this, which distinguishes so remarkably the Gospel from the ethics of heathen philosophy, wherein knowledge is declared to be necessary to virtue, is a proof how slight was the heathen sage's insight into the nature of mankind, when compared with the Saviour's; for hard, indeed, would it be to men, whether high or low, rich or poor, if science and learning, or contemplative philosophy, were the sole avenues to peace and redemption; since, in this state of ordeal, requiring active duties, very few, in any age, whether they be high or low, rich or poor, ever are or can be devoted to pursuits merely mental. Christ does not represent heaven as a college for the learned. Therefore the rules of the Celestial Legislator are rendered clear to the simplest understanding as to the deepest."

RICCABOCCA.—"And that which Plato and Zeno, Pythagoras and Socrates, could not do, was done by men whose ignorance would have been a by-word in the schools of the Greek. The gods of the vulgar were dethroned; the face of the world was changed! This thought may make us allow, indeed, that there are agencies more powerful than mere knowledge, and ask, after all, what is the mission which knowledge should achieve?"

PARSON.—"The Sacred Book tells us even that; for, after establishing the truth that, for the multitude, knowledge is not essential to happiness and good, it accords still to knowl-

edge its sublime part in the revelation prepared and announced. When an instrument of more than ordinary intelligence was required for a purpose divine—when the Gospel, recorded by the simple, was to be explained by the acute, enforced by the energetic, carried home to the doubts of the Gentile—the Supreme Will joined to the zeal of the earlier apostles the learning and genius of St. Paul—not holier than the others—calling himself the least, yet laboring more abundantly than them all—making himself all things unto all men, so that some might be saved. The ignorant may be saved no less surely than the wise; but here comes the wise man who helps to save! And how the fullness and animation of this grand Presence, of this indomitable Energy, seem to vivify the toil, and to speed the work! 'In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils of mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.' Behold, my son! does not Heaven here seem to reveal the true type of Knowledge—a sleepless activity, a pervading agency, a dauntless heroism, an all-supporting faith?—a power—a power, indeed—a power apart from the aggrandizement of self—a power that brings to him who owns and transmits it but 'weariness and painfulness; in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness'—but a power distinct from the mere circumstance of the man, rushing from him as rays from a sun;—borne through the air, and clothing it with light—piercing under earth, and calling forth the harvest! Worship not knowledge—worship not the sun, O my child! Let the sun but proclaim the Creator; let the knowledge but illumine the worship!"

The good man, overcome by his own earnestness, paused; his head drooped on the young student's breast, and all three were long silent.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHATEVER ridicule may be thrown upon Mr. Dale's dissertations by the wit of the enlightened, they had a considerable, and I think a beneficial effect upon Leonard Fairfield—an effect which may perhaps create less surprise, when the reader remembers that Leonard was unaccustomed to argument, and still retained many of the prejudices natural to his rustic breeding. Nay, he actually thought it possible that, as both Riccabocca and Mr. Dale were more than double his age, and had had opportunities not only of reading twice as many books, but of contracting experience in wider ranges of life—he actually, I say, thought it possible that they might be better acquainted with the properties and distinctions of knowledge than himself. At all events, the Parson's words were so far well-timed, that they produced in Leonard very much of that state of mind which Mr. Dale desired to effect, before communica-

ting to him the startling intelligence that he was to visit relations whom he had never seen, of whom he had heard but little, and that it was at least possible that the result of that visit might be to open to him greater facilities for instruction, and a higher degree in life.

Without some such preparation, I fear that Leonard would have gone forth into the world with an exaggerated notion of his own acquirements, and with a notion yet more exaggerated as to the kind of power that such knowledge as he possessed would obtain for itself. As it was, when Mr. Dale broke to him the news of the experimental journey before him, cautioning him against being over-sanguine, Leonard received the intelligence with a serious meekness, and thoughts that were nobly solemn.

When the door closed on his visitors, he remained for some moments motionless, and in deep meditation; then he unclosed the door, and stole forth. The night was already far advanced, the heavens were luminous with all the host of stars. "I think," said the student, referring, in later life, to that crisis in his destiny—"I think it was then, when I stood alone, yet surrounded by worlds so numberless, that I first felt the distinction between *mind* and *soul*."

"Tell me," said Riccabocca, as he parted company with Mr. Dale, "whether you think we should have given to Frank Hazeldean, on entering life, the same lecture on the limits and ends of knowledge which we have bestowed on Leonard Fairfield."

"My friend," quoth the Parson, with a touch of human conceit; "I have ridden on horseback, and I know that some horses should be guided by the bridle, and some should be urged by the spur."

"*Cospetto!*" said Riccabocca; "you contrive to put every experience of yours to some use—even your journey on Mr. Hazeldean's pad. And I see now why, in this little world of a village, you have picked up so general an acquaintance with life."

"Did you ever read White's *Natural History of Selborne*?"

"No."

"Do so, and you will find that you need not go far to learn the habits of birds, and know the difference between a swallow and a swift.—Learn the difference in a village, and you know the difference wherever swallows and swifts skim the air."

"Swallows and swifts!—true; but men—"

"Are with us all the year round—which is more than we can say of swallows and swifts."

"Mr. Dale," said Riccabocca, taking off his hat, with great formality, "if ever again I find myself in a dilemma, I will come to you instead of to Machiavelli."

"Ah!" cried the Parson, "if I could but have a calm hour's talk with you on the errors of the Papal relig—"

Riccabocca was off like a shot.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE next day, Mr. Dale had a long conversation with Mrs. Fairfield. At first, he found some difficulty in getting over her pride, and inducing her to accept overtures from parents who had so long slighted both Leonard and herself. And it would have been in vain to have put before the good woman the worldly advantages which such overtures implied. But when Mr. Dale said, almost sternly, "Your parents are old, your father infirm; their least wish should be as binding to you as their command," the widow bowed her head and said,

"God bless, them, sir, I was very sinful—'Honor your father and mother.' I'm no scollard, but I know the Commandments. Let Lenny go. But he'll soon forget me, and mayhap he'll learn to be ashamed of me."

"There I will trust him," said the Parson; and he contrived easily to re-assure and soothe her.

It was not till all this was settled that Mr. Dale drew forth an unsealed letter, which Mr. Richard Avenel, taking his hint, had given to him, as from Leonard's grandparents, and said, "This is for you, and it contains an inclosure of some value."

"Will you read it, sir? As I said before, I'm no scollard."

"But Leonard is, and he will read it to you."

When Leonard returned home that evening, Mrs. Fairfield showed him the letter. It ran thus:

"DEAR JANE—Mr. Dale will tell you that we wish Leonard to come to us. We are glad to hear you are well. We forward, by Mr. Dale, a bank-note for £50, which comes from Richard, your brother. So no more at present from your affectionate parents,

"JOHN AND MARGARET AVENEL."

The letter was in a stiff, female scrawl, and Leonard observed that two or three mistakes in spelling had been corrected, either in another pen or in a different hand.

"Dear brother Dick, how good in him!" cried the widow. "When I saw there was money, I thought it must be him. How I should like to see Dick again. But I s'pose he's still in Amerikay. Well, well, this will buy clothes for you."

"No; you must keep it all, mother, and put it in the Savings' Bank."

"I'm not quite so silly as that," cried Mrs. Fairfield with contempt; and she put the fifty pounds into a cracked teapot.

"It must not stay there when I'm gone. You may be robbed, mother."

"Dear me, dear me, that's true. What shall I do with it?—what do I want with it, too?" Dear me! I wish they hadn't sent it. I shan't sleep in peace. You must e'en put it in your own pouch, and button it up tight, boy."

Lenny smiled, and took the note; but he took

it to Mr. Dale, and begged him to put it into the Savings' Bank for his mother.

The day following he went to take leave of his master, of Jackeymo, of the fountain, the garden. But, after he had gone through the first of these adieus with Jackeymo—who, poor man, indulged in all the lively gesticulations of grief which make half the eloquence of his countrymen; and then, absolutely blubbering, hurried away—Leonard himself was so affected that he could not proceed at once to the house, but stood beside the fountain, trying hard to keep back his tears.

"You, Leonard—and you are going!" said a soft voice; and the tears fell faster than ever, for he recognized the voice of Violante.

"Do not cry," continued the child, with a kind of tender gravity. "You are going, but papa says it would be selfish in us to grieve, for it is for your good; and we should be glad. But I am selfish, Leonard, and I do grieve. I shall miss you sadly."

"You, young lady—you miss me!"

"Yes. But I do not cry, Leonard, for I envy you, and I wish I were a boy: I wish I could do as you."

The girl clasped her hands, and reared her slight form, with a kind of passionate dignity.

"Do as me, and part from all those you love!"

"But to serve those you love. One day you will come back to your mother's cottage, and say, 'We have conquered fortune.' Oh that I could go forth and return, as you will. But my father has no country, and his only child is a useless girl."

As Violante spoke, Leonard had dried his tears; her emotion distracted him from his own.

"Oh," continued Violante, again raising her head loftily, "what it is to be a man! A woman sighs, 'I wish,' but man should say 'I will.'"

Occasionally before, Leonard had noted fitful flashes of a nature grand and heroic, in the Italian child, especially of late—flashes the more remarkable from their contrast to a form most exquisitely feminine, and to a sweetness of temper which made even her pride gentle. But now it seemed as if the child spoke with the command of a queen—almost with the inspiration of a Muse. A strange and new sense of courage entered within him.

"May I remember these words!" he murmured half audibly.

The girl turned and surveyed him with eyes brighter for their moisture. She then extended her hand to him, with a quick movement, and, as he bent over it, with a grace taught to him by genuine emotion, she said,—“And if you do, then, girl and child as I am, I shall think I have aided a brave heart in the great strife for honor!”

She lingered a moment, smiled as if to herself, and then, gliding away, was lost among the trees.

After a long pause, in which Leonard recovered slowly from the surprise and agitation into

which Violante had thrown his spirits—previously excited as they were—he went, murmuring to himself, toward the house. But Riccabocca was from home. Leonard turned mechanically to the terrace, and busied himself with the flowers. But the dark eyes of Violante shone on his thoughts, and her voice rang in his ear.

At length Riccabocca appeared, followed up the road by a laborer, who carried something indistinct under his arm.

The Italian beckoned to Leonard to follow him into the parlor, and after conversing with him kindly, and at some length, and packing up, as it were, a considerable provision of wisdom in the portable shape of aphorisms and proverbs, the sage left him alone for a few moments. Riccabocca then returned with his wife, and bearing a small knapsack:

"It is not much we can do for you, Leonard, and money is the worst gift in the world for a keepsake; but my wife and I have put our heads together to furnish you with a little outfit. Giacomo, who was in our secret, assures us that the clothes will fit; and stole, I fancy, a coat of yours for the purpose. Put them on when you go to your relations: it is astonishing what a difference it makes in the ideas people form of us, according as our coats are cut one way or another. I should not be presentable in London thus; and nothing is more true than that a tailor is often the making of a man."

"The shirts, too, are very good holland," said Mrs. Riccabocca, about to open the knapsack.

"Never mind details, my dear," cried the wise man; "shirts are comprehended in the general principle of clothes. And, Leonard, as a remembrance somewhat more personal, accept this, which I have worn many a year when time was a thing of importance to me, and nobler fates than mine hung on a moment. We missed the moment, or abused it, and here I am, a waif on a foreign shore. Methinks I have done with Time."

The exile, as he thus spoke, placed in Leonard's reluctant hands a watch that would have delighted an antiquary, and shocked a dandy. It was exceedingly thick, having an outer case of enamel, and an inner one of gold. The hands and the figures of the hours had originally been formed of brilliants; but the brilliants had long since vanished. Still, even thus bereft, the watch was much more in character with the giver than the receiver, and was as little suited to Leonard as would have been the red silk umbrella.

"It is old-fashioned," said Mrs. Riccabocca, "but it goes better than any clock in the country. I really think it will last to the end of the world."

"*Carissima mia!*" cried the Doctor, "I thought I had convinced you that the world is by no means come to its last legs."

"Oh, I did not mean any thing, Alphonso," said Mrs. Riccabocca, coloring.

"And that is all we do mean when we talk about that of which we can know nothing," said

the Doctor, less gallantly than usual, for he resented that epithet of "old-fashioned," as applied to the watch.

Leonard, we see, had been silent all this time; he could not speak—literally and truly, he could not speak. How he got out of his embarrassment, and how he got out of the room, he never explained to my satisfaction. But, a few minutes afterward, he was seen hurrying down the road very briskly.

Riccabocca and his wife stood at the window gazing after him.

"There is a depth in that boy's heart," said the sage, "which might float an argosy."

"Poor dear boy! I think we have put every thing into the knapsack that he can possibly want," said good Mrs. Riccabocca musingly.

The DOCTOR (continuing his soliloquy).—"They are strong, but they are not immediately apparent."

Mrs. RICCABOCCA (resuming hers).—"They are at the bottom of the knapsack."

The DOCTOR.—"They will stand long wear and tear."

Mrs. RICCABOCCA.—"A year, at least, with proper care at the wash."

The DOCTOR (startled).—"Care at the wash! What on earth are you talking of, ma'am!"

Mrs. RICCABOCCA (mildly).—"The shirts to be sure, my love! And you?"

The DOCTOR (with a heavy sigh).—"The feelings, ma'am!" Then, after a pause, taking his wife's hand affectionately—"But you did quite right to think of the shirts; Mr. Dale said very truly—"

Mrs. RICCABOCCA.—"What?"

The DOCTOR.—"That there was a great deal in common between us—even when I think of feelings, and you but of—shirts."

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. and Mrs. Avenel sate within the parlor—Mr. Richard stood on the hearth-rug, whistling Yankee Doodle. "The Parson writes word that the lad will come to-day," said Richard suddenly—"let me see the letter—ay, to day. If he took the coach as far as —, he might walk the rest of the way in two or three hours. He should be pretty nearly here. I have a great mind to go and meet him: it will save his asking questions, and hearing about me. I can clear the town by the back way, and get out at the high road."

"You'll not know him from any one else," said Mrs. Avenel.

"Well, that is a good one! Not know an Avenel! We've all the same cut of the jib—have not we, father?"

Poor John laughed heartily, till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"We were always a well-favored fam'ly," said John, recomposing himself. "There was Luke, but he's gone; and Harry, but he's dead

too, and Dick, but he's in Amerikay—no, he's here; and my darling Nora, but—"

"Hush!" interrupted Mrs. Avenel; "hush, John!"

The old man stared at her, and then put his tremulous hand to his brow. "And Nora's gone too!" said he, in a voice of profound woe. Both hands then fell on his knees, and his head drooped on his breast.

Mrs. Avenel rose, kissed her husband on the forehead, and walked away to the window. Richard took up his hat, and brushed the nap carefully with his handkerchief; but his lips quivered.

"I'm going," said he abruptly. "Now mind, mother, not a word about Uncle Richard yet; we must first see how we like each other, and —(in a whisper) you'll try and get that into my poor father's head?"

"Ay, Richard," said Mrs. Avenel quietly. Richard put on his hat, and went out by the back way. He stole along the fields that skirted the town, and had only once to cross the street before he got into the high road.

He walked on till he came to the first milestone. There he seated himself, lighted his cigar, and awaited his nephew. It was now nearly the hour of sunset, and the road before him lay westward. Richard from time to time looked along the road, shading his eyes with his hand; and at length, just as the disc of the sun had half sunk down the horizon, a solitary figure came up the way. It emerged suddenly from the turn in the road: the reddening beams colored all the atmosphere around it. Solitary and silent it came as from a Land of Light.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"You have been walking far, young man," said Richard Avenel.

"No, sir, not very. That is Lansmere before me, is it not?"

"Yes, it is Lansmere; you stop there, I guess?"

Leonard made a sign in the affirmative, and walked on a few paces; then, seeing the stranger who had accosted him still by his side, he said—

"If you know the town, sir, perhaps you will have the goodness to tell me whereabouts Mr. Avenel lives?"

"I can put you in a straight cut across the fields, that will bring you just behind the house."

"You are very kind, but it will take you out of your way."

"No, it is in my way. So you are going to Mr. Avenel's?—a good old gentleman."

"I've always heard so; and Mrs. Avenel—"

"A particular superior woman," said Richard. "Any one else to ask after—I know the family well."

"No, thank you, sir."

"They have a son, I believe; but he's in America, is not he?"

"I believe he is, sir."

"I see the Parson has kept faith with me," muttered Richard.

"If you can tell me any thing about *him*," said Leonard, "I should be very glad."

"Why so, young man?—perhaps he is hanged by this time."

"Hanged!"

"He was a sad dog, I am told."

"Then you have been told very falsely," said Leonard, coloring.

"A sad wild dog—his parents were so glad when he cut and run—went off to the States. They say he made money; but, if so, he neglected his relations shamefully."

"Sir," said Leonard, "you are wholly misinformed. He has been most generous to a relative who had little claim on him; and I never heard his name mentioned but with love and praise."

Richard instantly fell to whistling Yankee Doodle, and walked on several paces without saying a word. He then made a slight apology for his impertinence—hoped no offense—and, with his usual bold but astute style of talk, contrived to bring out something of his companion's mind. He was evidently struck with the clearness and propriety with which Leonard expressed himself, raised his eyebrows in surprise more than once, and looked him full in the face with an attentive and pleased survey. Leonard had put on the new clothes with which Riccabocca and wife had provided him. They were those appropriate to a young country tradesman in good circumstances; but as he did not think about the clothes, so he had unconsciously something of the ease of the gentleman.

They now came into the fields. Leonard paused before a slip of ground sown with rye.

"I should have thought grass land would have answered better, so near a town," said he.

"No doubt it would," answered Richard; "but they are sadly behind-hand in these parts. You see that great park yonder, on the other side of the road? That would answer better for rye than grass; but then, what would become of my Lord's deer? The aristocracy eat us up, young man."

"But the aristocracy did not sow this piece with rye, I suppose?" said Leonard, smiling.

"And what do you conclude from that?"

"Let every man look to his own ground," said Leonard, with a cleverness of repartee caught from Doctor Riccabocca.

"Cute lad you are," said Richard; "and we'll talk more of these matters another time."

They now came within sight of Mr. Avenel's house.

"You can get through the gap in the hedge, by the old pollard oak," said Richard; and come round by the front of the house. Why, you're not afraid—are you?"

"I am a stranger."

"Shall I introduce you? I told you that I knew the old couple."

"Oh no, sir! I would rather meet them alone."

"Go; and—wait a bit—harkye, young man, Mrs. Avenel is a cold mannered woman; but don't be abashed by that."

Leonard thanked the good-natured stranger, crossed the field, passed the gap, and paused a moment under the stunted shade of the old hollow-hearted oak. The ravens were returning to their nests. At the sight of a human form under the tree, they wheeled round, and watched him afar. From the thick of the boughs, the young ravens sent their hoarse low cry.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE young man entered the neat, prim, formal parlor.

"You are welcome!" said Mrs. Avenel, in a firm voice.

"The gentleman is heartily welcome," cried poor John.

"It is your grandson, Leonard Fairfield," said Mrs. Avenel.

But John who had risen with knocking knees, gazed hard at Leonard, and then fell on his breast, sobbing aloud—"Nora's eyes!—he has a blink in his eyes like Nora's."

Mrs. Avenel approached with a steady step, and drew away the old man tenderly.

"He is a poor creature," she whispered to Leonard—"you excite him. Come away, I will show you your room."

Leonard followed her up the stairs, and came into a room—neatly, and even prettily furnished. The carpet and curtains were faded by the sun, and of old-fashioned pattern, but there was a look about the room as if it had long been disused.

Mrs. Avenel sank down on the first chair on entering.

Leonard drew his arm round her waist affectionately: "I fear that I have put you out sadly—my dear grandmother."

Mrs. Avenel glided hastily from his arm, and her countenance worked much—every nerve in it twitching as it were; then, placing her hand on his locks, she said with passion, "God bless you, my grandson," and left the room.

Leonard dropped his knapsack on the floor, and looked around him wistfully. The room seemed as if it had once been occupied by a female. There was a work-box on the chest of drawers, and over it hanging shelves for books, suspended by ribbons that had once been blue, with silk and fringe appended to each shelf, and knots and tassels here and there—the taste of a woman, or rather of a girl, who seeks to give a grace to the commonest things around her. With the mechanical habit of a student, Leonard took down one or two of the volumes still left on the shelves. He found SPENSER'S *Fairy Queen*, RACINE in French, TASSO in Italian; and on the fly-leaf of each volume, in the exquisite handwriting familiar to his memo-

ry, the name "Leonora." He kissed the books, and replaced them with a feeling akin both to tenderness and awe.

He had not been alone in his room more than a quarter of an hour, before the maid-servant knocked at his door and summoned him to tea.

Poor John had recovered his spirits, and his wife sate by his side holding his hand in hers. Poor John was even gay. He asked many questions about his daughter Jane, and did not wait for the answers. Then he spoke about the Squire, whom he confounded with Audley Eger-ton, and talked of elections, and the Blue party, and hoped Leonard would always be a good Blue; and then he fell to his tea and toast, and said no more.

Mrs. Avenel spoke little, but she eyed Leonard askant, as it were, from time to time; and after each glance the nerves of the poor severe face twitched again.

A little after nine o'clock Mrs. Avenel lighted a candle, and placing it in Leonard's hand, said, "You must be tired—you know your own room now. Good-night."

Leonard took the light, and, as was his wont with his mother, kissed Mrs. Avenel on the cheek. Then he took John's hand and kissed him too. The old man was half asleep and murmured dreamily, "That's Nora."

Leonard had retired to his room about half-an-hour, when Richard Avenel entered the house softly, and joined his parents.

"Well, mother?" said he.

"Well, Richard—you have seen him?"

"And like him. Do you know he has a great look of poor Nora?—more like her than Jane?"

"Yes; he is handsomer than Jane ever was, but more like your father than any one. John was so comely. You take to the boy then?"

"Ay, that I do. Just tell him in the morning that he is to go with a gentleman who will be his friend, and don't say more. The chaise shall be at the door after breakfast. Let him get into it: I shall wait for him out of the town. What's the room you give him?"

"The room you would not take."

"The room in which Nora slept? Oh, no! I could not have slept a wink there. What a charm there was in that girl!—how we all loved her! But she was too beautiful and good for us—too good to live!"

"None of us are too good," said Mrs. Avenel with great austerity, "and I beg you will not talk in that way. Good-night—I must get your poor father to bed."

When Leonard opened his eyes the next morning, they rested on the face of Mrs. Avenel, which was bending over his pillow. But it was long before he could recognize that countenance, so changed was its expression—so tender, so motherlike. Nay, the face of his own mother had never seemed to him so soft with a mother's passion.

"Ah!" he murmured, half rising, and flinging his young arms round her neck. Mrs.

Avenel, this time, and for the first, taken by surprise, warmly returned the embrace: she clasped him to her breast, she kissed him again and again. At length with a quick start she escaped, and walked up and down the room, pressing her hands tightly together. When she halted her face had recovered its usual severity and cold precision.

"It is time for you to rise, Leonard," said she. "You will leave us to-day. A gentleman has promised to take charge of you, and do for you more than we can. A chaise will be at the door soon—make haste."

John was absent from the breakfast-table. His wife said that he never rose till late, and must not be disturbed.

The meal was scarce over before a chaise and pair came to the door.

"You must not keep the chaise waiting—the gentleman is very punctual."

"But he is not come."

"No, he has walked on before, and will get in after you are out of the town."

"What is his name, and why should he care for me, grandmother?"

"He will tell you himself. Now, come."

"But you will bless me again, grandmother. I love you already."

"I do bless you," said Mrs. Avenel firmly. "Be honest and good, and beware of the first false step." She pressed his hand with a convulsive grasp, and led him to the outer door.

The postboy clanked his whip, the chaise rattled off. Leonard put his head out of the window to catch a last glimpse of the old woman. But the boughs of the pollard oak, and its gnarled decaying trunk, hid her from his eye. And look as he would, till the road turned, he saw but the melancholy tree.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE JOHN; OR, THE ROUGH ROAD TO RICHES.

ENGLAND affords, even in these degenerate days of peace, innumerable examples of the class called "lucky fellows;" that is to say, men who have begun life with a charity-school education and a shilling, and are now prosperous in wealth and station. Perhaps it is hardly fair to impute to good-luck, what may be mainly owing to industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance. But, after all, one may starve with all these virtues, in spite of all that copy-book maxims may say to the contrary. There is good-luck in success, whatever may have been the qualities by which that good luck has been seized at the right moment and turned to good account. Industry, frugality, patience, and perseverance, form a perfect locomotive—good-luck is the engine-driver who turns the handle and sets them in motion at the right moment.

Men who have been the "architects of their own fortunes," never admit that good luck has had any thing to do with their prosperity. Their pardonable vanity at their own success

makes them guilty of a species of ingratitude to Providence. Listen to one of these old gentlemen holding forth to his hopeful son or nephew on his, the said old gentleman's, past life; on his early poverty, his self-denial, his hard work, and his subsequent reward; and the burden of his discourse is ever the same,

"Alone I did it, boy!"

Should the listener at any point be tempted rashly to exclaim "how lucky!" the old gentleman will turn on him with a severe frown and say, "luck, sir; nonsense. There's no such thing as luck. Live on a crust, sir; that's the only way for a man to get on in the world. The old gentleman quite forgets that if his first venture in the *Chutnee* East Indianman had been a failure; or his first dabble in the stocks had not been followed by the battle of Leipsic; or his senior partner, who had nine-tenths of the profits of the business, had not departed this life suddenly in an apoplectic fit, he would have held a very different position in the world, and probably have been now a denizen of the second floor over his counting-house in the city, instead of a resident in Hyde Park Gardens.

An excellent specimen of this class of old gentlemen is "Uncle John." The obscurity of his early days is so great that even he himself finds it difficult to penetrate it. That he had a father and a mother is incontestable; but these worthy people seem to have left this world of sin at so early a period of "Uncle John's" existence, that, for all practical purposes, he might as well have been without them. His first juvenile recollections are connected with yellow stockings, leather shorts, a cutaway coat with a tin badge on it, and a little round woolen cap with a tuft in the middle of it, resting on a head formed by nature to accommodate a cap of double its dimensions. In a word, "Uncle John" was a charity-boy.

It must not be imagined that the above fact has ever been communicated by Uncle John himself; for the worthy man is weak enough to be ashamed of it, though he will discourse of his early privations in a mystical manner, with the design apparently of inducing you to regard him rather as a counterpart of Louis Philippe in his days of early exile, than as a commonplace, though equally interesting (to a right-thinking mind) young gentleman in yellow stockings. It is a fact, however, as indisputable as that Uncle John is now worth thirty or forty thousand pounds.

Emerging from the charity-school, and exchanging the leather shorts and yellow stockings for corduroys and gray worsted socks, Uncle John obtained the appointment of office-boy to a Temple attorney. His duties were multifarious—sweeping the office and serving writs, cleaning boots and copying declarations. His emoluments were not large—seven shillings a week and "find himself," which was less difficult, poor boy, than to find any thing *for* himself. But Uncle John persevered and was not disheartened. He lived literally on a crust, and

regaled himself only with the savory smells issuing from the cook's-shop, which was not only an economical luxury, but had the advantage of affording a stimulus to the imagination. He actually saved two shillings a week out of his salary, not to mention an occasional donation of a shilling on high days and holidays from his master.

Uncle John was never idle. When he had nothing to do for his master, which was rarely the case, he used to take a pen and any loose piece of paper or parchment, and copy, or imitate, the lawyer's engrossing hand—known as court-hand—till he became a good penman in this cramped style of writing. Having accomplished this object, Uncle John determined to "better himself," by getting a situation as copying clerk instead of office boy. He succeeded in his attempts, and was installed in another attorney's office as engrossing clerk at twelve shillings a week—a salary which appeared to him, at the time, enormous. But riches did not turn his head. The only increase which he made in his previous expenditure, was in wearing a rather cleaner shirt, and discarding corduroys for some more genteel material. Uncle John was too wise and too self-denying to be seduced *inside* the cook's-shop yet.

He was now saving at least six shillings a week, which is £15 a year! For four years no change took place in his condition. He still lived in his solitary garret; worked hard all day, and borrowed law books from the articulated clerks in the office, which he read at home at night. At home! poor fellow—what a name for his miserable little room up in the tiles of a house in a narrow court out of Fleet-street! But Uncle John was a brave fellow, and worked on without stopping to sentimentalize.

A promotion now took place in the office, and Uncle John was made chief common-law clerk at one pound a week. He had rendered himself quite competent for the duties by his midnight studies. He was never absent from his post, never forgot any thing, and was never ill; for he had the strength of a horse. It is suspected that about this time, Uncle John paid one or two visits to the cook's-shop; but it must not be supposed that the visits were *more* than one or two. As a rule, Uncle John dined on a piece of the cheapest meat he could purchase, boiled by himself in his garret.

He was wise enough, however, to be very neat in his dress, and thereby gained the credit of being a very respectable young man in the eyes of his employer; for it is a very remarkable fact that clerks are always expected to dress like gentlemen when their salaries are not even large enough to buy them food.

Another four years passed away, when one day Uncle John, having duly screwed up his courage, walked into his master's private room, and, after a little preliminary hesitation, ventured to hint that he should like to be articulated! The master stared—the clerk remained silently awaiting his answer.

"Are you aware," inquired the former, "that the expense of the stamp, &c., is one hundred and twenty pounds?"

Uncle John *was* aware of it, and he was prepared with the money. He had saved it out of his miserable salary.

The master stared still more. But, after a short time, he consented to article Uncle John, and to continue his salary during the term of his articles. Uncle John was in ecstasies, and so far forgot his usual prudence that evening as to indulge in half a pint of bad port wine—a taste, by the way, which he has retained to this day.

He was now a happy man. Every thing was "en train" now to make him one day a "gentleman by Act of Parliament"—as attorneys are facetiously termed. It would certainly require something more than even the omnipotence of an Act of Parliament to confer the character on some of the fraternity.

During the first year of his articles the managing clerk died, and Uncle John was promoted to that office with a salary of two hundred a year. Here was, indeed, a rise in life—from seven shillings a week to two hundred a year! Happy Uncle John. But you deserved it all; for you had plenty of the courage which is prepared for all ills, and endures those which it can not conquer.

Long before the five years of his articles had expired, the clerk had made himself so absolutely necessary to the master, that the latter could scarcely have carried on the business for a month without him. Therefore, when the time arrived at which he ceased to be a clerk and became himself an attorney, Uncle John hinted to his master that he was going to leave him. Cunning Uncle John! You had no such intention; but you knew that your master would take alarm, beg you to stay, and offer you a partnership. Of course—and he did so.

Uncle John's path in life was from henceforth comparatively smooth. He was the working partner in a business which was both profitable and of good quality. Within a few years his partner was foolish enough to quarrel with him, and to demand a dissolution of the partnership. Uncle John readily consented, and all the clients knowing well who was the man that understood the business and transacted it, followed him; and he became an attorney with a practice of two thousand a year, and no partner to share the profits.

His economical habits never forsook him. He married and kept a decent table; but save in a love of good wine (or at least what his uneducated taste considered so), he had nothing but the ordinary necessities of life. How much he saved each year who shall say? He had no children, and his practice increasing while his wants stood still, he became what he is now—a prosperous and highly respected old gentleman.

It is the fashion of the old to point out such men as models for the imitation of the rising

generation. The young, on the contrary, make them the subjects of their ridicule, for their bad grammar and worse manners. Let us see if we can find out the truth, unbiassed by either party. Uncle John is now a rich man, an honorable man, a hardworking man, and in the main a sensible man. He has attained his position in life by patience, perseverance, and industry, favored also by a little of that good luck to which we first referred. But Uncle John is deficient in many of the characteristics which adorn human nature. Is it not natural that he should be so? Where was he to learn the gentler feelings of his kind—affection, sympathy, benevolence? In his garret, alone and unfriended? He is mean and parsimonious. He is worth forty thousand pounds, and his deceased brother's child is starving with his wife in a suburban garret. Uncle John will not aid him with a penny. Who aided *him*? Did *he* not live in a garret, and save money too? Was *he* such a fool as to marry before he could keep a wife? Uncle John was guilty of no weaknesses in those days; he can not forgive them in another.

His only brother dies, leaving a large family and a widow—unprovided for: for the children have eaten up all he could ever earn. Uncle John does not like the widow (perhaps because she had so many children), but he gives her £50 a year. His own income is about four thousand.

His only sister is also left a widow without a sixpence. Uncle John gives *her* £50 a year. "People should not marry imprudently. He can afford no more; he has a great many calls upon him." Perhaps so; but the answer to such calls is always, "not at home."

He has many clerks now. He makes them all work twelve hours a day. Why not? *He* worked twelve hours a day.

He has articleed clerks too. They must work twelve hours a day also. *He* did it. True, Uncle John; but you had your salary for it; while they, on the contrary, pay you for the privilege of working for you.

There is an old adage that a slave makes the worst tyrant. Uncle John exemplifies it. Because he suffered poverty and privation, he thinks that every youth should endure the same. Because nature had given him the constitution of a horse, he thinks that every one should have a similar one.

Such men as Uncle John are striking examples of certain qualities; and of those particular qualities which conduce to success in life. Their highest praise (perhaps there is no higher praise in the world) is their unflinching integrity. But we can not bring ourselves to think them—on the whole—models for imitation. After all, there is selfishness at the bottom of their first motives, and this quality grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength, till, in their old age, they are impatient at all the enjoyments of youth. The hardships of their younger days are not only to be pitied for the pain they must have inflicted at the time,

but because they have closed up all the avenues through which the gentler, nobler, and more generous sympathies of our nature find their way into the heart. Their want of education has not been of the mind alone, but of the affections; and as it is ten thousand times more difficult to learn a language or a science in old age than in youth, so it is infinitely more difficult (if it be not impossible) to teach the science of the affections, and the language of the heart, to the old man whose youth has known nothing of either. Affliction and adversity teach oft-times sympathy and benevolence; but to do so they must have followed on happier times, and not have been a birth-portion. You may praise and respect "Uncle Johns," but you can not love them—neither can they love you.

DARLING DOREL.

DOROTHEA SIBYLLA, Duchess of Brieg, was born at Cöln, on the River Spree, in Prussia, on the 19th of October, 1590. She was the daughter of Elizabeth of Anhalt, and of John George, Margrave and Elector of Brandenburg, of the old princely Ascanian race. At the death of her husband in 1598, the widowed margravine retired to Crossen to superintend her daughter's education. In due time, suitors were not wanting for the hand of young Dorothea Sibylla: among others, the King of Denmark; but he sued in vain. Dorothea, at length, fixed her affection on John Christian, Duke of Liegnitz and Brieg, who enjoyed a great reputation for virtue, ability, and integrity. To him, after a short courtship, Dorothea was married on the 12th of December, 1610, at Crossen; and reached Brieg—the small capital of her future dominions—on the first of January in the following year.

Such is the dry sum of a charming Court biography, which first appeared in a periodical published in 1829, in Silesia, and which has been twice republished in a separate form—once (in 1838) at Brieg, under the title of "Passages from the Life of Dorothea Sibylla, Duchess of Liegnitz and Brieg." It purports to consist of extracts from the journal of a certain tanner and furrier of Brieg, named Valentinus Gierth, an occasional guest at the ducal castle, and ardent admirer of the duchess. As a simple, and—if internal evidence be worth any thing—truthful picture of German-Court life during the early part of the seventeenth century, it is not to be gainsayed; although suspicions of its authenticity have been cast upon it, similar to those which damaged the charms of the "Diary of Lady Willoughby," by eventually proving it to be a fiction.

Dorothea is described as a pattern of goodness, common sense, virtue, and piety. In domestic management, she was pre-eminent. For her own immediate attendants, she appointed fourteen maids of honor; and the first families of the land looked upon it as an inestimable privilege to place their daughters at the ducal court; which was a high school of all

noble virtues and accomplishments, "whereof the duchess herself was the chief teacher and most perfect model."

Nothing could be more primitive than the duchess's intercourse with the townspeople. Occasionally she walked in the streets of Brieg accompanied by her maids of honor, and chatted with such of the townspeople as were sitting on the benches outside their doors. The little children looked forward with the greatest delight to these town walks of the duchess; for the ladies-in-waiting invariably carried about with them in their pockets all sorts of sweetmeats, which the duchess distributed among the little claimants. For this reason, the little children stood peeping round the corners of the streets, when it got wind that the duchess was about to walk out; more especially when it was surmised that the duke would not be with her. So soon, therefore, as Dorothea Sibylla left the castle gate, the little urchins would run through the town, like wildfire, crying out, "The darling Dorel is coming!—the darling Dorel is coming!"

The manner in which this endearing designation first came to her ears is related with affecting simplicity. "It happened," says Master Gierth, with true German particularity, "on the 10th of September (old style) in the year of our Lord, 1613;" that being the Feast of St. Sibylla—one of the duchess's name-saints—and also the second birth-day of her son George. There was a great feast at the castle; to which the towns-folks and the children of the High and Guild Schools were invited.

"From the terrace," quoth the chronicler, "the whole procession moved along a wide, smooth walk before the orangery; where the quality, as well as the children, were richly treated with strong, spiced wine, orange-water, and confectionery. Her ladyship did, likewise, lay certain presents before the young lord, her son; she did, likewise, examine the children's school-books, and the master's report, wherein the conduct of the children was noted, and did put apposite questions to them touching their Christian belief, and the like; and, on receiving right proper answers, her face did shine like an angel's."

"One little maiden, however, which was weak and ignorant, was not able to answer the questions aright; whereupon her ladyship did ask:

"My child, what is your name?" Whereunto she did answer, 'Anna Pohlin.'

"Well," asked her ladyship, 'and what is my name?'

"Straightway the little maiden did answer, 'Darling Dorel!'

"Hereupon Master Valentinus Gierth was somewhat affronted, but did quickly recover himself; and, stepping up to her ladyship, did say:

"Most gracious lady! I trust your ladyship will pardon these words, and not take them amiss; inasmuch, as it is true that the women of this town, as well as of the neighboring villages, when they do speak of your ladyship, do commonly call your ladyship the Darling Dorel.'

"Then did the duchess fold her hands, and, raising them to heaven, did say :

"God be praised for such a precious title ! the which, as long as I am in my senses, I would not exchange against 'Your Majesty !'

"The duke did, thereupon, embrace her ladyship, saying :

"Away with the title, 'princely consort !' I will ever henceforth call thee by none other save 'Darling Dorel !' "

We by no means intend to follow the good tanner through his minute records ; but merely write thus much, as necessary preface to a quaint little love story. Premising that the duchess had sent, after her usual fashion, a marriage present to a certain lady, by two of her maids of honor (by name Agnes and Mary), we shall transfer the narrative to our pages in Master Gierth's own manner.

After the presentation of the gifts, and when the marriage ceremony was concluded, the two maids of honor were preparing to return to Brieg, when the bride's father stopped them, saying :

"How ? Shall I suffer two such angels of joy to depart, without tasting of my food and my drink ? Nay, noble damsels, ye must abide here awhile beyond the marriage festivities, and be of good cheer ! I will immediately dispatch a trusty messenger on horse to her most gracious ladyship, the duchess, and obtain leave for your sojourn here.'

"The two damsels did, therefore, abide there the space of three days, and became acquainted with two gallants of the place ; with whom they did exchange love-tokens and rings. But when the two damsels returned to Brieg to render an account of their mission, the duchess did note the rings on the fingers of the two damsels, and questioned them how they came thereby. So soon, therefore, as the two damsels did confess the truth, their mistress, half-jestingly, and half in earnest, said unto them :

"How now, ye gad-about ! ye have scarce chipped the egg-shell, and have, as yet, no means to make the pot boil, seeing that ye are poor orphans, and under age ; and ye yet dare to listen to the nonsense of strange gallants, unbeknown to your foster-mother ! Tell me, foolish young things, ought I not to take the rod to you ? Take off the rings from your fingers, and give them to me. I will send them back ; seeing that the betrothal is null and void, and mere child's play.'

"The young damsels did then obey her ladyship, but wept apace the while. This caused her ladyship to have compassion upon them, and she did minister comfort to them thus :

"Ah ! beloved daughters ! ye shed bitter, hot tears that ye do not already wear the curch [the German head dress of married women]. But if ye did but know the heaviness of being wedded wives, even when the cares are lightest, ye would rejoice ! Meanwhile, the matter hath been carried on against all Christian order. I have always heard that the lover first maketh his suit known to the parents or the guardians,

and that then the betrothal taketh place. Your suitors must needs be in great haste. Why stand they in such great necessity of pushing their suit ?'

"Hereupon the damsel Agnes plucked up an heart, and said quickly,

"Most gracious lady ! the gentlemen did come with us ; and have already the consent of their own parents to make their suit if they be but encouraged by a sign of approval.'

"Ah ! Heaven have mercy !' cried the duchess, joining her hands. 'Have ye, scapegraces indeed, brought your gallants hither ? I dare not inquire further. May be, ye have hidden them in your chambers ? Meggy (the duchess's nurse), beg his lordship to come hither ; I must talk the matter over with him.'

"After the duke had come and heard that which had befallen, he straightways asked the names of the gallants ; and when the damsels had informed his grace thereof, his lordship did turn unto his consort, saying :

"Listen, Darling Dorel : the parents, on both sides, are most worthy persons, and of unblemished birth. I advise that thou shouldst give thy consent thereunto ! Remember, dearest, that we twain were of one mind long before I made known my suit unto thy mother.'

"Whereupon her ladyship did strike her lord upon the mouth with her kerchief, and said,

"Well !—well !—but we must first look at these youths, and learn what they are like. Tell us now, young damsels, where are your lovers hidden, and what is the signal ye have agreed upon ?'

"Agnes did immediately tell her ladyship that the gallants were housed at the Golden Pitcher ; and, whereas the Lion's Tower, in the palace, could thence be plainly discerned, they had agreed to tie a white kerchief round the neck of one of the lions as a signal that there was hope for them ! The gallants had agreed to abide at the hostel the space of eight days. Should the matter, however, turn out ill, the kerchief displayed was to be black.

"Well done,' said the duchess to her husband ; 'they wish to take two fortresses at once ; and would have the white flag wave without firing a shot, and without attempting a storm.'

"Hereupon the Duke Christian did take the hand of his beloved wife, and spoke, somewhat in an under tone :

"Darling wife ! was not the green branch so often stuck in your window at Crossen ; also a white flag ? Moreover, thou knowest little of a siege ; preparations for storming a citadel are not made during the daylight ; but secretly, in the night season, in order that the garrison perceive them not. Shots may already have been fired. Tell me, young girls, have ye already kissed the gallants ? Mary, do you speak ; ye have not yet opened your mouth : make a clean breast.'

"Ah ! most gracious liege,' answered Mary, 'the gentlemen have, indeed, squeezed

hands in secret, while we sat at table; and during the marriage-dance, and at sundry other dances, we kissed each other—seeing that others did the like. But we could not be alone with them at any other time; for the bride's mother was always about us, and we lay in her room. Neither, on the way home, had we much liberty; seeing that the old secretary, whom her ladyship did send with us, did observe us most narrowly. But, when the old man did look out of the window of the carriage, then did the gallants look tenderly upon us, and did kiss their hands to us."

" 'There, now,' said his lordship, turning to his wife, 'you see that the siege was conducted with vigor. The squeezing of hands was the parley; the kisses the cannon-balls, sent so freely; and the tender looks the shells. Depend upon it the storm can not long be delayed. Listen, darling wife, my heart melts when I bethink me that we also, in our youth, could not brook a long delay.'

" 'Let the drums beat the chamade [parley], and let us show our colors!' said the duchess; while she threw her arms round her husband's neck, and stopped his mouth with a kiss. The duke did then ask her, jestingly, 'But which flag shall it be?'

" Hereupon the two young damsels did cry aloud, as with one voice:

" 'The white!—most gracious liege!—the white!'

" The duchess could not choose but laugh heartily, and his lordship did immediately order a servant to mount the tower, and to tie a white kerchief round one of the lion's necks. His lordship did then sing an old song the children are wont to sing on May-day:

" 'A stately house my lord doth keep,
Two maidens from the windows peep;
A kerchief white the one doth wave,
Because they fain would husbands have.'

And then did depart to put on better apparel, wherein to await the coming of the wooers. He did also command that all the court ladies and the courtiers should be present at the wooing. Meanwhile, 'Darling Dorel' did ask the damsels where they had gotten the rings which they had presented to their gallants in return for theirs? Thereupon Agnes did reply unto her ladyship:

" 'Most gracious lady! we are but poor orphans, and possess nought save poor little gold rings belonging to our departed mothers, and these we could not bear to part with. We have therefore promised to buy rings with our savings, and deliver them to our gallants on some fitting opportunity.'

" 'In this case,' said her ladyship, 'ye are but half betrothed, and there is yet time to think twice of the matter;' nevertheless, her ladyship did praise the young damsels, inasmuch as they did not part lightly and rashly with their mothers' trinkets. She advised them, moreover, to tarry; as they or their gallants might change their minds.

" This speech did much alarm the damsels, who did then believe the whole matter to be postponed; and they did forthwith begin to weep, and to beseech her ladyship, not for this account, to cause their lovers to alter their mind, seeing that they, the damsels, were poor, and were not likely soon to get other suitors.

" The duchess did then say unto them: 'The misfortune would not be so great! I would find husbands for you soon enough.' Hereupon, she turned to old Meggy, and said,

" 'Ah! most worthy nurse, what a life does a wretched princess lead! Had I but married an honest burgher, then should I have had nothing but my household duties and my children to attend to; I could have gone quietly to bed, slept without care, and waked with pleasure; but in my position every thing is otherwise. Alack, when my other damsels come hither, and learn that these silly girls are already betrothed, they will all run mad, and I shall have to send them to all the marriage feasts throughout the duchy to pick up husbands.'

" Hereupon, she sent the nurse Meggy for her jewel box, opened it, and gave to each of the two damsels a handsome ring, the which they might present to their lovers, and thus return their pledge; but under this condition, that they were not to deliver their rings until the duchess gave them a sign thereunto with her kerchief.

" While all this was going on, the duke on his part had entered the duchess's apartment, accompanied by the chamberlain, all the gentlemen of his court, and the maids of honor. The lovers, meanwhile, were on the look out, and were not aware that matters had gone to such a length touching their love affairs. They had joyfully obeyed the white signal, and stood near unto the gates of the castle waiting for some opportunity of seeing their betrothed. The duke perceived this, and hereupon opened the window, and called unto the soldiers on guard, 'Arrest me those two fellows, and conduct them to the guard-house, until further orders!'

" Hereupon the damsels, Agnes and Mary, were exceedingly afraid. The duke, however, did comfort them with the following words:

" 'This is on your account; hasten and put on proper attire; ye still have got on your old clothes, and must adorn yourselves.'

" The damsels ran gleefully and quickly into their rooms; whither the duchess sent after them two other damsels to aid them in plaiting their hair. They soon returned; and each of the damsels about to be betrothed had put on the bridal wreath belonging to her mother.

" The duke now ordered the lovers to be summoned from the guard-house. They were sore abashed when they entered the room; especially when his gracious lordship addressed the following questions to them:

" 'What are your names? Have you passports? and what is your will?'

" The young men twirled their caps in their hands; stared first at their loves, and then at

their gracious lieges; but could not utter a word, and stood looking very sheepish.

"‘Ah!’ said his lordship, ‘never in my life did I meet with two such dumb fellows. My dominions will soon touch those of Oppeln, and you serve excellent well as landmarks! can neither of ye say ‘yea or nay?’ Answer me straight! Have ye got the consent of your parents to propose for those two chits; and are ye ready to affirm the same on your word of honor, as gentlemen?’”

"Then did the young men recover their speech, and they both answered, ‘Yea.’

"‘Well,’ said the duke, ‘I will now believe ye, and keep you at my court some few days; but as ye may be rogues and vagabonds for all that I know, I will therefore send a messenger on horseback to your parents to get further intelligence, and ye must have patience the while.’

"Hereupon the damsel, Mary, turned to the duchess, and said to her with great simplicity,

"‘Most gracious lady, the gentlemen have spoken truth! Their parents have given them permission to woo us. We have concealed nothing from them, but confessed in the presence of the old lady Wentzkin, that we were poor orphan girls, and have no dower. But the mothers of our two lovers said that all was well; if only we brought a blessing from Darling Dorel, they should value it more than an earldom! This Agnes and I can affirm on oath.’

"On hearing this, the duchess folded her hands in prayer, looked toward heaven with tears in her eyes, and still praying, and gave the signal with her kerchief. Immediately the damsels placed the rings on the fingers of their lovers, knelt down before the duchess, and besought her blessing. The duchess laid her hands upon the heads of the young girls and said,

"‘God alone, who is in heaven, knows whether this will prove a blessing or a curse; but, if God hear the prayer of a weak woman, it will prove a blessing! Bethink ye of your deceased parents; and may their blessing evermore accompany ye! And therefore, let us most fervently utter the Lord’s Prayer.’

"Hereupon all present fell upon their knees, and prayed in a low voice; but her most gracious ladyship did say the Lord’s Prayer aloud.

"After the prayer was finished, the duchess made a sign to the chief lady about the court, who did thereupon bring, on a silver salver, two half wreaths, which were twined in the hair of the two damsels, Agnes and Mary, after they had taken off their own wreaths; for it was the custom, in Brieg, for betrothed maidens to wear only half wreaths until their wedding-day, when they wore whole ones. The chamberlain did hereupon display from the window a red flag; upon which signal the ducal band did strike up a merry tune with trumpets and kettle-drums from the castle tower; whereupon a crowd gathered in the town to know the cause of such rejoicing at the palace.

"So soon, therefore, as the betrothed couples had duly thanked his grace and the duchess by kissing the hems of their garments, her gracious ladyship did announce to the betrothed damsels, that they should tarry with her for the space of one year, in order more fully to learn their household duties, and to strengthen them in the practice of the Christian virtues; seeing that they were still, as the duchess said, as ignorant as callow geese! Moreover, their clothes and furniture had to be provided, and the like. But to the gentlemen, she said:

"Mind, gentlemen, ye must also make the best of it! Ye are scarce out of leading-strings, and must go through some sort of ordeal. I would advise you to travel, if so be your parents can afford it.’

"‘By all means,’ added the duke; ‘my Darling Dorel is perfectly right: you must travel; and, if ye know not whither, go to Jericho, and get ye some beards to your faces.’

"As it was yet early in the day, his gracious lordship did order dinner to be prepared: to which, besides the Town Council, and their wives and children, Master Valentinus Gierth and his wife Susanna, were invited.

"His gracious lordship was exceeding merry, and the duchess was most kind in her manner; nevertheless, the guests did not fail to mark that her gracious ladyship did oftentimes look toward the new brides, and that big tears did sometimes roll down her cheek the while.”

COURTESY OF AMERICANS.

I LIKE the Americans more and more: either they have improved wonderfully lately, or else the criticisms on them have been cruelly exaggerated. They are particularly courteous and obliging; and seem, I think, amiably anxious that foreigners should carry away a favorable impression of them. As for me, let other travelers say what they please of them, I am determined not to be prejudiced, but to judge of them exactly as I find them; and I shall most pertinaciously continue to praise them (if I see no good cause to alter my present humble opinion), and most especially for their obliging civility and hospitable attention to strangers, of which I have already seen several instances.

I have witnessed but very few isolated cases, as yet, of the unrefined habits so usually ascribed to them; and those cases decidedly were not among the higher orders of people; for there seems just as much difference in America as any where else in some respects. The superior classes here have almost always excellent manners, and a great deal of real and natural, as well as acquired refinement, and are often besides (which perhaps will not be believed in fastidious England) extremely distinguished-looking. By the way, the captains of the steamboats appear a remarkably gentlemanlike race of men in general, particularly courteous in their deportment, and very considerate and obliging to the passengers.—
Lady Emeline Wortley.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL AND GENERAL NEWS. THE UNITED STATES.

THE past month has been remarkable for general quiet and for an absence of excitement of any kind, rather than for events either of political or general interest. It has often been noted as characteristic of the American Republic, that, however fierce and menacing popular excitement may appear to be, it disappears with the immediate event which gave it birth. A presidential election, for instance, calls forth the most embittered and apparently dangerous contests between different sections of the Union, and an observer, unacquainted with the character of our people, and the practical working of our institutions, would naturally expect that the result, whatever it might be, would excite the defeated party to armed resistance, and plunge the country into civil war. But the whole country is never so quiet—the public mind is never so free from agitation, as immediately after an excited election contest. The adjournment of Congress has had a similar effect. Stimulants to sectional or party feeling are no longer there applied; the public attention is no longer fastened upon public men, and social and civil life resume their ordinary channels of quiet and harmonious progress.

Some of the State Legislatures are still in session, but their action is too local to excite general interest. A very important Act has passed the Legislature of the State of New York, re-organizing the Common School System of the State, and placing it partially upon the free basis. By the law of 1849 all the common schools of the State were made entirely free, their cost being paid by county, town, and district taxation. This was found to be highly obnoxious, chiefly from that provision which gave the voters in any district power to tax the property of the district *ad libitum* for school purposes. The new law was passed to remedy those objections. By its provisions a State tax of \$800,000 is annually imposed upon the property of the State, and distributed among the schools. The balance, if any should be required, is to be collected by rate-bill from those who send to school, indigent persons being exempt, at the expense of property of the town. The bill has become a law and will go into operation next fall. Another very important measure has been introduced into the Legislature, concerning the enlargement of the Erie Canal. The Constitution of the State sets apart the surplus revenues of the canals in each year, for the completion of the enlargement; but the rapidly increasing competition of railroads has led the Legislature to perceive the necessity of accomplishing this work more rapidly than it can be done in the way hitherto adopted. The bill referred to proposes to borrow money on the credit of the surplus revenues set apart by the Constitution; and with the money thus procured, to complete the enlargement forthwith, setting apart the revenues as a fund to redeem the certificates. The measure was very strenuously resisted by the Democratic party, chiefly on the ground that it was unconstitutional. This, however, was denied by the friends of the bill. It was argued with great ability and zeal on both sides. In the Assembly

the bill passed, by a vote of 76 ayes and 21 nays. In the Senate it is still under consideration. We have already recorded the attempt and failure of the Legislature to elect a Senator in the Congress of the United States. On the 18th of March the effort was renewed by a joint resolution, and after a session protracted until two hours after midnight, it resulted, through the absence of two Democratic Senators, in the choice, by separate nomination of each House, of HAMILTON FISH. In the Senate there were 16 votes for, and 12 against him. In the House he received 68 votes and there were but 8 against him. He has accepted the office.—The members of the Legislature and the State Officers paid a visit of three days to the City of New York, on the invitation of the Mayor and Common Council. They visited the different public and charitable institutions, of this city and Brooklyn; and were entertained at a public dinner at the Astor House, on the evening of March 22d. This is the first visit of the kind ever made.—A bill for the suppression of gambling, containing some stringent provisions, having been introduced into the Senate, and referred to a committee of three, GEORGE W. BULL, sergeant-at-arms of that body, endeavored to enter into negotiations with the reputed proprietor of a gambling "hell" in New York to delay or defeat the bill, for an adequate compensation. He managed to procure a note from the committee to the effect that the bill would not come up the present session. The attempt was exposed, and the offender forthwith dismissed from his office. An unsuccessful attempt was made to implicate the senatorial committee in this scandalous affair, upon the ground that they could not have been ignorant of the purpose for which their note was procured.

Nothing of special importance has occurred in any section of the country. In Ohio the Legislature has adopted a series of resolutions concerning the Fugitive Slave law, urging a faithful execution of the law, but recommending such modifications as experience may prove to be essential. In view of the Act of the Legislature of South Carolina, providing for the appointment of delegates to a Southern Congress, the General Assembly of Virginia has passed a series of resolutions to the following purport: 1. That while Virginia sympathizes in the feelings excited by the interference of the non-slaveholding States with the domestic institutions of the South, yet the people of that State "are unwilling to take any action, in consequence of the same, calculated to destroy the integrity of this Union." 2. That regarding the Compromise measures, "taken together, as an adjustment of the exciting questions to which they relate, and cherishing the hope that if fairly executed, they will restore to the country that harmony and confidence, which of late have been so unhappily disturbed, the State of Virginia deems it unwise, in the present condition of the country, to send delegates to the proposed Southern Congress." 3. Virginia appeals to South Carolina "to desist from any meditated secession upon her part, which cannot but tend to the destruction of the Union, and the loss to all the States of the blessings that spring from it." 4. Believing that the Constitution provides adequate

protection to the rights of all the States, Virginia "invokes all who live under it to adhere more strictly to it, and to preserve inviolate the safeguards which it affords to the rights of individual States, and the interests of sectional minorities."

5. Reprobrates all legislation or combinations designed to affect the institutions peculiar to the South, as derogatory and offensive to the Southern States, and calculated to "defeat the restoration of peaceful and harmonious sentiments in these States." These dignified and temperate resolutions passed with singular unanimity: the 3d with but three, the 1st with only one, and the 4th and 5th without a single dissenting voice, out of 118 members present and voting. They were directed to be transmitted to the Executive of each of the States, with the exception of Vermont. In the Senate an amendment was passed, omitting this exception of Vermont; but the House refusing, by a very close vote, to concur, the Senate receded.

There is little doubt that these resolutions embody the prevalent sentiment of the South. The *Richmond Enquirer*, one of the ablest and most influential Southern papers, affirms them to be "such an expression of sentiment as will harmonize with the universal sentiment of the South, with rare exceptions. South Carolina," it goes on to say, "still wears the front of resistance and war; and in a portion of Mississippi we expect to hear of secret pledges of dark import, of maps, drawings, and lines of demarkation for a Southern Confederacy, of a President in embryo, foreign ministers in expectancy, and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a Southern Court. We have watched the Southern horizon with a steady and keen eye, and with the slight exceptions alluded to above, we can not but regard it as a fixed fact that the South has already acquiesced in the Compromise measures."

In Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, and Kentucky, all the indications of public sentiment are of the same tendency. In Missouri the State Convention has adopted an address and resolutions in favor of the course pursued by Mr. Benton in opposition to those who are regarded as the enemies of the Union.

In South Carolina, the tone of the press and of public men is decidedly hostile to the Union. It is, however, a significant fact that the election of delegates to the State Convention failed to draw out a third of the vote of the State. Col. ISAAC W. HAYNE, the Attorney-General of the State, and member-elect from Charleston, of the State Convention, has published a letter in which he laments this apathy on the part of the voters. He affirms that any State has "a right to withdraw from the Union, with or without cause;" that he has begun to "loathe the tie which connects us with our miscalled brethren of the North." "Not the victims of the tyranny of Mezentius," he goes on to say, "could have shrunk in more disgust from the unnatural union of warm and breathing life with the rotting carcass of what had once been a brother man, than I do from this once cherished but now abhorred and forced connection." The policy which he recommends, now that the occasion which the "admission of California and the dismemberment of Texas" might have afforded, has passed away unimproved is, "to teach that disunion is a thing certain in the future; to direct, in contemplation of this, all the energies of our people first to preparation for a physical contest," and then "to develop all our own resources, and cut off, as far as possible, all intercourse with the offending States. This done, to hold ourselves ready to move on the first general ferment in the

South, which, my life upon it, will occur full soon, and in the meanwhile, to cultivate the kindest relations, and to keep up, industriously and with system, the closest intercourse with our sister States of the South."

A letter from Senator PHELPS of Vermont to a member of the Virginia Legislature, respecting the Vermont law in relation to fugitives, appears in the Southern papers. It bears date in January, but we believe it is now first published. He gives it as his opinion that the law of Vermont, of which a synopsis may be found in our January Number, was passed in haste, and without due consideration, and does not embody the deliberate sense of the people or of the legislative body of that State. He affirms that the entire Congressional delegation of the State agree with him in deprecating its passage; and expresses the opinion that it will be repealed at the next session of the Legislature.

Chevalier HULSEMANN, the Austrian Chargé, in reply to the famous dispatch of Mr. Webster, says that the opinions of his Government remain unaltered with respect to the mission of Mr. Mann; but that it "declines all ulterior discussion of that annoying incident," from unwillingness to disturb its friendly relations with the United States. Austria has not demanded, and will not demand anything beyond the putting in practice the principles of non-intervention announced by President Fillmore; and is "sincerely disposed to remain in friendly relations with the Government of the United States so long as the United States shall not deviate from those principles." Mr. WEBSTER, in reply, states that the President regrets that the dispatch was unsatisfactory, but is gratified to learn that the Imperial Government desires to continue the present friendly relations; and also that it approves the sentiments expressed in his Message, in accordance with which he intends to act. He says that the Government of the United States is equally disinclined to prolong the discussion; but declares that the principles and policy avowed by the United States are "fixed and fastened upon them by their character, their history, and their position among the nations of the world; and it may be regarded as certain that these principles and this policy will not be abandoned or departed from until some extraordinary change shall take place in the general current of human affairs."

AMIN BEY, the Turkish Commissioner, in taking leave of the President, preparatory to returning to his own country, read an address expressing his appreciation of the courtesy shown him upon his visit, and his sense of the progress and resources of this country. He carries with him to Constantinople many valuable works, presented by Government and by private liberality, relating to the agriculture, industry, and commerce of the United States.

In Ohio the Constitutional Convention closed its labors on the 10th of March, having been in session nearly six months. The Constitution which they framed is to be voted upon on the third Tuesday in June. It embraces 16 articles, divided into 168 sections. It provides for freedom of religion, equality of political rights, trial by jury, the *habeas corpus*, freedom of speech and of the press, and no imprisonment for debt. The right of suffrage is vested in all free white male adult citizens. All patronage is taken from the General Assembly; judicial and executive officers are to be elected by the people; and the public printing to be given to the lowest responsible bidder. No new county can be formed without the sanction of the majority of

voters in all the counties of which the boundaries would be changed. Provision is made for the liquidation of the State debt; and no new debt can be created by the General Assembly except in case of war or insurrection, or to a limited amount to meet any temporary deficiency; and funds borrowed for these purposes can be used for no other. No special act of incorporation can be granted; but a general law, subject to alteration or repeal, may be passed, under which associations may be formed. The General Assembly is prohibited from assuming the debt of any county, town, or city; from loaning the credit of the State to, or becoming a stockholder in any corporation or association. No divorce can be granted by the Legislature. An article prohibiting licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors is to be separately voted upon. Provision is made for law reform, and for amendments to the Constitution from time to time. Every twenty years the question of a Constitutional Convention is to be submitted to vote. The details of the legislative, executive, and judicial systems, are not essentially different from those which generally prevail.

In Virginia a Constitutional Convention is now in session. It is at present occupied in discussing the question of the basis of representation. The section of the State east of the Blue Ridge, with about four-ninths of the free population, pays nearly two-thirds of the taxes. They desire that one half of the representatives should be apportioned in the ratio of the voters; and the other half in that of taxation; which would secure the preponderance to the eastern section. The west demand that representation shall be in the ratio of the voters, which would give the political supremacy to their portion of the State. The debates have been protracted and exciting.

The frontiers of Texas continue to be harassed by marauding parties of Indians. An expedition has been fitted out to bring them to terms.

The little village of Socorro, in New Mexico, has been the scene of a fearful tragedy. A band of desperadoes had gradually collected there, who indulged in the most wanton acts of outrage and barbarity, upon the Mexican residents, finally ending in more than one deliberate murder. A few members of the Boundary Commission who had been left there, headed an organization which captured a number of the gang, of whom three were tried and hung on the spot. The ringleader, who had made his escape, was soon after taken, and shared the same fate.

From California we have intelligence up to the 5th of March. The amount of gold received during the month, exclusive of that in the hands of passengers is about \$1,817,000. The production continues abundant; though the profits of agriculture are represented to be quite equal, and more sure, than those of mining. Hostilities with the Indians still continue. Another engagement has taken place, in which 40 of the Indians were killed, without loss on the part of the whites. In Sacramento City, a gambler engaged in a brawl, shot down a citizen who attempted to prevent outrage. The murderer was seized by the populace, tried by Lynch law, found guilty, and in spite of the efforts of some citizens, hung from the branch of a tree, within a few hours of the commission of the murder. In San Francisco two men came near sharing a similar fate for an attempt at murder and robbery. They were, however, finally rescued from the populace, and handed over to the civil authority. No Senator has been elected. The Legislature met in joint convention; but after 144 ballots, finding no probability

of succeeding in making an election, adjourned *sine die*. The whole number of votes cast was 49; thus making 25 necessary for a choice. The highest number for Mr. Frémont was 16. Mr. Heydenfeldt, formerly of Alabama, was for a time the leading Democratic candidate. He was opposed by a portion of his party, on the alleged ground of having formerly advocated disunion. This is denied by himself and his friends. Mr. Weller was subsequently taken up; and at the last ballot received 18 votes. The Whig candidate throughout was Mr. King, whose highest vote was 20.

MEXICO.

From Mexico the general aspect of intelligence is gloomy enough. It would seem doubtful whether there is sufficient vitality left for the re-organization of society, without an infusion of a more fresh and vigorous blood. The administration of Arista has not thus far realized the anticipations which had been cherished of it. The country is infested with predatory Indians and brigands. On the 15th of February, a train of wagons was attacked in broad daylight, a few miles from the capital, by a band of 15 robbers who drove off the military escort and carried away a large amount of goods. The Minister of War and Marine urges the establishment of military colonies upon the frontiers; and recommends the desperate measure of incorporating into these colonies the agricultural Indians, such as the Seminoles, who are accustomed to the use of arms, and are disposed to settle in fixed habitations, so that they may serve as a barrier against the marauding Camanches, Lipanes, and Apaches. The highroad leading from Mazatlan to the mines is held by the Indians. In Yucatan fears are entertained of the extermination of the whites. The refractory Bishop of Michoacan has at length consented to take the oath to sustain the constitution and laws. An act of the Legislature of Queretaro, restoring the Jesuits to that State, has been pronounced by Congress to be a violation of the Constitution. The exclusive right for 100 years to construct a railroad from Vera Cruz to Madellan has been granted to Don José Maria Estellan.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Our last Record closed amidst the unsuccessful attempts to find somebody who would undertake to carry on the government of the country. Stanley and Russell, the representatives of the Free-trade and Protection parties, felt too weak. Gladstone would not help Stanley, nor Graham help Russell; and nobody would help Lord Aberdeen. At last the advice of the Duke of Wellington was solicited; in accordance with which the former Ministry were invited to resume their places. They left office on the 22d of February because they were unable to obtain the confidence of the House, and resumed on the 3d of March, under the pressure of the same inability, every man his old office. At a meeting of the members of the House who usually supported him, summoned by Lord John Russell, he announced, among other measures, that it was the determination of the Government to proceed with the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, with certain modifications. This aroused vehement remonstrances from a number of Catholic Whigs, who announced their determination to oppose the Ministry at all hazards. When the bill came to be presented, it was found that all that remained was the prohibition for Catholic bishops to assume titles derived from the name of any place in the United Kingdom. Dr. Wiseman must not call himself Archbishop of Westminster,

or Dr. M'Hale sign himself "John of Tuam," under penalty of £100, if Government should have the folly to prosecute. Meanwhile they may address each other by these titles, and all Catholics may consider and address them so unharmed. The bill, as modified passed to a second reading on the 22d of March, by 438 ayes to 95 nays—a majority of more than four to one. Such is the *finale* of the absurd and disproportionate agitation with respect to the "Papal Agression." Nobody is satisfied. The Church party, who mourned over the shortcomings of the bill as originally presented, are of course still less pleased with it as emasculated. The Catholics who then opposed it as an injury, now resent it as an insult.

The Ministry has sustained a series of annoying defeats and checks on unimportant measures; and have therefore kept back all the leading business, such as the presentation of the Budget. The Protection and Free-trade parties are mustering their strength throughout the country, preparatory to a general election, which will probably take place at the close of the present session.

The prevailing crime at present seems to be poisoning by arsenic. Wives poison their husbands, husbands their wives, and servants both. A bill has been introduced by Lord Carlisle prohibiting the sale of arsenic except in the presence of a witness, who with the purchaser, are to register their names in a book. It is also proposed to enact that all arsenic sold shall be mixed with substances which by their taste or color will give warning of its presence.

An insurrection has broken out among the Kaffirs at the Cape, which promises to be annoying and expensive. The ultimate cause is the gradual expulsion of the savages, which always follows the colonization of their territories by civilized nations. Thousands are driven from their lands, and compressed into a space only sufficient for scores, and begin to think it as well to die fighting as starving. The Governor at the Cape having formally deposed and outlawed one of the powerful native chiefs, dispatched an expedition to seize his person. This body of troops, consisting of 600 men was attacked in a narrow defile by the Kaffirs, and suffered some loss. Attacks were then made upon three of the frontier settlements, and the colonists, to the number of 70 massacred. A levy *en masse* of all males between the ages of eighteen and fifty was summoned by the Governor, "to destroy and exterminate those most barbarous and treacherous savages, who for the moment are formidable." Several smart engagements have taken place, in which the savages, though worsted, displayed great daring, and considerable skill and discipline.

Attention has been called in Parliament to the proceedings of the various Revolutionary Committees composed of foreign refugees, and headed by Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and Klapka. Their proceedings were charged with being a violation of the obligations they incurred when they came to seek the protection of English laws. Members of Government expressed their decided disapprobation of the course pursued by the refugees in endeavoring to excite insurrection in foreign countries.

A Miss Talbot, heiress to a fortune of £80,000, has entered a convent as "postulant" with the intention of taking the veil in a few months, when it is supposed that her fortune will pass to the church. This has occasioned some excitement against convents, and a bill has been introduced intended to prevent the forcible detention of females in houses in which the inmates are bound by religious or

monastic vows. It provides that all such establishments shall be registered, and subject to semi-annual visitation by public officers, who shall have power to remove any female who desires it. Concealment of any part of the premises, or of any person therein, false lists of the inmates, and any obstruction to the visitors, are to be punished as misdemeanors. Measures are also proposed regulating legacies made for religious purposes.

At Chelmsford a man and woman were hung for murder, attended by the usual disgraceful accompaniments of a public execution. Crowds gathered from all the surrounding country; at the moment of execution 40,000 or 50,000 persons are said to have been present. Venders of edibles plied their vocation in the most gross and revolting manner; pickpockets, as usual, were in attendance, and the general deportment of the spectators, men, women, and children, was disgusting and brutal. The man confessed his guilt. The woman, whose crime was poisoning with arsenic, died protesting her innocence.

"A monster address" signed by 61 noblemen, 110 members of the House of Commons, and 321,240 other persons, lay members of the church of England, has been presented by Lord Ashley to the Queen. It beseeches her Majesty to resist the Papal aggression; and goes on to speak of that act having been occasioned and invited by the conduct of many of the clergy of the church of England, who have shown a desire to assimilate the doctrines of their church to those of Rome. After specifying the sacramental system and "histrionic arrangements" in the churches, it says that "by the constitution and existing laws, there is vested in your Majesty as the earthly head of our Church, a wholesome power of interposition, which power we entreat your Majesty now to exercise."

Charges have been made in the House of Commons against Lord Torrington, late Governor of Ceylon. He is accused of gross misgovernment, wanton cruelty in suppressing native insurrection, and the production of false evidence. Lord John Russell announced that he should postpone the Budget and the Income Tax, until this charge, which was in effect one against Government, had been disposed of. Upon which the mover announced that he should postpone his motion until after the introduction of these measures. Lord Torrington, in the House of Lords, came forward and challenged the prosecution of these charges.

A coal-pit disaster occurred near Glasgow, involving a terrible loss of life. While 63 men and boys were at work in the mine, an explosion of fire-damp occurred. Of those in the mine all but two perished.

A searching investigation is going on into the adulterations of articles of food. It is asserted that there is scarcely an article which is in any way susceptible of mixture, that is not mingled with others not merely of inferior value, but in many cases of the most loathsome and disgusting nature. Ground coffee is specified as particularly subject to adulteration.

A somewhat singular controversy has arisen in reference to a body of refugees from Hungary, who have recently arrived at Liverpool. They number 262, of whom the majority are Poles, the remnant of the Polish legion in Hungary. Government wishes to send them to America, and offers a bounty of £8, to each man who will go. They wish to remain in England, evidently anticipating an uprising in some part of Europe, where their services may be called into requisition. They are entirely desti-

tute of means of support, and in England can only maintain themselves by begging.

The frigate *St. Lawrence*, having on board the contributions to the Exhibition from the United States, arrived at Portsmouth on the 13th of March. A meeting of the American exhibitors has been held at London, at which great dissatisfaction was expressed with many of the arrangements. They object in particular to the appointment of jurors to decide upon the merits of foreign productions; to bronze medals being awarded as prizes, when more valuable ones had been promised; to the high price of season tickets; to contributors being compelled to pay for admission, and be at the expense of their own fittings; and to the delay in affording protection to the articles which require a patent. Some leakage has occurred in the roof of the Exhibition Building; but it is hoped that it may be obviated. All opinion adverse to the suitability of the painting of the interior has passed away. The theoretical views of the decorator have been abundantly justified by the practical effect.

Another expedition in search of Sir John Franklin is to be fitted out this season. The little "*Prince Albert*" is to be sent out, it is hoped, under happier auspices than attended her former voyage. It is expected to reach Lancaster Sound, by the middle of June. The vessel will be laid up for wintering in Prince Regent's Inlet. The party will then proceed in boats as far as practicable. When these can no longer be worked, native "*kyacks*" will be used, which will enable the explorers to reach a point some one or two hundred miles further than boats could carry them, as the *kyacks* can be hauled up and dragged over the ice. The expedition will remain out for at least one season; and a very extensive search to the westward of Boothia is proposed. It will be under the command of Capt. W. Kennedy, who has had no small experience in these icy regions. We do not learn whether Mr. Snow, from whose interesting book we copied so largely last month, is to be attached to this new expedition.

FRANCE.

The most striking incident which has occurred since our last has been a debate on a proposition to repeal the law exiling the Bourbon family. M. Berryer, acting in the name of the Legitimists, opposed the motion on the ground that the Count of Chambord is not an exiled Frenchman, but an extruded king, who could not stoop to accept a permission to re-enter his own hereditary dominions. M. Thiers, as the organ of the Orleanists, advocated the proposition. The Minister of Justice, in the name of Government, was favorable to the principle of the bill, but was opposed to pressing it at present. The Assembly was thrown into violent agitation by a speech from M. Dufaïsse, one of the most able and earnest of the Montagnards, who delivered a speech which would not have been misplaced in the mouth of Robespierre or Danton. "The pale head, compressed lips, and intense expression of the young lawyer of the Mountain," says an eyewitness, "reminded the auditors, not without a shudder, of such a thoroughbred Jacobin as St. Just." He declared that the laws of proscription were just, and ought to be maintained. "The Revolution can not ask pardon of the dynasties it has justly upset. Have the family of Orleans laid aside the claims of their birth? Have they rendered homage to the sovereignty of the nation? Do not the descendants of St. Louis continually dispute the independence and the conquests of the

people? You tell us that royalty never dies; we reply, Nor does its punishment. If the principle of sovereignty is eternal, so shall its punishment be eternal. The law ought to chastise the voluntary representatives, the willing heirs of a principle which the people have abolished." He went on to vindicate the execution of Louis XVI., and declared that those who voted against the death of that monarch, meditated a return to royalty, and reminded the Assembly that among those who voted for the execution, was the grandfather of the princes whose banishment was sought to be repealed. The speech caused a perfect storm of passion in the Assembly. Members rushed to the tribune, and shook their fists in the speaker's face. M. Berryer proposed the adjournment of the question for six months, as he could not vote on the same side with those who advocated such doctrines. This, which is looked upon as equivalent to a rejection of the proposition, was carried by acclamation.

Rumors have for some time been rife of an intended fusion between the Bourbon and Orleans interests, with a view to a speedy restoration of the monarchy. These would seem to be put to rest by a letter from the Orleans princes in England to the Orleans Committee in Paris, in which they declare that they will negotiate only on the soil of France, and while out of their country will take no part in political questions. The prolongation of the term of the President is urged in many quarters as the only practicable safeguard against socialism and anarchy. The present aspect of affairs seems to indicate that he will be continued in office in some shape or other.

The Bishop of Chartres, in a pastoral letter, attacks a late circular of the Archbishop of Paris, recommending the clergy to abstain from politics, and to yield obedience to the laws of their country. The bishop considers that when destructive principles are advanced, the clergy should be found ready to oppose their progress; and he sees no reason why the ecclesiastical body should be enjoined to take no part in public affairs. The archbishop, in reply, denounces the conduct of the bishop, as an unwarrantable interference with his jurisdiction, and as a breach of the respect due to him as metropolitan: and refers the bishop's letter to the provincial council to be held during the present year at Paris.

The Professors of the College of France held a meeting at the Sorbonne to take into consideration the tendency of the lectures of M. Michelet, which were considered prejudicial, in a moral and political point of view to the students. He himself declined to attend, but defended himself in a letter stating that his lectures were blamed only by the Jesuits and the enemies of French nationality. His colleagues, by a vote of 17 out of 21 decided upon a vote of censure against him, and that the minutes of their proceedings should be transmitted to the Minister for approval. It is said that M. Michelet has resigned his chair.

GERMANY.

The German mists grow thicker. All that can now be affirmed with certainty is, that the Dresden Conference has been no more able to improvise a German Empire than was the Frankfort Parliament. A month ago, and it seemed that Austria had outgeneraled Prussia, and made herself absolute mistress of Germany, and was in a fair way to become ruler from the Rhine to the Alps. The petty states of Germany were in alarm; the kingdoms of the second rank began to see themselves

in danger, and to talk of a central power, from which the constitutional element was not altogether excluded. It is now said that the King of Prussia is again ambitious of playing the first part on the German stage, and has refused to sanction the concessions made by his minister. It seems probable that Germany will fall back upon the old Frankfort Confederation. In the mean time, we present the following, as what seems to us the condition and designs of the principal parties; premising that the very next intelligence may present them under an altogether new aspect:—Austria wishes to enter the Germanic Confederation with all her vast and heterogeneous population; thus binding all Germany to assist her, in the event of any new Hungarian or Italian outbreak. She also wishes to secure the Federal Executive. If she succeeds in these projects, the weight of her foreign possessions gives her the preponderance in Germany, while Germany secures to her the control of her foreign territories. The interests of the people and princes of Germany for once coincide in opposing this claim. The vacillating policy of Prussia has arisen from doubt, whether more could be made out of Austria by putting herself at the head of the German States, or out of these States, by joining with Austria. The ultimate decision of this question is more likely to be effected by accident than by settled policy.

ITALY.

The feelings of uneasiness, and vague apprehension of insurrection throughout the Italian Peninsula are nowise abated. Austrian troops are concentrating within her Italian territories. The railroad across the Milan Alps, from Cilly to Trieste, is advancing with great rapidity. The completion of this road will enable Austrian troops to be sent from Vienna to Milan in twenty-four hours.

The Austrian Government has issued an ordinance directing that in those parts of Italy which are still considered in a state of siege, no journal shall mention in any way, directly or indirectly, the titles of the prohibited revolutionary books and pamphlets which are in circulation among the people.

Radetzky has issued a proclamation, under date of Feb. 21, from Verona, directed against revolutionary proclamations and pamphlets, threatening death against all who are engaged in circulating them. Every one into whose hands such a pamphlet may fall is directed to deliver it to the nearest person in office, though but a gendarme, and at the same time to declare how it came into his possession; the punishment for failure to do this is imprisonment in irons for a period of from one to five years.

Washington's Birthday was celebrated at Rome with great enthusiasm. At a public dinner, Mr. Cass, our Chargé, presided and made a speech. Two odes, by Mrs. Stephens, were sung. Among the guests were Archbishop Hughes, and Mr. Hastings, the American Protestant Chaplain. The report that the American Protestant chapel at Rome had been closed is authoritatively contradicted by Mr. Hastings, who speaks in terms of high praise of the liberality which has been manifested toward him by the papal authorities.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, PERSONAL MOVEMENTS, ETC.

UNITED STATES.

The Exhibition of the National Academy of Design is now open. It is universally admitted that

the paintings surpass those of any previous year. The opening of the Exhibition was celebrated, according to custom, by a dinner, attended by artists, amateurs, and men of letters. Admirable speeches were made by Rev. Doctors BELLOWES and BETHUNE, who, though pole-wide apart in the sphere of theology, spanning the distance between Arius and Calvin, find common grounds of sympathy in their love for, and appreciation of Art. Mr. DURAND, the President, in a very felicitous speech, narrated his experience as an artist and as one of the founders of the Academy.

Mr. GREENOUGH, at Florence, has nearly completed his group of the *Pioneer*, for the Capitol at Washington. It represents a backwoodsman rescuing his wife and child from an Indian who is in the act of smothering them in the folds of his blanket. The action of the group symbolizes the one unvarying story of the contest between civilized and uncivilized man. The pioneer, standing almost erect, in the pride of conscious superiority, has dashed upon one knee the Indian, whose relaxed form, and cowering face upturned despairingly, express premonitions of the inevitable doom awaiting him, against which all his efforts would be unavailing. The heavy brow, compressed lip, and firm chin of the white man announce him one of a race born to conquer and rule, not so much by mere physical strength as by undaunted courage and indomitable will. Those who have seen the group pronounce it to be a sublime conception grandly executed.

A portrait of Mr. Calhoun, painted at Paris by Mr. HEALEY for the Common Council of Charleston, was exhibited at the Exposition in Paris, where it was pronounced one of the best portraits of the season. The size is seven feet ten inches, by four feet seven. The sum paid for it is one thousand dollars. We believe it has been forwarded to Charleston.

Among the pictures by our artists, completed or in progress, we notice one by Mr. WRIGHT, representing the well-known story of Washington and the damaged cherry-tree, which is executed with decided cleverness.—Mr. DUGGAN is engaged upon a David and Goliath, one of those massy subjects affording ample scope for the bent of the artist's genius.—Mr. STEARNS has upon his easel a painting of the Interview between Tecumseh and General Harrison, at Vincennes, in 1811. By some oversight no seat had been provided for the Indian chief. The unintentional discourtesy was corrected by General Harrison, with the words, "Warrior, your father, General Harrison, offers you a seat." Tecumseh drew up his stately form to its full height, and raising his hand to heaven, exclaimed proudly, "My father! The Great Spirit is my father, and the Earth my mother; she feeds me and clothes me, and I recline upon her bosom!"—Mr. T. A. RICHARDS has recently completed a painting which might appropriately enough be named "Recollections of Lake Winnipiseogee," portraying rather the general characteristics of that lake, than depicting the particular features of any one portion. The scene is an autumn morning, with the sun bursting forth from the train of a passing shower which has sprinkled diamonds over foliage and flower.

JENNY LIND is verging New York-ward. Her next concert here is announced for May 12. The New York firemen have procured a testimonial to be presented to her in acknowledgment of her munificent donation of \$3000 to the funds of the Department. It consists of a complete copy of Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds of America, in a beau-

tiful case; and a gold box, appropriately ornamented, containing a copy of their vote of thanks to her. The following ratherish pretty and altogether German lines were contributed by her to the album of a gentleman in Washington:

"In vain I seek for rest
In all created good.
It leaves me still unblest,
And makes me cry for God.
And sure, at rest I can not be
Until my heart finds rest in thee."

The renowned TUPPER is undergoing the process of lionization. He has introduced a new feature into his representation of the part, by the recitation in public of his own verses. He has produced for the Great London Exhibition a "Hymn for all Nations," which is to be translated into thirty different languages, set to music, and printed. This polyglott will be a philological curiosity, if no more.

Mr. CRALLE, the intimate friend and confidential secretary of Mr. CALHOUN, is engaged in preparing for publication the Works of the great southern statesman, to be accompanied by a Biography. The whole will be comprised, probably, in six octavo volumes. The first volume, which is now printed, and will soon be ready for publication, is occupied by an elaborate disquisition on Government, and a Discourse on the Constitution and Government of the United States. These treatises have always been spoken of as the "great work" of Mr. Calhoun's life, setting forth in a systematic manner his views upon the philosophy of civil government. The treatises were commenced many years since, but never received the final revision and correction which the author intended to bestow upon them.

The Complete Works of ALEXANDER HAMILTON are now in course of publication by C. S. Francis & Co. They are mainly printed from the manuscripts purchased by Congress, under the direction of the Library Committee. The collection will extend to seven octavo volumes.

It has long been suspected that colors were depicted on Daguerreotype plates, if they could only be developed. Mr. HILL, of this State, announces that he has succeeded in producing pictures in which every tint and shade is accurately represented. We are assured by one of our most eminent operators, one of the very few who have seen the pictures, that there is no doubt of the fact. The inventor as yet keeps his process a secret, though we understand that he is preparing a memoir in relation to it.

BAYARD TAYLOR's *El-Dorado* has been translated into German by C. Hartman, author of a Geographical and Historical Description of California.

Mr. SAMUEL MAVERICK, of Pendleton, S. C., who is still living, assisted in packing the first bale of cotton ever sent from the United States to Liverpool. It was sent in the seed, and the consignee informed his South Carolina correspondent that the article was useless, could not be sold, and advised him to send no more.

Dr. GOADBY, who has recently delivered in this city a very interesting course of lectures upon insects, has a most valuable series of dissections, prepared at a cost of labor which would seem almost incredible. The anatomy of a caterpillar, comprising three distinct preparations—its nervous system, its organs of respiration, and its organs of nutrition—occupied the undivided labor of thirteen weeks, at the rate of fourteen hours a day.

Gen. HENDERSON, who was on trial at New Orleans on the charge of being implicated in the Cuban invasion, has been discharged, the jury

being unable to agree. The District Attorney therefore entered a *nolle prosequi* in the case of Governor Quitman and all others under indictment.

EUROPEAN.

The new Leipzig *Deutsches Museum* (Westermann Brothers, New York,) promises to meet the want which we have for some time found it impossible to supply, of a German literary Magazine. In the recent revolutionary storms this class of periodicals generally went down, so that for information as to the working of the German mind we have been forced to rely upon chance notices in the political journals, or trust to foreign sources. It is published semi-monthly. Its cost in Leipzig is 12 *Thalers*; and is furnished here for the same number of dollars.

Under the title of *Causeries du Lundi* M. St. Beuve has just put forth a volume of sketches of contemporary French authors, which almost forces us to envy the happy land blessed with such a number of men, the worst of whom exceeds our ideas of any attainable height of perfection. A word or two of criticism is awarded to Lamartine, but too bland to wound even the vanity of the gentle Alphonse. But Girardin and Villemain, Cousin and George Sand, Thiers and Montalembert receive a most unqualified apotheosis. The title of "Monday Chat" simply indicates that the book is made up of articles which appeared on Mondays in the *Constitutionnel* newspaper.

Pictures by the "Old Masters," as all the world knows, are manufactured as readily, and almost as extensively, as calico. It is not, however, so well known that "old and rare editions" of books are produced nowadays. The passion of book-collectors has given a new impulse to this business. Within a few months the beautiful editions of the classics of the Elzevirs and the Stephens have been reproduced with wonderful skill. In paper, type, ink, and binding there is no perceptible difference; while the precise air of antiquity desired is produced by chemical means.

M. Feuillet de Conches, a Parisian virtuoso, and great admirer of La Fontaine, has spent a vast sum in having printed for his own sole use a single copy of the works of the famous fabulist. It is illustrated in the most gorgeous style, by the first artists of the day; and is accompanied with notes and prefaces by the most eminent writers, and is a very miracle of expensive typography and binding.

Victor Hugo has published nothing for some years, having been paid by a publisher not to print. Report says that he will, at the close of his term, which soon expires, make amends for his long silence by issuing poems to the amount of three volumes, and romances to that of twelve.

A work by Origen, the celebrated Father in the Church, hitherto unknown, has been discovered and published by the librarian of the National Assembly—so M. Villemain announced at a recent meeting of the *Académie des Belles Lettres* at Paris. The work traces the heresies of the third century to the writings of the Pagan Philosophers, and throws new light upon ancient manners, literature, and philosophy.

In the album presented to the King of Bavaria by the artists of Munich, is an admirable composition by Hübner. It is an expression of the feelings of a large portion of Upper Germany. It represents a female prostrate upon the ground, with the arms crossed, the face entirely hidden, in an attitude of the deepest despair. The long hair floats

over the arms, and trails along the ground. The whole figure is a mixture of majesty and utter abandonment. The simple title of the piece is—"Germania, 1850."

Yeast: a Problem, is the Sartor-Resartorish title of a collection of papers reprinted from Fraser's Magazine, where they have excited no little attention. It purports to be a sample of what is fermenting in the minds of large classes of young men of the present day, and leavening the whole mass of society. Though published anonymously, it is known to be written by the author of "Alton Locke," and partakes largely of the merits and defects of that remarkable work. It is to be republished by the Harpers.

In WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR the material for an admirable newspaper writer has been thrown away. Witness the following double-handed hitting in a letter to Lord Duncan, who lately won a victory over the Ministers, "... A quarrel about hats, caps, and stockings, and the titles they confer, is too ridiculous. Is a hunchback to be treated with gravity, with severity, because an ignorant rabble calls him *my lord*. If I chose to call myself Lord Duncan, I should only be laughed at. People would stare; some would ask, 'Is this the great Lord Duncan who won the Battle of Camperdown?' Others would answer, 'No; nor is it he who won as great a one in Westminster the other day. He is an impostor: haul him out; but don't hurt him.' I have the honor to be, etc."

Dahomey and the Dahomans, by Frederick E. Forbes, gives an interesting account, drawn from personal observation, made during the last two years, of the manners and customs of this savage people. Among the most revolting is the *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh* or "Throwing of Presents," in which the king occupies himself for many hours in throwing gifts from a raised platform, to the people below. The last of these gifts consists of a number of live prisoners, who have been exhibited bound upon the platform; they are flung down to be cut and torn in pieces by the savages. On the occasion when the author was present there were fourteen of these victims, of whom he succeeded in saving the lives of three. The object of the expedition was to induce the king to abandon the slave-trade, and was altogether unsuccessful.

The Dynamical Theory of the Formation of the Earth, two mighty octavo volumes, elicits the following complimentary remarks from the *Athenæum*. "This work is saved from being mischievous only by the circumstance of the excessive dullness diffused over these twelve hundred pages—which will in all probability prevent their being much read.... Of no one department of science does the author appear to have a correct conception. His views are all distorted. He is false alike in his Mechanics, in his Geology, in his Natural History, in his Chemistry, in his Electricity—in every other consideration of the physical agencies, and still more false in that which we suppose we must bring ourselves to call his Logic."

Memoirs of a Literary Veteran, by R. P. Gillies is a book almost worth reading, quite worth looking at. The author, nephew to the celebrated historian of Greece, born to a fair estate, and with a propensity to make verses, spent the one without turning the other to any special account. Amidst much idle matter, whose only purpose is to swell the bulk of the volumes, are some rather interesting anecdotes of literary celebrities. Some over-laudatory epistles from Sir Egerton Brydges, and a characteristic letter or two from Wordsworth, containing among

other matters, a criticism upon Scott's *Guy Mannering*, in which considerable praise is awarded to the management of "this lady," as he solemnly denominates Meg Merrilies, are perhaps the best things in the book. It reminds one, but at a wide interval, of Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*.

A Life of Hartley Coleridge prefixed to a volume of his poems, tells a sad story of powers neutralized and a life thrown away. He was the eldest son of the Coleridge, and with a portion of his father's genius combined a large share of his infirmity of purpose and feebleness of will. He gained a college fellowship, and forfeited it within a year, by intemperance; after which he maintained himself by his pen. The *Life* is by his brother, Derwent Coleridge. The *Poems* are of decided merit. They are to be followed by a collection of his prose writings.

OBITUARIES.

ISAAC HILL, formerly Governor of New Hampshire, and Senator in Congress, died at Washington, March 22d, aged about 63. He was born at Charlestown, N. H., the son of a farmer, and at an early age learned the trade of a printer. He established the first Democratic paper at Concord. To his able conduct is in a great measure to be ascribed the ascendancy which his party acquired in the State, about the year 1828. Though possessing few of the external qualifications for a popular leader, being feeble in person, and altogether destitute of oratorical power, his unrivaled tact and untiring industry gave him an uncontrolled influence in the State. He was chosen State Senator; and subsequently United States Senator, which office he held from 1831 to 1836, when he resigned, in consequence of having been elected Governor of New Hampshire. He filled the executive chair for two or three terms, and then retired to private life. In 1840 he was appointed Sub-Treasurer at Boston; but the repeal of the Sub-Treasury Act the following year vacated his office. He then returned to New Hampshire; but his star had waned. He disagreed with his party on the subject of corporations and other radical questions, lost his political influence, and fell into comparative insignificance, as a politician, though he always adhered to his party. For a number of years he edited an agricultural paper of considerable merit. He suffered much from impaired health during the last years of his life; and died in moderate pecuniary circumstances.

MORDECAI MANASSEH NOAH, long known as an able editor and active politician, died in New York, March 28. He was born at Philadelphia, July 19, 1784, and has thus attained to within three years of three score and ten. He was apprenticed to a carver and gilder; but early abandoned that trade and devoted himself to literature and politics. He removed to Charleston, S. C., in the early part of the present century, where he took an active and influential part in public affairs. Having declined the offer of the consulship at Riga, he was appointed, in 1813, consul at Tunis, and was charged with a mission to Algiers. This latter he accomplished, after some adventures, and repaired to Tunis. At the expiration of ten months he was recalled, under charge, we believe, of some pecuniary defalcations. Upon his return to this country, he became connected with the political press. In 1822, he was elected Sheriff of the City and County of New York, which office he held but a single year. In 1829, he was appointed Commissioner of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Surveyor of the port of New York. In the mean while, he had formed the project of collecting his brethren the

Jews, and rebuilding the city of Jerusalem. He issued a singular proclamation, appointing Grand Island, near Niagara Falls, as the place of rendezvous, and summoned the scattered tribes to transmit their contributions. We have no means of knowing how far he was in earnest in this scheme. At all events, it came to nothing. In 1840, he was elected Judge of the Court of General Sessions, which he held till the law constituting the court was changed. Mr. Noah was, however, more known as an editor than as a politician. Though without any very lofty aims, or high qualifications, he was an agreeable and sprightly paragraphist, possessed of an unfailing good-humor, and a large fund of general information. He was connected successively with a number of papers, and at the time of his death was editor of a Sunday paper, *The Messenger and Times*. He also published at different times a number of works of a miscellaneous character, chiefly essays and plays, some of which met with great success at the time of publication; but none of them possessed sufficient vitality to take a permanent place in the literature of the country. His death was the consequence of a paralytic stroke. He lived and died a believer in the faith of his fathers, the Hebrew religion; and was buried with the solemn ceremonies practiced by the ancient chosen people. He was of a most generous and genial nature, and enjoyed the warmest good-will of all with whom he was brought into personal relations.

GEORGE M. BROOKE, Brevet Major-General in the United States army, died at San Antonio, Texas, on the 19th of March. He was a native of Virginia, and entered the army in 1808. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in 1814, for "gallant conduct in the defense of Fort Erie." A month later he received the rank of Brevet Colonel, for "distinguished and meritorious services in the sortie from

Fort Erie." In 1824, he was made Brevet Brigadier-General for "ten years' faithful service as Colonel." In 1848, he was brevetted as Major-General for "meritorious conduct, particularly in the performance of his duties in the prosecution of the war with Mexico."

ALEXANDER S. WADSWORTH, Commodore in the United States Navy, died at Washington, April 9, in the 61st year of his age. He was a native of Maine. He entered the service in 1804, and for many years served with distinction. His commission of post-captain, bears date from 1825. His name stood the seventh on the naval list. Severe and protracted illness had for many years disabled him from active duty.

SAMUEL FARMAR JARVIS, D.D., died at Middletown, Conn., March 26th. He was born in January, 1787. He had the reputation of being one of the ripest scholars in the Episcopal Church, and was a member of the principal literary and historical societies in this country. His extensive acquirements, and fondness for accurate investigation procured for him the appointment of "Historiographer of the Church," which was conferred upon him in 1838, with a view to his preparing a faithful "Ecclesiastical History, reaching from the Apostles' time, to the formation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." The first volume, forming a Chronological Introduction, was published in 1845. It is understood that a continuation of the work was nearly ready for press at the time of his death.

JOHN S. SKINNER, Editor of the "*Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil*," and well known for his agricultural writings, died at Baltimore, March 21, aged about 70 years. He was universally esteemed for his social qualities, unassuming demeanor, and generous impulses. His death was occasioned by a fall into the basement in the Post Office at Baltimore.

Literary Notices.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued *The House of the Seven Gables*, a Romance, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, which is strongly marked with the bold and unique characteristics that have given its author such a brilliant position among American novelists. The scene, which is laid in the old Puritanic town of Salem, extends from the period of the witchcraft excitement to the present time, connecting the legends of the ancient superstition with the recent marvels of animal magnetism, and affording full scope for the indulgence of the most weird and sombre fancies. Destitute of the high-wrought manifestations of passion which distinguished the "*Scarlet Letter*," it is more terrific in its conception, and not less intense in its execution, but exquisitely relieved by charming portrayments of character, and quaint and comic descriptions of social eccentricities. A deep vein of reflection underlies the whole narrative, often rising naturally to the surface, and revealing the strength of the foundation on which the subtle, aerial inventions of the author are erected. His frequent dashes of humor gracefully blend with the monotone of the story, and soften the harsher colors in which he delights to clothe his portentous conceptions. In no former production of his pen, are his unrivalled powers of description displayed to better advantage. The rusty wooden house in Pyncheon-street, with its seven sharp-pointed gables, and its huge clustered chimney—the old elm

tree before the door—the grassy yard seen through the lattice-fence, with its enormous fertility of burdocks—and the green moss on the slopes of the roof, with the flowers growing aloft in the air in the nook between two of the gables—present a picture to the eye as distinct as if our childhood had been passed in the shadow of the old weather-beaten edifice. Nor are the characters of the story drawn with less sharp and vigorous perspective. They stand out from the canvas as living realities. In spite of the supernatural drapery in which they are enveloped, they have such a genuine expression of flesh and blood, that we can not doubt we have known them all our days. They have the air of old acquaintance—only we wonder how the artist got them to sit for their likenesses. The grouping of these persons is managed with admirable artistic skill. Old Maid Pyncheon, concealing under her verjuice scowl the unutterable tenderness of a sister—her woman-hearted brother, on whose sensitive nature had fallen such a strange blight—sweet and beautiful Phebe, the noble village-maiden, whose presence is always like that of some shining angel—the dreamy, romantic descendant of the legendary wizard—the bold, bad man of the world, reproduced at intervals in the bloody Colonel, and the unscrupulous Judge—wise old Uncle Venner—and inappeasable Ned Higgins—are all made to occupy the place on the canvas which shows the lights and shades of their character in the most

impressive contrast, and contributes to the wonderful vividness and harmony of the grand historical picture. On the whole, we regard "The House of the Seven Gables," though it exhibits no single scenes that may not be matched in depth and pathos by some of Mr. Hawthorne's previous creations, as unsurpassed by any thing he has yet written, in exquisite beauty of finish, in the skillful blending of the tragic and comic, and in the singular life-like reality with which the wildest traditions of the Puritanic age are combined with the every-day incidents of modern society.

Harper and Brothers have published a translation of *Buttmann's Greek Grammar*, by Professor EDWARD ROBINSON, from the eighteenth German edition, containing additions and improvements by ALEXANDER BUTTMANN, the son of the original author. Since the publication of the thirteenth edition in 1829, which was the last that the author lived to complete, gradual changes have been introduced into the Grammar, especially in the department of syntax, which has been expanded and re-written, with the aid of the extensive investigations of the last twenty years. The translation bears the same impress of diligence, accuracy, and

illogical tact, which is never looked for in vain in the productions of the indefatigable and distinguished author.

Ecclesiastical Manual, by LUTHER LEE (published at the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room), is a brief treatise on the nature of Church Government, defending the right of visible church organization against prevailing latitudinarian and transcendental views on the one hand, and maintaining liberal principles of polity against the high claims of Episcopacy and the assumptions of the clergy on the other. The argument is conducted with candor and moderation, though not without spirit, and may be studied to advantage by all who would understand the points at issue.

William Penn, An Historical Biography, by WILLIAM HEPWORTH DIXON (published by Blanchard and Lea), is a new and complete life of the founder of Pennsylvania, derived from contemporary papers that have been brought to light within a recent period, and from original and unpublished documents. The view given by the author, of the religious system of Fox and Penn, as coinciding with the principles of republican freedom, is a reproduction of the admirable exhibition of Quakerism presented by Bancroft in his History of the United States. In the Appendix, the charges against William Penn by Macaulay are submitted to a rigid examination; the evidence on the subject is skillfully and thoroughly sifted; and the strongest case made out for the accused against the insinuations of the ingenious and eloquent historian. With his warm sympathies in favor of the subject of his narrative, and the familiar knowledge of his career gained by the researches of several years, Mr. Dixon has produced a genial and instructive piece of biography, sustaining the claims of the illustrious Quaker to the noble and elevated rank in which he has been placed by the general voice of tradition.

Physico-Physiological Researches on the Dynamics of Magnetism, &c., by Baron CHARLES VON REICHENBACH, translated from the German, by JOHN ASHBURNER, M.D., is a scientific treatise, showing the relations of magnetism, electricity, heat, light, crystallization, and chemism to the vital forces of the human body. It is founded on an extensive series of experiments, which tend to bring the mysterious phenomena of Mesmerism within the domain of physics, and in fact to reduce the

whole subject of physiology to a department of chemical science. The papers, of which it is composed, were originally intended as contributions to the "Annals of Chemistry," conducted by the celebrated Professor Liebig, in which periodical they appeared in the year 1845. In the present collected form, they have received some necessary corrections, but their spirit and substance are presented without alteration. The investigations, of which the results are here described, are of a singularly curious character, exhibiting the most astonishing developments, with a philosophical calmness that is rare even among German savants.

The Rangers; or, The Tory's Daughter, is the title of a novel illustrative of the revolutionary history of Vermont, by the author of "The Green Mountain Boys," published by B. B. Mussy and Co., Boston. It gives many agreeable descriptions of Vermont scenery, with sketches of its social life during the war of the Revolution, and shows considerable skill in combining the prominent historical facts of that day with the fictitious incidents of a lively and exciting plot.

The Ballads and Songs of WILLIAM PEMBROKE MULCHINCH (published by T. W. Strong), is a collection of fugitive poetry, inspired with the genuine breathings of Irish patriotism, frequently displaying great facility and sweetness of versification, and pervaded throughout with a winning sentiment of tenderness and human sympathy.

Harper and Brothers have published a neat volume, entitled *Nature and Blessedness of Christian Purity*, by Rev. R. S. FOSTER, with an Introduction by EDMUND S. JAMES, D.D., one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Without aiming at any rivalry with other writers on the subject, the author devotes his work to the maintenance of the views which are set forth by the standard Wesleyan authorities. Avoiding all considerations of a purely speculative character, he presents the practical aspects of his theme, with discrimination, earnestness, and force. His style, which is always animated and effective, betrays the influence of profound and accurate thought, and is equally adapted to make a favorable impression on the understanding and on the heart of the attentive reader. The well-written Preface by Bishop James, gives a lucid summary of the contents of the volume, with a warm commendation of the manner in which it is executed.

Lyra Catholica (published by E. Dunigan and Brother), is a collection of the Hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal, with others adapted for every day in the week, and the Festivals and Saints' Days throughout the year. The translation of the Breviary, by Mr. Caswell, is adopted without change, and forms the first part of the present work, while the second part consists of hymns and anthems from various sources, especially from the contributions of Rev. F. W. Faber, Matthew Brydges, Esq., and Rev. William Young. The third part is devoted to sacred poetry of a less strictly devotional cast. In addition to a few pieces from modern poets, it contains a selection from the compositions of Catholic writers belonging to an earlier age of English literature, including "the simple and earnest strains of Southwell, a poet, priest, and martyr, whose unshaken soul passed away in song from the fires of persecution; Crashaw, whose tender fancy and graceful zeal have extorted the highest praises of unfriendly judges; the manly virtue of Habington, pure in an age of license; the later compositions of Dryden, the atonements laid by his repentant muse on the altar of religion."

The Soldier of the Cross, by the Rev. JOHN LEYBURN, D.D. (published by Carter and Brothers), is a popular and attractive exposition of Ephesians vi. 10-18, consisting of a series of discourses delivered from the pulpit, but recast into the form of plain and practical essays, written with considerable force. The talents of the author and the taste of the publishers have made an addition to our religious literature, of which the public estimation is indicated by the early call for a second edition.

The Irish Confederates, and the Rebellion of 1798, by HENRY M. FIELD (published by Harper and Brothers), is a lively historical sketch of the movements of the Irish patriots in behalf of the freedom of their nation toward the close of the last century. The volume opens with a rapid survey of Irish history, traces the love of liberty among the people, describes the causes of their national characteristics, and minutely portrays the events of the fruitless struggle, which terminated in the complete subjection of their beautiful island to the British crown. Among the biographical sketches, those of Curran, Tone, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the Emmets, McNevin, and Sampson of course occupy a prominent place, and are drawn with an affectionate sympathy, which delights to linger around every memorial of their noble and chivalrous characters. Mr. Field has enjoyed peculiar facilities for the composition of this volume. A visit to Ireland some four years since awakened a strong interest in the fortunes of her people. At a subsequent period, he formed an intimate acquaintance with several of the families of the Irish exiles in New York, and from the narratives thus obtained, was furnished with some of the most valuable materials for his story. Nor has he neglected the study of the different historians of the time. His work, accordingly, combines the vivacity of a personal narrative, with the accuracy of thorough research. It is deeply imbued with a love of Ireland, with a sense of indignation at the outrages which she has endured, and with admiration of the valor and devotion of her gallant sons; though in no case, do the evident partialities of the writer appear to have interfered with his strict historical fidelity, or to have tempted him to an uncritical use of the facts at his command. His style is simple and unaffected, warmed with a persuasive earnestness, and animated with a chaste enthusiasm, but owing none of its interest to the allurements of rhetoric. Indeed, a more elaborate construction would often have been in better keeping with the dignity of the subject, while the almost exclusive use of short sentences at length overcomes the reader with a painful feeling of monotony. There are also occasional instances of careless and unauthorized expression, which, in a writer of such real ability and cultivation as Mr. Field, excite the surprise of the fastidious reader.

Harper and Brothers have issued an edition of the *History of Greece*, by Dr. LEONHARD SCHMITZ, which forms an appropriate companion to the *History of Rome*, published by the accomplished author four years since. The purpose of Dr. Schmitz in each of these Histories is to give, in a popular form, the result of the researches by modern scholars which have placed the subject in a new light. In the composition of this volume, the author has availed himself of the erudite labors of Bishop Thirlwall, abridging his great work in some portions, and interweaving his masterly views into the texture of his narrative, where a free style was more suitable to the subject. As a manual for young students in Grecian history, and a work for

general and family reading, this volume is not surpassed by any production of the present day. The experience of the author as a practical educator, his admirable classical attainments, and the caution and soundness of his historical judgments, give him peculiar qualifications for the task he has undertaken. His style is simple and condensed; his illustrations are singularly apposite; and his grouping of topics is picturesque and forcible. For popular use, we have no doubt, that both the Grecian and Roman Histories of Dr. Schmitz will speedily take the precedence of all others in this country, as they have done, to a very considerable degree, in Great Britain.

The popular series of *Franconia Stories*, by JACOB ABBOTT (published by Harper and Brothers), is completed by the publication of *Mary Bell and Beechnut*. The excellent author has placed the whole juvenile community under new obligations by the issue of these delightful stories. He is so perfectly at home in every phase of country life, and so ingenious in working up its daily occurrences into a charming narrative, that he can never fail of a listening audience. Few American authors have the power of so impressing themselves on the memory and the heart of their readers. The present series will doubtless add to his beautiful influence and to his fame.

The Third Number of *London Labor and The London Poor*, by HENRY MAYHEW, is issued by Harper and Brothers, and will be found to increase the interest with which that remarkable series has been received by the public. His pictures of the condition of the laboring classes in London have a minuteness and vividness of detail which would not disgrace a Dutch painting.

The Roman Republic of 1849, by THEODORE DWIGHT (published by R. Van Dien), is a brief historical view of the recent revolutionary movements in Italy, with biographical sketches of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Avezzana, Filopanti, Foresti, and other leading Italian Republicans.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued the fourth volume of their beautiful edition of the *Collective Writings of THOMAS DE QUINCY*, containing *The Cæsars*, a work characterized by the subtilty of reflection, curious learning, and original felicities of expression, for which the author is pre-eminent.

Life on the Plains of the Pacific, by Rev. GUSTAVUS HINE (published by Geo. H. Derby and Co., Buffalo), is the title of a work devoted to the history, condition, and prospects of Oregon, with a description of its geography, climate, and productions, and of personal adventures among the Indians. It contains a detailed history of the Oregon Mission, drawn from the most authentic sources, including the notes and journals of the first missionaries on that station. The journal of the author, commencing with the departure of the missionaries from New York in 1839, presents an interesting narrative of the largest expedition of this kind that ever sailed from an American port, and is enriched with a great variety of facts and incidents that occurred in the wide field of observation that forms the subject of the volume. Without pretending to the graces of literary composition, the writer has produced a work of sterling value. His authority will no doubt be appealed to with confidence on all matters pertaining to the important scene of his labors.

Hints to Sportsmen, by E. J. LEWIS (published by Blanchard and Lea, Philadelphia), is a regular-built treatise on all the mysteries of the sporting craft. The author writes like an experienced shot.

His book is not only a valuable manual for the sportsman, but a tempting volume for the lovers of spirited description.

Curran and his Contemporaries, by CHARLES PHILLIPS (published by Harper and Brothers), is a reproduction of the celebrated work of Counselor Phillips, having been subjected by the author to a thorough revision and amendment. It describes the interesting period of Irish history during which Curran was the leading member of the Bar, with great vivacity and force. Touching lightly on the politics of the times, it presents a series of personal delineations, which are drawn to the life by the enthusiastic and genial author. The freshness of his recollections affords an abundance of piquant anecdote, which, with his warm sympathies with the Irish character, gives a perpetual liveliness and glow to the narrative, redeeming it from every approach to dullness, and sustaining the interest of the reader to the close of the volume.

Louisiana: Its Colonial History and Romance, by CHARLES GAYARRE (published by Harper and Brothers), is a republication of the lectures of the author on "The Poetry, or the Romance of the History of Louisiana," with the addition of seven new lectures, bringing the subject down to the departure of Bienville, the founder of the colony, in 1743. Among the interesting topics discussed in the second series of lectures, are the formation of the Mississippi Company, the History of Law's financial career, the foundation of New Orleans, the Manners and Customs of the Natchez tribe, the wars between the Indians and the Colonists, and others, which bring the romantic incidents connected with the colonization of Louisiana into prominent view. The period was fertile in singular adventures, presenting abundant materials for the poet or novelist. Mr. Gayarre has made a felicitous selection of topics, which, under the brilliant coloring of a lively imagination, are presented in a picturesque and attractive form. The substance of his work is founded on the conclusions of exact historical research, while the drapery in which its scenes and characters are arrayed form a graceful accompaniment to the severity of truth. With a perpetual vivacity of style, and a profusion of glowing imagery, Mr. Gayarre never becomes tedious or insipid. His volume is always delightful as a poem, if it is not complete as a record, and will hold a high place among the popular contributions to the "Romance of History."

E. C. and J. Biddle have published *An Elementary Treatise on Statics*, by GASPARD MONGE, translated by WOODS BAKER, a work which has obtained a distinguished reputation in the scientific literature of France, by its clear and correct style, its rigorous demonstrations, and its well-connected propositions. It is adapted to fill a place, for which no adequate provision has been made by the usual treatises on the subject in the English language. Most of these are voluminous, and suited only to the more advanced classes of students, or else composed chiefly of practical and descriptive details. The present volume treats the subject in the synthetic method, and can be understood without difficulty by those who are familiar with Euclid's Elements.

Warreniana.—Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued a reprint of this celebrated *jeu d'esprit*, which still retains its popularity, together with the *Rejected Addresses*, to which it forms an appropriate companion. The peculiarities of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Christopher North, Washington Irving, Scott, Moore, Brougham, Wilberforce, and

other names of sufficient eminence to provoke a quiz, are hit off with capital success. The most stringent features are always relaxed in the perusal of these amusing pages.

J. S. Redfield has issued an edition of JUNG STILLING'S *Theory of Pneumatology*, and of CAGHNET'S *Celestial Telegraph*, which are filled with the latest information on the whole subject of ghosts, presentiments, visions, and the world of spirits, obtained professedly from the most authentic sources. Stilling's work is introduced with a Preface by Rev. Dr. BUSH, highly commending its purposes and character. The "Celestial Telegraph" beats Jackson Davis and the Rochester Knockings all hollow. Whoever is curious in the literature of the supernatural will find enough here to satisfy the most craving love of the marvelous.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published a volume of *Poems*, by HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, distinguished for the sweet and graceful fancies, the fluent aptness of expression, the joyous sympathy with nature, and the refined delicacy of taste by which most of the writings of the author are characterized. The vein of tranquil reflection which pervades them, and the chastened utterance of feeling which veils rather than embodies strong emotion, though not among the elements of popular poetry, will recommend them to the congenial reader.

J. W. Moore, Philadelphia, has published a useful little volume for students in design, entitled *The Theory of Effect*, by An Artist. It is intended not only for the use of beginners, but of those who have attained a proficiency in the art, while they are unacquainted with the principles on which the correctness of their pictures depends. The rules of Effect are laid down with great precision and minuteness, and illustrated with several neat engravings by Hinckley.

The Volcano Diggings is the title of a lively story, by a Member of the Bar, illustrating the administration of the law in California. Several scenes, which are evidently taken from the life, are described with a good deal of spirit, and throw a strong, but not altogether flattering light on the condition of society at the placers. (Published by J. S. Redfield).

George P. Putnam has issued *The Wing-and-Wing*, forming another volume of the Collected Works of J. FENIMORE COOPER. In the Preface to this edition, the author remarks, that "he acknowledges a strong paternal feeling in behalf of this book, placing it very high in the estimate of its merits, as compared with other books from the same pen; a species of commendation that need wound no man."

The same publisher has issued a new and revised edition of *The Conquest of Florida*, by THEODORE IRVING. The author expresses his gratification in finding his account of De Soto's expedition confirmed by the most recent investigations. His work is justly entitled to the reputation which it has obtained, as a classic authority, on an interesting period of American history.

Phillips, Sampson, and Co. have published a valuable collection of financial essays, entitled *The Banker's Commonplace Book*, containing Mr. A. B. Johnson's pithy treatise on the Principles of Banking and the Duties of a Banker, Gilbert's Ten Minutes' Advice on Keeping a Bank, with several articles on Bills of Exchange, and a summary of the Banking Laws of Massachusetts. It will prove a useful manual on the subject to which it is devoted.

Two Leaves from Punch.



ENCOURAGEMENT TO BOOK-LENDERS.

"IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MASTER'S SENT BACK THE FIRST VOLUME, AND HE SAYS, WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO LET HIM 'AVE THE SECOND?"

DIPLOMACY AND GASTRONOMY.

It is a very generally received opinion that *gammon* is the basis of diplomacy; but the fact is, that it is impossible to conduct international negotiations on the foundation of that humble and economical fare, even when rendered more palatable by the addition of spinach. Mr. RIVES, it is said, has written a letter to Mr. WEBSTER, complaining that the American Embassy can not be done at Paris under £9000 a year, and adds that

"According to MR. PAKENHAM, good dinners are half the battle of diplomacy, and the most favorable treaties are gained by liberal feeding."

This aphorism suggests important reflections.

A main point to be attended to in the formation of a diplomatic corps is the commissariat; and the force must be well armed with knives and forks, in addition to being supplied with plate armor.

The trenches in diplomatic warfare must be manned by regular trenchermen.

Rivals in diplomacy must be cut out by

actual carving; and in order to dish them, recourse must be had to real dishes.

If one diplomatist wishes to turn the tables on another, it is requisite that he and his suite should keep the better tables.

The politeness of diplomatic intercourse should be qualified, in some measure, with sauce, and its gravity tempered with gravy.

Treating, in diplomacy, is best managed by giving "a spread."

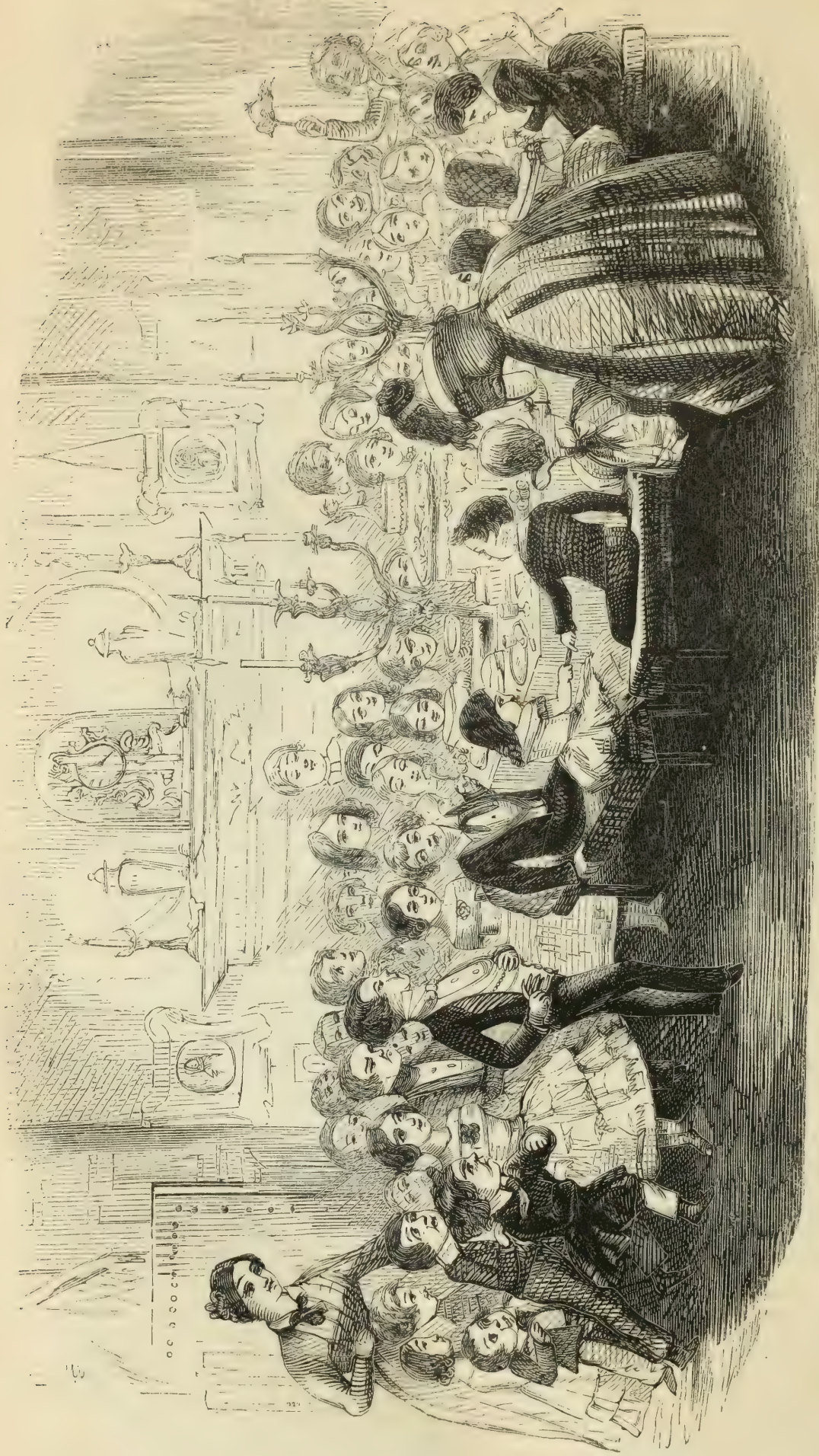
Bold diplomatists are those "who greatly daring, dine."

The most liberal foreign policy is that of giving grand banquets.

A plenipotentiary should have unlimited powers of cramming.

An ambassador has been defined to be, "a man sent abroad to lie for the sake of the commonwealth;" but the definition must be enlarged to express the fact, that he is also a person deputed to a foreign country to eat and drink for the interest of his native land.

The most important diplomatic functions are those of digestion.



SUPPER AT A JUVENILE PARTY.

Alfred. "I SAY, FRANK, ARN'T YOU GOING TO HAVE SOME SUPPER?"
Frank. "A—NOT AT PRESENT. I SHALL WAIT TILL THE WOMEN LEAVE THE ROOM."



ONE OF THE JUVENILES AFTER THE PARTY.

Doctor. "AH! WELL! AND WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY YOUNG FRIEND, ADOLPHUS?"

Mother. "WHY, DOCTOR, HE WAS AT A JUVENILE PARTY LAST NIGHT, AND I'M AFRAID HE'S EATEN SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T AGREE WITH HIM, POOR DEAR!"

CONVERSATION-BOOKS FOR 1851.

IT is said that Publishers are getting up a series of Conversation-Books for the use of foreigners, visiting the Great Exhibition. But the spoken and written language of London are so different that it is feared these books will be of little use. Mr. PUNCH furnishes the following corrections of the two most important chapters, by the diligent study of which it is hoped that visitors may be enabled to ride and dine.

TO CONVERSE WITH A CABMAN.

What the Book said.

Do you wish, Sir, to ride in my cabriolet?

Where do you wish, Sir, that I should drive you?

I wish to go to the Exposition.

Thank you, Sir. I will drive you thither without delay.

What is your fare?

I have driven you two miles.—My legal fare for driving you that distance is one shilling and four-pence.

As you have driven fast, there is one shilling and sixpence.

Thank you, Sir, I am very much obliged to you.

I shall be happy to drive you in future.

Good morning to you, Sir.

You have paid me handsomely.

What the Man said.

C'b? (*from every driver on the rank, and as many fingers held up as there are Cabmen.*)

Vere to? (*and a look.*)

Vere? (*not understanding the foreigner's English.*)

Two bob and a tanner.

Vot's this? (*and a look of contemptuous curiosity at the coin presented.*)

Vel, if hever I drives a scaly furriner again, I'm blessed!

Ollo! You ain't a-go'in' hoff in this 'ere way Oh—you calls yourself a gentleman!

TO CONVERSE WITH A WAITER.

Waiter, what have you for dinner?

You can have what you choose to order, Sir.

Here is the bill of fare, Sir.

Din'r, Sir!—Yezzir!

S'p, f'sh, ch'ps, st'ks, cutl't, Sir! r'nd o' b'f, Sir!—nice cut, Sir!—sad'l mt'n, Sir!—Yezzir!

—JOHN, att'nd to the gnl'm.—Yezzir!—JEM, mon'y—com'n, Sir!—'Ere, Sir!—Yezzir!

Waiter, how much have I to pay?

Here, Sir, is your bill.

Permit me to ask you what you have had to eat, Sir?

I have had a beef-steak, with boiled potatoes: I have also had a fried sole, and some bread, with Cheshire cheese, and a pint of porter.

Sir, the price of all that is two shillings.

Money! (*calling.*)

Now, Sir? (*and an interrogative look.*)

St'k, Sir? Yezzir! shill'n, Sir! 'taters, Sir?

Yezzir! twop'nce, that's one-and-three, and bread a penny, one-and-three and two is one-and-five, and sole, you said, Sir? Yezzir! that's one shilling: one-and-eight and five, thirteen, that's two-and-six; and cheese? Yezzir! two-

and-eight and four, that's three shill'n; and porter is four; three, four, eight, ten, fifteen—four-and-two. Thank you, Sir! Waiter, Sir? Thank you, Sir. Good afternoon, Sir.

TO FIND ROOM IN A CROWDED OMNIBUS.

Conductor.—Would any gentleman mind going outside, to oblige a lady?"

Unfortunate Gentleman (tightly wedged in at the back).—I should be very happy, but I only came, yesterday, out of the Fever Hospital.

[*Omnibus clears in a minute!*]

A FILE TO SMOOTH ASPERITIES.

THE *Sheffield Times* describes an extraordinary file, which is to be sent from Sheffield to the Great Exhibition. This remarkable file is adorned with designs as numerous as those on the original shield of ACHILLES, all cut and beaten out with hammer and chisel. How much more sensible and friendly to show distinguished foreigners files of this sort, than to exhibit to them files of soldiers!

THE LOWEST DEPTH OF MEANNESS.

A FARCE, FOUNDED ON FACT.

Mr. and Mrs. SKINFLINT are discovered in a Parlor in a Fashionable Square. The Wife is busy sewing. The Husband is occupied running his eye, well drilled in all matters of domestic economy, over the housekeeping account of the previous week.

Mr. Skinflint.—You've been very extravagant in my absence, my dear.

Mrs. Skinflint.—It's the same story every week, JOHN.

Mr. Skinflint.—But, nonsense, Madam, I tell you, you have. For instance, you had a Crab for supper last night.

Mrs. Skinflint (startled).—How do you know that? It's not down in the book.

Mr. Skinflint (triumphantly).—No—but I found the shell in the dust-bin!!!!"



A LITTLE BIT OF HUMBUG.

Shoemaker. "I THINK, MUM, WE HAD BETTER MAKE YOU A PAIR. YOU SEE, MUM, YOURS IS SUCH A REMARKABLE LONG AND NARRER FOOT!"

Fashions for May.



FIG. 1.—PROMENADE COSTUMES.

THIS is the season when Fashion is more perplexed than at any other, in her endeavors to give humanity a *seasonable* garb. Boreas and Zephyrus often bear rule on the same day, one reigning with mildness in the morning, the other despotically at evening. Those votaries of Fashion are the wiser, who pay court to the former; for, generally, it is almost June, in our Northern States, before we may be certain that the chilling breath of early Spring will be no more felt.

This being the season for rides and promenades,

our illustrations for this month are devoted chiefly to the representation of appropriate costume for those healthful exercises in the open air. The large figure in our first plate, represents an elegant style of promenade dress. *Pardessus* are much worn at this season, made in a lighter manner than those used earlier. Velvet *pardessus* with silk or satin linings, but not padded, are used. Our illustration represents one of black velvet, trimmed with several narrow rows of satin of the same color. The dress is amber-colored figured silk, with a

very full plain skirt. *Capotes* or bonnets of satin are also worn. An elegant style is made of violet velvet and satin, ornamented with heart's-ease almost hidden within *coques* of satin and velvet, which are arranged in a tasteful manner upon the exterior of the *capote*, the interior being decorated with heart's-ease to match, which may or may not be intermixed with lace or *tulle*, according to the taste of the wearer.

Costumes for young misses are also represented in our first illustration. The larger one has a dress of a pale chocolate cachmere, trimmed with narrow silk fringe; the double robings on each side of the front as well as the cape, on the half-high corsage, ornamented with a double row of narrow silk fringe. This trimming is also repeated round the lower part of the loose sleeve. *Chemisette* of plaited cambric, headed with a broad frill of embroidery; full under-sleeves of cambric, with a row of embroidery round the wrist. Open bonnet of pink satin, a row of white lace encircling the interior next the face. Boots of pale violet cachmere and morocco. Trowsers of worked cambric. The smaller figure has a frock of plaided cachmere. *Paletot* of purple velvet, or dark cachmere; a round hat of white satin, the low crown adorned with a long white ostrich feather. Trowsers and under-sleeves of white embroidered cambric. Button gaiter boots of chocolate cachmere.



FIG. 2.—EVENING COSTUME.

Figure 2 represents a most elegant costume for an evening party, or a ball. It is composed of a beautifully embroidered white satin dress, the skirt looped up on the right side, and decorated with a bunch of the pink honey-plant, heading three pink and white *marabout* tips, from which depend three ends of deep silk fringe, pink and white. Low pointed

corsage, the top of which is encircled with a small embroidered pointed cape, edged as well as the short sleeves with a deep pink and white fringe, and confined upon the centre with a cluster of feathers and flowers, decorated in the centre with a butterfly composed of precious stones. The hair is simply arranged with a narrow wreath of pink and white velvet leaves, finished on the right side with two small *marabout* feathers, and two ends of fringe drooping low.



FIG. 3.—MORNING PROMENADE COSTUME.

Figure 3 is a morning promenade costume. A high dress of black satin, the body fitting perfectly tight; a small jacket cut on the bias, with two rows of black velvet laid on a little distance from the edge. The sleeves are rather large, and have a broad cuff turned back, which is trimmed to correspond with the jacket. The skirt is long and full; the dress ornamented up the front in its whole length by rich fancy silk trimmings, graduating in size from the bottom of the skirt to the waist, and again increasing to the throat. Bonnet of plum-colored satin; a bunch of heart's-ease, intermixed with ribbon, placed low on the left side; the same flowers, but somewhat smaller, ornament the interior.



FIG. 4 AND 5.—HEAD-DRESSES.

Figures 4 and 5 represent different styles of head-dresses for balls or evening parties. Figure 4 is a combination of flowers and splendid ribbons, with a fall on each side, of the richest lace. Figure 5 is very brilliant. It is a wreath of Ceres form, composed of small flowers in rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, perfectly resembling natural flowers, with ears of wheat freely intermingled. At this season the head-dresses are chiefly of the floral description. Feathers and flowers intermixed, form a very beautiful *coiffure*.

